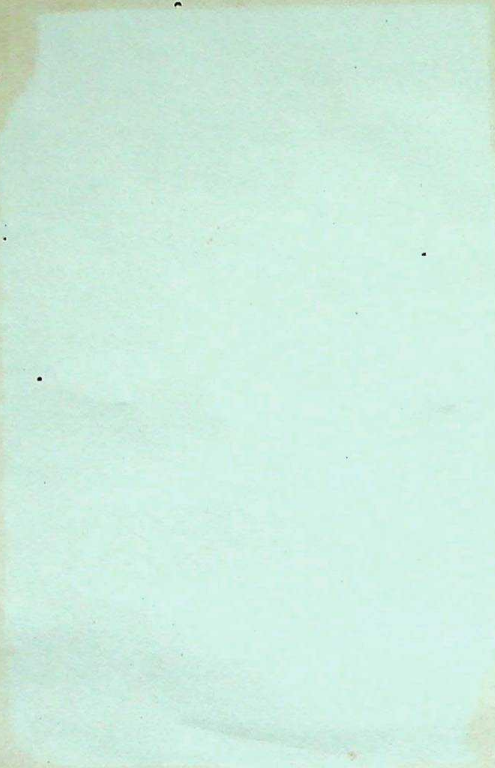


VOL. 13



Who Are The Plagiarists ?



CLIPPINGS
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY

3

DR BNARI

volution or the aspirations of the Indian people. (Those who are startled by this assertion would do well to study the official proceedings of the Constituent Assembly to note how many members, none of them obscurantists or reactionaries, expressed their repugnance at the actual outcome of their labours.)

Though it was eloquently commended by its draughtsmen as the distillation of the best from the world's Constitutions (from the Western world's, that is), its hybrid character was plain for all to see and its irrelevance to the genius and condition of Indian man was glaringly obvious. And except for the statement of a few utopian ideals, also culled or copied from Western philosophies, it had no ideological content or thrust and no practical coherence. No wonder the Constitution has had to be amended endless times to meet a contrary reality.

The type of democracy that was recommended to us was copied from the West and the system of parliamentary government copied from Britain—both unsuited to Indian society and mores. It is a slander to suggest that democracy is a Western concept. Certainly European democracy is. But there were Indian democratic institutions in India for centuries, institutions which reached down to grassroots levels. The task was to adapt these to present-day conditions and to weld them together into a national entity. Gandhiji had provided the stimulus and the basic framework towards this objective. But, of course, the Westernised ruling élite was incapable of understanding or undertaking such a task; nor was it at all in sympathy with such ideals. It could only look to its Western mentors. And where, in any case, was poor Gandhiji, renounced and rejected upon freedom?

Alien Democracy

As far as parliamentary government is concerned, the British system has evolved in Britain over centuries with well-understood rules and conventions. As such it is well suited to the British temperament and is played as a practical game of governance. Its mindless imposition upon India in an entirely alien context has resulted in its becoming, when it is not a slanging match, a toppling game. Increasingly then, large sections of the people have become sceptical about its value. And instead of understanding that a people's democracy moulded to the needs of our people will succeed, they have begun to question democracy itself.

The educational system impressed upon the country was again copied from the British without regard to its validity to the new Indian youth and its contemporary needs. At one level this system as organised by the British in India was meant to subserve their interests in the country. Such an anachronism is allowed to continue and throws up a breed of phoney academics ill equipped to face the world and seething with frustration. At another level the Public School system copied from Britain, which

—Continued

All our ideas—political, philosophical, economic and even cultural—are copied from the West. So why should we blame only the film producers?

by SOM BENEGAL

A RATHER noisy campaign against plagiarism in the so-called Bombay films is being going on recently in the Indian press. Critics, reviewers, writers and readers have all been venting their righteous indignation in terms which can only be described as sanctimonious. These ladies and gentlemen who belong to an elitist minority have failed to see that their India itself is, in fact, a vast plagiarism. I say their India because the Indian millions do not count in it. The masses are periodically summoned to the polls and left between election times to plod their weary, back-breaking, impoverished life through life as best they can, largely untended, wholly uncared for. The upper-middle and upper classes—that microscopical coterie of the *nouveau riche*, the social

parvenus and the political upstarts—which exercise power beyond proportion to their size from behind the sanctuary of privilege and wealth earned not by merit but by fortuitous circumstances and alienation from the general community, have not, in nearly three decades of Independence, thrown up one original idea.

Though the battle for freedom was fought by the common men and women of India, its free Constitution was engineered by a collaborationist and inferiority-ridden elitist class. The Constitution is copied from Western Constitutions and rightly caused dismay among the true freedom fighters at the time of its adoption. It did not in any sense reflect the objectives of the Indian re-

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VISHAL ANAND
GAIN 7cms.



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AFTER 135 cms.

BEFORE 143 cms.
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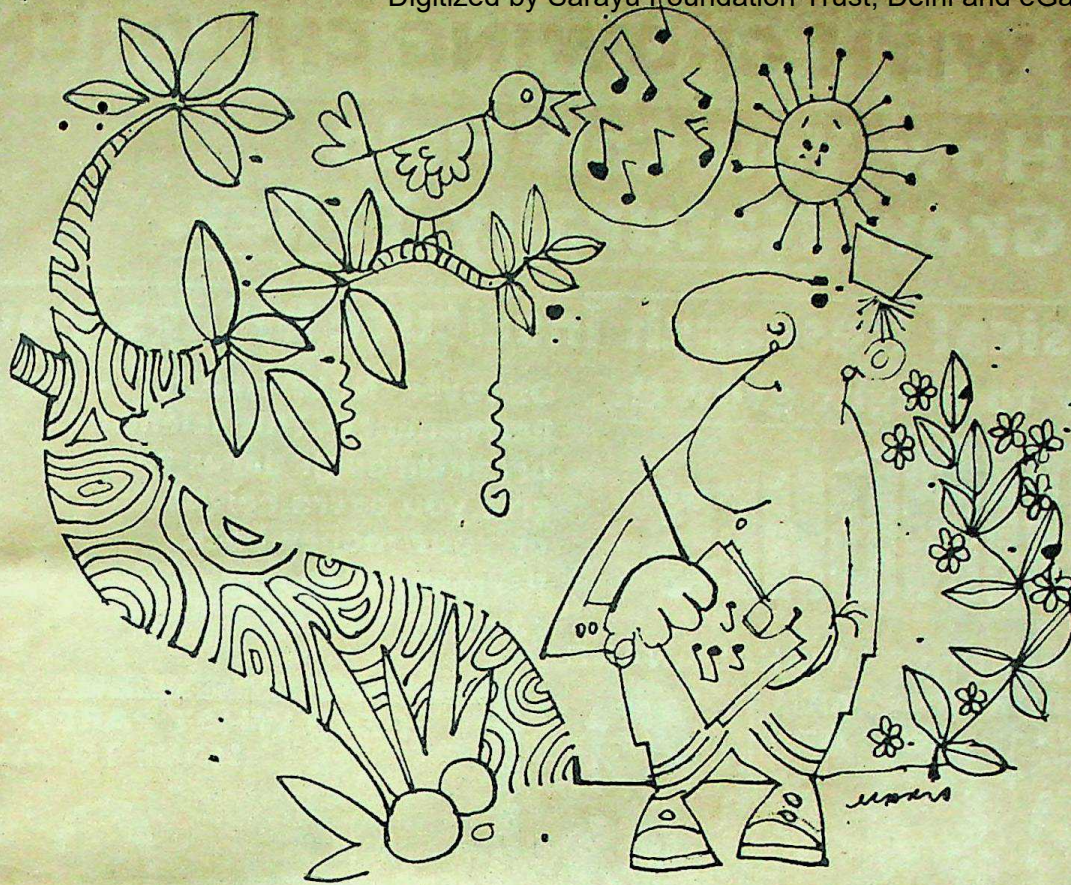
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Sketches by MARIO

finds a place in India seeks to create an elitist class wholly out of tune with our ideals of human equality.

Moreover, by using an alien language as the medium of instruction, the elitist minority has taken care to see that their stranglehold on the majority will continue for generations. Of course the case for English does not deserve any serious debate in view of this patent class interest. If Soviet rockets can speed to the moon with Russian commands, if Japan can lead in electronic and optical technology using Japanese, if China's nuclear bombs can be exploded and China's ballistic missiles be launched in Chinese, if all the world's nations can operate effectively in their own tongues, it seems extraordinary that India alone needs an alien language to keep it going. When people argue that English is the link language between different parts of India, they slur over the inconvenient fact that it is a link language only for a fraction of the nation. Several hundred millions have no means of intercommunication at all and will, therefore, perpetually be at the mercy of the elitist class.

The consequence of the mental slavery of the ruling circles shows up in the intellectual plagiarism that is manifest in our country in political, philosophical, economic and other ideas.

Economists, for instance, have regularly been purloining one Western model or another for our problems. When one fails, another is copied. No attempt is made to find an Indian solution to an Indian problem. The latest Western economic jargon flies thick in all their pompous and empty utterances.

It is not surprising that artists and painters have also been faithfully copying every Western trend regardless of the relevance to the Indian context. Pop art, op art, kinetic art, found art, minimal art, all have their practitioners in our country. When an American punched holes in a canvas and called it art, an Indian promptly followed suit and was hailed. Sometimes this aping

has actually led artists to copy something Indian which itself was copied by the West from India! Thus tantric art had to go West from India before it was brought back to be copied here.

It is the same with the social and sartorial affections of the ruling elite. Some years ago an Indian who walked into the Ashoka Hotel in Delhi wearing a dhoti and kurta was unceremoniously ejected for being improperly dressed. Elitist circles expressed total shock and predicted that the country was surely going to the dogs. Today this same class goes to five-star hotels unruffled and unchallenged in the same dhoti, kurta or pyjama because it has become respectable in the West and can now be copied in India. Maxis, minis, midis, drainpipes, bellbots, levis arrive and depart with the same regularity as in the West.

Need one point out that both masculine and feminine hairstyles are faithfully copied in every detail? Bouffant, beehive, shag and step hairstyles keep close step with their European eruptions. Is there any doubt that if the West tomorrow changes from sideburns, whiskers and long hair to a Yul Brynner-type baldness, thousands of Indian male heads are going to be shaven and shorn?

Blatant Pilferage

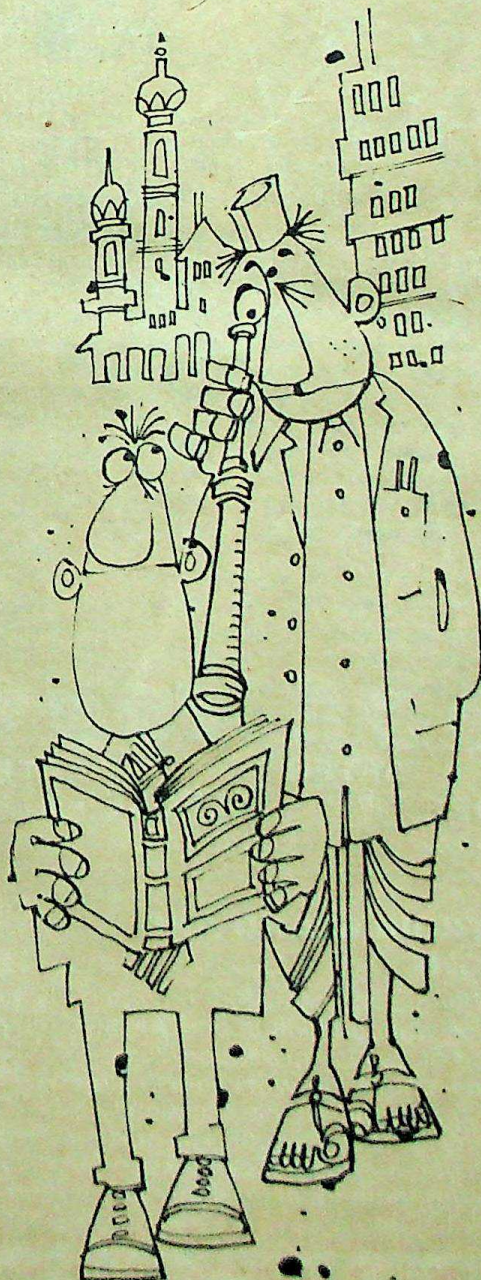
Four years ago, at the Asian Advertising Congress, two speakers made a plea that Asian countries should seek their own styles and symbolism in advertising reflecting the needs and comprehensions of its audience. This was received with considerable derision. Whereupon another Indian speaker in impassioned tones denounced such super patriotism and Asian chauvinism and asserted that since the West had the means and the resources for sustained experimentation and would in any case always be ahead of Asia, all that was needed was to take their layout, content, copy and format and adapt it to Indian situations. This blatant invitation to plagiarism was greeted with an enthusiastic ovation. Indeed, the advertising journal, *Solus*, regularly publishes the more flagrant pilferages along with the original. Far from being chastened, the perpetrators often try to justify their acts.

And recently, when an Indian youth ran through a campus naked, our newspapers reported the incident almost with relief: "Streaking Comes to India".

This long litany is necessary to expose the all-pervasive nature of plagiarism, piracy and expropriation that takes place at all levels of the life-style and thought processes of our elite.

And yet why should this class, which so shamelessly and with not the slightest contrition ransacks the West, scream against the Bombay film producer? He, at least, is an unpretentious bloke who has never claimed that he is original nor set out to provide any kind of cultural, artistic, aesthetic, intellectual or moral leadership.

Let our noble ladies and gentlemen take stock of their own vulnerability and look homeward to the treasures existing among them which require no more than native nurturing. Let them proudly set the pace for the world with pride in India and things Indian and spare the hapless Bombay film producer.



PORTUGUESE AFRICA: The New Reality

Portugal is the last country to maintain colonies in Africa. For years it has been fighting a bloody and expensive war with guerilla groups in the African territories: Angola, Mozambique and Guinea-Bissau. The downfall of Caetano's autocratic regime and the rise of the present military-backed and more democratic government is a direct result of this war. Now Portugal is freeing the colonies. But will these new countries (tied as they economically are to countries like America, Britain, West Germany and France) be really free?

by LAWRENCE J. SAKARAI

A CERTAIN definite reality dictates Portugal's new thinking: negotiating for peace and "independence" to her African colonies. The old reality is obvious: more than 300,000 French francs per day has been spent on staying and fighting in Africa. More than 50 per cent of Portugal's budget went into the "little war" in 1970. Portugal's military expenditure in Africa was more than 43.1 per cent of its total public expenditure.

Left to herself, Portugal, an impoverished semi-feudal, semi-colonial country, would not have been able to face the onslaught and havoc of the guerillas. Compared with the rest of Europe, Portugal's position is wretched—more than 40 per cent of her population is illiterate, it has the lowest annual income per head in Europe and one of the highest incidences of TB in Western Europe. The common man bears the brunt of the war—the price of fish, an important item in the Portuguese diet, has gone up by 86.9 per cent; vegetables by 63 per cent.

Stage-Directed War

International finance capital dominates the economic life of Portugal and, hence, Portuguese Africa. Foreign domination over Portugal's African colonies comes through giant imperialist monopolies and Portuguese monopolies which are subordinates of these giants. For the apparent use of the Azores base alone, the US loans it vast sums of money—Portugal also gets \$100 million from the US and \$400 million comes from NATO sources and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. Add to this the defence tax paid by the monopolies operating in Portuguese Africa (most of them pay up to 30 per cent of their profits as "protection tax") and one gets a distinct view of the part imperialist finance plays in Portugal's affairs.

What is apparent is that the "little war" was stage-directed by the imperialists with their financial baton.

But all this is part of the old reality where tactics of terror were the leitmotiv of a blatant colonial script. It is to the credit of



FREEDOM AT LAST! Samora Machel, leader of Frelimo, the Mozambique guerilla army, addressing a gathering. The problems of the colonies are immense. They have virtually no industries except mining (coal, manganese, diamonds, etc) and even this is controlled by foreign companies. Social services like health, railways and education are conspicuously absent.

the guerillas that the principal imperialism has hastily reconstructed its plan and its lines. This has in effect meant removing some of the principal actors on the scene, negotiating a new style of exploitation and infusing a certain neo-colonial life-line into the entire plot so as to maintain imperialism's vulture-like continuity. There was simply no alternative. Portugal's dictatorship collapsed when the strings were severed. The new junta hastily and noisily began negotiations with the guerillas.

Again, there were no alternatives—either negotiate into existence an apparent independence or be confronted by a continuing, progressively expanding guerilla struggle. Here a none-too-subtle neo-colonial thinking is contradictorily combined with "independence". But this is the new reality—i.e. to negotiate for the continued presence of the monopolies, the plantations and the white landowning agricultural class—all potentially agents of neo-colonialism, all-powerful and, at present, an apparently inextricable part of the economies of Guinea-Bissau, Mozambique and Angola.

Owning practically the entire modern sector in Guinea-Bissau and controlling huge estates is one of Portugal's principal monopolies—the Companhia Uniao Fabril (CUF). CUF used to supply Portugal with cheap imports for Portuguese exports—the terms of trade fixed in order to turn the balance of payment as favourable as possible to Portugal.

International capital is involved in this impoverished country with over 90 per cent of the stagnating economy depending on oil-

seeds and oil. Rice, the staple diet, is imported from Portugal. The chief crops are peanuts, coconuts and palm oil. Timber, hides and skins, groundnuts and palm-oil kernels, are traditional exports. Agriculture is the mainstay of such economic life that persists.

Finally, Guinea-Bissau has to cope with the problem of her 3,000 whites, the 0.3 per cent of *assimilados* and the Fula tribe who are intensely loyal to the Portuguese. The Portuguese have been courting the Fula for long—they built them mosques and flew them to Mecca. They were even armed by the Portuguese and formed into militias to fight against PAIGC—the national liberation movement. The *assimilados* are a small but privileged class and are culturally assimilated "black Portuguese".

The white immigrants in Portugal's African colonies are by far the most dominant class. They maintain strong links with Portugal and are potentially a subversive neo-colonialist force. A. Figueiredo, a Portuguese Democrat, stated of them: "For many Portuguese settlers who had been living in impoverished conditions in Portugal, the exploitation of Africans became a morally acceptable expedient; many of them—rebels in Portugal—became agents of repression in Africa."

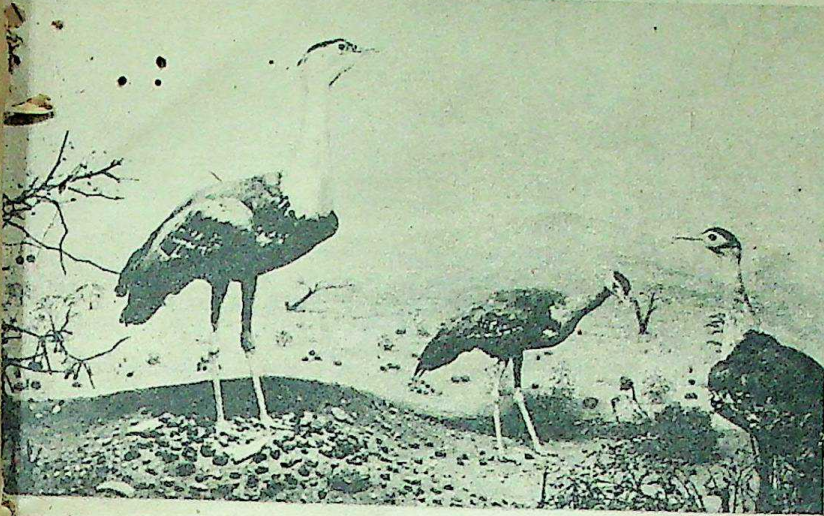
Mozambique has a fairly large number of whites who have come in through settlement schemes initiated by the Portuguese: "to whiten the African bush". The gross annual income of white farmers in two of these schemes—i.e. Limpopo Valley and the Revue Basin—is 30,000 escudos. This is far more than the few token Africans, who are also taken into the scheme, earn.

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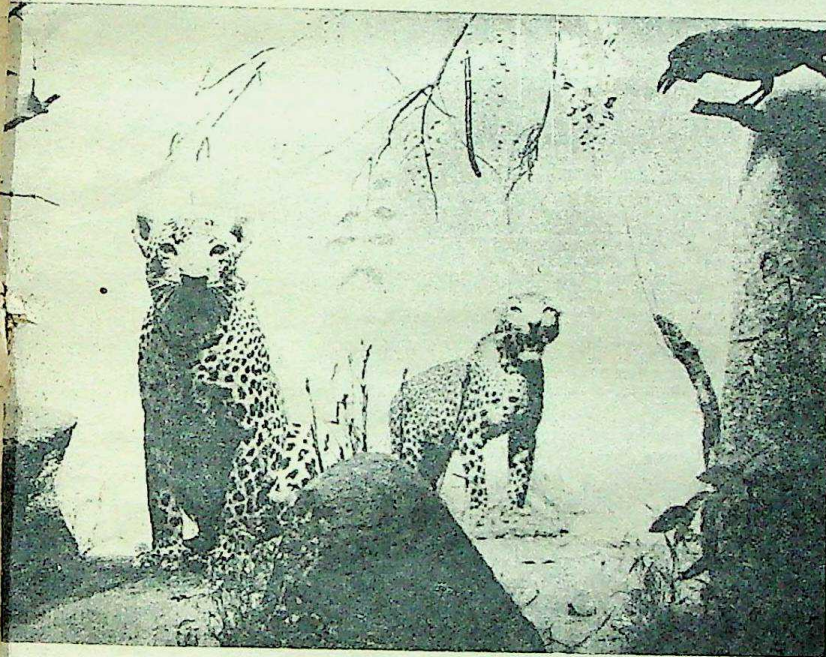
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WILL THEY BE EXTANT ONLY HERE? The fast-dying-out Great Indian Bustard is preserved in the Natural History Museum, also the brainchild of Mr David. The Bustards were presented by R. S. Dharmakumarsinhji, Vice-Chairman of the Indian Wildlife Board. The Museum has 15 "dioramas"—scenes of animals in their natural habitat. The habitats and the birds have been prepared by D. D. Gaekwad of Baroda. The scenes are perfectly detailed and include—besides the main "characters"—boulders, trees, flowers, insects, even bird-droppings. The animals were mounted in Mysore by the internationally known firm of Van Ingen and Van Ingen. Below: Leopards on the outskirts of a village—another "diorama".



AMIDST A CRAM OF BRIC-A-BRAC. Reuben David at his home in Shahibaug. "I collect everything except coins," he says, adding: "That's rather strange, isn't it, considering I'm a Jew!" With him are wife Sarah, who teaches school, his daughter Esther, who is a sculptress, and his grandson Rabin, whose favourite toy is one called—you've guessed it—the "Talking Zoo".

amidst a cram of furniture, classical music, stuffed birds, books and alcohol-suspended specimens of python eggs and freak goats. A taxidermied gharial peers meanly down at a 14th-century Vishnu. A painted ostrich egg jostles antique phials of attar-of-roses, and music boxes tinkle out the Blue Danube within earshot of the muddy Sabarmati.

"I Shall Fight Darwin"

Together with his albums of greetings cards and visiting cards is one with a gorilla on its cover saying: "I Shall Fight Darwin", and adding: "Why insult us and call us the ancestors of the human race? Sometimes they descend to levels much lower than that of any animal." It is a record of man's inhumanity to man. It contains clippings—in English, Hindi and Gujarati—of atrocities ranging from the My Lai massacre to the rape of a corpse; from African leopard women to a picture of a bride winking at a man in the congregation (to which a disgusted Reuben has postscripted: "Even my monkeys would detest her company").

In his time, he has been a vet, patented a number of canine and bird medicines, repaired armaments. In his house he breeds chihuahuas, whittles twigs into sculptures (which have been exhibited internationally), works on the Zoo Guide he is writing, gives his 4-year-old grandson a haircut, listens to his collection of Saigal, plays the *dilruba* and has taught canaries to sing to its strains.

Amidst Ahmedabad's cotton gins, humming power looms, shift sirens and the pre-occupation with money, Mr David and his animal work should seem a little incongruous. But they don't. Reubenbhai is as much a part of the scene as the Chinubhais, Lalbhais and Sarabhais; as much a landmark of the city as the shaking minarets and the Sabarmati Ashram. If he weren't so delightfully human, I might have been tempted to say he is an "institution".

For Reubenbhai, as he is called, is a pucca 3rd generation Ahmedabadi who doesn't speak his native Marathi (he is Bene

Israeli) but whose Gujarati is very *shuddh*. Everyone you come across knows of him, which is more than any other Zoo Superintendent in the world can boast of. But then Reuben David is not just a Zoo Superintendent. He is the dreamer and founder, not just of the Zoo, but of the entire Hill Garden complex, which includes that unique children's paradise, Balvatika (see box), and the Natural History Museum. He is lion-tamer extraordinary and trapper of man-eater crocodiles; he is a modern-day Noah, wildlife conservationist and one-man SPCA. Slightly eccentric, thoroughly lovable, dynamic, magnetic, generous—he keeps open house and rare is the day when half a dozen visitors don't drop in. He is still a great "talker" in spite of his handicap.

And still a great doer. At 63, David continues to battle against the Goliath of Authority to get the best possible for his animals and fulfil the Biblical promise of a paradise where the lion shall lie down, if not with the lamb, at least with a dog called Snowy.

The Battle Of Longewala

On December 8 three years ago, a strange battle was fought in the desert wastes near Jaisalmer in Rajasthan. The Pakistanis threw in an armoured regiment and an infantry brigade with the full intention of "breakfasting at Ramgarh". Against them were just 70-odd men led by Major Kuldeep Singh Chandpuri. Only a thin strand of barbed wire lay between them...

by Major SURESH CHOPRA

THIS is the story of the Battle of Longewala which will long be remembered in the annals of Indian military history as one of the most decisive battles fought in the Western Sector during the Indo-Pak War of December 1971. In fact, it can be said without exaggeration that, if things had not worked out as they did on the sands of Longewala, we might have suffered a major reverse in the Rajasthan Sector.

Longewala is a small outpost set deep in the sandy wastes of the Thar Desert in Rajasthan very near the border. It is situated on the route connecting Tanot and Jaisalmer. Longewala is important in the sense that it controls the passage to Ramgarh.

When the Pakistan crackdown commenced in erstwhile East Pakistan from March 25, 1971 onwards, millions of refugees started pouring across the border into our country. Apprehending a grave threat to our security, our troops were alerted along the borders with Pakistan in the Eastern and Western Sectors. A company strength of men, under the command of Major Kuldeep Singh Chandpuri, was stationed at Longewala.

In entrenching himself at Longewala, Major Kuldeep Singh made the natural choice of the highest feature in the area—a high sand-dune which commanded a perfect view of the surrounding area—to establish his post. The usual trenches were dug, concrete bunkers built and firing billets constructed. Everything went smoothly except that Kuldeep started receiving complaints from his men about stray dogs which entered the camp from heaven knows where and made a nuisance of themselves at the post's langar. For this, Major Kuldeep ordered the setting up of a barbed-wire cordon all around the post with jingling tincans to warn them of the arrival of any stray dog. Little did Kuldeep and his men realise at that time that this harmless strand of fragile barbed wire, which ran all around their post, was to play a most crucial role in the battle to follow.

Things started moving on the night of December 4, 1971, the first day of the Indo-Pak War. The night before, on December 3, the Pak Air Force had bombed several In-

dian airfields in Kashmir, Punjab, Rajasthan and Uttar Pradesh with a view to cripple or demolish our Air Force.

On the 4th evening, Kuldeep sent out his 2nd Incharge, Captain Dharamvir, to the border along with a platoon on patrol duty. Dharamvir reached the border around 6 p.m. and commenced his reconnaissance. Around 11 p.m., when he was near BP (Boundary Pillar) 638, he heard some faint sounds coming across the desert from enemy territory. On pricking up his ears he came to the conclusion that the sounds he heard were the rumble of tanks. He immediately informed his Company Commander, Major Kuldeep, about this development. Kuldeep in turn informed the Battalion Headquarters and the message was passed further along the line.

At 2.01 a.m., on the morning of December 5, Captain Dharamvir reported to Major Kuldeep that he could now see the tanks in the distance in the bright moonlight. Clouds of sand were visible at the horizon and there was no doubt that the tanks were moving towards his direction. Kuldeep ordered Dharamvir to take cover and report back the strength of the tank column and other details. At the same time, Kuldeep sent an SOS to his Commanding Officer to rush two RCLs to his position as there was every possibility that the tanks were heading for Longewala.

Formidable Force

At 2.13 a.m., Captain Dharamvir reported that the tank column had crossed the international boundary near B.P. 638 and, in all probability, they were headed for the Longewala outpost. The tank column had passed within a hundred yards of the sand-dune behind which Capt Dharamvir and his men lay crouched. They counted the tanks carefully. There was a complete Pakistani armoured regiment! When the clouds of sand settled down somewhat, they saw that immediately behind was a whole line of vehicles which was undoubtedly a complete infantry brigade!

Captain Dharamvir and his men were aghast when they realised what was happening. This formidable force of tanks and men was going along the road leading straight to the Longewala outpost. Their destination was no doubt Ramgarh and then Jaisalmer. The idea was to outflank the Indian forces at Tanot.

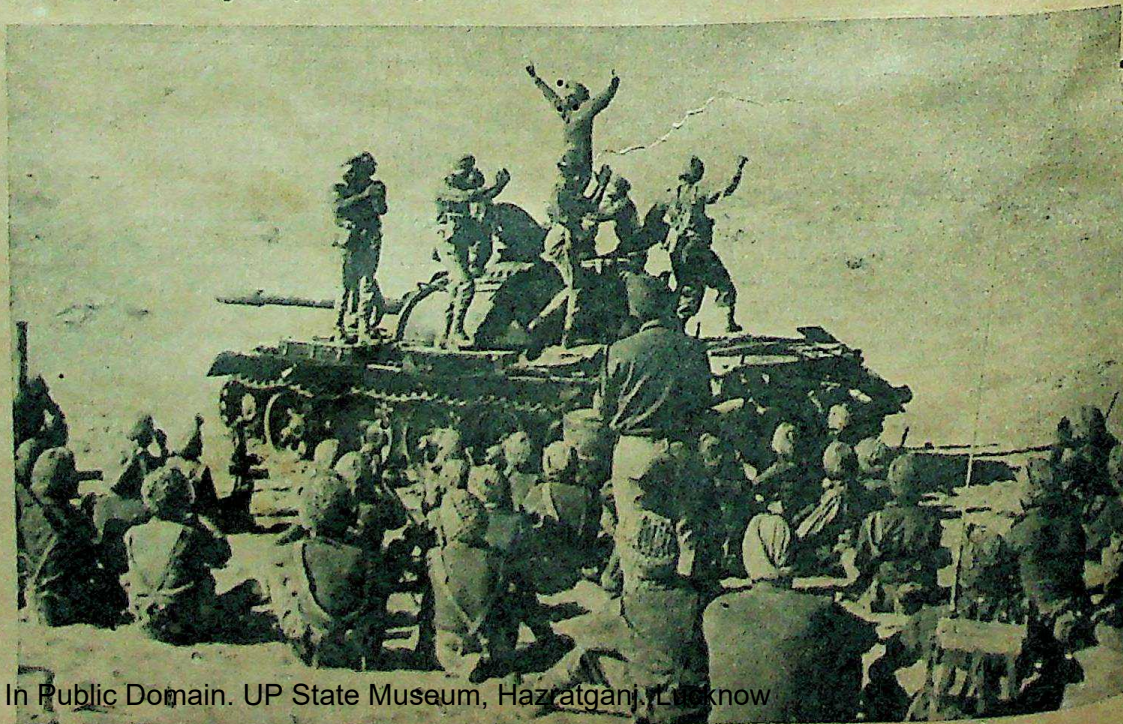
At 3 a.m., the two RCLs for which Kuldeep had sent an SOS to his Commanding Officer, reached the Longewala post. At 4 a.m. when it was still dark, the first enemy tanks reached the ridge-like sand-dune that overlooked the Longewala post from a distance of about three hundred yards. The moment the turrets of the three leading tanks appeared on the skyline of the ridge, Havildar Baldev Singh, who was manning one of the recently arrived RCLs, took careful aim at one of the tanks. With the very first shot, he scored a bull's-eye. The other two tanks made an about-turn and fled down the slope out of sight.

By then the leading jeeps transporting the enemy soldiers came into view. As they edged forward, Havildar Baldev Singh sighted his RCL on one of the jeeps. He pulled the trigger and scored his second successive bull's-eye and the jeep was blown to pieces.

The enemy concluded that a force of some strength was stationed at Longewala. It was probably at this stage that the Commander of the enemy forces decided that it was necessary to tackle the Indian position at Longewala before proceeding to Ramgarh, so as to make his rear safe. From the maps and documents captured from the destroyed T-59 tanks, it was evident that the Pakistanis had planned to have "Breakfast at Ramgarh and dinner at Jaisalmer" on December 5, 1971. For this they had come well equipped with rations and provisions like channa, ghee, powdered milk, tea, etc.

Kuldeep was on tenterhooks. He realised that it wouldn't take the Pak Commander long to judge by the state of the crossfire

A VICTORIOUS BHANGRA. Dozens of Chinese-made T-59 tanks of the Pakistani Army were put out of action by our pilots and jawans. One such tank is being used as an impromptu stage.



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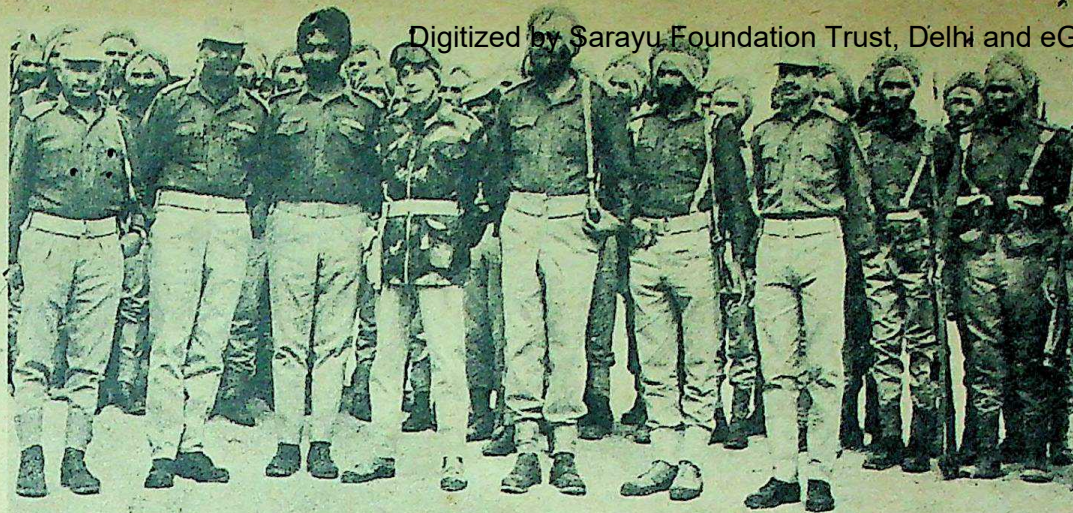
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THE MAJOR AND HIS MERRY MEN. Major Kuldeep Singh Chandpuri (front row, third from left) and his company line up for a "success" photograph after the victorious battle of Longewala. The battle proved crucial, thwarting the Pakistani plans to break through in the Rajasthan Sector.

between the post and the Paks that a wrong assessment had been made of the strength at Longewala. The Paks would then move in for the kill and wipe out the post. Kuldeep had to get help fast. He was in continuous touch with his Divisional Headquarters and the latter decided that the swiftest way by which the Paks could be tackled was with the help of the Air Force. As a result the Air Force was asked to get ready to strike the moment first light broke on December 5. First light was at 0702 hours. Till then Kuldeep was asked to hold the enemy at bay. Other reinforcements were also being rushed in. There was still more than two hours to go till first light.

"By now the order to lay siege on the post had been given by the Pak Commander. Cries of "Ya Allah!" rent the air as wave after wave of Pathan and Baluch troops took up position on the ridge facing Kuldeep's post. A heavy barrage of LMG (Light Machine Gun) and MMG (Medium Machine Gun) fire began to rain down on the 70-odd Indian soldiers who were bravely returning the enemy fire with the greatest possible determination and vigour from their trenches and bunkers.

The enemy tanks by now had regrouped behind the ridge and a fresh thrust was launched. The tanks battered away at the post as they moved forward. This made the RCL fire from the post ineffective. The leading tank raced. It started climbing up the sandy slope along the rear of the post. The situation became precarious, because Kuldeep had just about nothing to stop the tank from reaching the post. All his men were engaged in tackling the fire of the yelling Paks from the ridge opposite the post.

At that moment luck sided with Kuldeep. Just fifty yards from the post the Pak tank got bogged down in the sand. When their best efforts to extricate the tank failed, the Pak crew decided to abandon it. Some of Kuldeep's men had just taken up position along the unguarded rear of the post to tackle this new menace. When they saw the tank being abandoned, they opened fire at the fleeing crew and managed to hit the last person. It must be said to the credit of the enemy that, in spite of this fire from the post, the crew crawled back to retrieve the body of their fallen comrade.

When Kuldeep tried to use the telephone to pass a message to his C.O., he found that

it was dead. The bogged-down tank had gone over the lines and cut them. Now his only link with the outside world was his wireless. If that also failed him, then he would be on his own, completely isolated and alone.

By now six Pak tanks had taken up position near the post. They let loose a continuous barrage of fire which kept steadily increasing in intensity. Kuldeep saw another six tanks race for the rear end of his post.

The infantry soldiers had taken up positions behind the encircling tanks and were also subjecting the post with their fire. In the bright moonlight the two sides could easily distinguish one another, so near they were to each other. Every now and then, a lull would occur and, as happens on such occasions, the Indians and Pakistanis lustily exchanged their choicest expletives. Kuldeep and his men recalled hearing one oft-repeated sentence from the Pathans and Baluchis: *O Sikha, asi a gaye hain!* ("You Sikhs there, we have come for you!")—to which Kuldeep's men, not to be outdone, would reply with words to the effect: "Come, we have been waiting for you since early morning!"

By now Kuldeep had lost three of his men. The number of enemy casualties will never be known because the Paks evacuated most of their dead as and when they fell.

In the face of heavy enemy fire, Kuldeep continued to use his RCLs to keep the regrouping tanks from taking up strategic positions around the post. It wasn't long before his RCL ammunition was finished. All that Kuldeep had left with him now was LMGs and MMGs. Would he be able to prevent the Paks from overrunning the post till help came? Things looked very bleak indeed.

Most Baffling Part of Battle

What ensued was probably the most baffling and inexplicable part of the battle. When the Paks saw that Kuldeep had run out of RCL ammunition and the defence now being put up by the post was feeble and ineffective both in fire-power and range, why didn't the Paks do the most obvious thing in the world: storm the post? Maybe some hand-to-hand fighting would have taken place, but for how long? One single tank could have smashed the post to smithereens and that would have been that. Instead, the Paks took up positions and kept battering the post till nothing was left standing. Kul-

deep's men lay in their trenches and kept aiming at individual soldiers, as their fire was useless against the tanks.

When I talked to Kuldeep soon after the battle, he could offer only one explanation for this puzzling fact: the Paks were afraid that the slopes around the post were mined and that the barbed wire, which had been strung around the post to keep stray dogs away, was actually a cordon around a mine-field. If this is the case, then it can be said with little exaggeration that the battle of Longewala was won because of their single strand of barbed wire!

Meanwhile, the Air Force boys were eagerly standing by for first light to break. At exactly 0702 hours the signal was given and Squadron Leader Dass and Flight Lieutenant Gosain taxied off in their Hunters for the first sortie.

Seeing the IAF planes, our Jawans at the post stood up in their trenches and let out wild whoops of joy amid waves and cheers. The Army's air observation pilot, Captain P. P. S. Sangha, flying at a height of 100 to 150 feet over the enemy tanks in his light aircraft, KRISHAK, took over the task of directing the fast-moving Hunters on to enemy targets. The planes had come just in time to save the post from the siege.

Field-Day

It was a field-day for the Air Force boys. With gusto they started ramming their rockets on to the tanks and, one by one, the tanks started going up in smoke. Even as the first sortie finished its ammunition, having destroyed eight tanks, the second sortie flew in. In this manner, sortie after sortie came to and pounded away at the Pak tanks, braving the enemy fire.

Flight Lieutenant Suresh, whose plane was hit by some bullets, controlled his machine with great presence of mind when it floundered for a minute and scraped a sand-dune. In spite of further damage to the plane, he refused to abandon it and, with great skill, managed to bring it back to base.

Captain Sangha was fired upon thrice by enemy tanks and, even though his aircraft was hit, he escaped unscathed, helping to knock down 13 tanks in the process. Later on the role of guiding the Hunters was taken over by another Air OP pilot, Major Atma Singh, who helped in destroying another seven tanks, apart from passing the latest information to our group forces rushing to reinforce Kuldeep's company at Longewala.

In all, our Air Force boys destroyed a total of 35 tanks, making Longewala a veritable graveyard for the Chinese-built T-59 tanks. By the time they finished, the Pakistanis had been completely routed and were on the run. Ground reinforcements reached Longewala by 11 a.m. and the retreating forces were lashed from behind and chased right back to the border and finally pushed back from where they came. Yahya Khan is reported to have said to the GOC of Pakistan's 18 Division after the rout: "Better drown yourself!" With that he sacked the GOC and the Brigade Commander who had commanded the Brigade that had assaulted the Longewala post.

For the bravery shown, Major Kuldeep Singh Chandpuri was awarded the Maha Vir Chakra. A number of others in his company, the Air OP pilots and Air Force pilots, also received various awards in recognition of their feat in the face of heavy odds.



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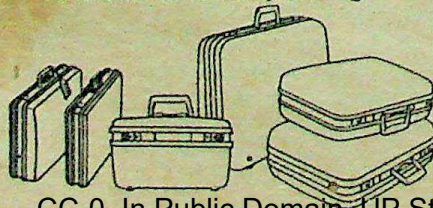
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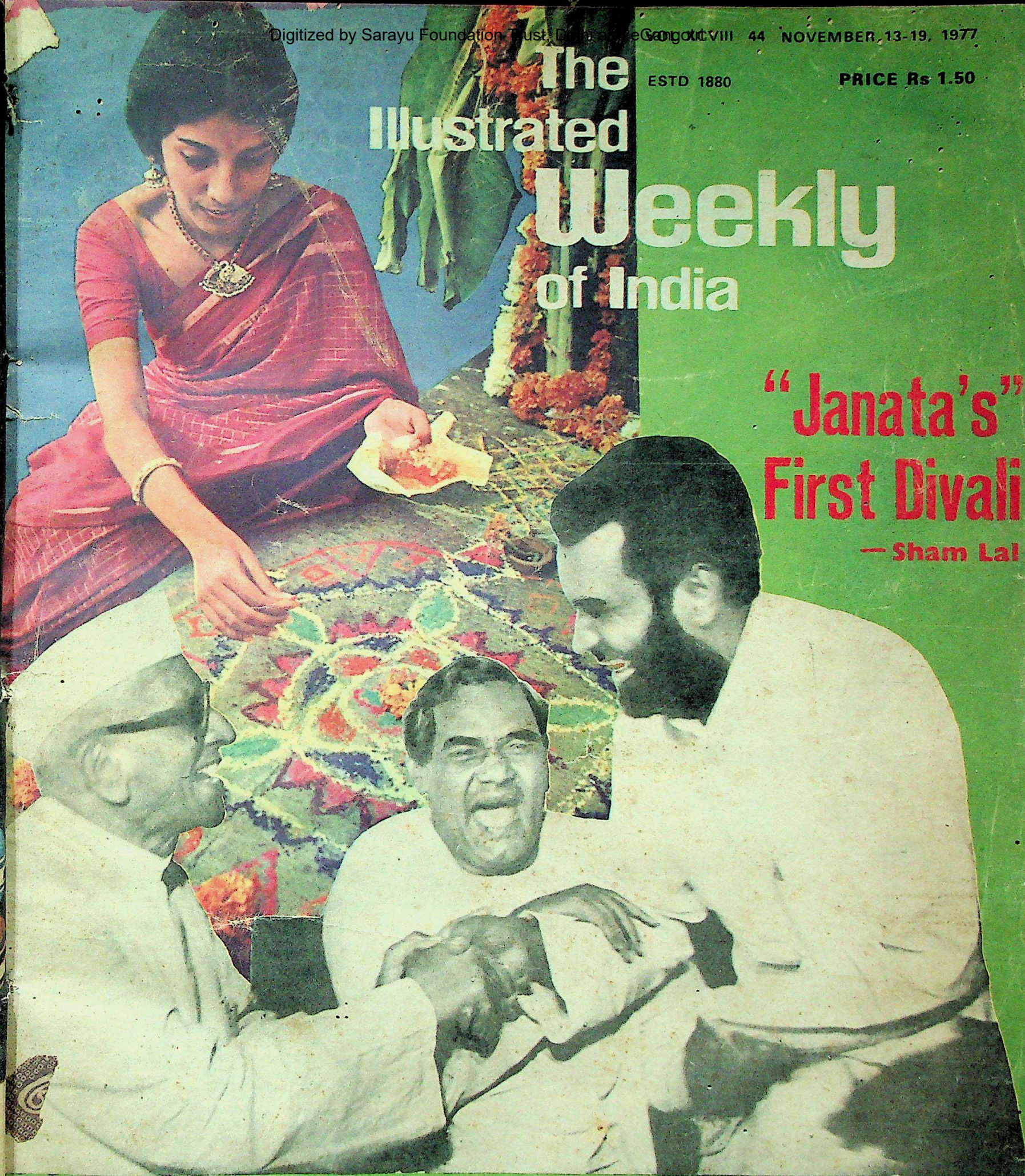
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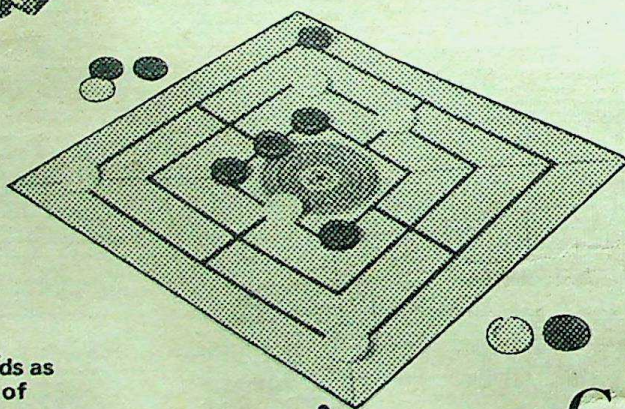


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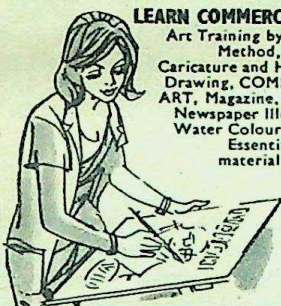
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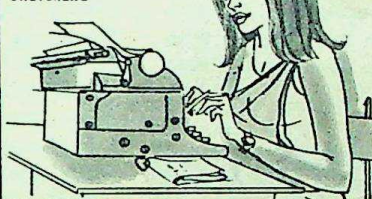
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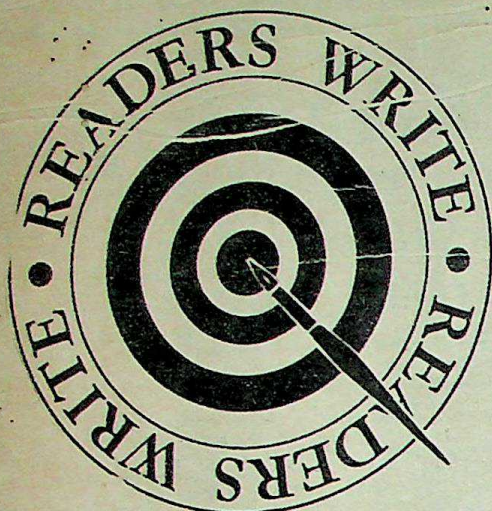
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tying his lust at the advanced age of seventy-nine! Such experiments are not uncommon among Hindu saints, who aspire to self-perfection, to see "God face to face", as Gandhiji called it. After all, the sex instinct in man is the most persistent and the most difficult to control. It has descended to man from the vegetable kingdom.

In this respect, the Gita says: "He who has risen superior to the desires born of the contact of the senses with their object is said to be a man of steady understanding." Again, it says: "As the waters of many rivers fall in the ocean and it remains calm, so do desires flow into the mind of the wise man and he remains calm and unaffected."

There are many passages in the Gita about the *karmayogins* who remain calm

Kripalani On Gandhiji's Sex Experiments

Sir—In your valued journal, in its two issues of October 2 and 9, you have reproduced a couple of chapters on Gandhiji's experiment on *brahmacharya* from a book written by Ved Mehta, entitled *Gandhi and His Apostles*. The very title of the book is prejudiced and misleading. Gandhiji often repudiated the idea that he had a religious or spiritual mission to perform. He said that truth and non-violence were as old as the hills. When once Maulana, in one of the AICC meetings, said that ordinary mortals could not follow his non-violence, Gandhiji replied that he had kept non-violence before the nation as a political weapon. He never talked of its spiritual aspect. As he had not come to deliver a new spiritual message to the world, he could have no "apostles". It would be absurd to think of C. R. Das, Motilal, Maulana, Jawaharlal, Sardar and others as "apostles" of a new faith! Some of us were freedom fighters even before Gandhiji appeared on the political scene of India. The title of the book shows the bias of the author.

It is rather strange that your journal should have selected for reproduction the two chapters that deal with the experiments of Gandhiji in *brahmacharya*! Their reproduction leaves the impression in the minds of the ordinary readers that Gandhiji was not carrying on an experiment to see if he had conquered his sex instinct but was satis-

and unattached when the senses are engaged in the sense objects. The sex experiments of Gandhiji must also be viewed in that light. But experiments of the *yogin* in this respect were not revealed to the public. In this case, they were revealed to them by a person who was in the public life of the country and was a votary of truth.

The author, as a domiciled American, was forthright when he asked Abha whether Gandhiji slept with his clothes on or off. He might have gone further and asked her if there was any sex action performed! After all, what did it matter if Gandhiji had his clothes on or off? He never wore the upper garment and the lower one was only a loin-cloth.

While the author has given a vivid account of Abha's interview, he is silent about the interview he had with me on the same subject! I had told him that I knew nothing of the experiment on *brahmacharya* Gandhiji was performing in Noakhali. He himself wrote to me about it. A man does not advertise his sex relations to others who do not know of them! It seems to me that the author was more concerned with this experiment than the rest of Gandhiji's philosophy of non-violence and truth, as applied in every sphere of a man's life, including his political

life. Nor was he concerned with his theory of means and ends.

There are some other mistakes the author has made. He says that Sucheta was involved in this experiment of Gandhiji. The fact is that Sucheta was not a member of Gandhiji's party in Noakhali. She had gone there much earlier and had established an *ashram* of her own, through which she carried on her mission of helping the Hindus displaced by riots as also the poor Muslims thrown out of work owing to the dislocation of all civil life.

Mr Mehta seems to have a confused memory. He says that he had an interview with Sucheta in my presence. I was never present at an interview granted by Sucheta to any writer. I never was because she was a political leader herself and had her own views on public questions. I also do not understand how I could have interpreted an irrelevant remark about our Government in a conversation not with me but with her.

"I Was Not Tall Or Handsome!"

The author has also written about our marriage that it was due to love at first sight. This was not so. I was not a tall handsome young man for a woman to fall in love with me at first sight. The fact is that Sucheta's first cousin, Dhiren Mazumdar, was the secretary of my *ashram* at Meerut. After her father's death, the family had come to live there for some time. I often met Sucheta at Banaras, where she was a professor. She had gone to Bihar to work for the relief of the earthquake victims. I too was working for the same cause there. We came in contact with each other there. The two of us met often for many years before we finally decided to marry.

Apart from his view on Gandhiji, it appeared to me that the author was rightly angry with the country of his birth, for it had not provided for him with his handicap, as America did, the facilities to become an author and a writer.

New Delhi

J. B. KRIPALANI

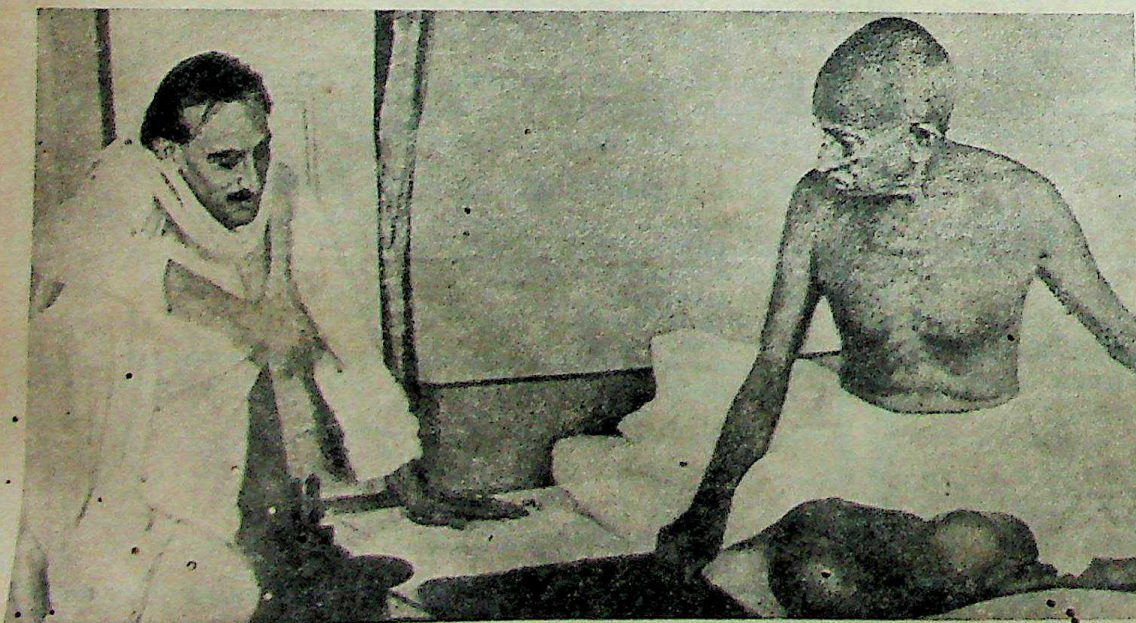
Businessmen Are Greater Than Politicians

Sir—In no other country are industrialists and entrepreneurs made scapegoats for the shortcomings of the Government ("George Fernandes and Chandra Shekhar on Big Business", September 25). It is conveniently forgotten that, but for them, this country would not have advanced an inch forward economically since our attainment of independence. How can it be alleged that we have not achieved the knowhow or the technical competence even for making a bra when the truth is that this country is in a position to give technical collaboration to other developing countries? I do not mean to suggest that our industrialists have no faults but, on the whole, they have done exceedingly well and their contribution to our progress has been greater than that of the politicians.

Bombay

P. K. V. MENON

Sir—I wonder whether going to jail is the sole criterion for assessing one's contribution to the country's cause. As far as Jamnalal Bajaj was concerned, he went to jail



The Illustrated Weekly of India

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A BALANCE SHEET

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NEXT WEEK

GANDHI AND NEHRU: Did Nehru discard Gandhism when he came to power? Does the Janata Government's attempt to denigrate Nehru indicate a return to Gandhism or is it maliciously motivated? By Nikhil Chakravartty, Editor, "Mainstream".

INDIRA GANDHI IS SIXTY: Portrait of Mrs Gandhi by Dom Moraes. Also: Tributes by Yehudi Menuhin, Feliks Topolski, Pupul Jayakar and others.

HOW GODSE AND APTE FACED THE GALLOWS: "When we take the fateful plunge," Nathuram Godse is reported to have said on the eve of his death on the scaffold, "Gandhi's ahimsa will be marching to the gallows and hanged by the neck till it is dead." Twenty-eight years ago, on November 15, the assassins of Mahatma Gandhi were hanged in Ambala gaol. For the first time, we have an eyewitness account, by Gopal Godse, of how his brother Nathuram and Narayan Apte spent their last hours.

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VOL. XCVIII 44 SUNDAY NOV. 13, 1977

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INDIA, AUSTRALIA AND
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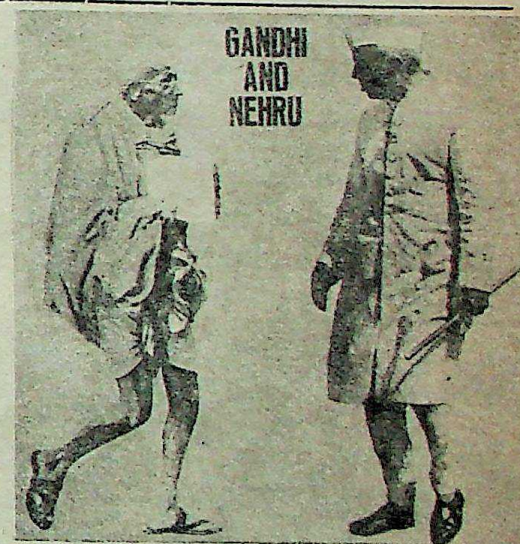
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KRISHNA TEMPLE AT GURUVAYUR: It is second only to Tirupati in the South as a pilgrim centre. By K. R. Vaidyanathan.

FACES OF EVEREST: A mountaineer describes the excitement and challenge of climbing Everest. A chapter from the book by Major H. P. S. Ahluwalia to be released soon.

THE SACRIFICE: An Eid story by Jameel Ahmed Ashar.

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five times during his life. His wife, his two sons, his daughter-in-law and his son-in-law also courted imprisonment for varying terms during the freedom struggle.

Bombay

ADAM ADIL

Sir—It was disheartening to read the manner in which George Fernandes has criticised the members of the Tata family for not having played a significant role or courted imprisonment for the liberation of our country.

The setting up of numerous factories, educational, social and cultural institutions, hospitals, hotels, airlines, power plants, housing projects, the industrial town of Jamshedpur and various other charities and donations are standing examples of their sacrifices and contributions towards the prosperity of the country. All this has generated employment for millions.

Remove the Tatas from the industrial scene and our economy would crash overnight.

Bombay

JAGDISH L. PALAN

Sir—Both the Minister and the Janata President are very confused in their thinking. Every time, on any subject, they end up criticising the previous Congress Governments, the Nehru family and Mrs Gandhi. What right do they have to criticise when they have nothing better to show in comparison with what the previous Government has done? It is easier to criticise than to fulfil the needs of 620 million people.

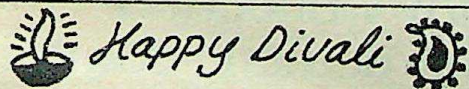
Etah

VINCENT C. WATFORD

Sir—George Fernandes pontificates too much but does not suggest any concrete steps to encourage indigenous technology. He has attempted to evade the real issues raised by the interviewer and has let his own personal prejudices against Birlas and Tatas intrude. If after 30 years of producing cars Hindustan Motors are not in a position to prepare a die for the shell, it is a matter of shame more for those erstwhile socialist leaders who have always held up industrial development by instigating strikes, industrial disobedience and insurgence than for those big businessmen who have done some small good for the country.

Kanpur

RAJ GOPAL MEHROTRA



"The Illustrated Weekly" wishes its readers a Happy Divali.

Sir—Regarding George Fernandes's statement that none of these big businessmen went to jail—they did not go to jail but they were enterprising and started industries which have provided well-paid jobs to millions of our countrymen. What have these politicians done in the past 30 years? They have created widespread unemployment and poverty. Nobody has exploited our country the way these politicians—both Congress and Janata—have done. They are all hypocrites of the very first order.

Madras

KOSHY PHILIP

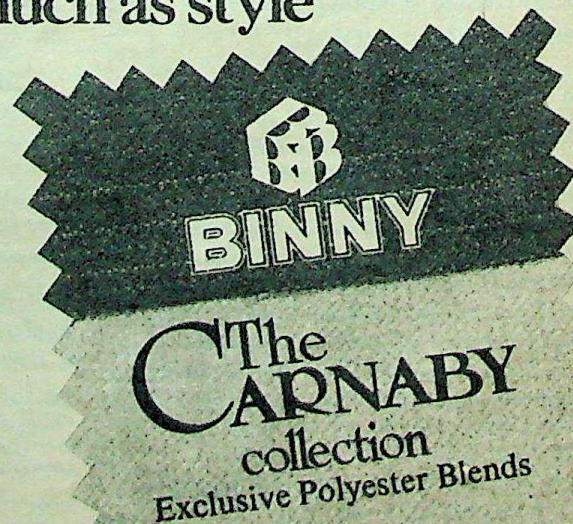
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Politician vs Civil Servant

There can be no scope for conflict, says the Home Minister, if the commitment of both politician and bureaucrat is to public service, honesty and integrity.

by Charan Singh

I HAVE never been able to understand why a great deal of debate goes on in our country over the relative roles of the political leadership of the Government and the administration of the country. In a working democracy, "Government" means, or ought to mean, the Government elected by the people and answerable to them. In our system, based on a clear division of powers, the Cabinet is the executive. It accepts responsibility for all executive decisions. The responsibility is both to Parliament and to the people.

The administration, as far as I can understand, is not the executive but the instrument of the executive. In theory, there need be no permanent secretariat; in some countries, the civil servants, at least at the top levels, come and go with the Minister who has a certain prerogative in the choice of his advisers.

The Indian Constitution does not explicitly preclude the Cabinet's choice of its advisers. However, following the British pattern, we have so far adopted the concept of a permanent civil service. There have been instances, however, of the Cabinet going outside the permanent civil service to choose its top policy advisers.

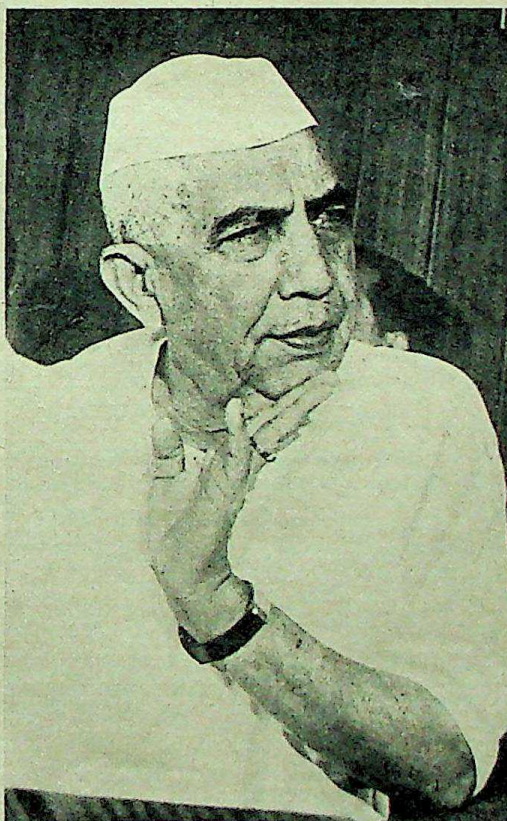
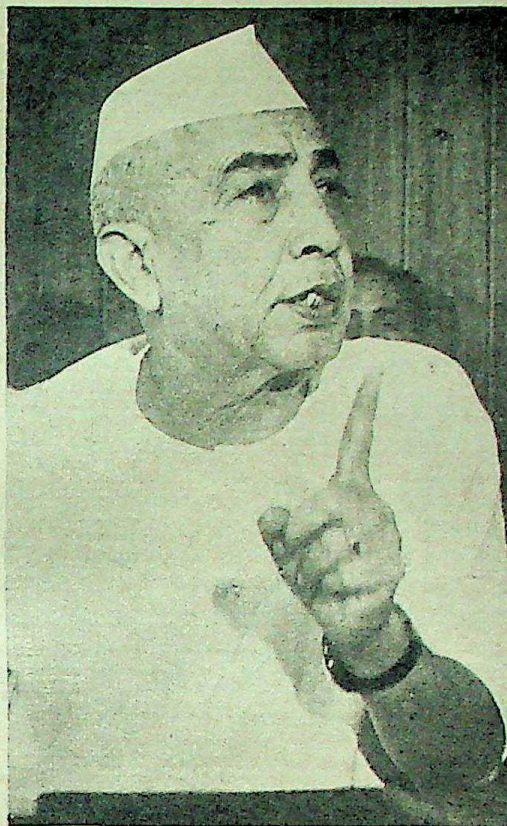
Sovereign Only Up To A Point

Terms like sovereign jurisdiction have no meaning in a democracy. Even the people are sovereign only up to a point. For example, the people cannot obviously decide upon the guilt or otherwise of an individual. Parliament and the Cabinet function within the ambit of the Constitution.

There can be no separate and inviolable sphere of administrative jurisdiction in the sense that the Cabinet or the Minister cannot encroach upon it. The administrator's job is to understand the policy of the elected Government, advise it fearlessly and independently and carry out the policy once it is decided by the elected Government.

Since the entire system is governed by the rule of law and morality, no civil servant can be asked to do what is illegal or unethical. A civil servant cannot take shelter behind a ministerial order, oral or written, to defend an illegal or immoral action. He should have the courage not only to advise fearlessly but to accept the consequences of such an order. Distortions (like the ones during the Emergency) take place when there is a breakdown of the moral fibre of the politicians and top civil service.

Let it be clearly understood that the Minister, as part of the executive arm of the state, has complete jurisdiction over all matters concerning any appointments. But a good Minister will not exercise these functions,



except where it is in the public interest to do so. This self-discipline should not be confused with jurisdiction.

Ultimately, the success of a system depends on the *bona fides* of the people running it. The administrator, knowing that a Minis-

ter is constructively responsible for what happens in the Ministry, would, in a good system, take care to see that the Minister is properly advised and the Minister's orders are honestly carried out. Similarly, the Minister will normally not go beyond policy decisions and supervision. In such a system of *bona fides*, there is no scope for conflict of jurisdiction.

Areas of Leadership

A word of caution may not be out of place. The concept of constructive responsibility cannot be overstretched. If for every act of omission or commission of the administration the concerned Minister were to accept the responsibility, no Minister can remain in office even for a day. Policy, vigilance, correction and insistence on codes of conduct are the principal areas where a Minister should show courage, determination and leadership.

The difficulty in India has been the nexus between the corrupt politician and the corrupt administrator. The vast increase in Government's powers of control and regulation has only served to produce innumerable opportunities for corruption and favouritism. But, in my opinion, the vast increase in corruption is largely traceable to the failure of political leadership whose duty it was to set standards.

Once the administration realises the Minister's uncompromising adherence to the highest principles of ethical conduct, the moral authority of the Minister would be safeguarded against administrative misdemeanours. But this is essentially a task of political leadership.

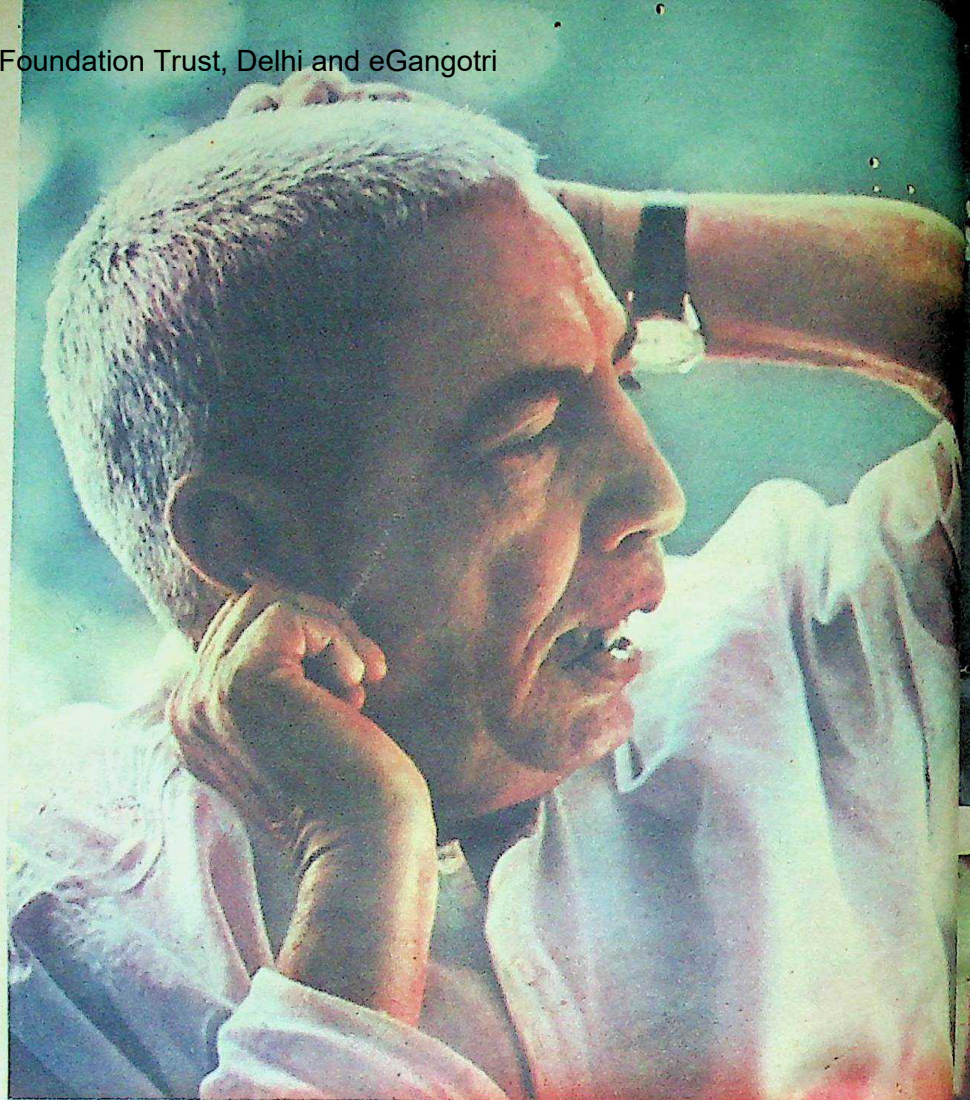
"Committed Bureaucrats" Not Required

Before I close, I wish to refer to the criticism of the circular, issued recently by the Cabinet Secretary, asking the civil servants to familiarise themselves with the contents of the Janata Party's manifesto. The criticism seems to arise from a misunderstanding. After all, the elected Government is guided to a great extent by the party's election promises. And the civil servants should at least know what these promises are. No one is asking them to accept the party's ideology or to be "committed bureaucrats". All that is required is to ensure that the civil servants know the policy of the Government. Such an understanding is essential to smoother relations and swift transaction of public business.

Ultimately, it is to public service, honesty and ethics that every public servant—politician or bureaucrat—should be committed. It is, as I said, a question of *bona fides*. If the politician and the bureaucrat understand their roles and perform them honestly and fearlessly—neither of them wanting to stick to office at any price—there can be no scope for any conflict of jurisdiction.



I SHALL MAKE THIS LAND COMPLETELY DRY. Prime Minister Morarji Desai is unrelenting in pursuing prohibition. "It should get the first priority because the condition of the poor can never improve until prohibition is total... Even if my Government goes on the issue of Nashabandhi, it would be a matter of pride..."



HIS HOME IS THE VILLAGE. Home Minister Charan Singh wants to promote cottage and village industry as against heavy industry. But, says the author, rural lift need not be carried out at the expense of large-scale industry and technology. The country has been able to modernise its agriculture except on the strength of modern industry. In fact even the growth of a countrywide network of small industries will require machinery and tools produced by large-scale industry.

The Janata Party — A Balance-Sheet

The Janata Party has been in power for seven months, but as yet no clear policy has emerged. There is hardly any issue on which different leaders do not air totally different and sometimes even contrary views. There is more of political theatre in New Delhi today than concrete programmes. Are we going to get any immediate results or is it too early to evaluate the new Government's programmes? Has the Janata Ministry in fact inherited a "messy economy"? Is it necessary to curb the growth of heavy industry in order to give an impetus to our rural economy? The author, a distinguished political commentator, makes a searching analysis.

by Sham Lal

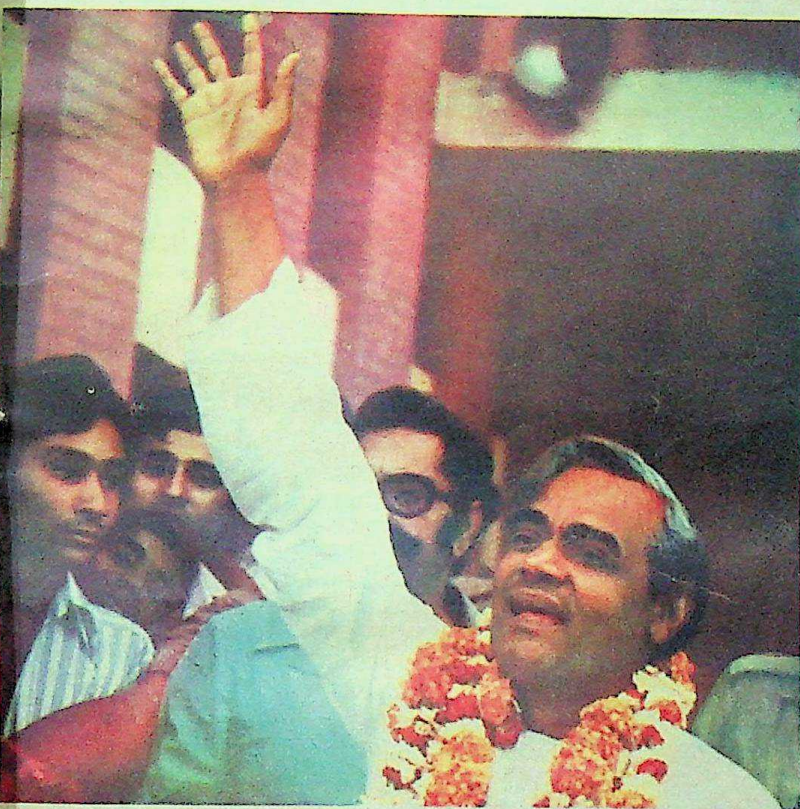
THOUGH it has been in power for seven months the Janata is still very much a party in the making. It has yet to acquire a face. Above all, it has to make up its mind on what it wants to do and in what order. For political life, like nature, abhors a vacuum and, unless the Janata gets its priorities right, some of its members will be tempted to give free play to their fads and fancies.

This is not going to be easy. The five groups which have merged to form the Janata may be equally determined to prevent the return of the hated Emergency regime. But for running the Government they need a broader agreement on a number of complex economic and social policy issues. Since none of them has been stricken by amnesia, all of them retain something of their old habits and ideas. They can't jump out of their skin and adopt a brand new outlook overnight. The search for a consensus is bound to take a long time.

What makes their task all the more exacting is the new climate of opinion. Thanks to the events of the last three years, more and more people are coming to think of persons and problems in terms of black and white. Feelings run high. Every organised group insists on getting its pound of flesh. The Government cannot possibly meet even half the demands that are being made on its meagre resources. And no one is in the mood to assess coolly the limits of what can be done without putting the system once again in jeopardy.

There is a certain dread logic about all this. The railway strike of 1974, the brutal way in which it was put down, the mass agitation

HE HAS AN OPEN MIND. Industries Minister George Fernandes (right, facing page) has talked of planning at the "micro level", concentrating on cottage, rural and small-scale industries. He says he has an open mind on the question of foreign investment and that his ideology "will not get in the way". He is bound to have differences of opinion on the industrial policy with many of his colleagues both in the Cabinet and the party.



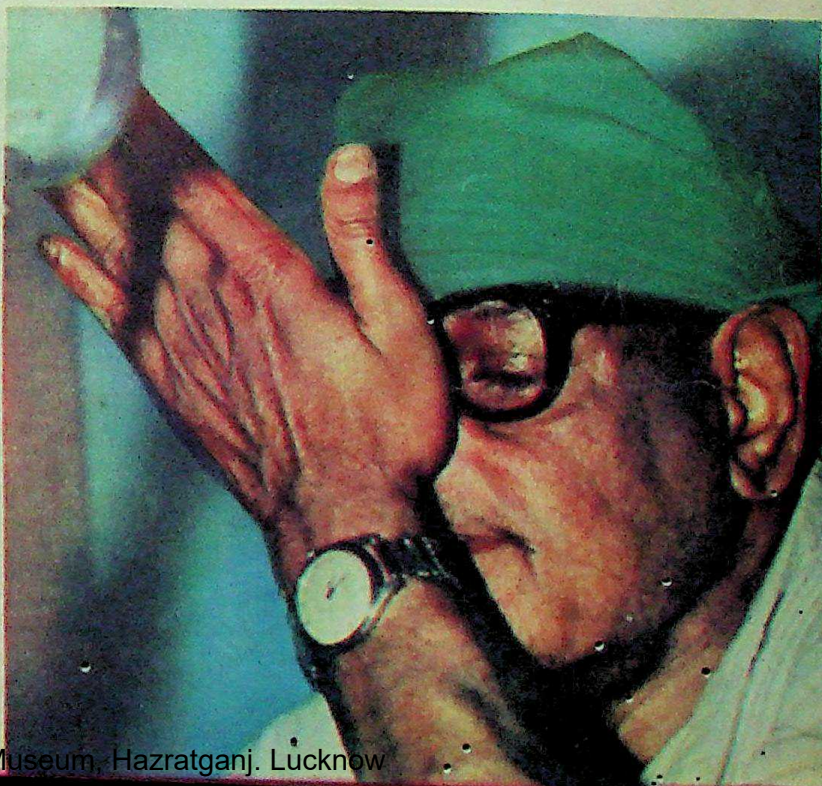
"NONE OF THEM HAS BEEN STRICKEN BY AMNESIA—but all of them retain something of their old habits and ideas," says the author about the constituents of the Janata Party and adds that the search for a consensus is bound to take a long time. It is mainly up to the Janata Party chief Chandra Shekhar (left) to reconcile the warring factions within the party. Defence Minister Jagjivan Ram (above) is currently maintaining a low profile.

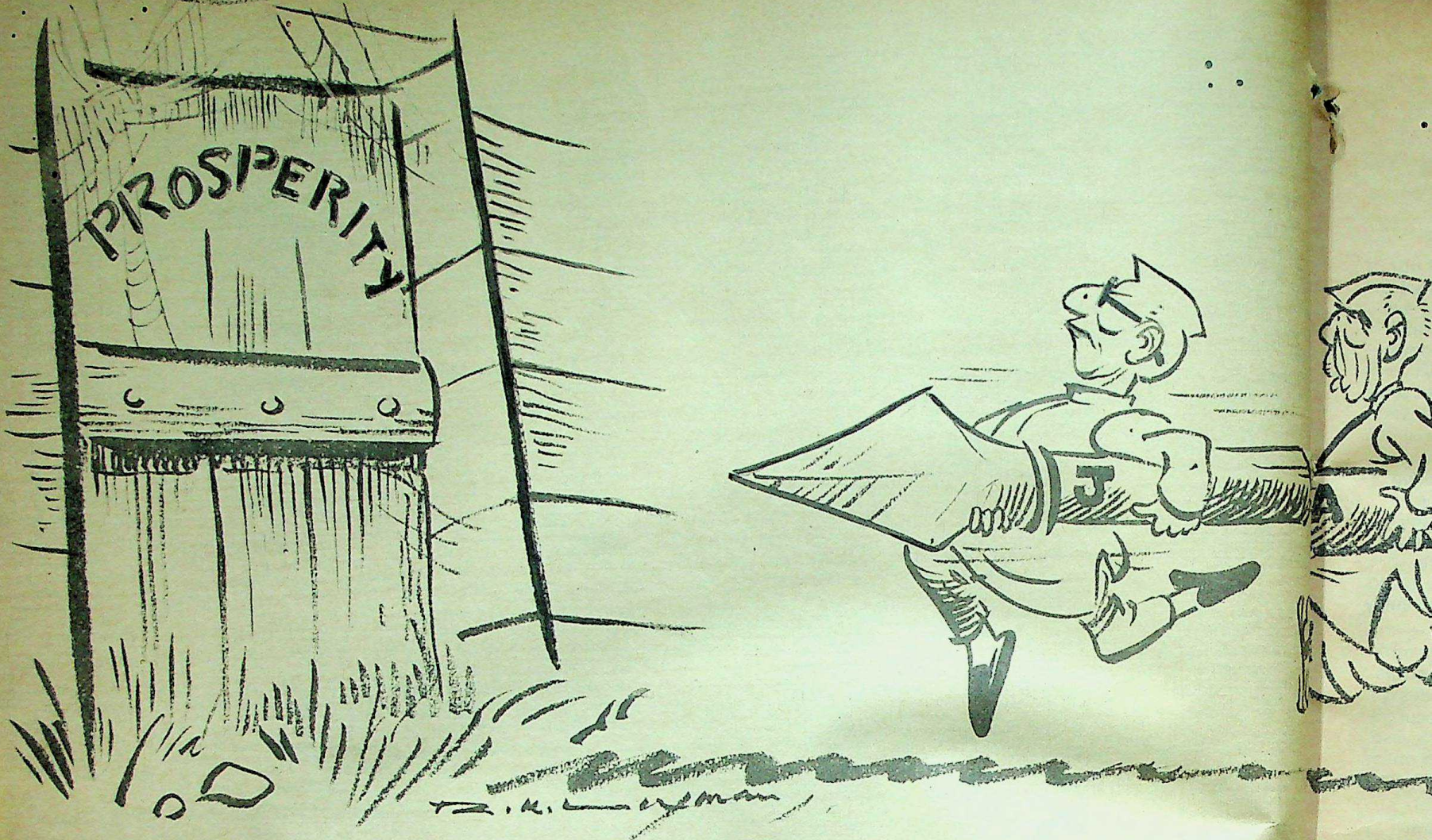
Colour Photographs by R. B. BEDI and PANKAJ SHAH

to oust at least two duly elected State Assemblies, the twenty months of total censorship and widespread repression, the current clamour for the avenging of recent wrongs, the psychopathic lies on the one side and the moral posturings on the other have made objectivity a word of abuse. While the new political hatreds have narrowed the meeting ground between the two main parties, public expectations have been raised to a new pitch and the people want immediate results.

All this will make it almost impossible for the new Government to go in for hard options. For, on the one hand, the spreading miasma of mistrust between parties, and between groups or factions in each party, rules out the degree of cooperation which is needed to make any unpopular decisions go through, and, on the other, intense politicisation of life militates against the kind of self-discipline or self-restraint without which the system is only too liable to slide into a new authoritarian morass.

"MY MOTHER DIDN'T SPEAK ENGLISH, WHY SHOULD I?" Health Minister Raj Narain (below) is the arch advocate of Hindi. Foreign Minister Atal Behari Vajpayee (above left) is another promoter of Hindi. As the leader of the Indian delegation to the UN, he addressed the General Assembly for the first time in Hindi.





The leaders of a ruling party anywhere are easily tempted in such a situation to turn into demagogues or actors. For either way it helps them to divert people's thoughts from sticky problems. It is no surprise therefore that there is so much of political theatre in New Delhi these days. "My Mother Didn't Speak English; Why Should I?" was only the first of a long series of pop comedies. And "I Shall Make This Land Completely Dry" is by no means the last of the moralities we are likely to witness. As for lib-lab demagogy there is no end to it.

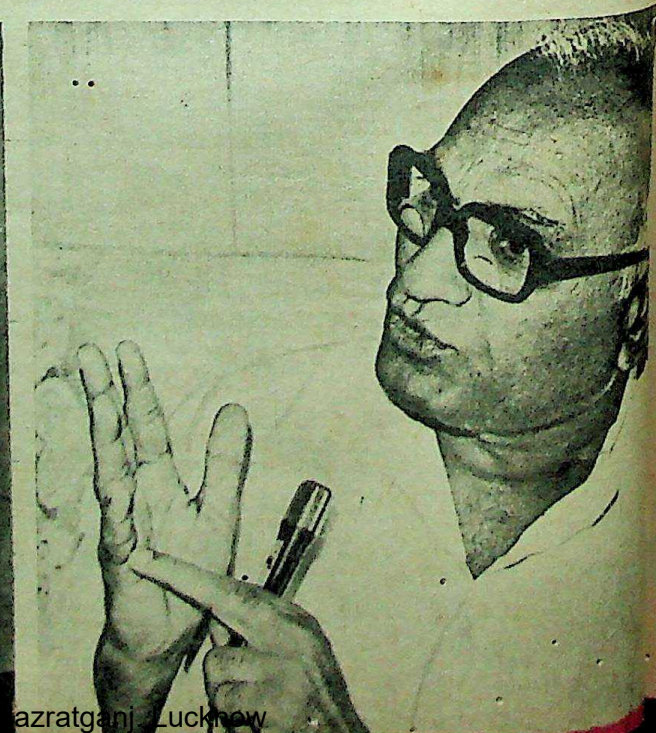
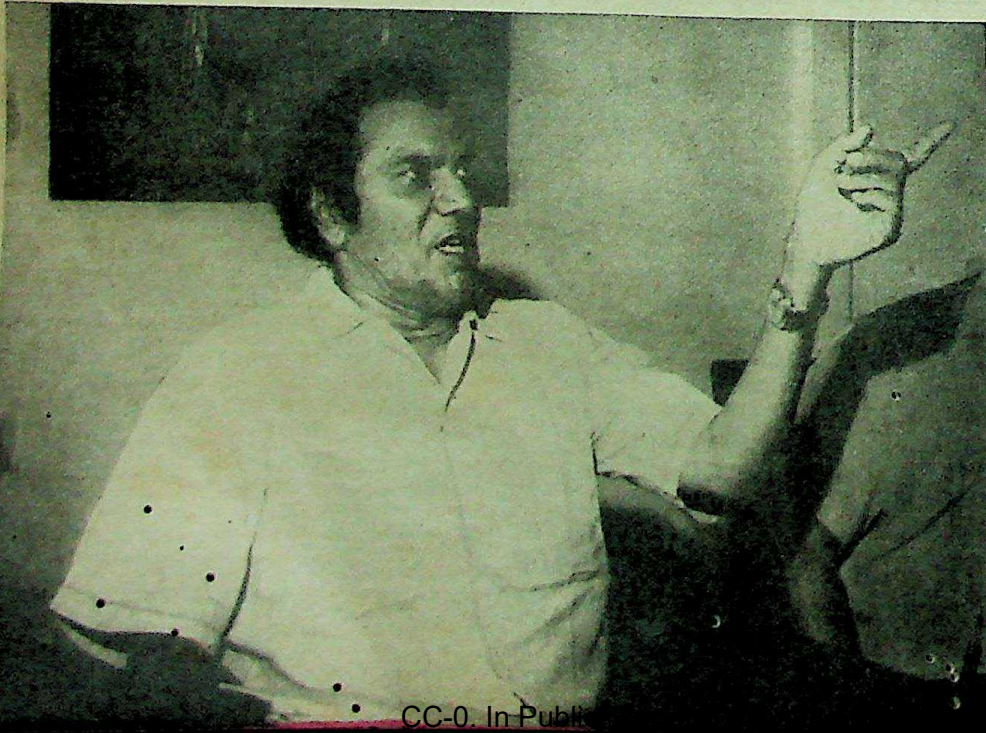
But not everyone is amused. Already some persons feel quite sore over it. "What

we want is a patch of land for every landless person, a job for everyone without work, a system of schooling tailored to the needs of the people, a new deal for the Harijans, a faster pace of growth of both industry and agriculture and, above all, the spread of a more rational outlook," they say in effect. "Total prohibition is a parody of total revolution". As Mr Bernard Levin remarks in a different context, "the native hue of revolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought".

To say all this is not to write the Janata Government off on the basis of its record in

its first seven months in office. Its leaders have a point when they argue that this is too short a period in which to have got to grips with the frightening problems facing the country, much less to have produced worthwhile solutions. But they grossly overstate their case when they go on to complain about the messy economic situation they have inherited. In fact no Government in this country has ever had the luck to start with a stock of 20 million tonnes of grains in its bins and over three billion dollars in its kitty. The economy as a whole may have been in poor shape when the Janata came to power, considering the continuing slump in demand,

GROUPISM IN THE JANATA. There are serious differences between the various groups in the party. One of them relates to the question of the merger of the RSS with the Janata. Madhu Limaye (below left), a General Secretary of the Janata Party, wanted the RSS to merge. Another General Secretary, Mr Nanaji Deshmukh (below right), said that there was no question of pursuing the RSS-Janata merger issue following the categorical rejection of the proposal by the RSS leader Balasaheb Deoras.



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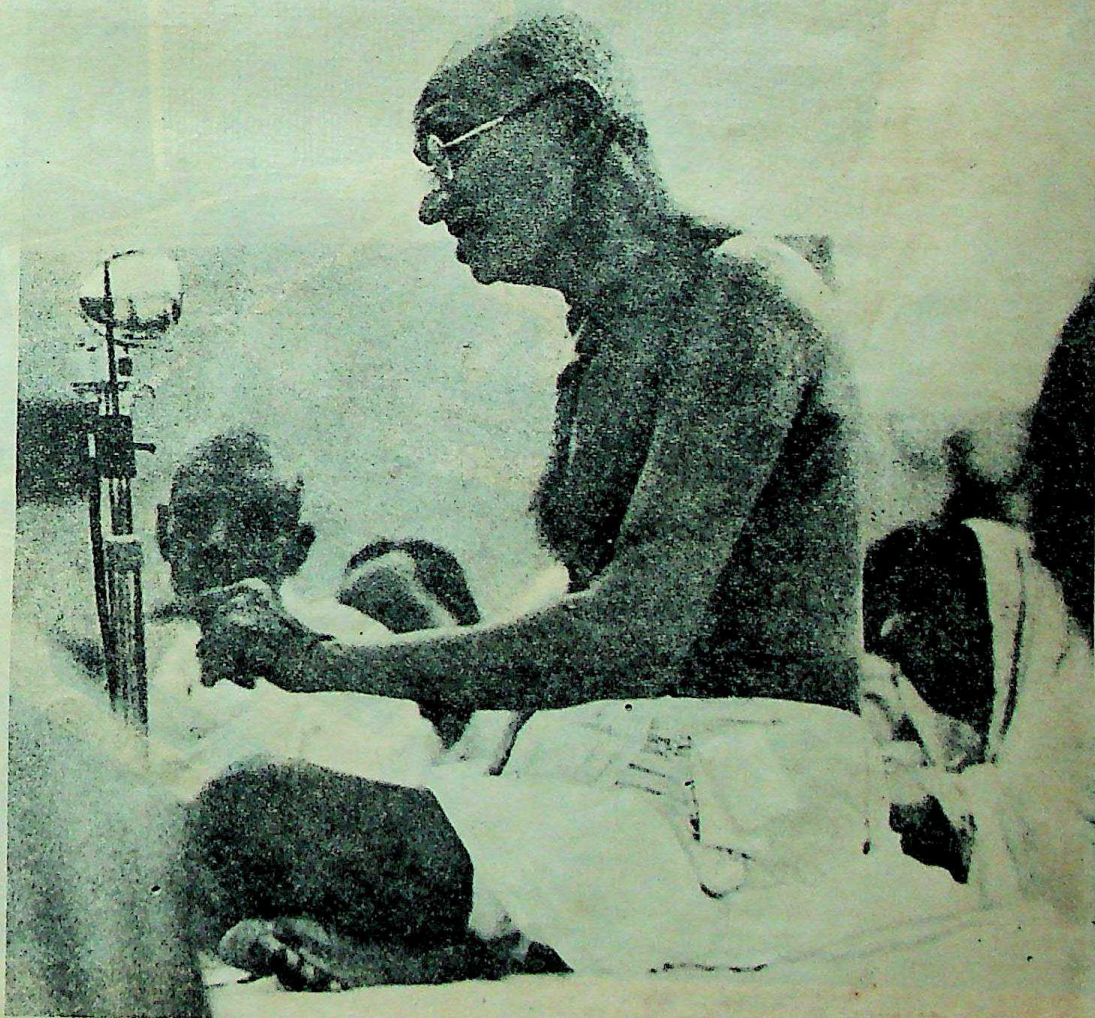


the alarming increase in the number of the unemployed and the landless and the uneven spread of the green revolution which has bypassed four out of every five villages. But the food and exchange reserves give the new Government a most comfortable cushion against a lean year and a powerful lever to keep prices in check.

Cartoons by R. K. LAXMAN

The results speak for themselves. If the Janata Government was able to bring down the prices of cooking oil on the eve of Diwali it was largely because it had the wherewithal to import sufficient quantities from abroad. It is again because of the enormous food stocks in its hands that it has managed to keep inflation within tolerable limits. The real test for the Government of a poor country, however, is not whether it can hold the price line while the economy is more or less stagnant but whether it can do so while industry and agriculture are surging ahead.

In the balance-sheet of the Janata Government's first seven months in office there are few entries on the credit side of the ledger so far as economic decisions are concerned. The main credit entry is its decision, which was in the nature of redeeming a pledge, to dismantle the machinery of repression built during the Emergency. But this is a diminishing asset, for as time passes the people will begin to take their democratic rights for granted as they did in the pre-Emergency years. (It is significant that the Janata vote in the Northern States suffered a dramatic decline even in the intervening three months between the Lok Sabha poll



WHY USE GANDHI AS A STICK WITH WHICH TO BEAT NEHRU! There has been a deliberate attempt on the part of many Janata leaders to denigrate Nehru and blame him for the lop-sided growth of the economy. Planning in the past may not have been a great success "but neither was it a miserable failure," says the author.

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and the Vidhan Sabha elections). In future the party will be judged more and more by its socio-economic record.

Human Rights—Symbolic

Indeed even the human rights—apart from the right to vote and the right to dissent—will remain largely symbolic for the millions who have no land, no work or no home unless the economy develops at a much faster rate and the benefits of development, which have been hogged by the well-to-do so far, go largely to the poor in future. If so many Harijans have to suffer humiliating treatment, and even atrocities, it is because they are too weak and poor to assert themselves and often wholly dependent for their very survival on the goodwill of their oppressors.

But to develop the economy at a much faster pace and see that the new gains go to the poor will demand not merely a far greater effort in savings but new norms of efficiency in implementing the plans and an altogether different attitude on the part of the elite groups who have been the main beneficiaries of development so far.

There has been a lot of talk by the Janata leaders in the last few months of the need to get out of old habits and ways of thinking. But ironically some of the ideas they have put forward tentatively are likely, however well-meaning their intentions, to get the economy into deeper ruts.

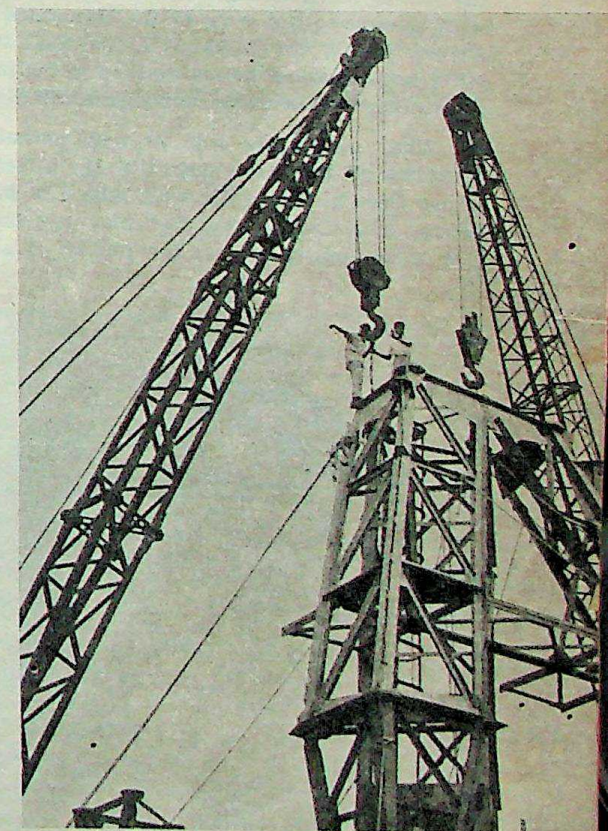
DID THEY INHERIT A DISASTROUS ECONOMY? The Janata Government says that it inherited an economy that is in a shambles. But in fact, says the author, "no Government in this country has ever had the luck to start with a stock of 20 million tonnes of grains in its bins and over 3 billion dollars in its kitty. The food and foreign reserves give the new Government a most comfortable cushion against a lean year and a powerful lever to keep prices in check."

Thus though there is everything to be said for doing all that can be done to give a big push to the rural economy and set up more ambitious targets for irrigation, rural electrification and cottage industry, what puts this programme in a wrong perspective is the impression that is being fostered that it can be carried out only at the expense of large-scale industry and new technology. Nothing can be farther from the truth, for no country has ever been able to modernise its agriculture except on the strength of a modern industry which can provide all the necessary inputs by way of tubewells, electric power, new implements, fertilisers and pesticides. In fact even the growth of a countrywide network of small-scale industrial units will require a steady flow of improved types of machinery and tools which can be produced only by large-scale industry. The same holds good for improved transport and storage facilities. No, it will not do to settle for a slower pace of growth for heavy industry.

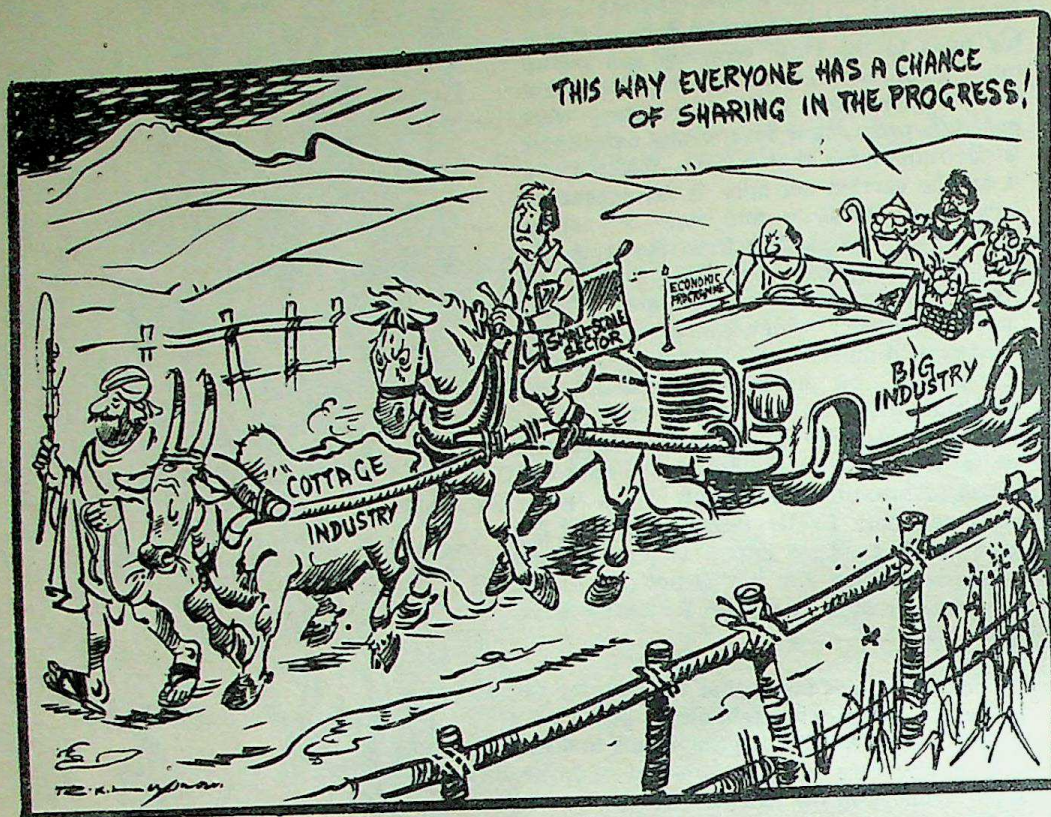
This does not mean that the country can go in for up-to-date technology in every field. It just does not have the means to do so, and in any case the job potential of large-scale industry in the situation in which India is today is too small to take care of even one-fifth of the labour force that enters the market every year, not to speak of those who are already standing in the queue for work. All that this means is that the fields where the



CAN WE PRODUCE MORE BY CURBING INDUSTRY? And can villages get prosperous only by making the cities feel the pinch? "Such thinking betrays ignorance not only of the dynamics of growth but of the demands of political stability which cannot be maintained in the face of growing urban decay and discontent."



IS THIS LOP-SIDED GROWTH? We cannot slacken the pace of growth of heavy industry. How can cottage industry meet the needs of defence, heavy transport, power, communications and agricultural inputs? And it is these sectors that account for the larger part of heavy industries in the country.



country has to have up-to-date technology and those where it can make do with medium or low technology have to be clearly demarcated. The idea of taking the employment potential of every new project into account makes good sense. What is nonsensical is the notion that agriculture can grow only by curbing industry and that villages can get prosperous only by making the cities feel the pinch for a change. Such thinking betrays ignorance not only of the dynamics of growth but of the demands of political stability which cannot be maintained in the face of growing urban decay and discontent.

What makes the talk of new planning priorities all the more suspect is the attempt to use Gandhi as a stick with which to beat Nehru. Planning in the past may not have been a whopping success but neither was it

a miserable failure. The increase in the production of foodgrains from 50 million tonnes to 120 million tonnes—a gain of 140 per cent which has been barely equalled by China—the development of a wide range of engineering industries, the dramatic addition to the power-generating capacity, the building up of a vast reservoir of new skills, the big boost given to exports and the steady advance towards self-reliance cannot be dismissed as of no account. What can be said in all honesty is that the gains in production have just kept pace with the increase in population, and that in terms of per capita income the country is almost where it was at the start of planning. This means that if the Janata is to do better it will have to set more ambitious growth targets for both industry and agriculture.

Different, Contrary Views

The trouble is that it has yet to make up its mind on what it wants to do and how it intends to go about it. There is in fact not one major issue of policy on which the different groups in the party do not hold different, sometimes even contrary, views.

It is not enough for the party to allocate more money to agriculture and set up a network of small projects in the rural sector. It has first to settle some larger questions. Does it depend largely on irrigation and new farm technology to raise rural incomes? Or does it intend to press more energetically for agrarian reforms designed to give the tenant and the sharecropper a new sense of security and a stake in improving the productivity of the land he tills? Again, does it want to continue with the present system of subsidis-

THE AUTHOR SHAM LAL (65) has been Editor of The Times of India since 1967. He started his journalistic career with The Hindustan Times in 1934 as a sub-editor. His weekly column in The Times, "The National Scene", is noted for its forthright comments on political and economic affairs. Earlier he had also been writing a regular literary column under the pen-name "Adib". During the 19 months of the Emergency Mr Sham Lal did not write any articles.

ing the supply of water, power and fertilisers, so that the more land a family has the more it stands to gain and thus widen the income disparities in the countryside? Or has it thought of some new schemes to redress the balance?

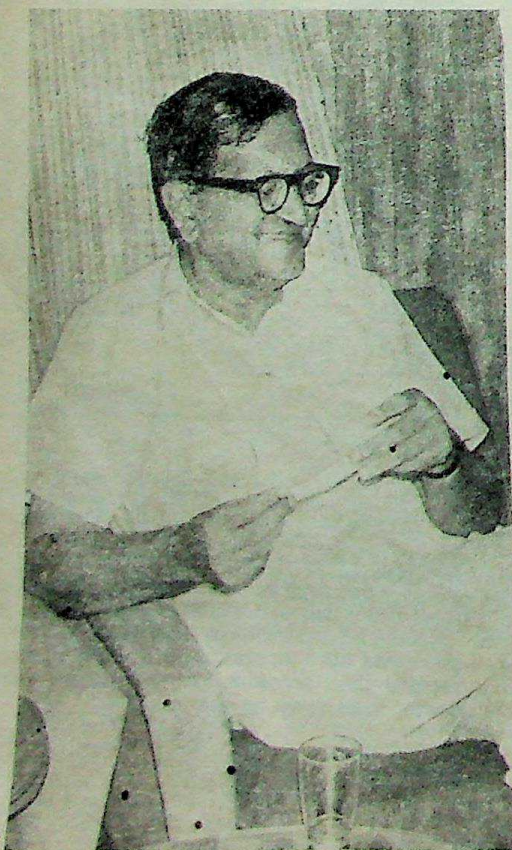
The proposal for a more rapid expansion of cottage industry to increase job opportunities in the villages also raises some awkward questions. There may be some unemployment among artisans in the country today but the most worrying problem is what to do with those who have no skills of any kind. The scope for employing them will be severely limited unless means can be found first to help them acquire new skills. And even when there is a large reserve of skilled workers—say of weavers and spinners—it is far from certain that they can be fully employed at a decent wage. The economics of khadi production today hold out no such hope. The notion that for every worker who loses his job when a textile mill is closed five can find work as spinners or weavers in the countryside is far too fanciful to be taken seriously. No government, unless it is out of its mind, can pursue such a policy without disrupting urban industrial centres. The best the Janata can hope to do is to reserve the further expansion of production in certain fields to the cottage and small-scale sectors.

Are They Following The Mahatma?

There is some scope for changing the pattern of industrial growth but it is no half as large as what some Janata leaders imagine it to be. Even those who think they are following the Mahatma in decrying what they choose to call the lop-sided growth of heavy industry—as it happens India's per capita output of steel is one-hundredth that of Japan!—cannot be so daft as to think that the needs of defence, heavy transport, power, communications and agricultural inputs can be met by cottage industry. And these needs account for the larger part of the heavy industry sector in the country. Perhaps the production of certain kinds of luxury goods can be curbed but even this will be a self-defeating exercise in the absence of a more even distribution of incomes.

Some of the Janata leaders say that they are going to work out and enforce a more just incomes policy. But they have probably no idea of the complexities of this task. An attempt to correct the gross distortions in income distribution that have taken place over the years is apt to earn the hostility of powerful organised groups. What is more, while it may be easy for the Government to put a new floor and a new ceiling to wages and salaries in both private and public sectors, it will be well nigh impossible to do anything like that in the case of the self-employed. Where is the point in limiting the salaries of management executives to what the Secretaries to the Government get today if an advocate is to be left free to earn ten times as much as a High Court judge or a surgeon to charge for an operation as much as the Chief Medical Officer in the Armed Forces earns in a month? Any national incomes policy to be viable has got to correct the entire national economy and correct the reward to service.

But all this is no more than an academic debate. A democratic government is constrained in what it does by the weight of tradition, the strength of the organs



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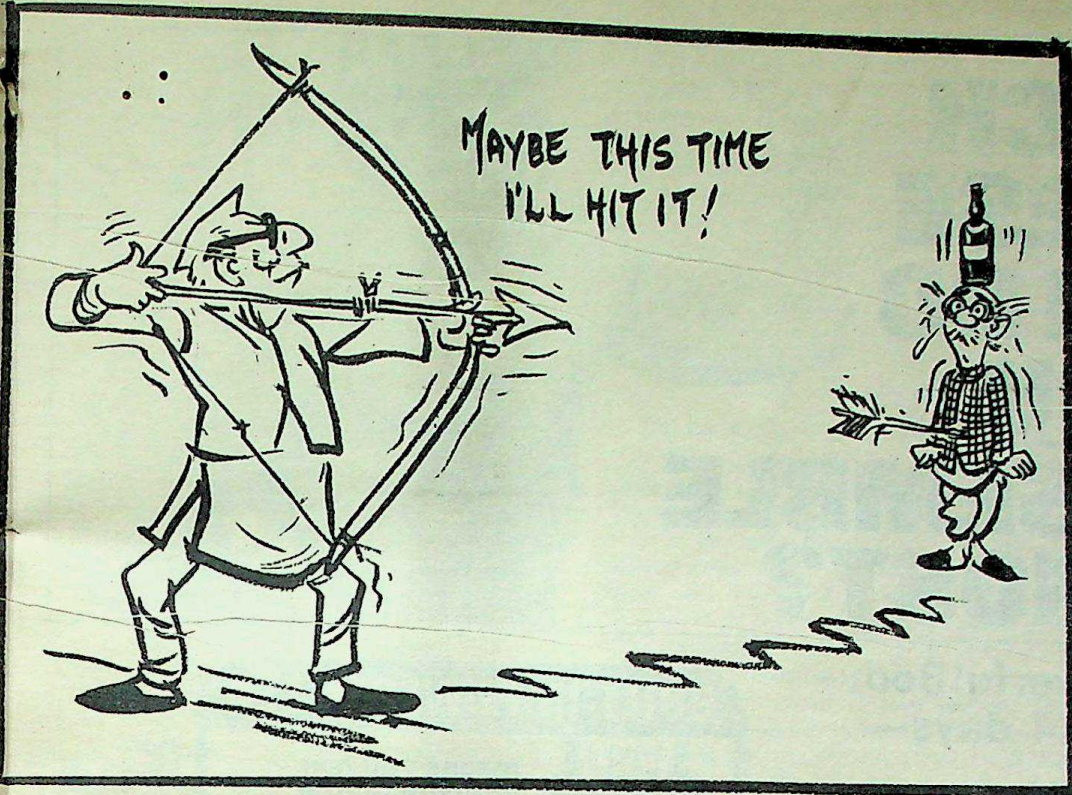
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development plans came to nought, because the village leaders were tempted to inflate the costs of local projects and fake up figures of voluntary labour contributions which were never made. The hundreds of crores spent on famine relief works in certain States over the years were wasted because of the failure to draw up viable projects in advance and devise proper safeguards against misuse of public funds. The new rural works programme can flounder badly, with even more disastrous results, in the absence of meticulous planning and stringent checks.

Bold Initiatives Ruled Out

The Janata cannot get away from the fact that it represents even a looser combination of conflicting interests than the Congress in its heyday. That is why its spokesmen continue to speak in different voices on such crucial issues as industrial relations, the place of heavy industry in the economy and the role of the multinationals. The party can hope to hold itself together only if its leaders have the political acumen to keep the various interests satisfied. This itself rules out the kind of bold initiatives and departures that are being advocated by some of the more ardent spirits in the party.

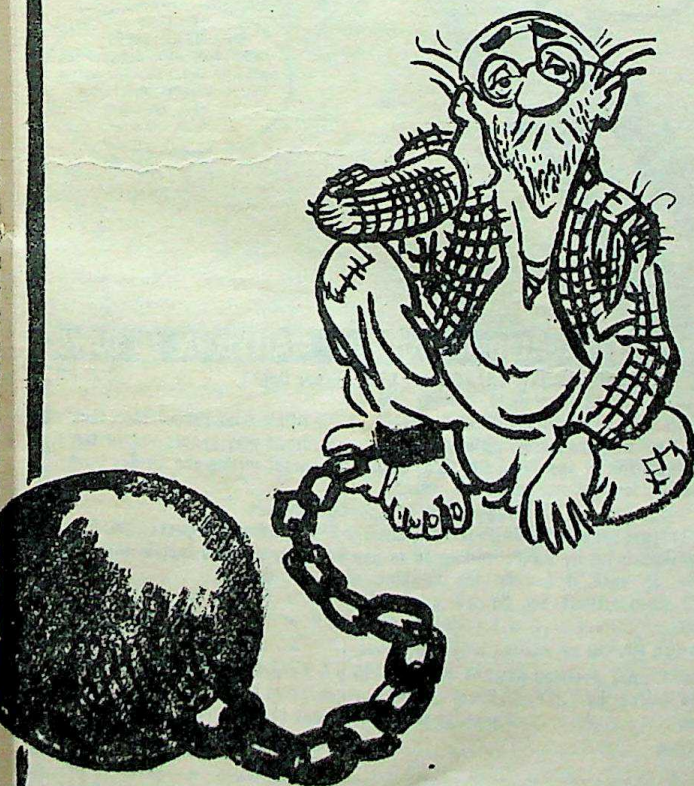
In the euphoria created by the March elections many people have tended to forget that democratic regimes in large countries like India, in the very nature of things, have to be content with half solutions and uneasy compromises. This is because a ruling party which has to mobilise almost one-half of the total popular vote can do so only by securing the support of a host of divergent interests. Neither the invocation of the Mahatma's name nor the talk of mobilising peasant or student power can hide this harsh reality.

vested interests which are likely to resist any cuts in their privileges beyond a certain point, the character of the administration on which it relies for enforcing its policies and, above all, the nature of its own class support. So it will not be surprising if there is less and less talk of total revolution with the passage of time and the political rhetoric gets less and less bloated. After all it will require no more than a ministerial statement at the appropriate time to postpone the promised day of full employment from March 23, 1987, to March 23, 1997. The alibi of "cir-

cumstances beyond the Government's control" will always be there.

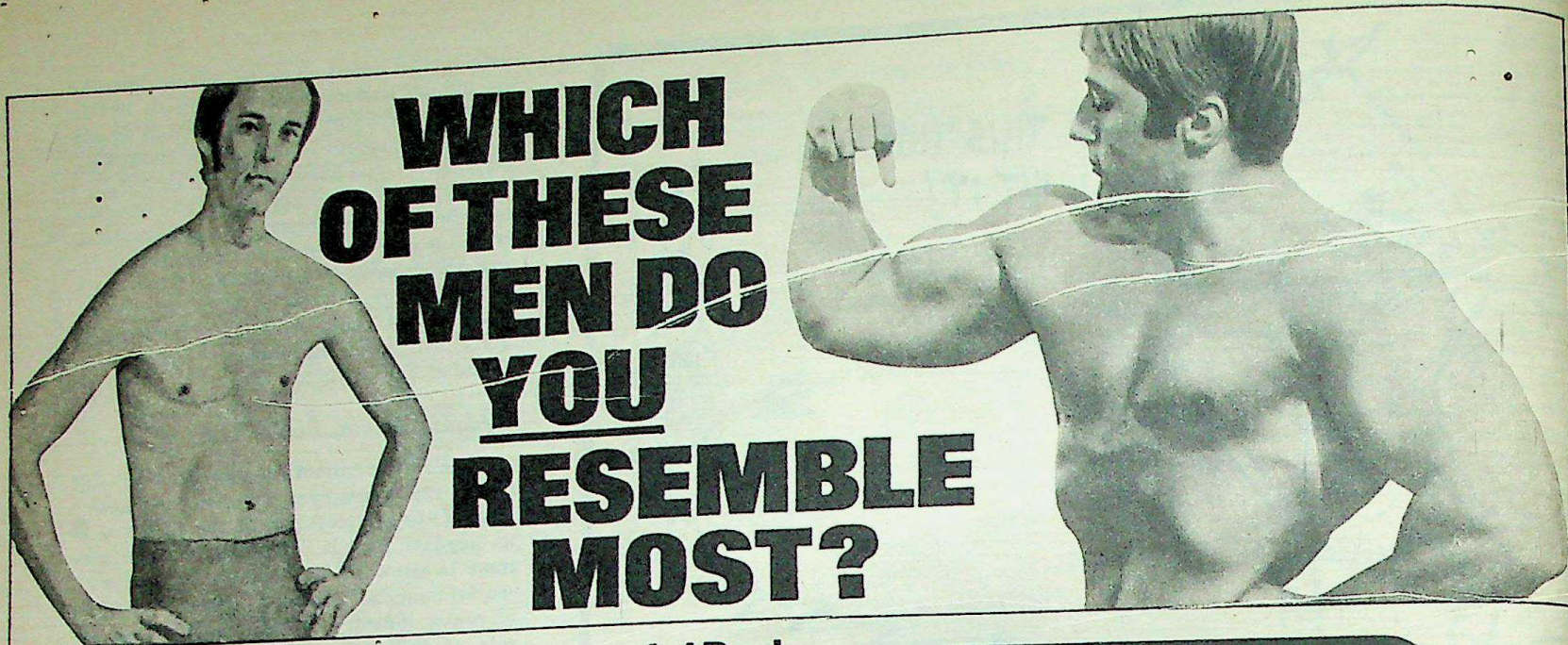
This is intended not to run down the Janata's programme even before it has taken final shape but to warn, in the light of past experience, against the danger of wishful thinking. Every Plan target carries certain implicit assumptions about the levels of administrative efficiency and political integrity. These have often gone woefully wrong in the past and it is no use anyone pretending that this cannot happen again. The community

THEN



NOW





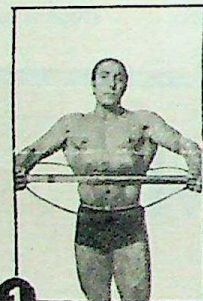
**Get yourself a Dynamic and Powerful Body—
results you can see in only 14 days—
or you pay nothing!**

Standing in front of your bedroom mirror, it's so easy to fool yourself about your physical condition. Do you *honestly* have a physique that some men envy and others admire. If not, *here's news that will astound you.* An utterly revolutionary new kind of body-builder has been designed to give you the kind of physique you've always wanted—in a matter of only weeks! *Imagine yourself with steel-*

hard muscles ... powerful man-sized biceps ... thighs like massive tree trunks! Now you can turn it into reality! This new device is called Bullworker. It simply uses the latest scientific isotonic/isometric principles to pack dynamic new strength and vigour into your whole body—*many times faster than conventional techniques.* AND you can prove it for yourself in only 14 days!

**Fitness Expert reveals how
these 7 exercises can build
you a power-packed body
in exactly 49 seconds a day!**

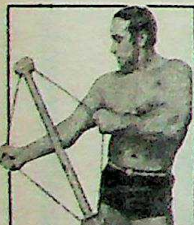
This is Len Sell, former Mr. Universe, demonstrating the simple series of 7-second Bullworker exercises. This exercise develops Deep Muscular and powerful chest.



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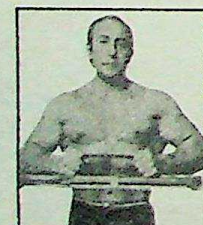
Here's how to attain that handsome athletic "V" shape.

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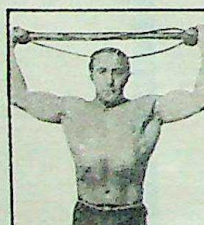
This exercise builds back muscles, gives you that "man of action" look.

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This one charges your forearms with new strength.

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Here's how you can develop muscular shoulders.

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Moulds Abdominal Muscles into a taut, firm and slim shape.

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CHALLENGE!

Try a 5-minute workout with Bullworker every day for 14 days. If, after that, you do not LOOK and FEEL stronger, tougher, more dynamic, simply return the Bullworker to us and it will not have cost you a paisa!

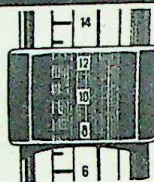
This is one offer you just can't afford to miss! Post the coupon NOW and in a few weeks you'll hardly recognise yourself!

shows you the easy, step-by-step Bullworker method. You begin with the easy, stimulating introductory series of exercises that anyone can do. (Takes just 49 seconds!). Then, as your muscle power increases, you gradually add more exercises, until, after just a few days, you'll find yourself breezing through the complete 5-minute daily programme with ease.

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means you can actually watch your muscle-power G-R-O-W-I-N-G day by day!

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As you compress the Bullworker, the force of your muscles slides the power gauge along a specially calibrated scale. So each day you can see at a glance the massive increase in power which you achieve for every group of muscles in your body. And remember—it takes only 5 minutes a day!

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SAVE Rs. 30 by making only one payment.

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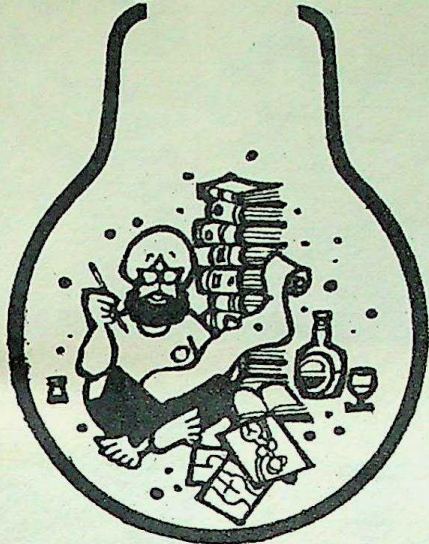
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EDITOR'S PAGE



Emergency Bestsellers

I HAVE a suggestion to offer to anyone who wants to write another bestseller on the Emergency theme. I tried to work on it myself but did not have the stamina to go through with it. The title of the book should be, *Then and Now*. "Then" should cover the period of the Emergency—19 months. "Now", the period following Mrs Gandhi's fall from power—eight months. All you have to do thereafter is to draw up a list of leading politicians and makers of public opinion like editors of our national dailies and weeklies, underline their pronouncements "then" and "now". It should be a very easy scissors-and-paste job; the rest may be left to the printer. One page should display the statement made by the politician-editor-leader writer with the relevant date of the "then" period. And the facing page display the statement of the same politician-editor-leader writer made in the "now" period with the relevant date. The compiler should offer no comment. Give the reader the chance to come to his own conclusions.

There is yet another bestseller I have up my sleeve. Since that will involve even more research than the first and is therefore not likely to be undertaken by me, I offer it free to ambitious would-be authors. In this case there is some slight risk of actions of defamation of character. But the royalties will be higher than in the case of the first book and should more than cover legal expenses and fines that may be imposed. Besides, you will be doing a national service which should be more rewarding than money. Draw up a list of the "heroes" of today, i.e. men and women who claim to have suffered for their principles during the Emergency and are now wearing the crown of martyrdom. Closely examine their records and find out how much of standing up for their principles they really did, how many compromises they made and thus sift fact from self-generated fancy. I can help you with the list and even make available some material I have collected. But you must promise not to acknowledge my assistance because that may involve me in lawsuits as well. And I have my hands full.

You may well ask why I am egging you on to discover these goldmines and not ex-

cavating them myself. As I have admitted before, I do not have the stamina to go through with so much drudgery. It has often happened that, when I have set out to write a novel, it has ended up in a short story. I was planning to do a lead article on our national character based on these findings—and have ended up in writing this editorial. But anyone who undertakes this research can be assured of a lead review article in the WEEKLY.

Loving Is Giving

LET me tell you of a fable which illustrates the character of our society today," he said in his soft, gurgling voice. "There were two men who were close friends. One was blind, the other halt. They helped each other: the blind man took the lame man on his shoulders, the lame man showed the blind one the way. So the friendship was good for both of them. Then they fell out. And as often happens when close friends fall out, they became the bitterest of enemies. One day God sent for the lame man and asked him to ask for a boon. Instead of begging for his legs to be restored, the lame man said: 'O God, please deprive that blind fellow of his legs.' God then sent for the blind man and likewise asked him to ask for whatever he wanted. The blind man replied: 'Please God, take the light out of the eyes of that lame chap.'"

This simple parable was narrated by Swami Muktanandaji in his sylvan ashram at Ganeshpuri. Why he had chosen to use this parable became clear to me as I watched the crowd, consisting largely of foreign disciples, participating in the function organised to give 360 adivasi families kitchen utensils and saris. "Where does all this money come from?" some Indian critics had been asking. A good bit of it from foreigners who come to seek solace and peace in the ashram. The more important question, "Where does all this money go?", is seldom asked. The answer is easily available. Drive beyond Santa Cruz airport into the densely forested hillside inhabited by the adivasis of Thana district and see for yourself. Along the route up to the temple of Vajreshwari and beyond have gone up grey-cement pucca dwellings gifted by



SWAMI MUKTANANDA (seen in the background) at the function organised by him to distribute kitchen utensils and saris to 360 adivasi families living near his ashram at Ganeshpuri, a few miles from Bombay.

the Muktananda Trust to homeless adivasis. Rs 35 lakhs have been spent on this laudable enterprise. The aim is to put a solid roof over every adivasi family in the entire district. This makes sense even to an agnostic allergic to Godmen. So does Baba (as Swamiji is referred to) when he says, "God dwells within each one of you; the only way to see Him in others is to love them."

Baba is a rare phenomenon among the Godmen of today. He is no Dilip Kumar; he is garishly dressed in a comical woollen cap, dark glasses, saffron robes and ghastly pink socks. And yet he has a charisma which captivates all who come near him. At the meeting I went to, there were men and women from 37 nations and of all faiths (Hindus, Muslims, Christians) and races (Caucasians, Blacks, Arabs and Jews). Baba draws them like a piece of crystal sugar draws flies.

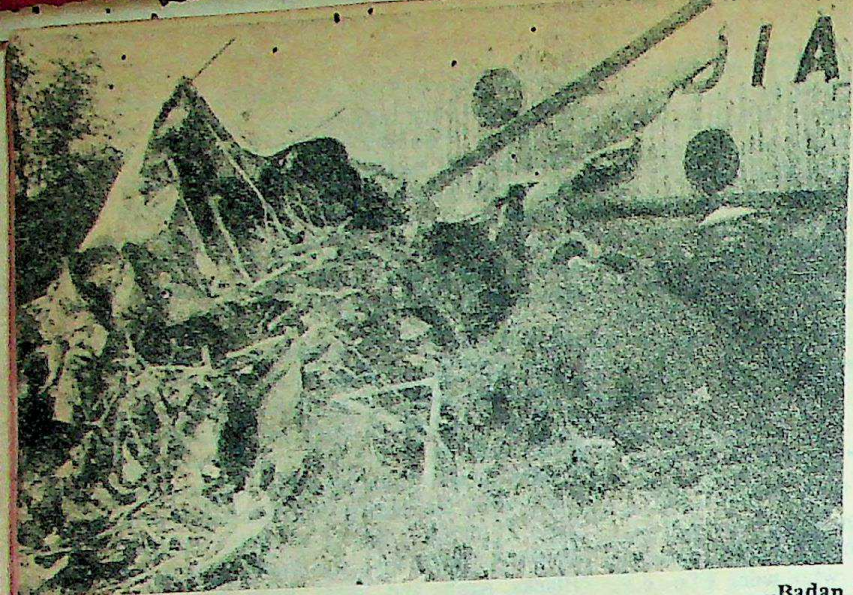
The Satpathys

I DOUBT if many of our readers have seen excerpts from the diary alleged to have been written by Nandini's son Tathagata which have been published in the June papers. They make hilarious reading. I can also vouch that some of it is the product of a sick mind. The diary alleges Nandini being drunk almost every evening and causing embarrassment to everyone. The author then proceeds to use choice four letter words f— c— and bloody bitch, etc. I was present at some of these parties and am mentioned amongst the guests. On no occasion did Nandini take a single drop of alcohol. I also stayed in the same house as she did in Madras for three days and saw her all the time. Not a drop of liquor ever went down her throat. I asked my psychiatrist friend Dr Shanti Sheth for an explanation. "Such fantasies are not uncommon," he replied. "Many people try to foul the objects of their love."

Bloody Wog!

I HAD always used the expression to refer to people like myself, the brown sahibs. And believed it was an acronym for Westernised Oriental Gentleman used to describe Europeanised Egyptian gentry. The etymology is now disputed. It came to light following the speech made by Sir Richard Dobson, head of British Leyland, to what he believed was a private gathering. His hosts' son came armed with a secret tape-recorder and passed the tape on to Tariq Ali who sold it to some papers. Dobson had to resign for using this offensive expression for coloured people.

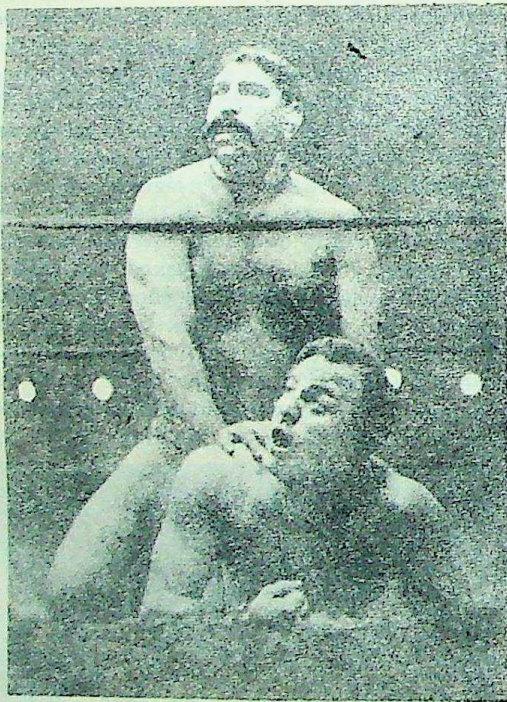
Now a lively controversy of the origin of WOG has started in the British Press. It is agreed that it was born in Egypt to denote workers on Government service engaged in the construction of the Suez Canal. "My 700,000 colleagues and I in the civil service are, of course, WOGS," claims one Englishman. "No," writes another Limey (Englishman) "WOGS in the Near and Middle East called us Giabours" (infidels). Apparently the infidels retaliated by calling the faithful WOGS. "It is not a colour label," insists this correspondent. "It was a nickname applied to cheerful porters at various ports and depots in Egypt handling War Office General Stores (WOGS)."



—Badan Baruah—

In The News

THEY GAVE THEIR LIVES SO THAT THE PM MAY LIVE. Five Air Force officers were killed when an IAF plane carrying Prime Minister Morarji Desai crashlanded near Jorhat in Assam. The Prime Minister was unhurt except for minor lip injuries. The five members of the crew who died were Wing Commanders C. J. D'Lima and Joginder Singh, Squadron Leaders V. V. S. Sunkar and M. Cyriac and Flight Lieutenant O. P. Arora. An inquiry into the cause of the crash is to be held. It is thought possible that, when a crashlanding became inevitable, the crew brought the aircraft down on its nose rather than on its belly since that would have endangered the VIP passengers. Top: The wreckage of the plane and (right) bereaved relatives.



DEATH WON THE LAST BOUT. Imam Bux, younger brother of Gama and in his time the acknowledged wrestling champion of the subcontinent, died at Darus Sehat in Pakistan. He was 94. Both brothers, belonging to a Jat family of Lahore, enjoyed the patronage of the Maharajas of Patiala till the partition of the country. Winner of the Rustam-i-Hind title in 1916, Imam Bux is survived by six sons—five of whom are well-known professional wrestlers—and three daughters. Left: Having the drop on Germany's Von Cranmer.



"I'M INNOCENT," declared Jeremy Thorpe (seen with wife Marion, divorced wife of Lord Harewood), former leader of the British Liberal Party, who resigned his party leadership last year following allegations by male model Norman Scott that Mr Thorpe had had a homosexual relationship with him. The MP is again in the public eye because Andrew Gino Newton—recently out of prison to which he had been sentenced for fire-arms offences—told a newspaper that he had been paid £5,000 by a group including "a Liberal supporter" to kill Norman Scott. Newton declared that he could not finally bring himself to do so. He shot Scott's dog instead. The issue has been confused by contradictory statements made by former Liberal MP Peter Bessell, now resident in the United States.

MY ARM IS LONG ENOUGH. Sheikh Abdullah's Government in Jammu and Kashmir has issued an ordinance which gives it special powers to detain persons, place curbs on newspapers and other publications in the interest of security and maintenance of public order. The ordinance may have been issued so that the Government can retain powers which it may lose after the withdrawal of MISA. A spokesman of the Union Home Ministry said the J&K State Government was competent to issue such an ordinance without obtaining the Centre's prior consent. But two Janata Party General Secretaries, Madhu Limaye and Rabi Ray, as well as Karan Singh of the Congress, have criticised the measure as undemocratic.

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Charan Singh

EVEN Homer nods, goes the saying. Union Home Minister Charan Singh is neither an epic-maker nor an epic character. But he has a formidable reputation for efficiency; he is believed to take firm, sure steps and never to have once tripped. This record has been marred by his handling of the Indira Gandhi case. That the CBI, the country's top policemen, have been less competent than a bunch of village constables is a reflection on the working of his Ministry. Some journalists and politicians have demanded his head for his apparently inept performance in the grotesque drama enacted in Delhi on October 3. But many may have second thoughts now. The stone hurled with poor aim at Mrs Gandhi burst like a hand-grenade in the Congress camp and, if the party that ruled India for 30 years is going to be split again, Charan Singh can take the credit for having unwittingly hastened the process.

Charan Singh belongs to the sturdy race of Jats who smell of earth and sweat. But there is not much brawn in his make-up. In photographs he looks gaunt and desolate, as if he were a convalescent. No one would think he had created ripples in the Gomati nor capable of creating ripples in the Yamuna. Charan Singh's toughness is a toughness of character—all the muscle is in the inner man. He is so colourless as to be taken for a panchayat president or a schoolmaster. This is no disadvantage for him; on the contrary it is one of his assets; for in claiming to speak for the common man he looks a common man.

Charan Singh once lamented that India was becoming a nation of pigmies. One should think he did not reckon himself among them—and it should be admitted he stands head and shoulders above many of his contemporaries. He was fortuitously thrown on to the national scene last year when he was already 74 years old; that is, at an age when it is time to retire, he had all of a sudden to acquire national stature. Fortunately, he has not had much competition to face. Who are the other national leaders anyway? JP has ceased to be effective, pursuing the politics of the unpolitical. Indira Gandhi has recklessly squandered all the loyalty she had earned from her subjects so shortly after she had crowned herself Empress of India. And as for Morarji Desai, though he has been on the national scene for some 20 years, he derives his stature mostly from his office as Prime Minister.

Compared to Sardar Patel

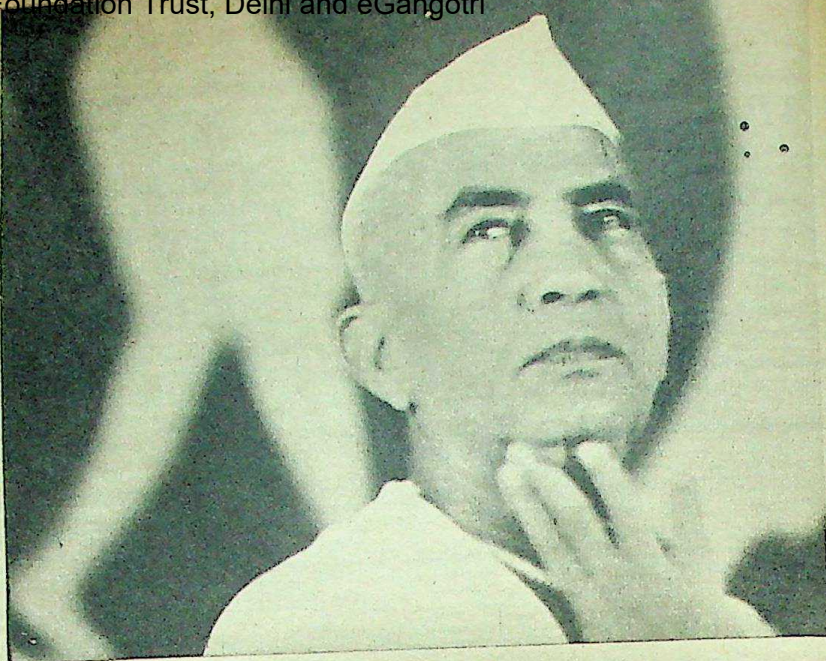
Charan Singh has been successively head of two parties, the Bharatiya Kranti Dal and the Bharatiya Lok Dal. In spite of this, he was until recently known merely as a leader of Uttar Pradesh—according to his detractors a leader of western Uttar Pradesh. He is believed to sway the Jat vote, though he resents being called a Jat leader. All his life he has fought casteism and, whenever he is accused of favouring Jats, he turns back and says the boot is on the other leg. For example, he says Kamalapati Tripathi's Ministry in UP was dominated by Brahmins. According to him his being a Jat has been a disadvantage.

Charan Singh occupies a position once held by some of the giants of India's political life. To name only three of them the Home Ministry was presided over by Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, Rajagopalachari and Govind Ballabh Pant. (One doesn't forget the portfolio was also held by the lustreless Brahmananda Reddi who was overridden by his deputy Om Mehta.) The Sardar strode India like a colossus and united the land with the ease of the dwarf Vamana taking the three paces. Charan Singh is likened by his admirers to Patel—he has neither the far-sightedness of Rajaji nor the wily sagacity of Pant. But the resemblance to Patel can be exaggerated. He is close to the Sardar and yet miles behind him. Vallabhbhai, when he assumed office, had already become a deity in the nation's political pantheon; Charan Singh has just found his feet, but has to be watchful that the ground on which he stands does not give way.

However it be, such strength as he possesses is not to be sneered at. For it stems from an almost snow-white reputation for honesty and incorruptibility—commodities which are scarce in our deteriorating political market. Indisputably he is No. 2 in the Union Cabinet. Some go to the extent of saying he matters more than the Prime Minister himself whose only function, according to them, is to hold the Janata Government together without actually



—R. Venkoba Rao



—N. K. S.

The Home Minister should not have perhaps made the statement in the Lok Sabha—he should have made it outside the House. However, the charge he had levelled at the Emergency regime was not altogether wild. Did not the then Attorney-General, Niren De, make the horrifying claim that officials could do anything during the Emergency—they could even kill—and that the citizen had no remedy? Charan Singh's withdrawal of the letter to the Election Commission is another matter; it cannot be justified by any means. It was not only improper and damaging to his reputation for rectitude, it shows he is prone to be hasty and act in a huff—a quality unworthy of a mature statesman.



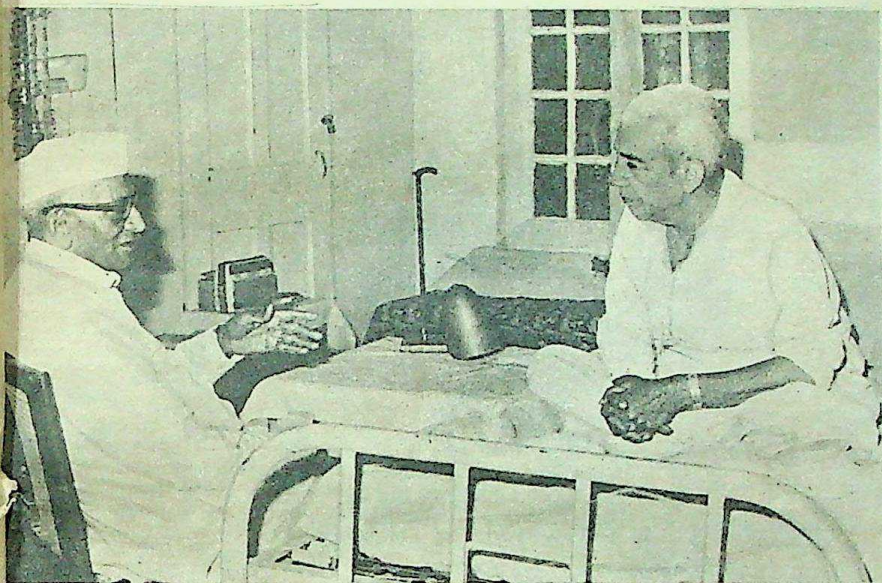
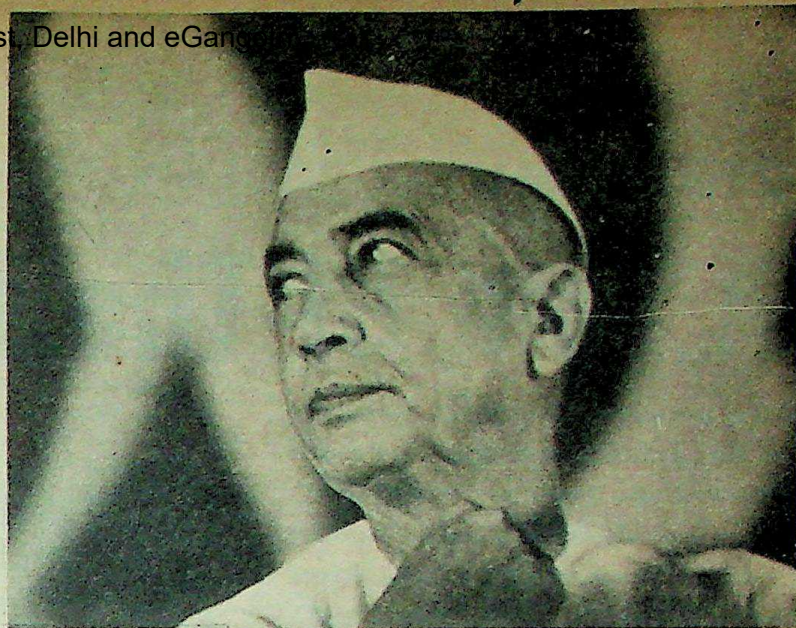
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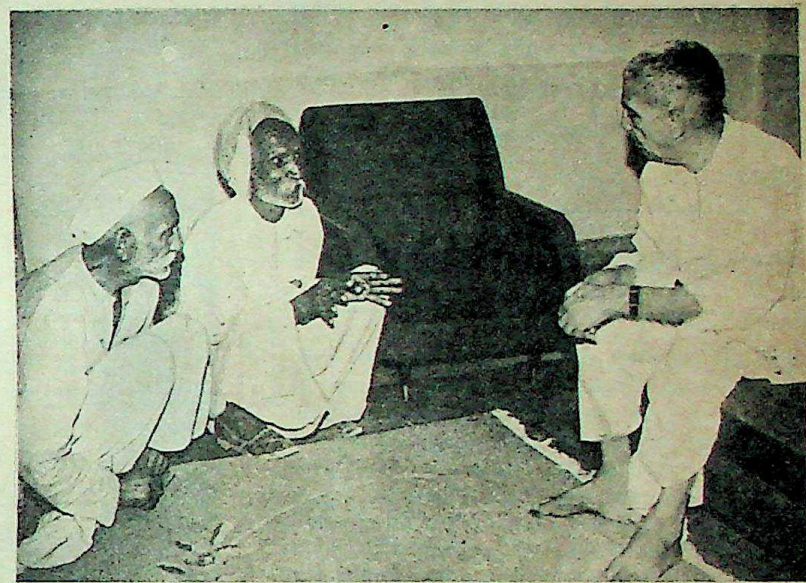
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—N. K. Sareen—



With Prime Minister Morarji Desai.



A spokesman for the common man.

Charan Singh was in the Congress for nearly 40 years. Presumably he did not have any say in shaping its ideology. There is no explanation as to why he stayed so long in that party if he did not agree with its policies. He believes the Congress brought ruin upon the country by the deliberate neglect of agriculture and by "pampering" industry—a thesis which he is propounding with redoubled zeal since he assumed office at the Centre. One does not know if he goes as far as the Lohiaites—like Raj Narain and George Fernandes—in belittling the work of Nehru. (Rammanohar Lohia said that Panditji's contribution to the nation was zero.) It is, however, clear that he holds Nehru responsible for the "undue importance" given to heavy industry. To the credit of Charan Singh, it must be added, that he is a man of independent *vichar* on many matters. Unlike the sycophants who surrounded Jawaharlal, he openly gave expression to his differences with the late Prime Minister. At the Nagpur session of the Congress in 1959 he incurred the displeasure of Panditji by his bitter opposition to cooperative farming.

Charan Singh gives the impression that he believes in an Arcadian, Rousseauesque rural economy. He formulated his views on the nation's problems in a book he wrote in 1960 inspired by the ideas of Gandhiji. He is totally opposed to joint farms and argues that industrial development cannot be achieved without prior (or simultaneous)

development of agriculture—and among industries he wants to place the accent on small-scale and cottage units. There is no doubt that the expansion of industry during these 30 years and the state capitalism practised by the Congress Government have not benefited the masses. But can industrialisation *per se* be blamed for this? Or is the fault to be found in the system that brought about this advance in industry? The answer to our problems, one should think, is a rational and integrated policy through which agriculture and industry big and small will be promoted so as to absorb the enormous surplus labour. Charan Singh is on surer ground when he says our problem is not merely one of technology or knowhow but the inadequacy of the human material. He is one of our few politicians to have recognised that we cannot make progress without changing our social and economic attitude.

No Ideological Bias

There has been a smear campaign against Charan Singh. He has been branded as a reactionary, a *kulak* and a spokesman of vested interests. The fact is he inspires as much admiration as hatred. Also he does not fit conveniently into any ideological groove. He dislikes the Marxist brand of socialism, but then he is also opposed to capitalism. As for the charge that he is a *kulak*, it should be remembered he was chiefly responsible for the land reforms in UP and these, he

claims, are more far-reaching than those introduced by the communists in Kerala.

He is not a romantic revolutionary taking up a dramatic stand to win quick popularity. He is a realist and somewhat ruthless in pursuing what he believes is right. He however does not go beyond the bounds of decorum and propriety—he has a deep-rooted sense of justice. Did he not say he did not "like to lay hands on a woman"? He is a *maryada purusha*, a latter-day Sri Ramachandra determined to make war on the multiheaded demon of corruption.

Charan Singh will have to outgrow his image as a leader of the "Hindi belt" if he is to become acceptable as a national leader. So far he has presented a rough exterior and his likable qualities have not been sufficiently exposed. Of course he does not possess personal magnetism. But it is our experience that men and women with personal magnetism can, wittingly or unwittingly, stifle the democratic working of a party or a government and discourage independent thinking. Charan Singh makes up for the lack of magic in his personality by his intense patriotism, his moral fervour and sense of dedication. He is already 75. But, if the gods vouchsafe him many more autumns and the groupism in the Janata Party is eventually resolved in his favour, he may be assigned a higher role in the destiny of his nation.

R. G. K.

GERMANY

A Tale Of The Bavarian Woods

The people describe themselves as Bavarians first and Germans afterwards. They are more easy-going and less inhibited than their fellow countrymen. After ten days in Europe's most highly developed and richest country, "the work of the eye is done, now (for) the heart's work on the impressions within..."

The second part of the German diary.

by Khushwant Singh

IN all German cities railway stations continue to be the chief meeting places of foreign workmen. Despite being politely termed *gastarbeiter* (guest workers) they are not liked very much. There are more than two million of them—Turks, Greeks, Yugoslavs, Spaniards and Italians. The largest number are Turks and, being Muslim peasantry, are unable to mix with the wining-dancing German society. They live in congested ghettos and do all the harder and manual jobs—garbage-collecting, road mending, building construction. In most public lavatories the attendants are Turks, their women work as charwomen: *putz fraus*. They earn the lowest known salaries (800 marks—Rs 2,960) but it is considerably higher than anything they would earn back in their own country.

Indians share some of the odium meant for the Turks. There is an estimated 10,000 of our countrymen resident in Germany. The Sindhi businessmen prosper in the larger cities. A few like Ullal and some professors are well-paid. Most of the younger group who succeed in getting permits work as labourers; the rest sell newspapers or act as pimps which require no permits.

Racial Prejudice

My own encounter with racial prejudice is a mild brush with a drunk at Heidelberg station. I do not understand what he says but the tone is offensive. I insist that my escort translate for me. He thinks you are some kind of Turk and wants to know why you carry that shit bag on your head, interprets my escort, very embarrassed. I laugh and say: "Tell that *dreckschweine* (filthy pig—a term they often use for Turks) I am not a Turk but a Hindu (all Indians are Hindus) and that what I have on my head is a turban." The escort does not oblige.

The drunk has caught the word *dreckschweine* and decided to follow me to the waiting room. I sit there for some time listening to him ranting away. A policeman comes



NEW HOBBY FOR THE AGED. Painting has become the most popular pastime for the old and the retired. This artist is seen at work in Regensburg. The Stone Bridge (across the Danube) in the background dates from the 12th century. It was in Regensburg that the "Everlasting Imperial Diet", the first German parliament, met from 1663 to 1806.

along, apologises to me and takes the fellow away.

On arrival at Frankfurt I am met by my escort—a young and not unattractive girl who has just acquired a doctorate in philosophy. I make a beeline for the newsstand to get English papers while she pushes my luggage in a trolley. I hear Punjabi voices and turn to look back. There are half a dozen boys eyeing me and the German *fraulein*. As we go ahead to the taxi stand I hear one of the boys remark enviously: "Yaar, buddhey ne to *phuta phut kabootri phasa li*." (It has not taken the old man much time to trap a dove.)

Germany is Europe's richest country; the per capita income is only next to that of the United States. It is also the most expensive country in the world. The value of the mark keeps increasing at the cost of all world currencies except the yen. A single cup of coffee on a train costs 4 marks (Rs 15); a small room is a second-class hotel between 90-100 marks (Rs 330-370) per day. A small bottle of listerine, for which I pay Rs 4 in Bombay, costs me 10 marks (Rs 37) in Berlin. German incomes are proportionately higher. The lowest of the lot earn about 800 marks (Rs 2,960) per month, a professor gets over 5,000 marks (Rs 16,500) p.m., the magistrate

up to ten times as much. Believe it or not the dole given to an unemployed German with a large family can go up to 1,450 marks (Rs 5,365) p.m. and they can travel free in buses and trains. Here is a welfare state with a vengeance. No wonder the younger generation doesn't want to work.

All Over A Bottle of Wine

At Nuremberg airport a tall, ageing blonde introduces herself: "I am Waltraud Von Langen. Welcome to Bavaria. We have just time to catch the train. I have a taxi waiting." No sooner my valise appears on the rotating belt, I haul it off, dump it in a trolley and follow my escort into a Mercedes Benz taxi. "Tell me about yourself," I ask eagerly.

"There will be plenty of time for introductions. We have a long train and car ride before we get to Grafenau. And plenty of time there in the woods."

We offload ourselves at the station. Our journey is to be on a small suburban train without a dining-car. We buy cheese and salami sandwiches, a bottle of Bavarian wine and board a 1st class compartment. I unpack the hamper and plant the bottle of wine on the table. We discover to our dismay we have no corkscrew.

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Frau Langen regards the bottle of wine with hostility, then stands in the corridor appealing for help. Three handsome soldiers armed with cans of beer enter our compartment. They discuss the strategy of assaulting the bottle of wine. Ultimately the youngest asks me in English: "You mind a little cork in your wine?"

I wag my head. "Actually I quite like chewing pieces of cork."

He sticks his thumb in the neck of the bottle and pushes the cork down into the wine. There is a round of applause. They finish their beer and accept glasses of wine from us. We become old friends. The hour passes without much conversation. As Trakl rightly observed, "In bread and wine a soft silence dwells." When we get off at Plattling, there is much shaking of hands and *auf wiedersehens*.

It is after 8 p.m. The autumn twilight gently fades into the night. Autumn is the time of mist and ground frost. The road to Grafenau winds through green hills, vales and forests, over streams and past many lakes. No sooner we are out of Plattling, the mist lifts, uncovering a mountain landscape of black fir forests and silvery streams: "O green world, how ostentatiously you change your colour!" (Kaleko). We go from patches of mist to a sylvan moonlit landscape of ethereal beauty: "Softly the white moon kisses the branches. A whisper dwells among the leaves" (Dehmel). We arrive at Grafenau and pull up under the yellow glare of neon lights blaring "Hotel Sonnenhof" (Sun House). It was in this hotel that last year Kissinger had his quiet but unproductive meeting with Vorster of South Africa.

Nightcaps and Digestives

There is time for a nightcap. In Germany I usually choose either an Underberg made of sarsaparilla or an Etale made of herbs which are said to be good for digestion. Bavaria has quite a few digestives of its own. The buxom barmaid in her native drindle which divides her body into equal halves, above-bosom below-bosom, recommends Barwurz (bear's root). It tastes foul. I make a face. She laughs and tells me what a world of good it did to her when she had a running stomach. Two tots of the bear's root and her stomach stopped running. I tell her that my stomach is fine and I could do with something better. She gives me a raspberry liqueur.

The Sonnenhof is made of wood. Despite its luxurious five-star appearance, crickets cheep in the reception rooms and the floorboards creak. Every room has a balcony with boxes of geraniums.

I rise at 5 a.m. to a wet, grey dawn. It is a country with rolling hills and forests with Grafenau nestling in between an onion-shaped church dome and a maypole with emblems of its craftsmen. It strikes me as odd that in a country of so much water and greenery there are so few birds. At five o'clock anywhere in India there is the dawn chorus—or at least the cawing of crows, screeching of kites and chitters of sparrows. There is no sign of bird life in this part of Europe. The sun breaks through. Then it is as Lilliencron described it: "Cloud-shadows fly across fields, distant forests stand wrapt in a blue haze..."

Dr Thiele, conservator of the National Park, arrives with his brown cocker spaniel, Wally. I share the front seat with the cocker who is in training to be a gun dog and is due to take his final test in a few days. He looks as harassed as a schoolboy preparing for his final exams. I speak soothingly to him. He thanks me by licking my nose.

I am in Germany's only National Park—about 150 square kilometres on the Czechoslovak border. It does not qualify for the title as laid down by the New Delhi Convention of 1969 because it is something in between an open-air zoo and a planted forest. There are only 35 species of fauna, including European bison, bear, lynx, wolf, otter, owl, buzzard, capercaillie and grouse all safely housed in large enclosures or cages. The forest is largely of evergreen Norwegian spruce or deciduous birch and beech. There is little wildlife in the open save red deer. But the bandobast and the scenery are spectacular. Neatly laid-out paths to scenic points, explanatory legends on the flora and the fauna and an exhortation to silence. Because of its dampness the forest is immune to fires, but smoking is verboten. So also are transistor sets or any kind of loud merry-making. I see a lynx, a bison, two brown bears and Ural owls, none of which I had seen before. It takes us two hours of walking to have their *darshan*.

Herr Thiele departs. Herr Haug takes his place. Haug's sister, Sister Barbara, greets me with a *namaste*. She did six months' nurse's training in Kerala. "I did my best to extend my stay but your Government would not let me. They don't like Christian missionaries," she says ruefully.

I apologise on behalf of my Government. We walk through dappled sun and shade to an old forester's shack standing in a sunlit opening beside a pond. It is now run as a restaurant. A waitress arrives to take orders. "Mr Singh, is there anything you do not eat?" asks the India expert, Sister Barbara.

"I don't eat Christian missionaries," I reply. She laughs and forgives the Indian Government. We down tankards of Bavarian beer, eat all the flesh forbidden to Hindu, Muslim and Catholic (it is a Friday) and soak in the sun. By the time it is over, I am at the gates of paradise. Lines of Rilke course in my sodden head: "Lord it is time. The summer was most great. Lay your shadow on the sun-dials, and on the fields let the winds loose." And then Hermann Hesse: "To dream today beside the fountains in the sonorous day, to fritter oneself away on the beautiful shortly before the tolling of the bell, the last that one will hear. Today for the last time, let me be unsuspecting and happy here, fill my glass with the wine of parting."

Chapel On A Hill

The Haugs and I climb up towards the highest peak called Rachel which divides Czechoslovakia's Bohemia from German Bavaria. At the base of the mountain is Rachelsee (Rachel's lake), a glacial stretch of water which freezes even on summer nights. High above a cliff overlooking the limpid water reflecting the cloudless blue sky and the dark verdure of spruce and the red and gold of autumn beech is a lovely chapel. So reminiscent of Trakl: "Oh, the ancient note of the cricket, blood blossoming on the sacrificial

stone and the call of the lonely bird above the green peace of the pool."

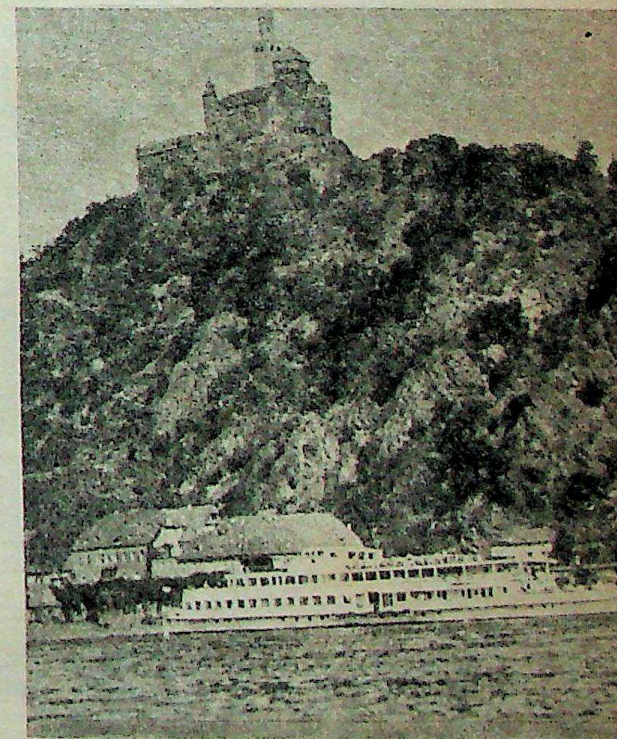
Sister Barbara explains that a woodsman riding down in the dark came to the spot and despite spurring his horse failed to get it to move further. He dismounted and saw that he was at the edge of a precipice with the starlit lake several hundred feet below him. He built the chapel to give thanks to his Maker.

Rachelsee has no fish because its water is too cold and brackish. I go down on my knees and splash the icy water on my sun-baked face. The Germans watch me with disapproval.

Ice-Cream With Wild Berries

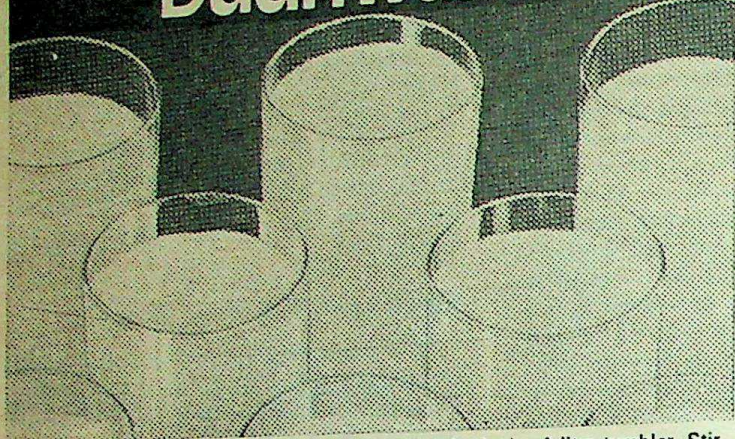
We walk back through the dense forest exchanging *Gruss Gotts* with other hikers. The chilled water has blocked my nose. Herr Haug gives me a pinch of snuff to clear my nostrils and a little brush made of calf's tail to brush the powder off my moustache. We take a stroll round Grafenau's town centre with its inevitable war memorial, maypole, fountain and cluster of chestnut trees. We eat ice-cream mixed with wild berries. And bid *auf wiedersehen* to Grafenau.

We have changed trains twice. Frau Langen is again in a bit of a flap. This time she has brought a corkscrew but no bottle of wine or sandwiches. "We will pick up something to eat and drink at Zweisel; we have 40 minutes there," she assures me. An hour later we arrive at Zweisel. All it has is a bar at the station. She insists we have our dinner at once. It is only 6 p.m.—but I give in. We order beer and dinner. "It will take time," warns the waitress putting down the beer. "We have 40 minutes to spare," repeats Frau Langen. We drink the beer and watch the station clock: 6.15, 6.20, 6.25. Frau Langen begins to lose her nerve and I my temper. "Let's call it off," I say irritably. Her



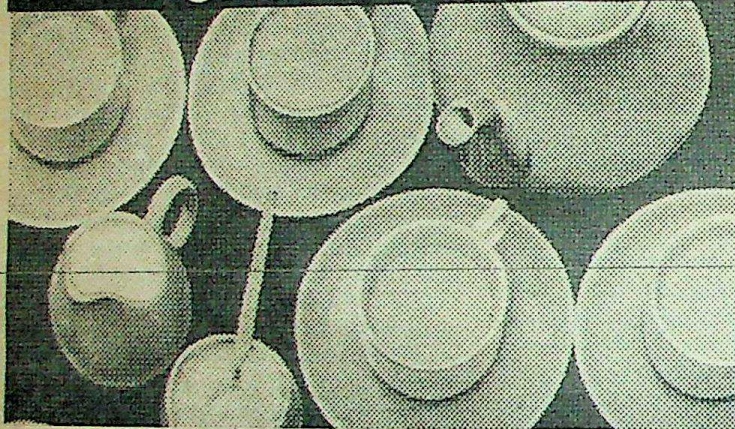
A CRUISE ON THE RHINE. On the hill is one of the numerous palaces of Germany, most of them built in the 17th and 18th centuries.

AMUL-Your Dudhwallah



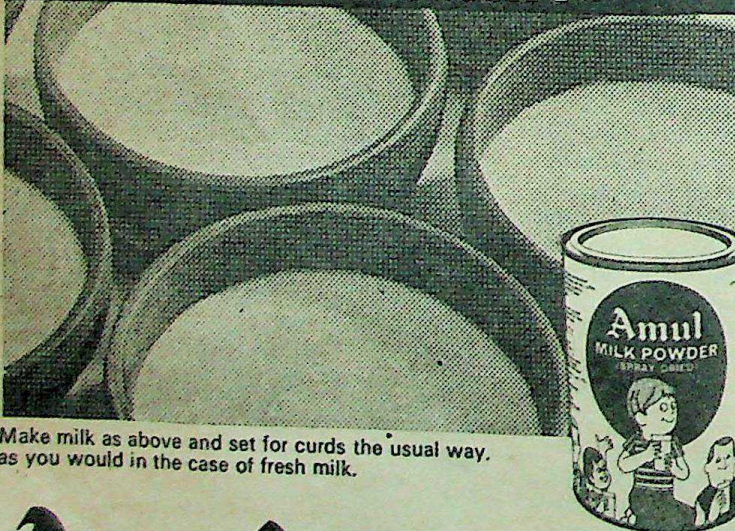
Put 2½ heaped tablespoons of Amul Milk Powder into a ½ litre tumbler. Stir into a smooth paste with a little warm water. Add hot water up to top and stir. Your child's glass of milk is ready. (For detailed instructions see tin).

AMUL-Your Chaiwallah



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MANOHAR KAHANIYAN

November '77



The conspiracy against Jagjivan Ram!

What was the conspiracy to declare Jagjivan Ram unwell and have him confined to the hospital bed, prior to the Lok Sabha elections? Why was his personal physician Dr. Caroli pressurized to have him admitted to Willingdon Hospital and what arrangements did Dr. Bagchi make?

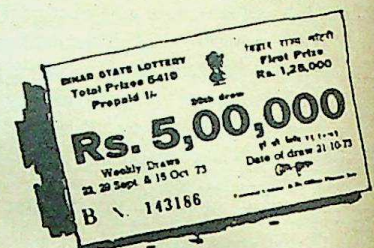
Was it just to reap rich electoral dividends by neutralizing a political heavyweight like Babuji or... was there more to it?

Now in Manohar Kahaniyan, November '77 issue, the fully investigated story on the conspiracy to get Babu Jagjivan Ram confined to the hospital on grounds of heart ailment.

How to win a lottery without buying a ticket!

World's biggest fraud in recent years!

The sensational story of the Rs. 2 crores loot by the Bihar Lottery officials and agents. Now in Manohar Kahaniyan, November '77 issue, the exposé on the biggest financial scandal to rock Bihar in recent years.



The tortured and the damned!

The story of the once dreaded Naxalites, now lingering in jail and the inhuman treatment meted out to them. In the November '77 issue of Manohar Kahaniyan, the bizarre account of the 'liberators' after their movement derailed. A hair-raising visit to Indian torture chambers!

Valour in the skies

A true account of the courage and valour displayed by Lt. Indra Lal Roy, Lt. Hardit Singh Malik, Lt. S.C. Welinkar and Lt. E.S.C. Sen who fought in the Royal Air Force during World War I, till then a preserve of the English. This story details how these 'natives' won respect and admiration from both the British and the Germans. An account of our first airmen in the November '77 issue of Manohar Kahaniyan.

... together with the judicial enquiry into the death of the renowned Bengali actress, Surma Chatterji, and other true stories which will convince you that truth is really stranger than fiction!



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voice rises. She goes to the bar and remonstrates. At 6.30 arrive two steaming plates of chicken and rice. So does our train. I gobble up a little and turn away. She picks up her valise and strides to the train. We just make it in time. For the rest of the journey to Plattling and from Plattling to Munich we hardly exchange a word. She dumps me at Hotel Koenigshof. "It's been a long day. You must be tired."

I admit it in verse quoting the last words of Heine: "I do not know why it should be, but I am so sad; there is an old-time story which I cannot get out of my head. God will pardon me, it is His trade."

Bavarians On Display

It is Sunday, October 2. Bapu's birth anniversary. Our Government is to celebrate it by announcing further steps towards prohibition. In Munich the local Indians are meeting in the afternoon to pay homage to Bapu. Countess Dagmar Bernstorff who is an old Andhra hand and teaches India at the University is to be the main speaker. The meeting will finish in time to let everyone get away to other festivities. It is also the last day of *Oktoberfest* (thanksgiving festival) celebrated by Bavarians by sampling fresh beer which is considerably more potent (17 per cent compared to the usual 3 per cent). They drink it by the gallon in large tankards till they can hold no more. There is singing and dancing and even brawling in the streets. The Bavarians are on display. Over 1 million visitors descend on Munich to see the Bachanalian festivity.

Munich hasn't changed very much in the two years that I was here last. Large sections of many roads are still torn up. The explanation is the same. "We are building an underground." Many streets have been closed to traffic—they are more frequented than those where cars rush past belching fumes and noise. As in other cities of Germany, sex shops have sprouted all over displaying erotic objects and blue films can be seen round the clock.

A Different Style

Munich (after Berlin and Hamburg) is Germany's third largest city and the capital of Bavaria. The people like to describe themselves as Bavarians first, Germans afterwards. Their style of dress is different, so is their temperament. They are less inhibited and less conscious of the clock and discipline than other Germans. I cannot yet understand how Hitler succeeded in nurturing the poisonous weed of Nazism in Bavaria. The majority are God-fearing Catholics: church bells peal at all hours. But that does not prevent Bavarians from drinking more than their Protestant compatriots or transgressing the Ten Commandments—notably the one forbidding the coveting of your neighbour's wife. The incidence of adultery and divorce is refreshingly high.

I spend the morning loitering in the streets, refreshing myself with cups of black coffee and reading Hermann Hesse. "Others have purposes, aims, for me it is enough to live!" he said. That is exactly what I am doing. Like Hesse, wandering in the mist, I lose myself in the crowd. For me too "the world was full of friends... but now that mist is falling, none is visible any longer. Truly none is wise who does not know the darkness which inescapably and gently sepa-



PASTORAL STUDY. A Munich University student tends cattle on an alpine pasture during his summer vacations. His subjects: Philosophy and Theology.

rates him from all others. Strange, to walk in the mist! Life is lonesomeness. No man knows the other, each is alone."

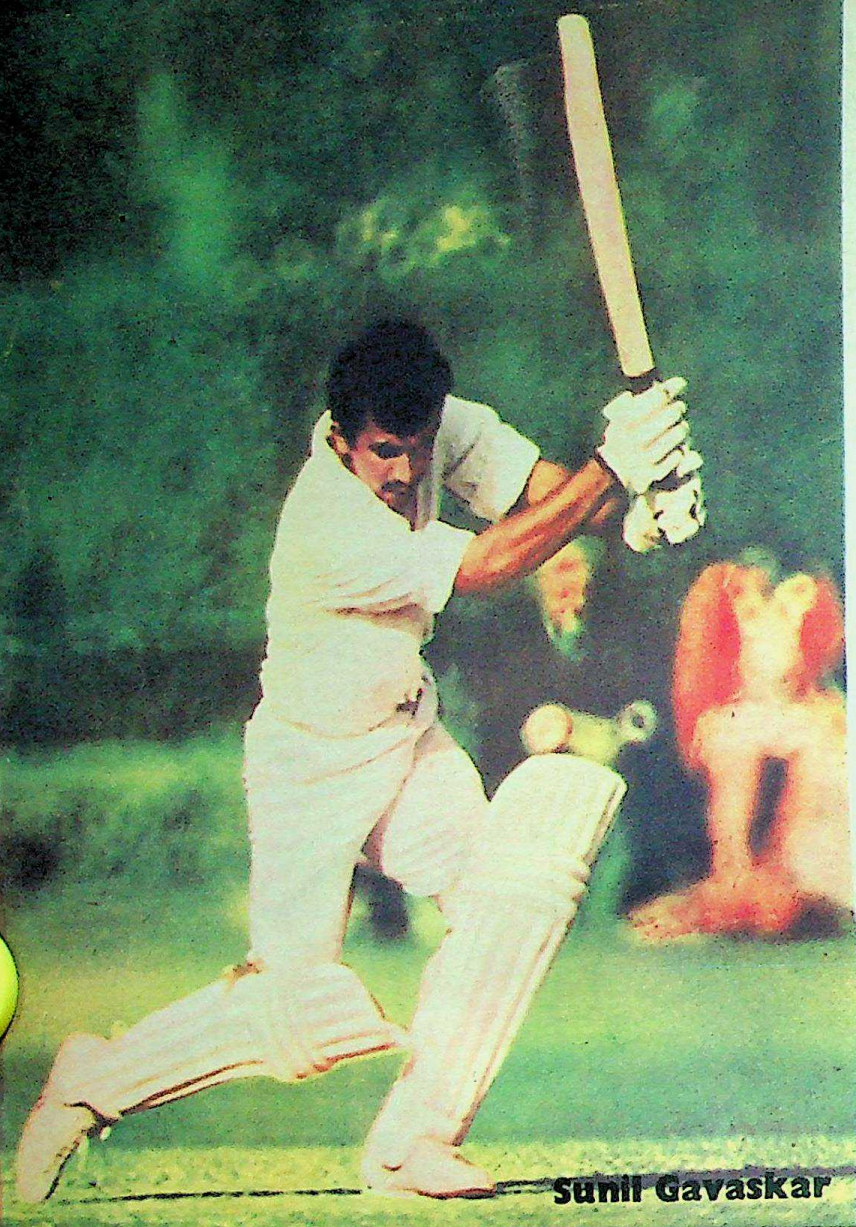
Nuremberg

I haven't finished with Bavaria or Frau Von Langen. Nuremberg remains on the Bavarian itinerary—I had passed through but not seen it. And the brief hour spent earlier had whetted my appetite. It is a short run by train from Munich and as beautiful a city as I have ever seen. Its castle and city walls, churches and fountains, market squares and old streets take you back to medieval Europe. I know nothing of this city, save the odium attaching to its name because of Hitler and the trials of his henchmen. It has produced many famous men. Henlein, inventor of the watch; Behaim, inventor of the globe; the humanist Pirckheimer and the sculptor Veit Stoh.

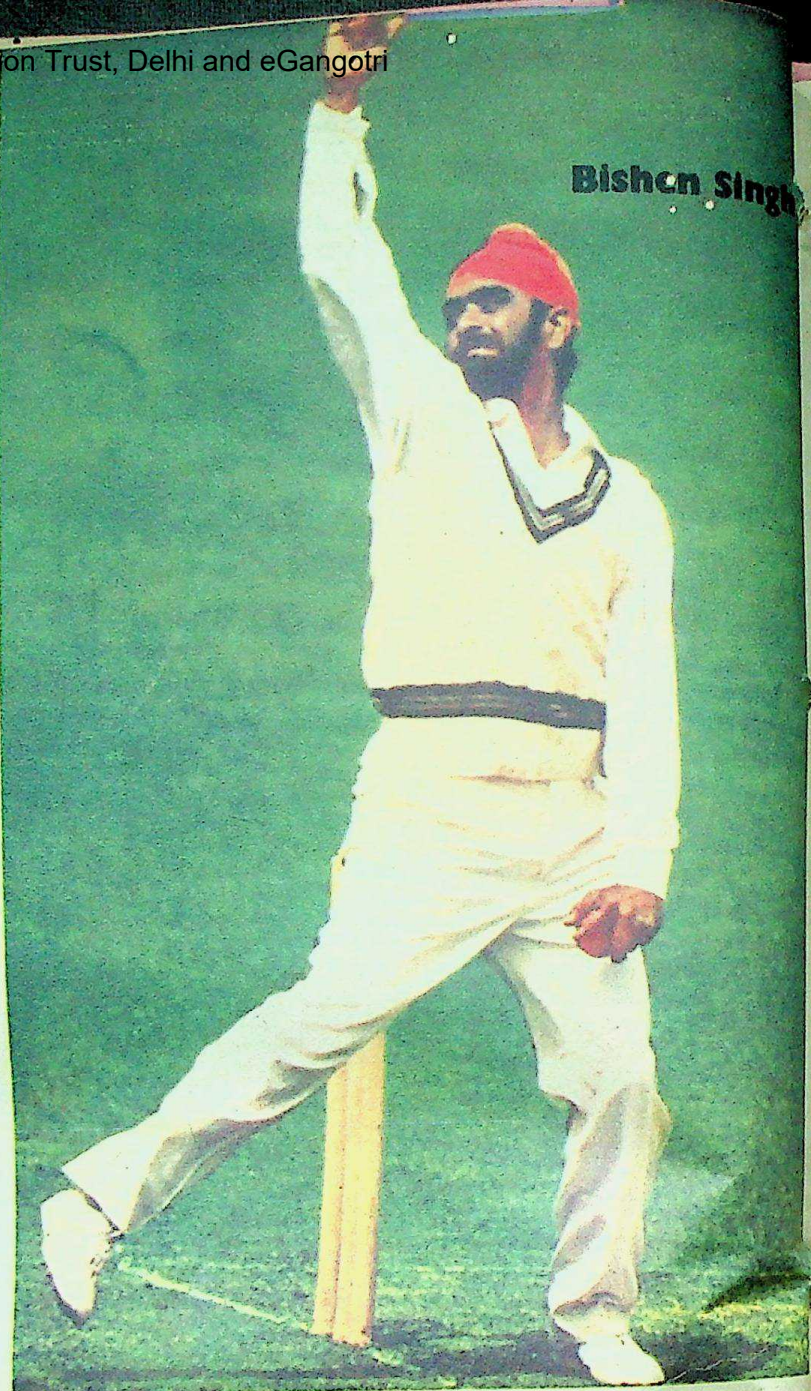
By a curious coincidence it was in Nuremberg that I read of some young army officers in Munich drinking toasts to Adolf Hitler and raising the Nazi war-cry: "Sieg Heil". The incident was widely reported as evidence of the resurgence of Nazism. There is little doubt that the new generation, which knows nothing of the vile deeds of Adolf Hitler (six million innocent Jews murdered in cold blood) and only vaguely of the war he unleashed in which 35 million people died, has enormous curiosity and at times the fascination children have for a Frankenstein monster gets the better of them—but Nazism, no. The men concerned in the Munich incident were promptly court-martialled and sacked. One thing which irks all Germans is the constant harping on Nazism that visitors indulge in, concealing the innuendo that all Germans including those unborn in Hitler's time are somehow guilty for all that he perpetrated. Their reaction to the innuendo is understandably perverse.

Most bookstores display Gunter Grasse's new novel with the jacket also designed by him. It is a fish nosing into a human face. With much difficulty I get the translation of the title, *Flounder* (a variety of flat fish). It will be some months before the English version is available. Grasse has also been in the news defending Boell against attacks alleging his (Boell's) sympathy towards urban guerillas. German politics do not interest me as much as German literature. And I have failed to comprehend why Boell was chosen for the Nobel Prize instead of Grasse. Perhaps he reads better in German than in translation. But how much more readable than either Boell or Grasse were their predecessors Thomas Mann and Broche and Hermann Hesse! One reason is the increased tempo of life. As Goethe remarked, "genius is formed in quiet", and there is no place left in the Western world where you can find quiet.

My ten days in Germany are over. I have walked much, seen much, drunk more than I should have. Also I could have read much more than I did: two small novels by Boell and some German poetry is a poor reading record for ten days of idle meandering. But it was not in vain. I did not know Nietzsche was such a superb poet. "What says deep moonlight? I slept, I slept—from a deep dream I have awoken—the world is deep, and more deeply designed than day." I had believed in the German stereotype of a cold, passionless people dedicated to discipline and hard work. Then read Stefan George's outburst to his lady-love: "You are my wish and my thought, I breathe you with every breath of air, I sip you with every draught, I kiss you with every fragrance." However, as Rilke said so say I: "The work of the eye is done, now do the heart's work on the impressions within you, the imprisoned impressions." That's how I came to jot them down in this diary.



Sunil Gavaskar



Bishan Singh

Brijesh

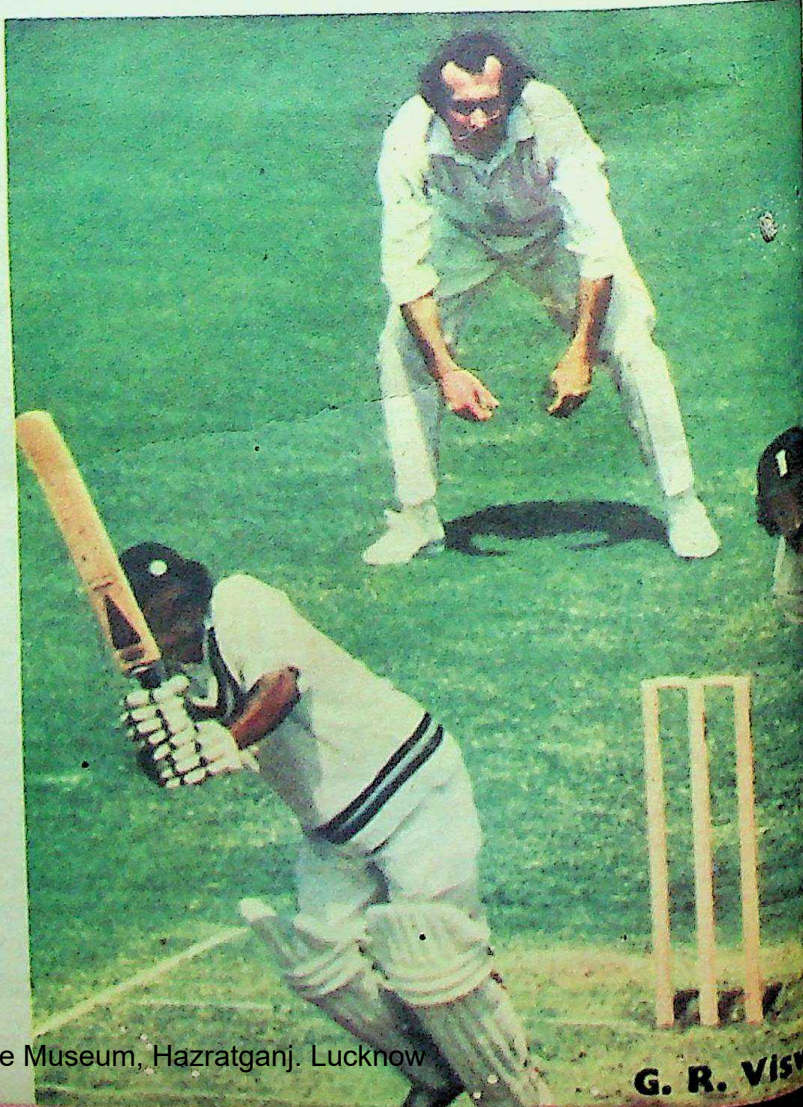
India, Australia And The Cricket World

by RAJU BHARATAN

Photographs by PATRICK EAGAR

India's third tour of Australia in thirty years finds Test Cricket engaged in a grim battle for survival in the face of the threat posed by Kerry Packer's circus of the world's best cricketers.

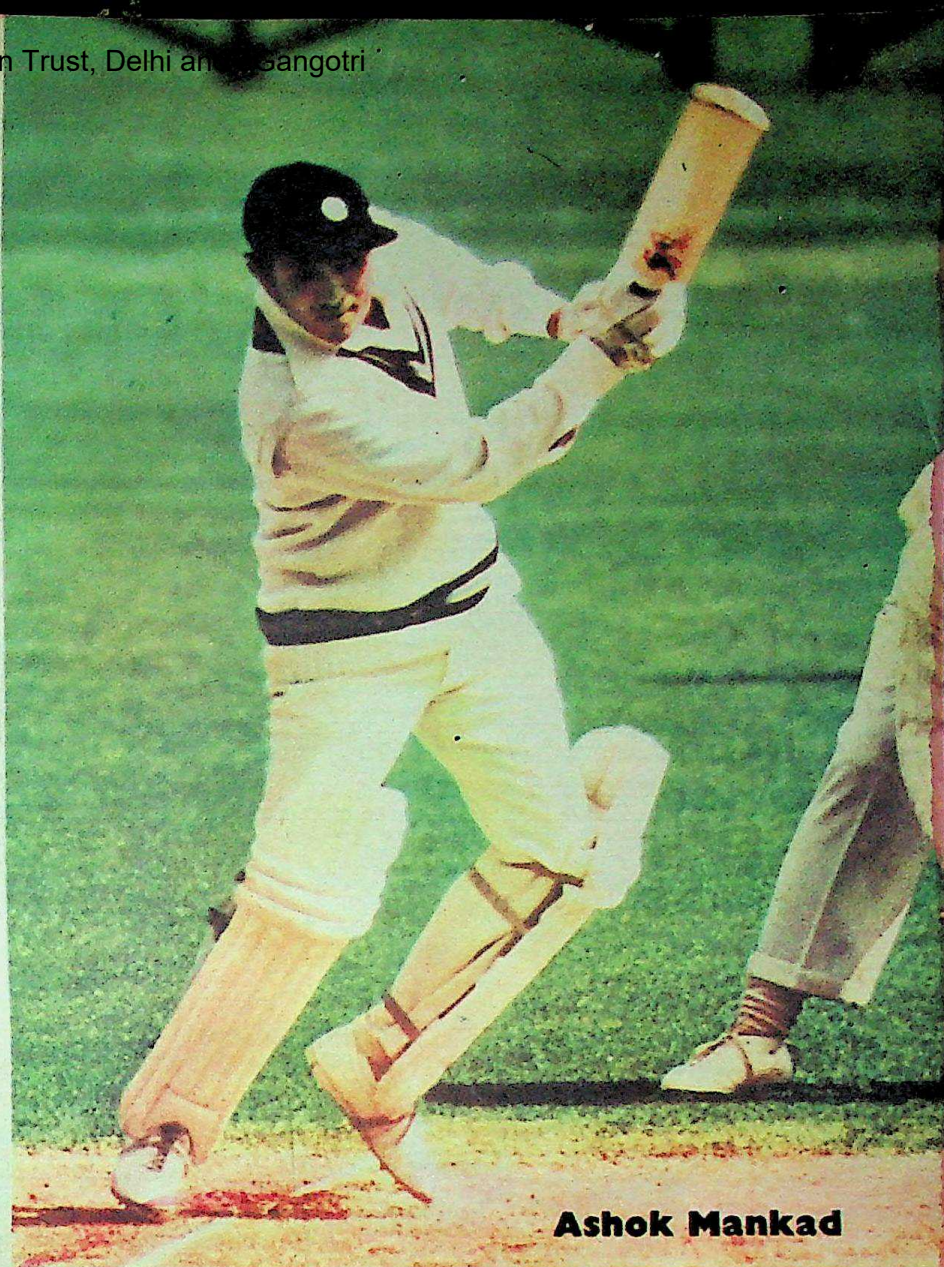
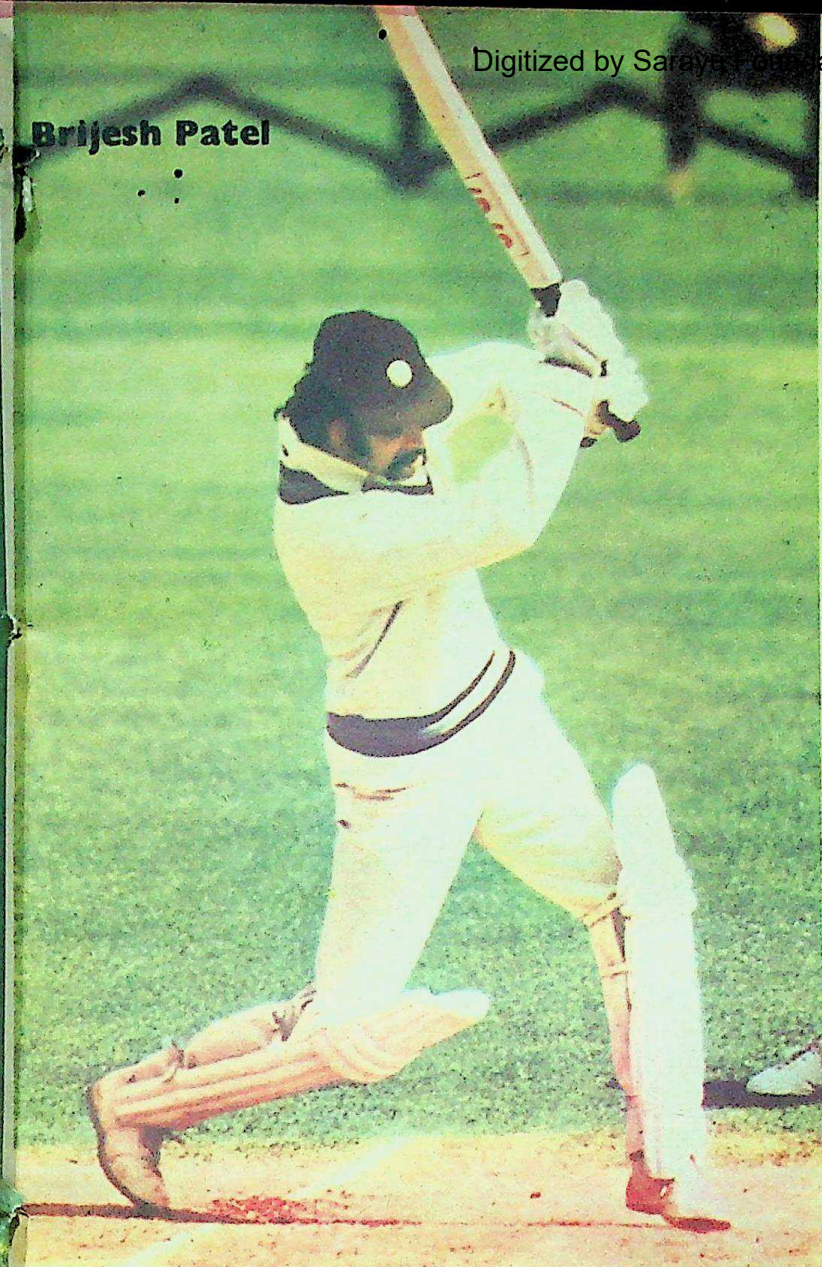
AUSTRALIAN CRICKET faces its sternest test from Packer's Super Tests. Back from England in sackcloth minus Ashes, Australia are going to field against India a team that is completely untried against the best spin attack in the world. You either come to grips with this class of spin from the word Go or you don't—that is the reason why Australia have recalled Simpson after nine years. As an opener Simpson, they feel, is better equipped to tackle India's spin



G. R. VISW

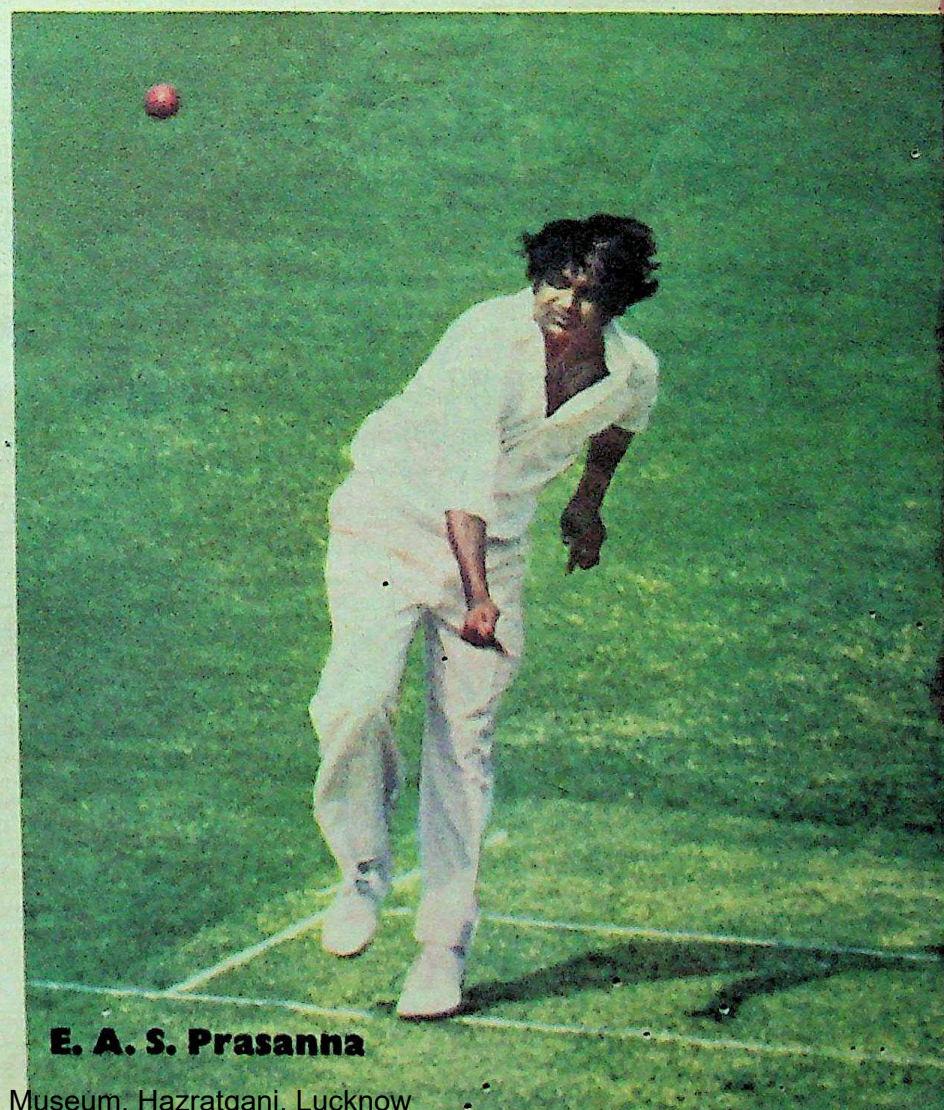
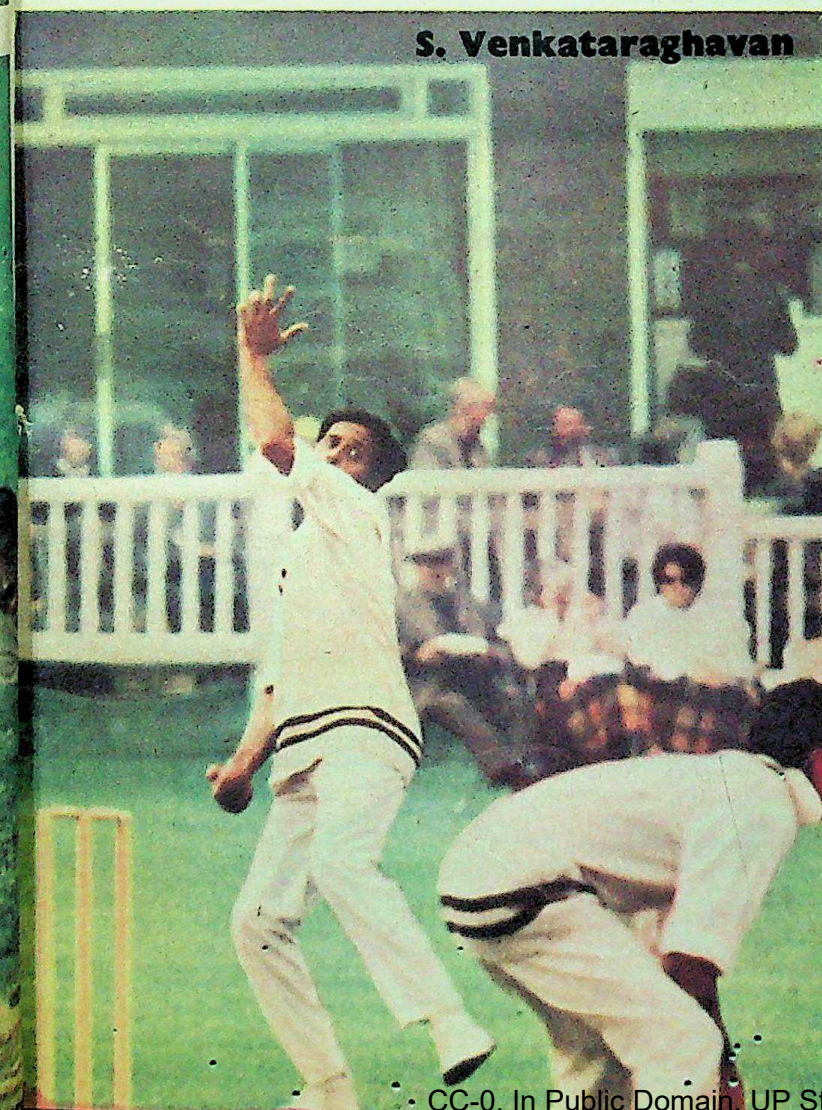
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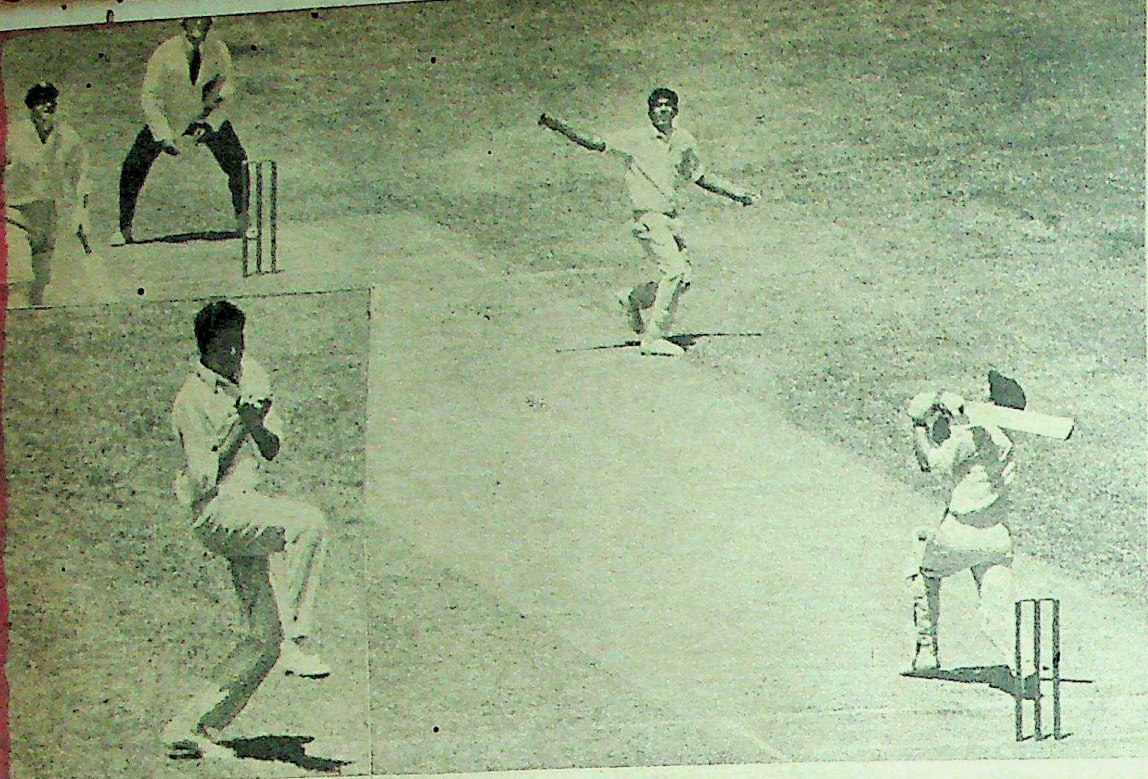
Ashok Mankad

S. Venkataraghavan

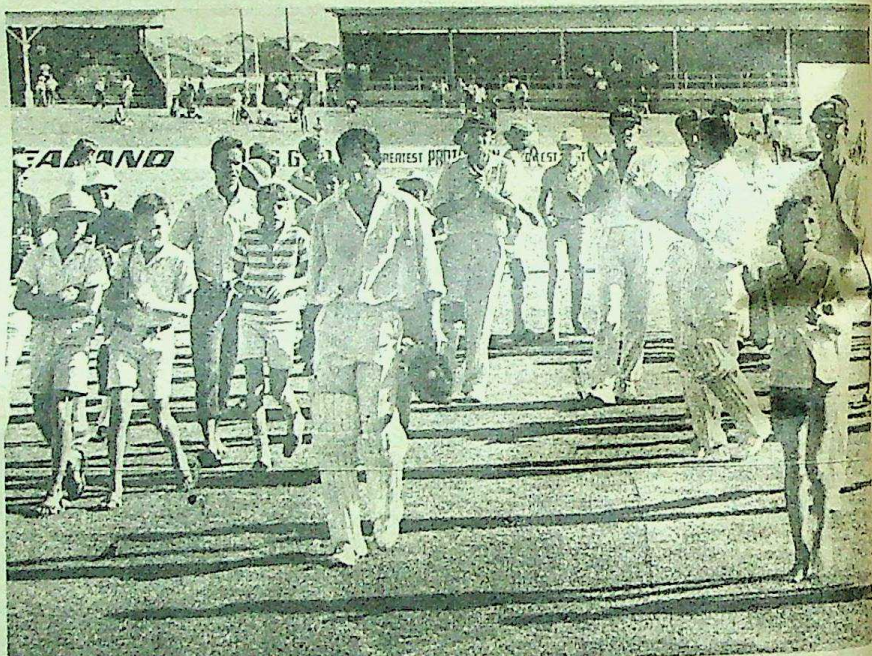
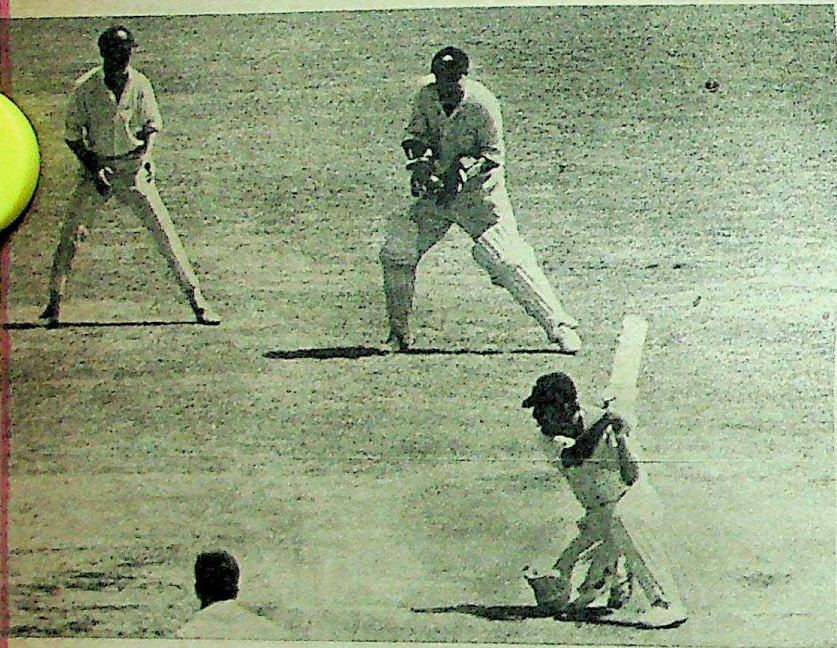


E. A. S. Prasanna

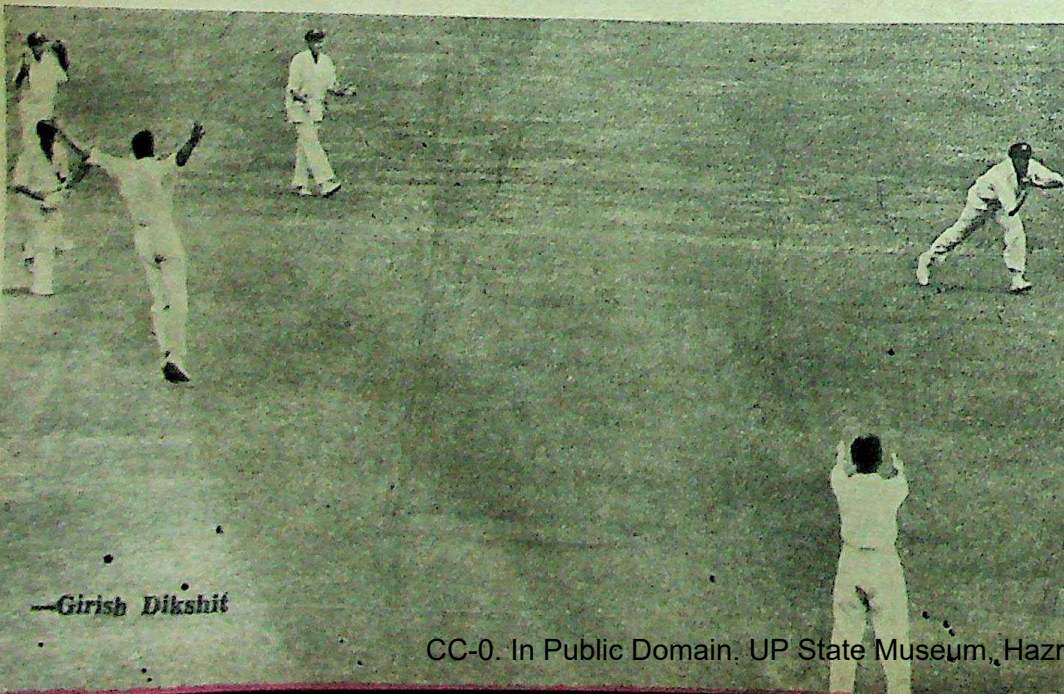
R. Vishw



WHEN IAN CHAPPELL HAD THE "DROP" ON CHANDU BORDE (inset)—Second Test at Melbourne, 1967-68. Had Borde taken the easy skied catch, Ramakant Desai would not have gone through this Australian tour wicketless. Ian Chappell (who went on to hit 151) was on 82 when he gave this chance in a Test Australia won by an innings. This gave them a 2-0 lead in a series they went on to win 4-0. As Borde scored 0 & 6 at Melbourne, he had a bad match.



THE FIELDERS HAD TO DASH FOR "COVER" every time the ball was pitched outside the off-stump to "Tiger" Pataudi, whose strokeplay gave the India batting its impetus against Australian pace. Pataudi missed the First Test through injury, but hit 75 & 85, 74 & 48, 51 & 6 in the remaining three Tests to leave his impress on the series. Right: When Pataudi scores, can Jaisimha be far behind? Here is Jai returning to a standing ovation after his hundred in the Third Test at Brisbane which India all but won, falling short by just 40 runs. Jaisimha's 74 & 101 in this Test, after he had barely landed on Australian soil, made Bill O'Reilly wonder why he was dropped from the touring team in the first place. Below: Nari Contractor, after hitting 108 against an Alan Davidson bowling at his best in the Third Test at Bombay, 1959-60, is caught by Richie Benaud at gully off Ian Meckiff.



—Girish Dikshit

in a manner that will set the pace for the remaining batsmen. "Simpson," says the Australian Board, "had a tremendous reputation as a judge of the opposition and as a grim competitor. Most important, he encouraged and assisted many young players."

From the Indian angle, one can only regret the great opportunity missed to "blood" at least one genuine fast bowler on Australian pitches that have more bounce and pace than any in the world. The President may have no say in the selection; but if his Board had laid down a firm policy on this major shortfall in our cricket, his selectors would not have settled for an all-rounder (Madan Lal) in favour of a quickie like Kapil Dev.

On the last tour of New Zealand and West Indies, we missed the opportunity to give Ghavri the "exposure" he richly deserved. If Ghavri had made that twin tour, he would be a much more experienced left hand today. It was while watching Andy Roberts go all out on our wickets that Ghavri added a yard or so to his pace. Similarly, on the bouncy Australian wickets, Kapil would certainly have shown himself a fast learner.

Besides revealing infinite promise as a quick bowler, Kapil has as swift an arm in

BOB SIMPSON returns as captain if I hadn't contribution

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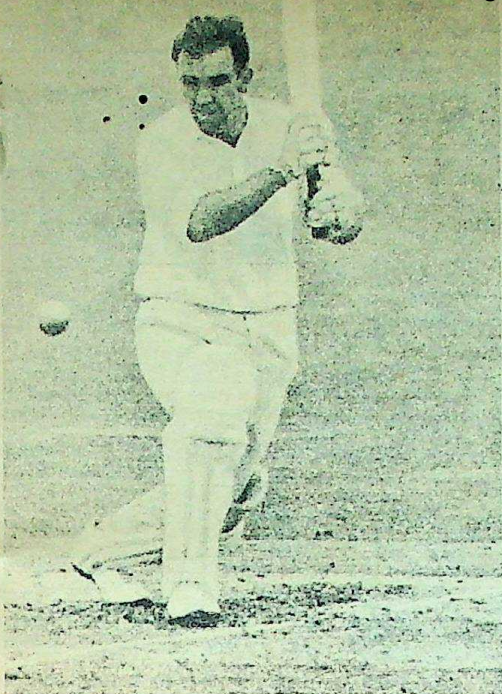
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the outfield as Ghavri's and is a clean hitter lower down—a species our cricket has lacked since the spinners took over under Wadekar. As a batsman Kapil could not have done worse against Australian pace than Madan Lal, so on what ground has he been kept out?

Govindraj, Guha, Salgaonkar—take the case-history of any man trying to bowl fast in India and the treatment has been the same. In our team, a fast bowler's place is at third man after the first three overs! So long as this escapist attitude prevails, so long as we continue to expect our spinners to capture all twenty wickets in a Test, our cricket is sure to languish. It was after our last Australian tour of 1967-68 that we jettisoned the idea of a "specialist" pace and switched to two "all-rounders" who could also use the new ball (Abid Ali and Solkar). The pattern has endured to the great detriment of our cricket.



BOB SIMPSON, a "cut" above the rest, returns as captain. ("I wouldn't have accepted if I hadn't felt I could make a significant contribution as a player.")



—Gopal Bhat

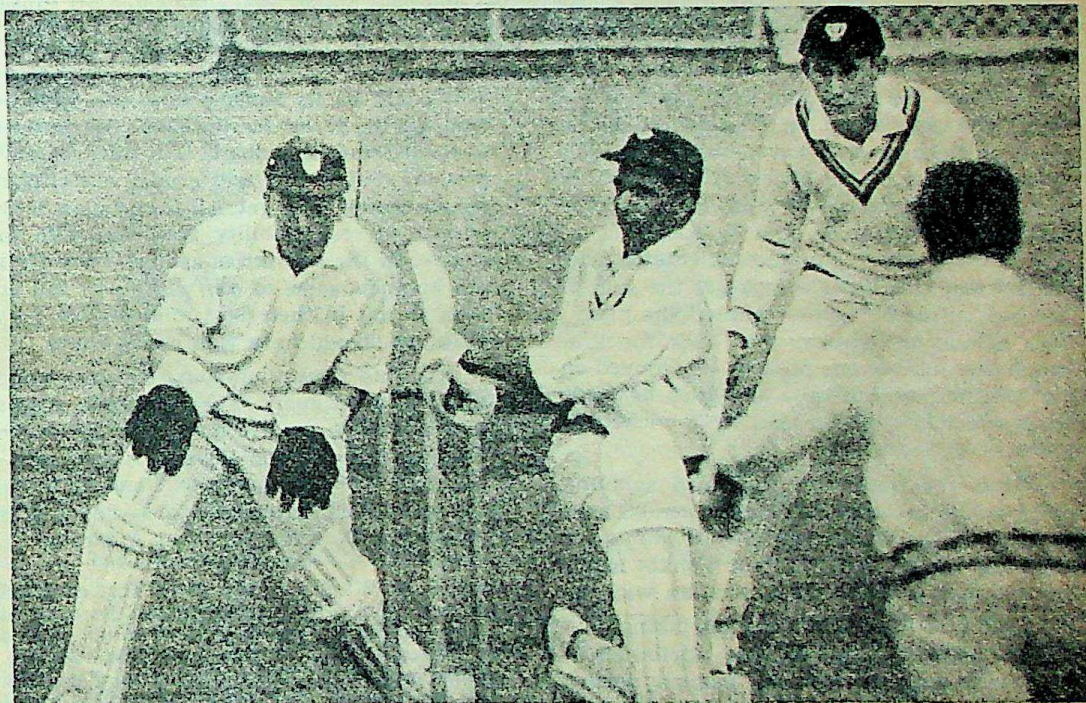


"HE'S A WRONG 'UN, THIS CHAP CHANDRA," the Kangaroos said as he started his first tour of Australia. But Chandra flopped and Jaisimha flew in to take his place.

The aberration of winning three Test rubbers in a row in the 1971-73 phase only crystallised this trend. It was Wadekar who set the fashion of summoning Bedi for the third over of an innings. The situation was so ridiculous that Bedi could be seen loosening his limbs in the outfield even as Abid Ali or Solkar ran up to bowl the first over!

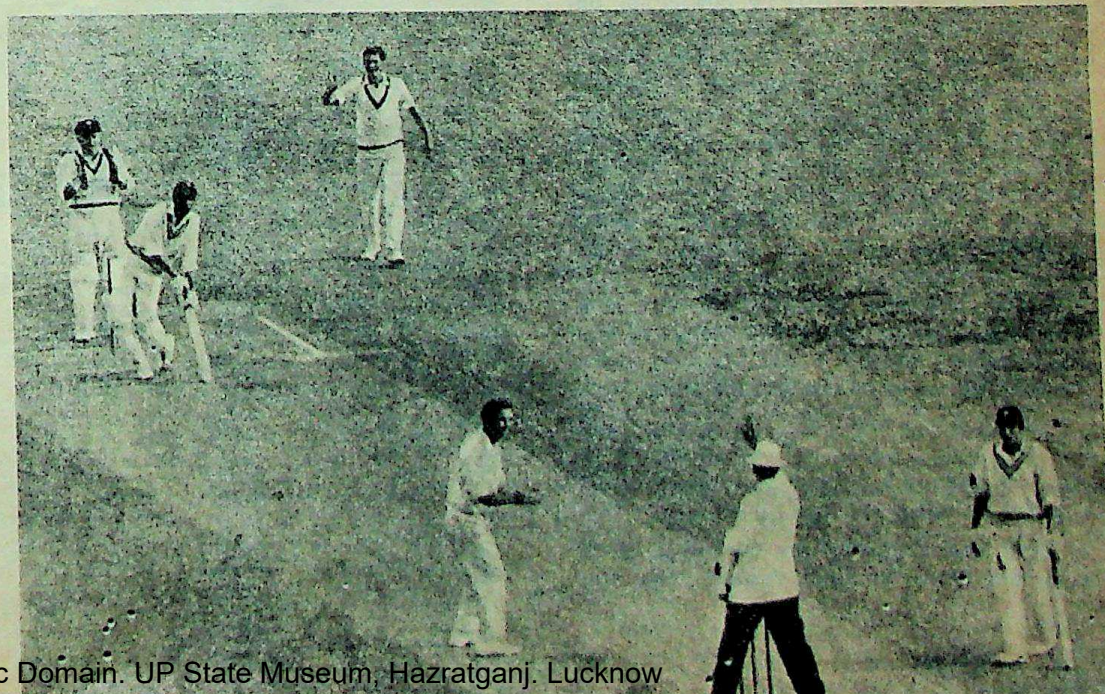
The attitude by which we look upon new-ball bowlers as "shine removers" needed to change at least on an Australian tour. As Board President, Mr Chinnaswamy has already shown initiative. His statesmanlike handling of the Bedi and Gavaskar affairs ensured that India would send their best team to Australia untrammelled by regional considerations. In the circumstances, one would have expected him to show greater gumption in giving our cricket its much-needed change of pace.

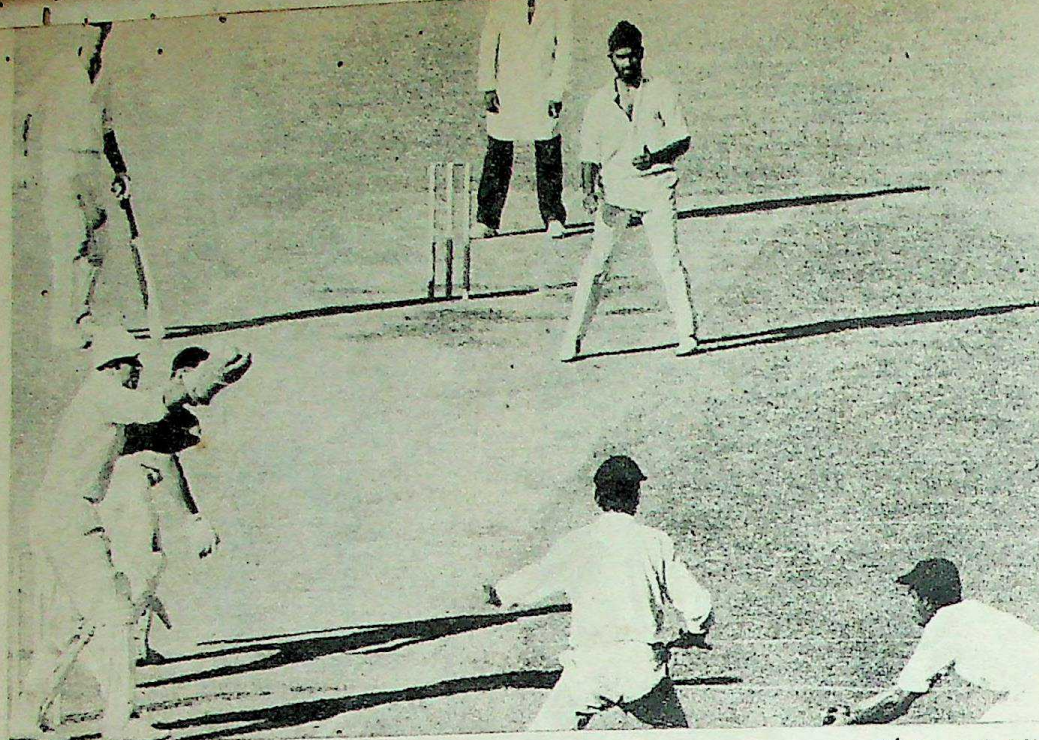
How will Australia face our spin? There are so many new faces in the Australian team that one wonders how even an old hand like Bob Simpson is going to



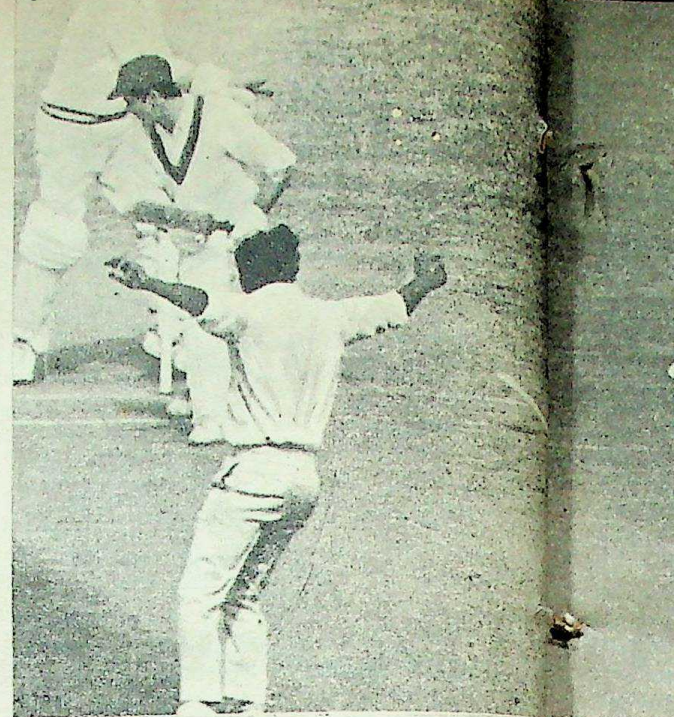
NEVER THE ONE TO RUN OUT OF IDEAS, Farokh Engineer makes a valiant attempt to break the wicket before Doug Walters (who hit 93 and 62 not out in this Third Test at Brisbane, 1967-68) can ground his bat.

RUSI SURTI "LEFT" NOTHING TO CHANCE on the 1967-68 Australian tour. Batting, bowling and fielding, he showed himself India's number one utility man starting with the opening first-class game of the tour against Western Australia at Perth. Below: Surti is lbw to Simpson after hitting 30 on the opening day of the Second Test at Melbourne. The non-striker is Pataudi who made 75 in this his first Test knock in Australia.





—Girish Dikshit



WHEN INDIA BEGAN CATCHING UP WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD. It was in the 1969-70 series against Australia at home that our close-in fielders began backing up our spinners in a manner that could make us bid for victory. Left: Venkataraghavan catches Doug Walters (48) at short gully to give Bishen Singh Bedi a prize wicket—at the Brabourne Stadium, Bombay: November 1969. Australia won this First Test by eight wickets, but in the remaining four Tests found the going really tough against our spinners. Centre: It's Doug Walters again and he hasn't a clue to where the ball's gone off bat and pad! Solkar takes the catch off Prasanna, getting rid of Walters for 4 in the Third Test at Delhi. India won this Test by seven wickets to level the series 1-1. Far right: Bill Lawry (16) is caught by wicket-keeper Indrajitsinhji off Salim Durani (left) in the first innings of the Second Test at Bombay, 1964-65. Simpson is the non-striker.

show them the way. The focal point of our spin is different on this tour. So far Bedi and Chandra have consistently held their places, with the choice of third spinner a point of eternal debate between Prasanna and Venkataraghavan. But in Australia, in the words of their veteran commentator Alan McGilvray (155 Tests), "you get the spin of the ball in the air rather than off the pitch". This should straightway win back for Prasanna the number one position he enjoyed on our last tour of Australia on which he made his world mark with a haul of 25 wickets in a four-Test series.

Thus the battle for the third spinning place is likely to be between Chandra and Venkat. If Ray Illingworth's word counts for anything, neither Chandra nor Venkat is going to relish bowling on Australian wickets.

"Much of the Indians' wicket-taking ability and effectiveness has been attributed to their willingness to give the ball air, luring the batsmen into error by their flight," says Illy. "I am afraid many spectators are labouring under a false impression. Bishen Singh Bedi certainly gives the ball air, but he is an exception. I do not think Chandra, their top-spin and googly bowler, or off-spinner Venkat toss the ball any more than the average spin bowler in England. Both have a similar type of trajectory as Norman Gifford and myself, although they may appear a little higher through the air (because both are around the six-foot mark). But they have one basic difference. When I faced Venkat at Lord's, I was struck by the speed with which he bowled his off-spinners. He is almost a yard faster through the air than my stock delivery. Watching Chandra it is easy to see that he bowls near the speed of a medium-pace bowler. I just want to make it clear flight is not their main weapon."

But flight is the main weapon of Bedi and Prasanna (whom Illy never faced in 1971), so both should pose no end of problems for Bob Simpson and his men.

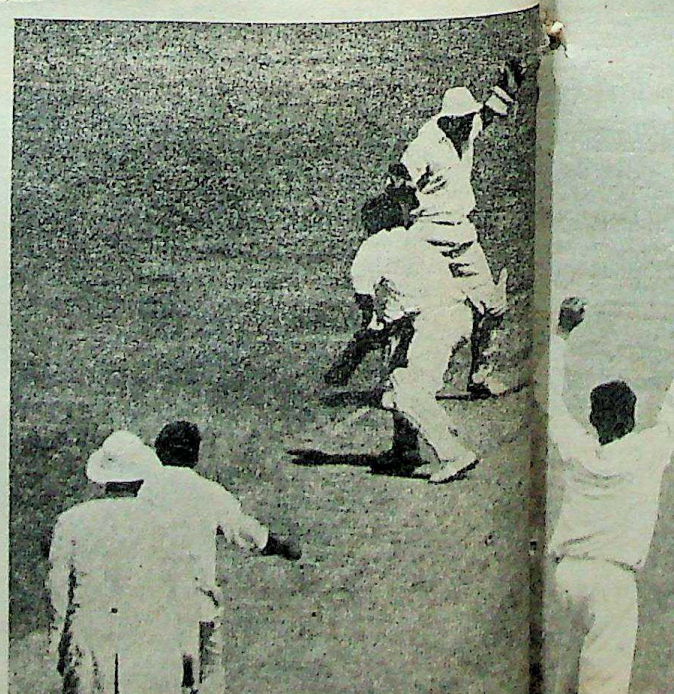
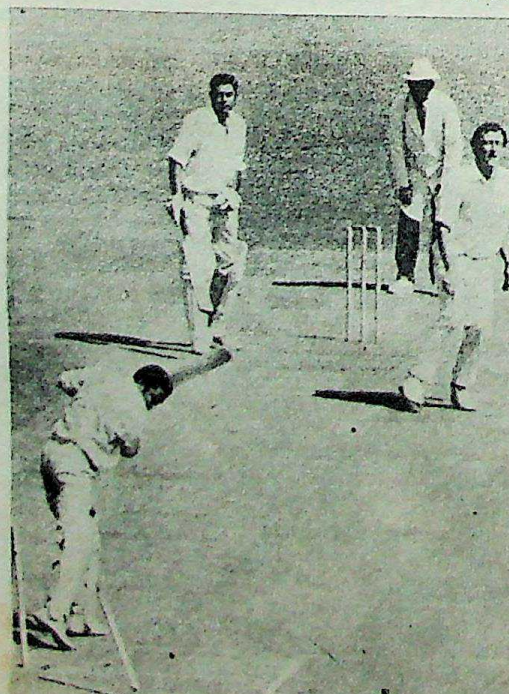
Bedi and Prasanna are certain to play in all five Tests, so their reward from the

tour could be Rs 50,000 each—Rs 7,000 per Test and Rs 15,000 for the tour. The prospect of Rs 50,000 from a single tour must be quite pleasing, but no one will grudge our cricketers the money they get. All they expect is the sense of responsibility that goes with the money. In the last series against Tony Greig and his men, some of our players did not seem to put in their best and we lost 1-3 a series we should have won hands down.

On this Australian tour, we just cannot afford to drop guard. For if we win against Australia now, we will have merely beaten that country's "second eleven". If we lose, we will only be confirming our standing in the bottom league of cricket nations—below West Indies, Pakistan, England and Australia.

WELL BOWLED. In the First Test at Bombay, 1969-70, Dilip Sardesai (20) is bowled by a snorter from Graham McKenzie. Sardesai was dropped from the India team after this Test at a time when he was in superb touch and looked all set to stage a comeback. Below: The guile of Prasanna is to be seen in all its subtlety as he beats Ian Chappell in the air outside the crease and bowls him all ends up. This was in the First Test at Bombay, 1960-70, after Chappell had hit 31. Far right: Bob Simpson (27) knew nothing at all about this one from Chandrasekhar that bowled him on the first day of the Bombay Test, 1964-65.

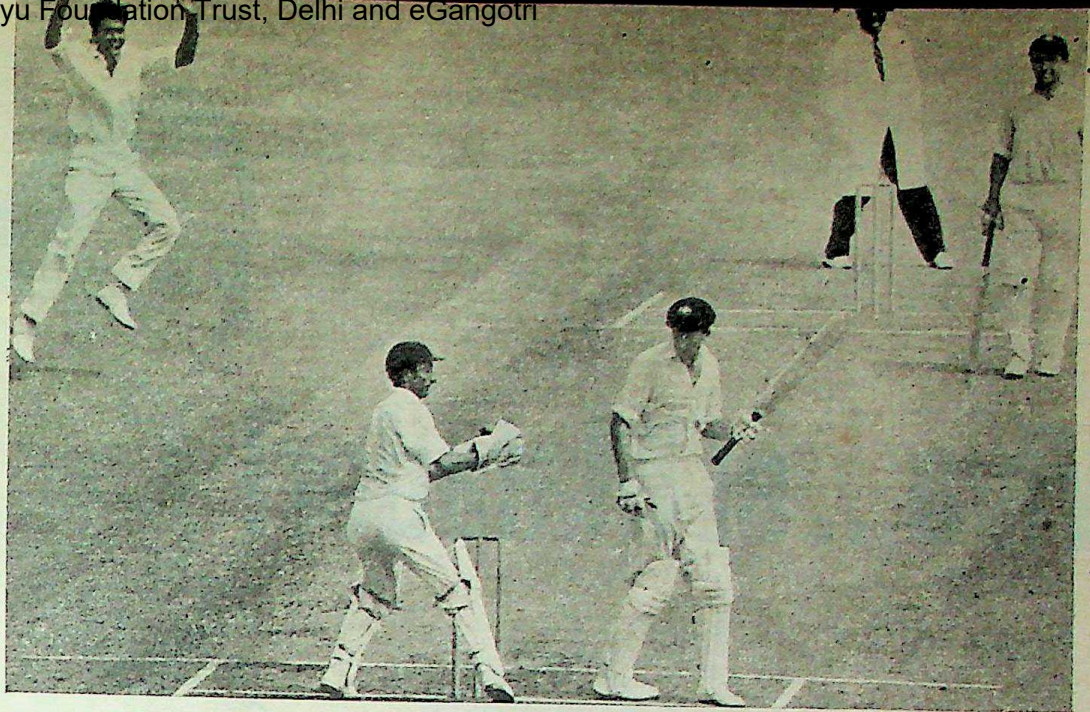
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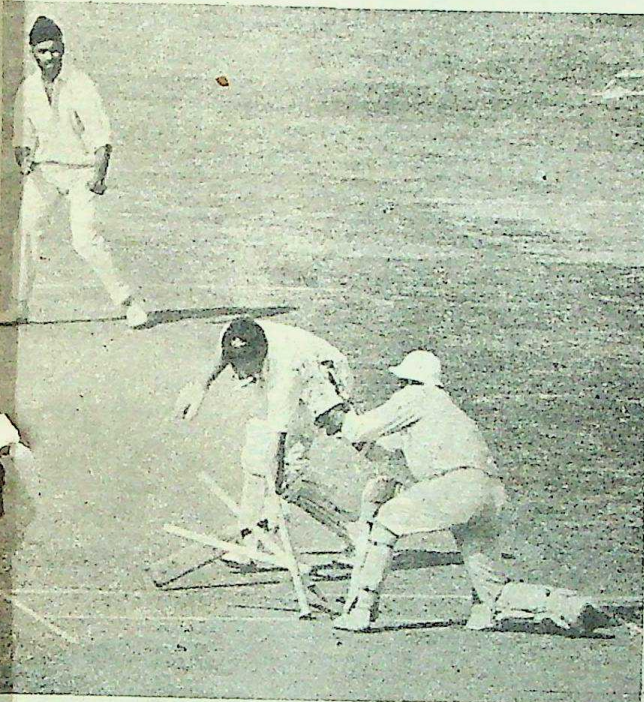
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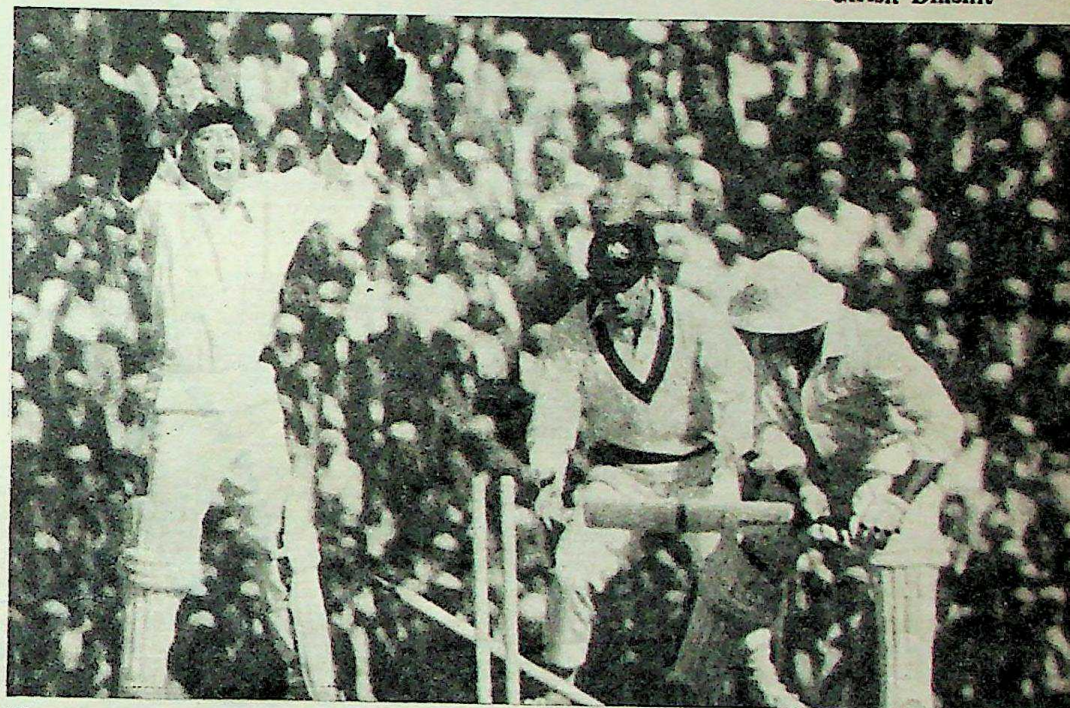
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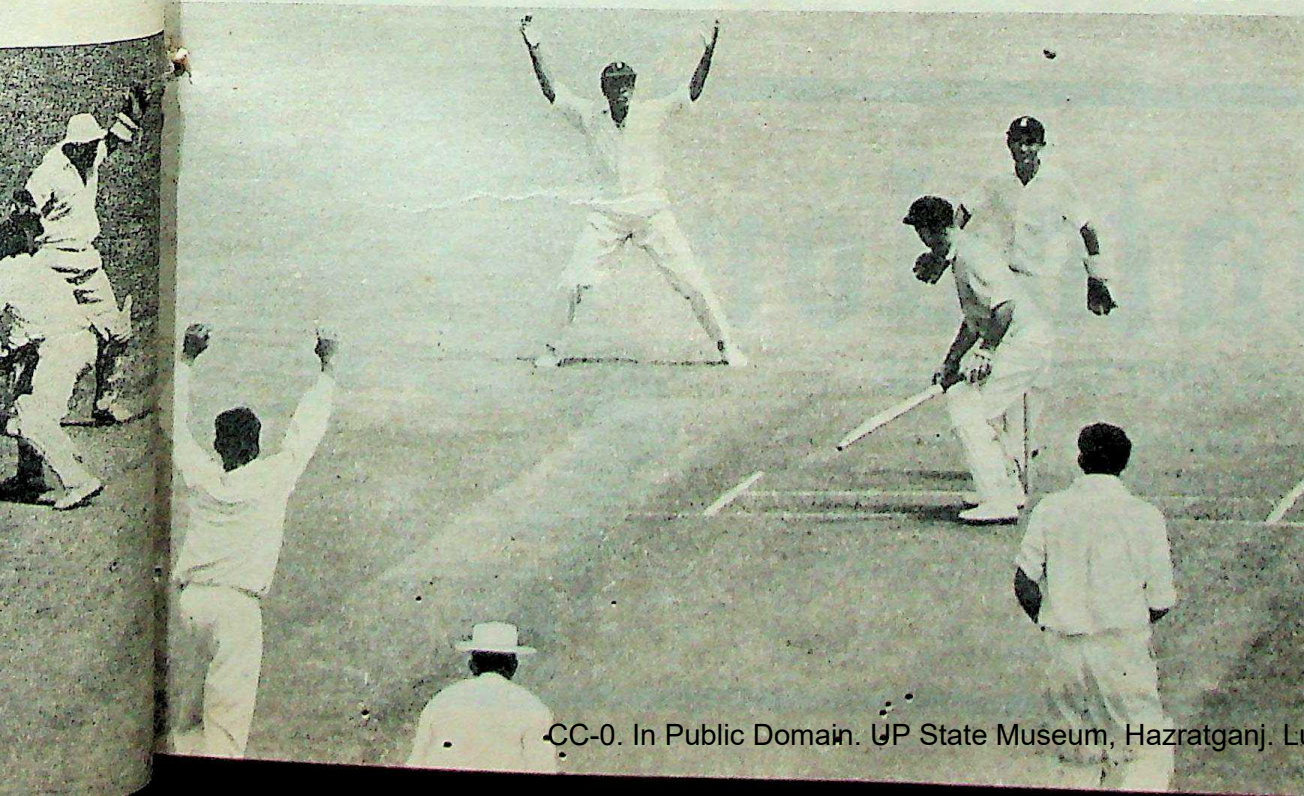


—R. B. Bedi—



—Girish Dikshit

BEFORE BEDI'S LEFT HAND COULD KNOW WHAT ENGINEER'S RIGHT HAND WAS DOING, the bails were off and Keith Stackpole (61) was out stumped in the first innings of the Third Test at Delhi, 1969-70. In this series, on wickets that offered our spinners consistent encouragement, the Australian batsmen found their confidence destroyed for the tour of South Africa to follow. The transition from the slow turning wickets of India to the hard fast ones of South Africa was not easy to make and Australia were beaten 4-0. Right: Ashok Mankad, who made his first impact against Australia in 1969-70, is bowled for 7 by Ashley Mallett in the Delhi Test. Taber is the wicket-keeper, Walters the short-leg.

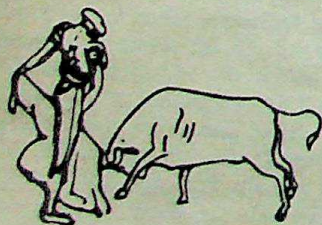


of the ball. R. T. Brittenden summed up their dilemma neatly when he said:

"There seems an inherent weakness in India's batting technique when the ball gets up a little around the off-stump... a shade above stump height the Indian batsmen invariably do one of two things. If the ball is at them, they hook and often hook badly. If it is just outside the off-stump, all too often the feet remain firm and bat follows ball... If Viswanath succeeded, it was because he played from well behind the line rather than across the line, like the others."

The trouble with our cricket is that those who have the concentration lack the class, those who have the class lack the concentration! Gavaskar alone has been an honourable exception here. Let us hope he with Bedi will lead the way in a manner calculated to prove that Test Cricket has its own appeal—Packer or no Packer.

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Rajinder Puri's Column



THE PRESS IN THE DOCK

AMONG other things, the Shah Commission has been probing into distortions which crept into the media during the Emergency. The hearings reveal the sad state of the press during the Emergency. After listening to some of the evidence, it occurred to me that it would be a good idea for pressmen to institute their own private commission and probe the distortions in the media before and after the Emergency. There are innumerable cases to pick from. But, for a start, let's take the handling by the national press of the Rewasa Scandal.

On the 26th of last month, Mr Justice S. B. Kapoor, constituting the one-man Commission set up by the Government to inquire into charges against Mr Bansilal and others for their excesses in the Rewasa incident, submitted his report. Barring a few points, the Commission's report fully upheld the victims' allegations against the previous Government.

It's Confirmed

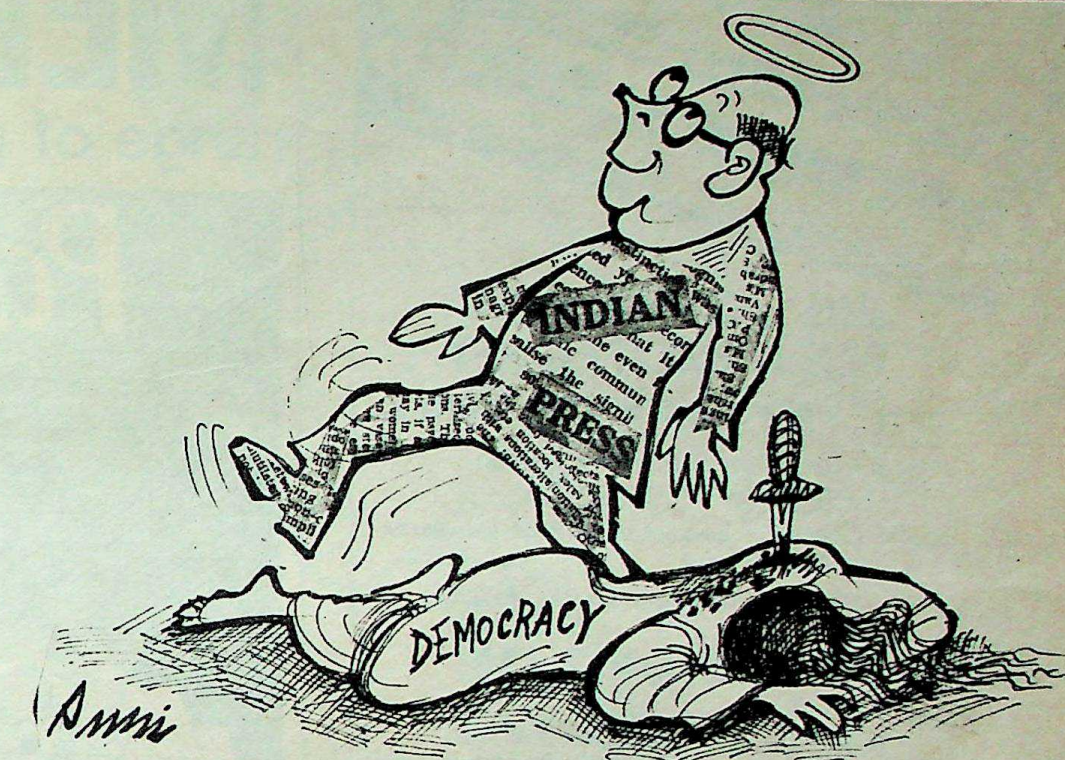
Mr Justice Kapoor upheld the allegation that Mrs Ram Jot, a widow residing in Village Rewasa in District Bhiwani, died as a result of police torture. The report confirmed that the widow, an 82-year-old grandmother, was burnt alive while in an unconscious state. The report upheld the charge that the relatives of the deceased, a brother and a sister, were taken to the police station and stripped naked before each other. The report confirms that Mr Bansilal turned a deaf ear to all the complaints against the incident made to him. The report also confirms that Mr Bansilal's son, Mr Surinder Singh, was hostile to the victimised family and was taking an active interest in the case.

From the phraseology used in Justice Kapoor's report it is obvious that the Rewasa episode was an example of extreme tyranny by the Government. The conduct of the officials in that incident was shocking. But was the behaviour of the national press at that time any the less shocking?

"Hit The Headlines" Indeed!

The Hindustan Times, while covering the release of Justice Kapoor's report, said in a despatch by its Chandigarh Correspondent some days ago: "The judicial inquiry into the horror stories of Rewasa which hit the headlines three years ago..." Hit the headlines? The phrase seems to suggest that the press took up the story in a big way when it came to light. Though its competitors were no better, let's take a look at how *The Hindustan Times* itself covered the event in 1974.

The Rewasa atrocities took place between March 31 and April 2, 1974. The story first appeared in the press when *STIR* (a weekly now defunct) carried in its issue of June 2, 1974, a banner headline: **BANSILAL STARTS REIGN OF TERROR**. The page one report began by saying: "The Haryana Police enacted on April 2 a grotesque incident in Village Re-



was, District Bhiwani, at the end of which a woman of eighty-five died and her son and daughter were stripped naked in the police station."

No "Stir"

A copy of that issue of *STIR* was mailed to each editor in the national press, so none can claim to have been ignorant of the affair. Around June 15, Mrs Chandrawati, a Minister in the Bansilal Government (and now heading the Haryana State Janata Party organisation), was dismissed from the Ministry by Bansilal because she started investigating the Rewasa scandal after the *STIR* report. The newspapers reported the dismissal of the Minister, but did not mention Rewasa.

On June 16, *The Hindustan Times* reported Mrs Chandrawati's meeting with Mrs Gandhi and made a one-line reference to the fact that she had raised the issue of the Rewasa incident, but that Mrs Gandhi had expressed her inability to intervene in the matter. What the Rewasa incident was the readers of the national press were not told.

Not So Golden Silence

The *STIR* of June 23 again referred to the Rewasa happenings and carried a front-page editorial which said: "Mrs Chandrawati's interest in the shocking incidents alleged to have been perpetrated by the police in Rewasa, Bhiwani District, was the immediate cause to have provoked Mr Bansilal to order her dismissal from the Cabinet... While the national newspapers have reported in screaming headlines the dismissal of Mrs Chandrawati from the Ministry, it is a sad reflection on their integrity and competence that not a single line about the alleged

crimes committed by Mr Bansilal's Police—which aroused the panchayats of eighty-five surrounding villages to express alarm—found place in their columns."

Subsequently, on June 26, a reporter of *The Hindustan Times* visited Rewasa and sent a report which confirmed the need of a probe, which the paper published. After that... silence. At that time, the present Home Minister, Mr Charan Singh, was mobilising large numbers in Haryana in protest against the incident. The national press virtually ignored the protest meetings. Not a single national newspaper carried an editorial on the Rewasa incident.

This was the record of *The Hindustan Times*. The other national newspapers treated the story no better.

We Are Waiting To Be Enlightened

Some questions arise needing urgent and unambiguous answers: How did it happen that such a ghastly crime, which has justified a judicial probe more than three years after the event, failed to cause even a ripple in the national press? The editors of the national press at that time included such distinguished champions of freedom and democracy as S. Mulgaokar, Sham Lal, N. J. Nanporia, B. G. Verghese, K. R. Malkani, Kuldip Nayar, Ajit Bhattacharjee and Girilal Jain. There was no censorship or MISA or Emergency at that time. Yet the national press remained impotent. Were the editors and senior correspondents, all such high-priced professionals, unaware of what was going on around them? Or do they not consider it their business to comment and campaign against such events?

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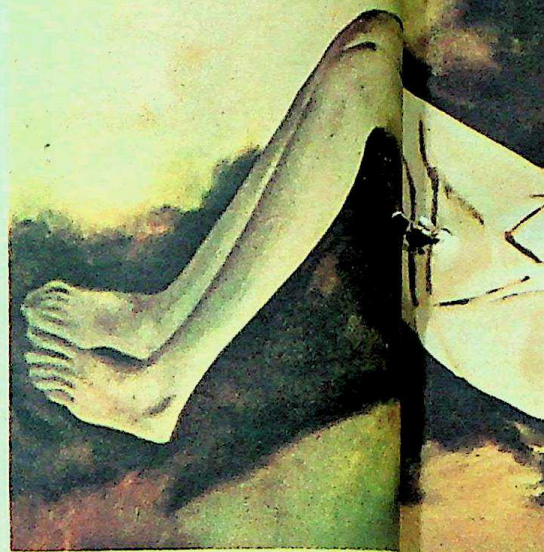
NUDES IN INDIAN PAINTING

The female form . . . as six eminent modern painters see it.

Photographs by N. K. SAREEN



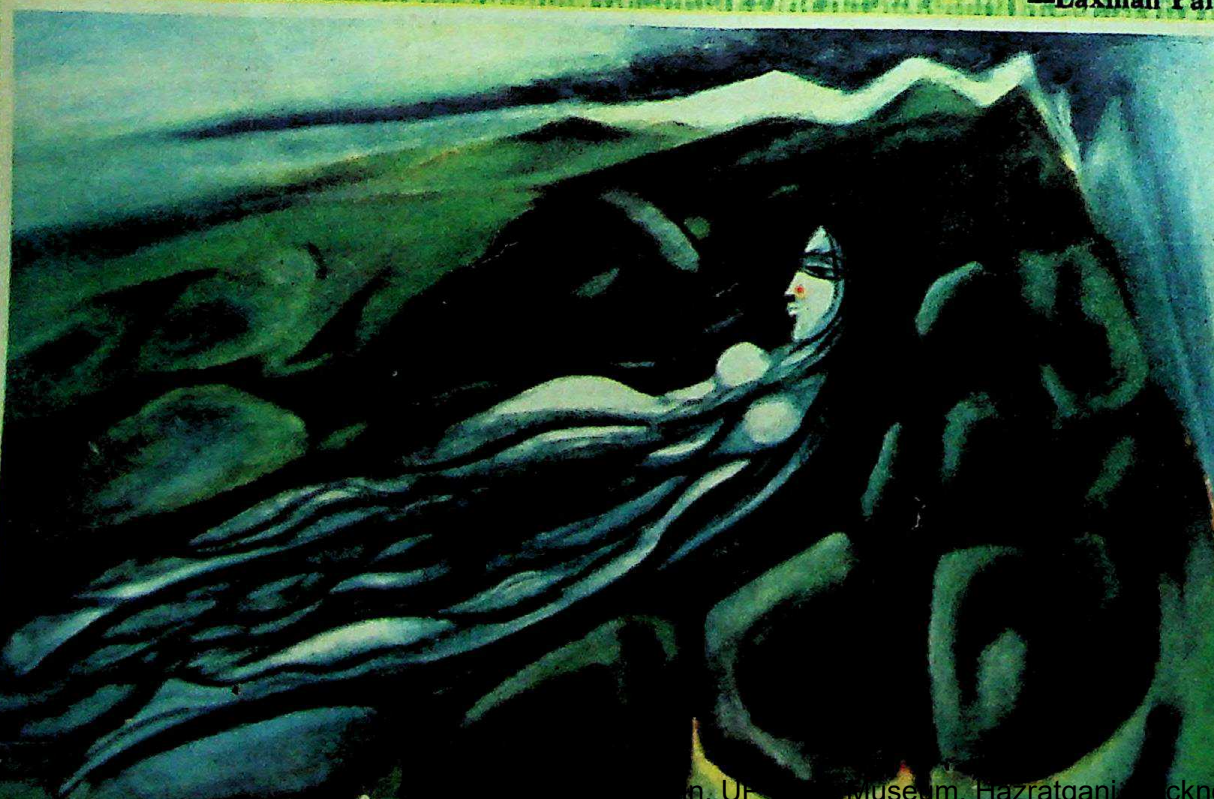
—M. F. Husain



—B. Prabha

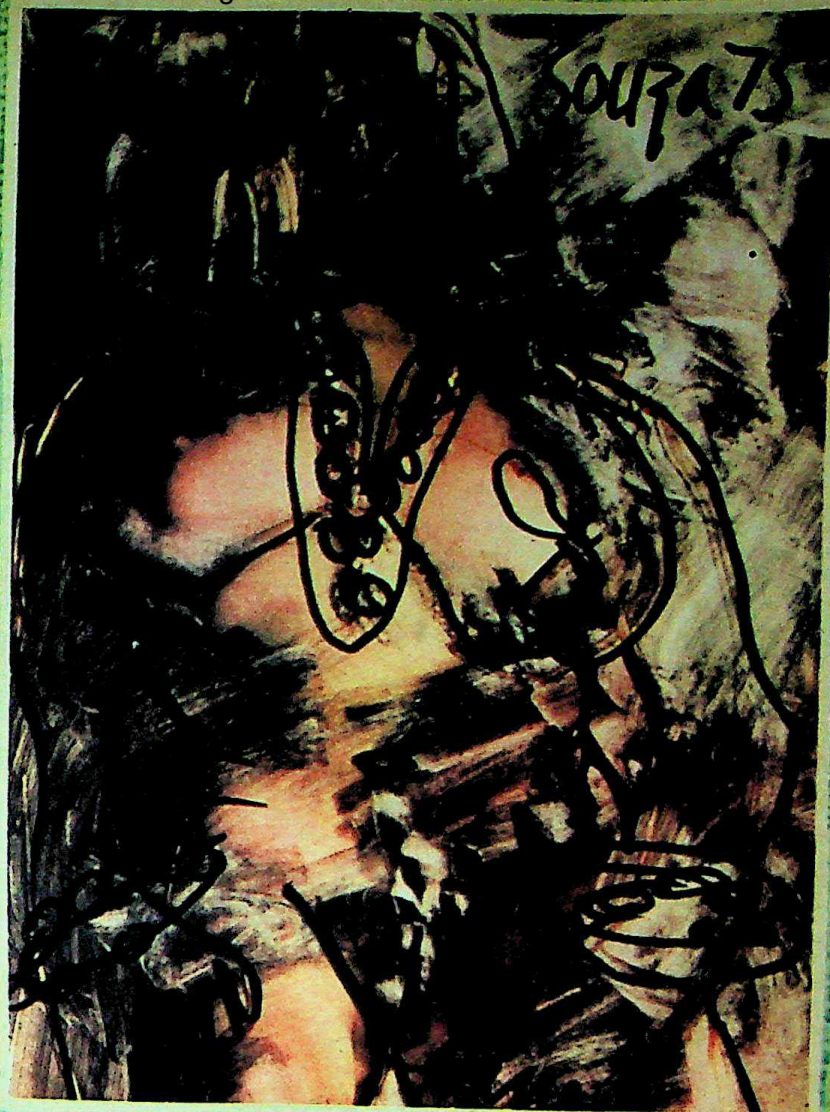


—Laxman Pai

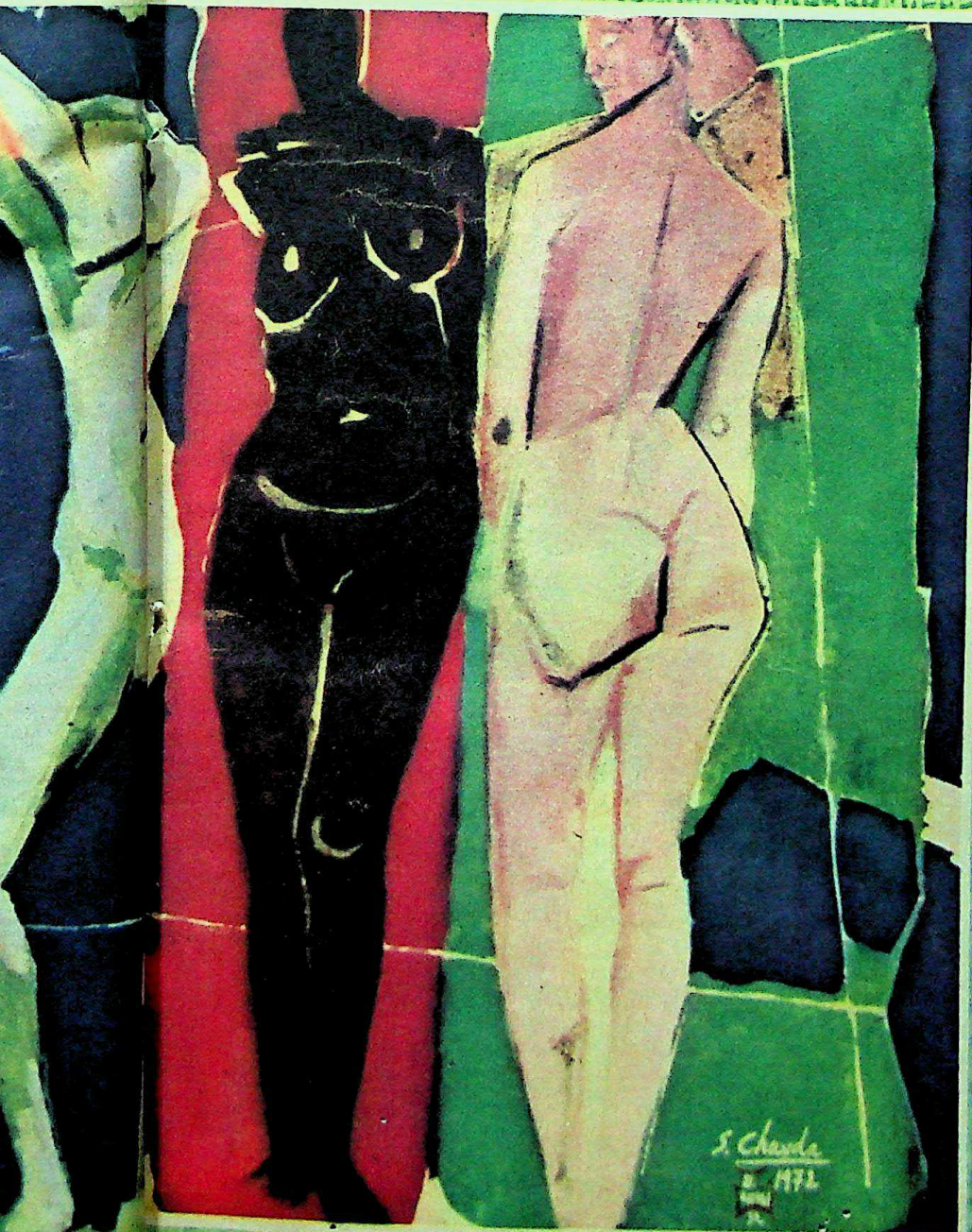




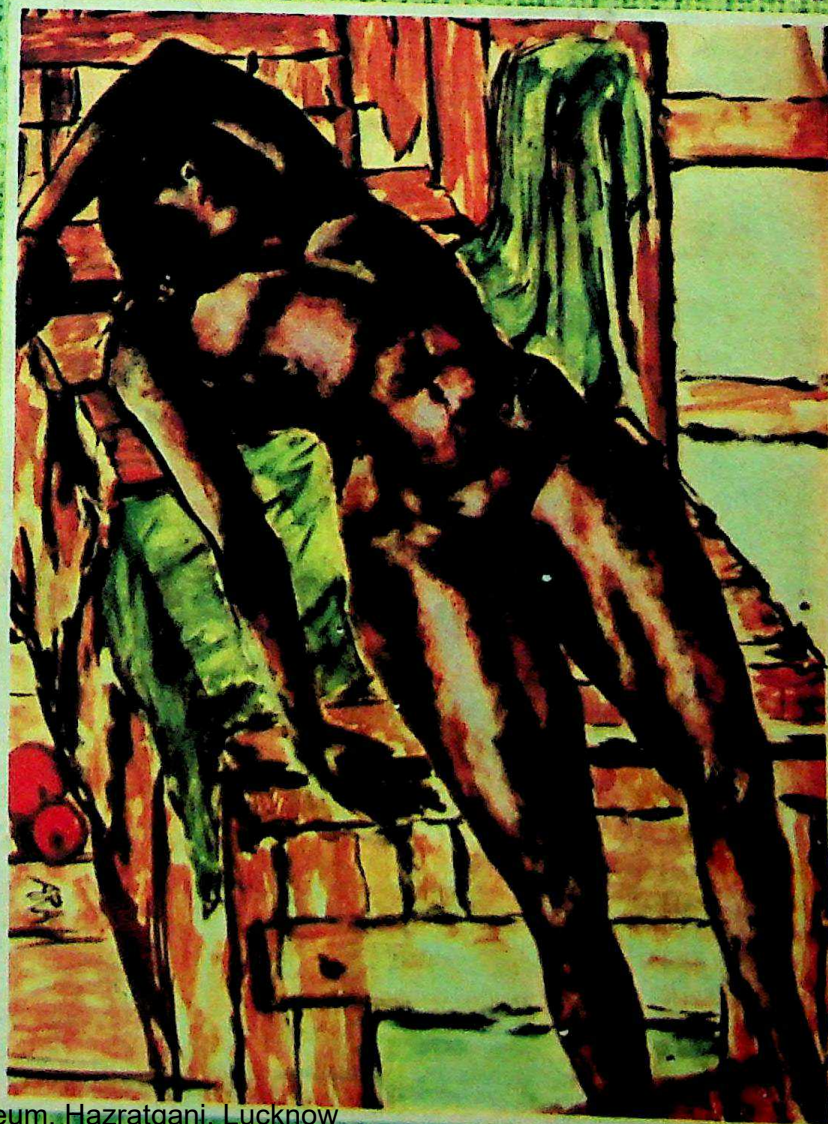
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THE STORY OF DIVALI

Divali, the "festival of lights", has a colourful history which is a fascinating mixture of fable and fact.

by IKBAL KAUL

THE history of Dipavali (Divali) can be traced back to the 6th century BC. There are a number of legends associated with the festival. The coming together of Siva and Parvati after a quarrel, Bali's consignment to the nether world by Vamana, Krishna's slaying of Narakasura, Rama's coronation after his return from exile, the crowning of Vikramaditya and the beginning of the Vikram era, Yama's dinner with his twin sister Yami are some of them.

A number of theories have been advanced about its origin. Divali is a fertility festival, marking the completion of the harvesting of rice, and so it is in the nature of a thanksgiving ceremony. It originated in primitive man's obsession to drive away darkness and evil spirits. It is a facet of sun worship.

Aryan Festival

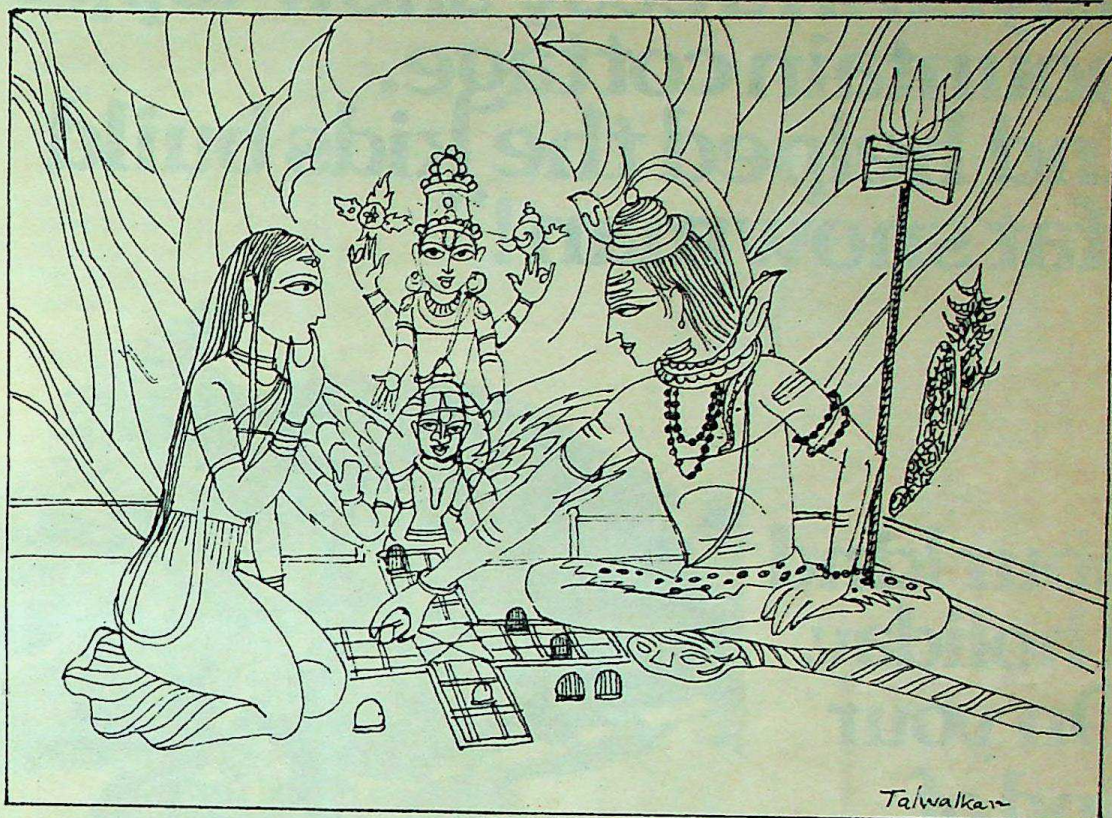
Divali seems to be an Aryan festival. In Dravidian Tamil Nadu, for example, the houses are not illuminated on the Divali Amavasya, nor on the night preceding it. Also, it is believed to be exclusively meant for Vaishyas. (The festivals for the other three *varnas*: Sravan Purnima for Brahmins, Dassera for Kshatriyas and Holi for Sudras.)

The different modes of celebrating Divali by tribals and peasants throw light on the development of the Indian ethos and religion. All these rural and rustic rituals have a definite substratum of ancient animistic and aboriginal ideas.

Auspicious Designs

The festive season opens with the advent of Dhana Trayodashi, falling on the 13th day of the dark fortnight of Kartik (October-November). All houses and shops are scrubbed clean. Multicoloured geometrical designs, drawn with rice-flour or lime, decorate all important spots. These are considered auspicious signs to welcome Lakshmi. The designs are known variously: *alpana* (Bengal), *kolam* and *maggu* (South India), *mandana* (Rajasthan), *rangoli* (Maharashtra), *sathyas* (Gujarat) and *viyoog* (Kashmir). Their relationship to the Tantric *mandala* has been traced. It is held that some designs have come down unchanged through the centuries and those of Bengal have been traced to the outlines used by the Indus Valley people.

The swastika—the symbol of good fortune—also figures in the decorations. This auspicious emblem is drawn on the doorways, walls and floors. Women put the sign on their foreheads. Traders paint it on the fly-leaves of their books. The reverse Hille-



rite symbol, called *sauvastika*, signifies destruction and is never used by Hindus.

Commercial classes close their accounts. They heap coins on their ledgers and place a picture or image of the goddess on the top and worship her. Others daub one-rupee silver coins with saffron or vermillion and place them in a pile before the image of the goddess.

In Rajasthan, the day is called Dhan Teras. It is the occasion for checking and cleaning of the family gold and silver. Women polish their ornaments with *khar*, a mineral found in dry river-beds. The day is called Dhana Teresa in Kathiawar, and is the occasion for worshipping wealth. In Nepal, it is exclusively devoted to feeding crows. The festival is called the Kak Teohar. The birds are given a repast of rice, curds and cream. While the birds are at this offering, the men shoot flowery arrows at them. Should a missile hit the target, good fortune would smile on the archer for the rest of the year.

Naraka Chaturdashi, the second day of the festival, commemorates Krishna's killing of Naraka, the *asura* king of Kamrup. Founder of Pragjyotisha and famous in legend, he wrought havoc on mankind. His harem boasted 16,000 women, the daughters of gods, saints and sages who were kept in his palace. At his death, the women were liberated.

Another episode is associated with the day. Siva, once discomfited by Parvati at a game of dice, was sulking. However, he was placated by Vishnu, who arranged for the estranged couple another bout on Divali. During the game Siva quietly entered the dice himself and thus defeated Parvati. At

first, she was angry. But, when Vishnu explained the idea, she was delighted. She, therefore, ordained that dice games—hence its modern form: gambling—should henceforth be played on Divali to ensure success through the year.

In Nepal it is a day for the dogs. In the Himalayan kingdom, the owners bathe and garland the dogs in the morning. Their foreheads are daubed with vermillion and a thread is tied around their necks. Later, they are fed rice and meat. The ceremony is called Kukkar (dog in Sanskrit) Teohar.

Milady's Toilet

In Rajasthan the day is also called Rup Chaudas, in Kathiawar Rupa Chaturdashi. It is devoted to milady's toilet. Women use a greatgrandma's recipe called *pitha* for their personal embellishment. It is a paste of almonds, barley, sesame oil and turmeric.

Amavasya, the third day of the festivities, is devoted to the propitiation of Lakshmi. The concept of Lakshmi was developed in the *Puranas*. In the early legends, Lakshmi issued from the mouth of Prajapati and was the consort of Aditya (Vishnu). Another legend makes her a daughter of Maharshi Brighu, who in a fit of rage cursed all celestial beings. Lakshmi, being one of them, took refuge in the Ocean of Milk. She was the ninth among the 14 gems to emerge from the primeval waters after the churning of the ocean. She floated on a dewdrop of a lotus flower and was rightfully claimed by Vishnu.

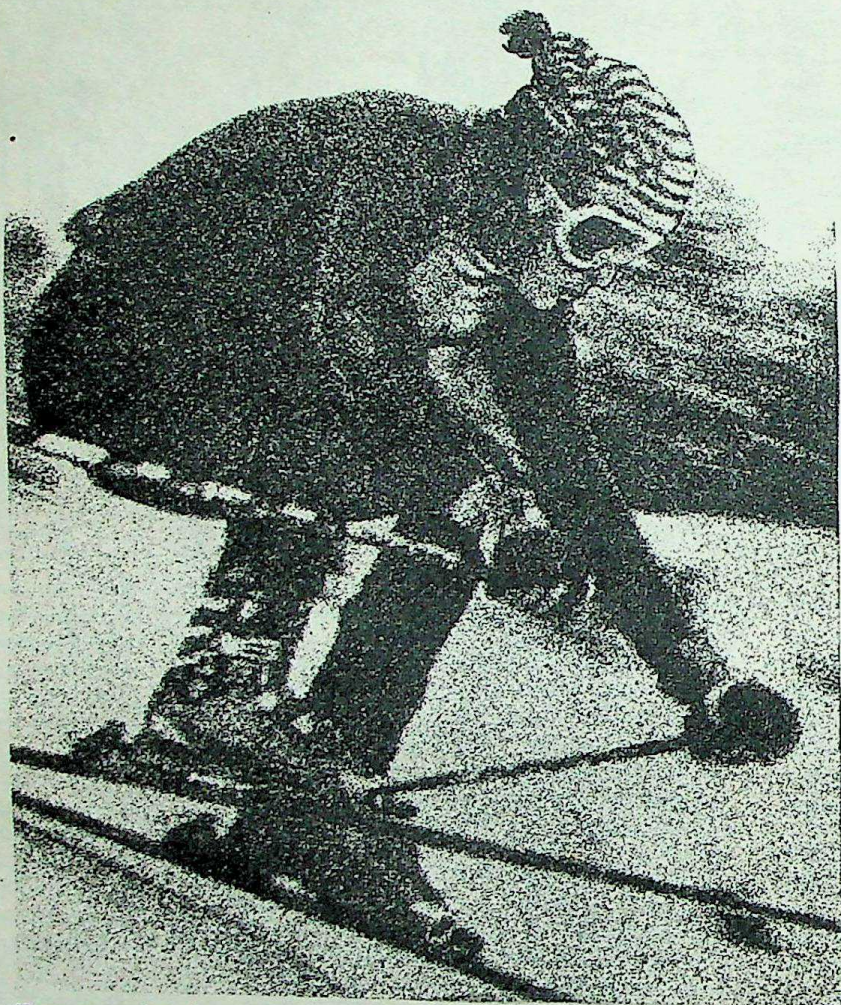
There are some significant aspects of the mid-season festival. In many parts of India, the Amavasya night is known as the Kala

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Kashmir in Winter

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Ratri. This is a perilous time, the most haunted night. For the spirits of the wicked and those who have met a violent death roam around. Besides, demons, devils, ghosts, witches are all abroad. Such spirits are particularly vicious during this night. They can be kept at bay only by involving Maha Kali. They must be kept away from the homes by lighting lamps, by the racket caused by the bursting crackers and by propitiation.

The Brahmins of Kathiawar draw magic circles on the ground within which they perform special ceremonies. To protect the living against the evil spirits, the Bhils and the Oraons keep small lamps burning throughout the night in their homes, courtyards and cowsheds. However, many Bhils, Kolis and Oraons seek these spirits around cremation grounds and on pipal and acacia trees. They draw magic circles with iron or water and perform the prescribed rituals. The abracadabra is accompanied with the offering of liquor, sacrifice of wildfowl and goats.

If the spirits come near the necromancer, he frightens them off by muttering *mantras* and by hurling some pulses. As long as he keeps a "brave heart and repeats the *mantras* 108 times without stumbling, all goes well and he is their absolute master for the ensuing year". But if by mischance he steps outside "the circle before the day dawns, or if for one moment during the terrible ordeal his heart fails him and he blanches", or if he makes a mistake while repeating the *mantra*, God alone is his saviour, for then he comes under the thumb of the spirit!

Midnight Rituals

A midnight ritual is observed in some parts of the country. When the men and children have gone to sleep, women beat out Alakshmi or Moodevi, the goddess of misfortune. The driving-out ceremony is performed with small sticks and by breaking sour limes and red chillis.

A belief, mentioned by William Crooke, is that during the Kala Ratri the gods pluck the blossoms of the *gular* (*ficus glomerata*), the Cluster Fig Tree. It is for this reason that nobody has seen it flower. "It is an uncanny tree," adds Crooke, "and, if planted near a house, it causes the death of sons in the family."

In Nepal, the day is celebrated as Gai Teohar, the Festival of Cows. The cows are scrubbed, garlanded and decorated all over with a red paste. Iron rings, dipped in a reddish herbal decoction, are impressed on the bodies of the animals, which leave neat geometrical patterns. The mangers are filled with such delicacies as beans and chopped straw and the fodder is laced with liquor.

The fourth day of the festivities is devoted to Govardhana Puja in the North. The ceremonies, strange and bizarre in modern times, heralded the trade activities after the rains. It marked the peak of the pastoral state, whence the special rites and rituals for the cow. Govardhana signifies the "nourisher of kine". According to the *Puranas*, Krishna lifted the Govardhana hillock to give shelter to the cows and herders from rain. Consequently, the people of the Punjab, Haryana, UP and Bihar build cowdung hillocks, symbolising the Govardhana, decorate it with frills, flowers and fluffy cotton and worship them. In Bihar, the dung is dis-

tributed to relations and friends as a sacred gift.

The rites for the protection and promotion of cattle fertility have a significance all their own. The animals are emblazoned with multicoloured flags, festoons and frills. They are sumptuously fetted and feasted, given medicated and delicious drinks and worshipped. In some parts of Maharashtra, the cows are taken round the village after worship. On their return, *arati* is waved round them to ward off evil spirits. It is the cattle day and the festival brings out the dormant love of Indians for the animal world. For farmhands and cowherds, it is the day of feasting. Inebriated with liquor and cannabis, they go about singing and dancing and collect gifts from the employers.

Magic Circle of Rice

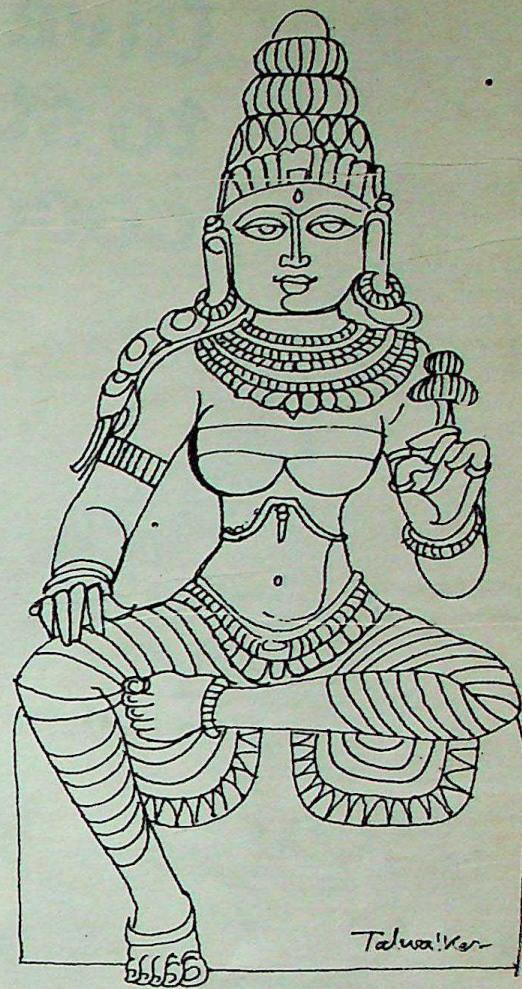
The Bhils offer a thanksgiving to their deities near the cattleshed. Seven balls of rice and a lamp are put inside a magic circle made of rice. A fire is kept constantly burning by pouring ghee over it. Then the tribals, chanting *mantras*, sprinkle water over five chickens and offer them in sacrifice. The cows and bulls, their horns painted red, are then released from their stalls, that of the headman being first opened. The cattle are then driven over a big-bodied Bhil, generally a cowherd, who lies on the ground, face downwards. He is given some cloth or a turban as a recompense for his ordeal. The Gwala cowherds of Bihar tie a pig by its feet and drive their cattle over the hog till it is crushed to death. The pork is then cooked and eaten in the fields. William Crooke has interpreted the Bhil ceremony as a commutation of an original human sacrifice.

In Rajasthan, the horns of cows and bulls are painted red and green and their backs are dyed with henna. It is considered a sin to press the bulls into service on this day. The day is celebrated in Nepal as Garu Teohar. Bulls, horses and other animals are feasted and fondled and they are off duty for the day. The horns of bulls are painted with vermilion.

In the temples of Mathura and Rajasthan, the day is observed as Annakoot—i.e. the festival of the "Mountain of Food". The observance presents a spectacular sight and numerous varieties of dishes are offered to Krishna. The festivities held at the Nathwara temple in Rajasthan are famous all over the country. The temple enshrines the idol of Shri Nathji, which once adorned the shrine of Govardhan in UP. Shri Nathji and other idols of Braj were transferred to Rajasthan during Mughal rule to escape desecration.

Govardhana Puja marks the transition to the farming stage. The various aspects of the rites are all symbolic of remanuring of the soil for the winter crop and thus have elements of a fertility festival. As it signifies the drive for cleanliness in the village, it is the direct cause for the rise of the legend of Narakasura, says B. A. Gupte.

"The crushing of the cucurbitous fruit," says B. A. Gupte, "and the extinguishing of the lamp waved round the face of the (dung-heap) perhaps indicate the death, not only of the giant of filth or manure (Narakasura), but that of the first season producing rice. It is said that this Narakasura



(nightsoil demon) was born of the Goddess of Earth! So he (filth) always is!"

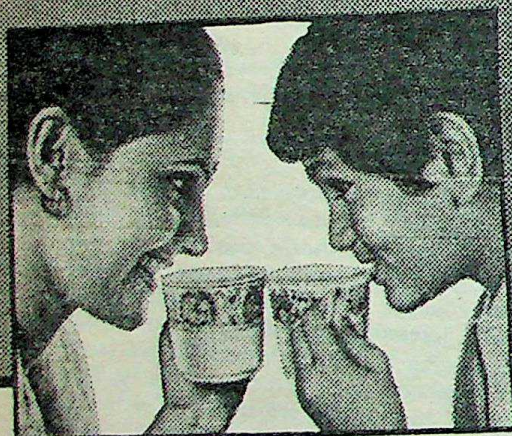
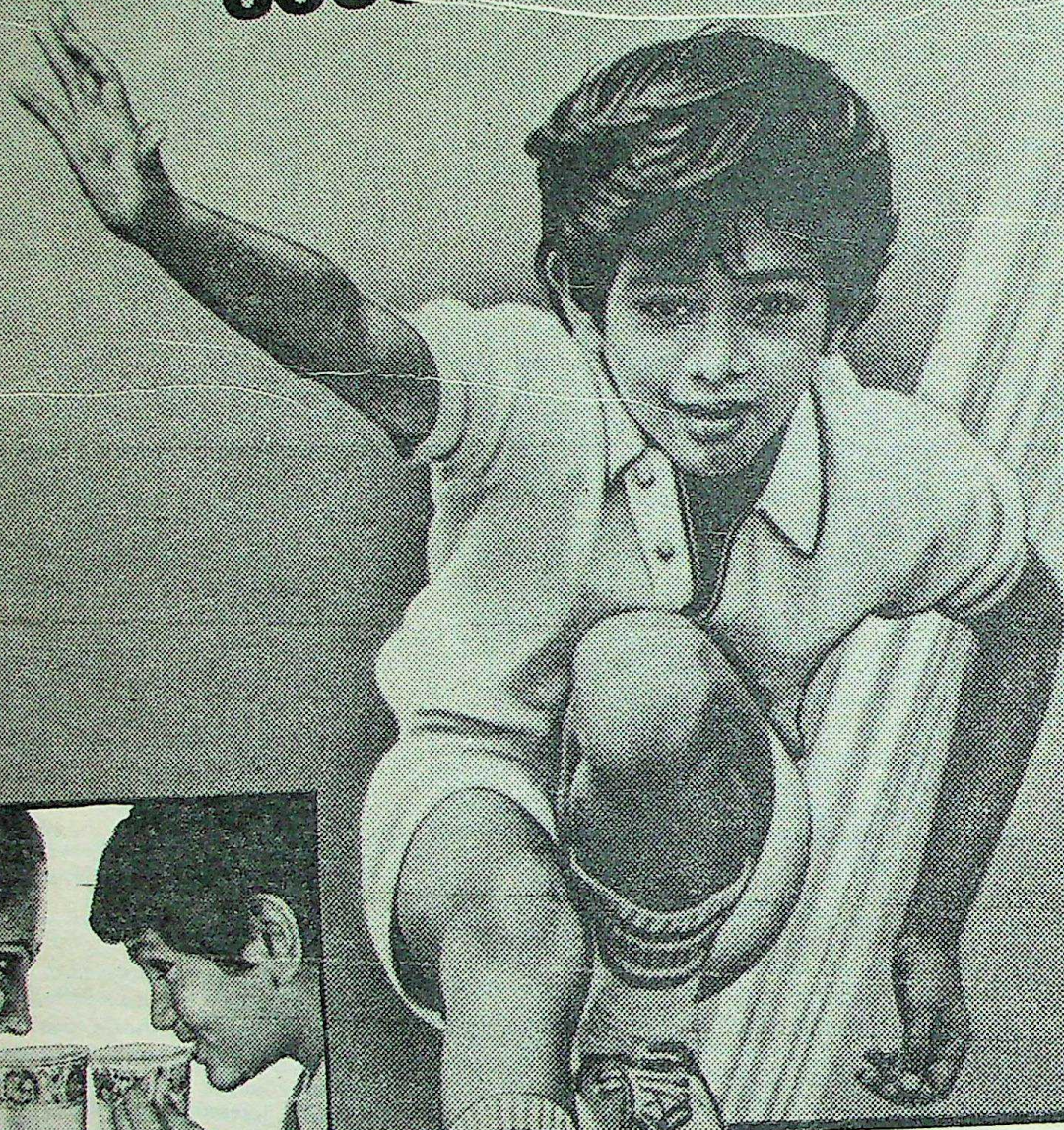
Lighted Tapers

"Every husbandman also, on three days in succession," writes Abbe Dubois, "proceeds to the dung-heap which he has collected for manuring his fields and prostrates himself before it, presents to it offerings of flowers, lighted tapers, boiled rice and fruits and begging it humbly to fertilise his lands and to procure him abundant harvests. This worship, it may be remarked, very much resembles that which the Romans used to pay to their god Sterculius."

That it may have been a festival held for protection of crops is reinforced by an Ahir ceremony. This shepherd caste of Madhya Pradesh fix a clay model of the parrot atop a punt. They sing and dance around the pole and receive rewards from the houses where they perform. The object, remarks R. V. Russell, is to propitiate the bird, as it symbolises the spirit of the forest or because it is most destructive to the crops.

In the South and Maharashtra, the fourth day commemorates Vishnu's victory over Bali. Grandson of Prahlada, the mighty *asura* king ruled from Mahabalipuram. Great in power and greater still in virtues, he won the right to rule over the three worlds through his penances. Indra, who could not tolerate a rival, appealed to Vishnu to subdue Bali. Vamana, Vishnu's fifth incarnation, begged from Bali as much land as could be covered by his three steps. Bali readily acceded to the Dwarf's plea. In just two strides, Vamana covered all heaven and earth. As-

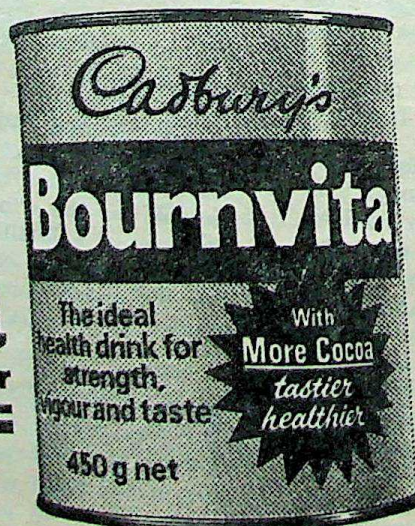
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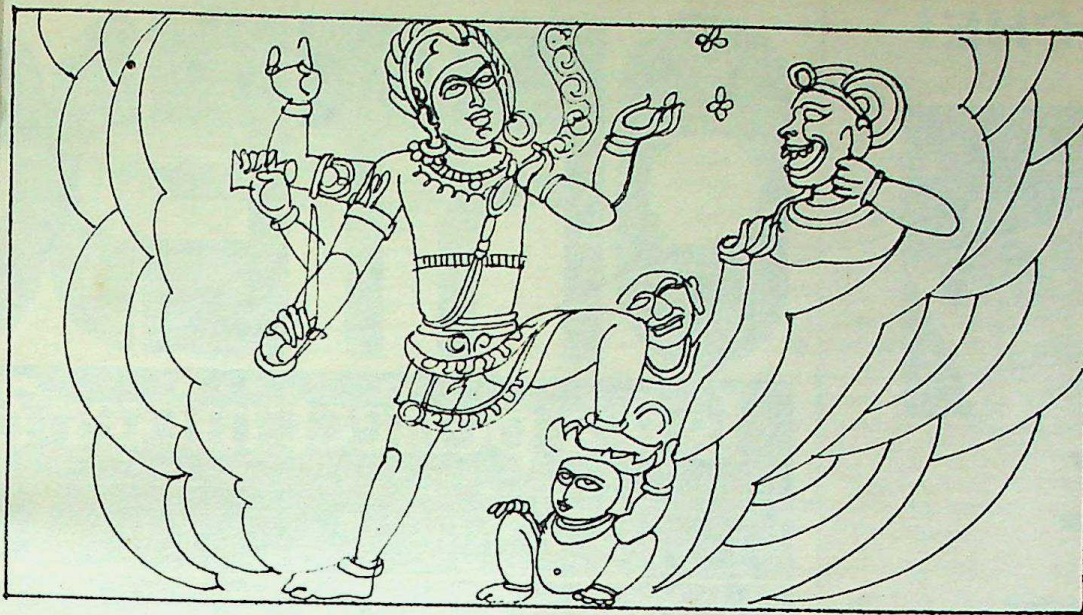
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there was no space for the third step, Bali offered his own head. Lo and behold! Bali was consigned to the nether world—to return to earth on Divali.

The germ of the legend is in the Rigveda (I. XXII), where Vishnu is described as striding through the seven regions of the world in three steps. The *Puranas* dilated upon the legend which culminated in the story of the Vamana avatar and King Bali. Yaska (320 BC) in the *Nirukta* (12, 19) and his commentator Durgacharya identify the Rigvedic divinity with the sun. Max Mueller adopted their views and remarked: "The stepping of Vishnu is emblematic of the rising, the culmination and setting of the sun."

Champion of The Downtrodden

The worship of Bali, particularly in Maharashtra, is noteworthy. It is said that he is adored in compensation for having lost his kingdom. His idol is made and fruits and flowers are offered to it. But there is an interesting point. While the Chandraseni Prabhus make the image of the kind with rice flour, the "low castes" of Indore and other places use cowdung. The votive offering is made with the following verse: "May all troubles depart and Bali's kingdom come!"

However, a striking significance of Bali worship is that it is not in consonance with the Brahmanical traditions to venerate a person who has been vanquished, albeit by an avatar. Manwaring has ascribed it to the Sudras, whose champion—Bali—was against the overbearing higher castes. "If this is correct," states M. M. Underhill, "we have the interesting sight of a festival kept by the descendants of the two parties to a long-ago struggle, both camps celebrating both protagonists on successive days. A tug-of-war is held between high-caste and low-caste men, holding the ends of a pole wrapped in darbha grass... It is not much observed nowadays."

The Pavars of Gujarat and Maharashtra worship pebbles, gathered from river-beds, in front of their cattle stalls. Later, a bull and a heifer are garlanded and made to run amidst a great to-do. The person, taking off the garland from the bull, becomes the season's hero. In the night, the men, holding blazing torches, are welcomed by their wives with *arati*. They daub *kumkum* (a mixture of lime and turmeric) on their husbands' foreheads. Thereafter they worship Balindra—that is, King Bali.

The final day of the festivities is now popularly called Bhaiya Dooj. It marks the occasion when Yama dined with his twin sister Yami. In early Vedic literature, the two are often spoken of as the first human pair. A Rigvedic hymn describes Yami's endeavours to entice Yama, "Let us unite in intimate embrace," she urges him. "Be a husband and go with zeal into the body of your wife." Every man dines in the house of his sister and presents her gifts in cash and kind. This particular aspect of the festival is significant. It is meant to strengthen the family bonds between the siblings.

For the Kayasthas, this day has an importance all its own. They worship Yama and his record-keeper and clerk, Chitragupta. The latter is considered the greatest of scholars and writers and the Kayasthas offer worship to him.

The day is also celebrated in the worship of Visvakarman. He perfected the science of architecture and was master of all the arts, carpentry, handicrafts and fashioner of divine ornaments and weapons. Thus the tailor and tinker, potter and carpenter, weaver and barber, fisherman and forester, all worship their tools.

All Thieves' Day

Even thieves and burglars do not lag behind! They too worship the tools of their calling. The Majahiya Doms of UP and Bihar worship the stone jemmy with which they dig through the walls of houses. However, they exclude any member from the fraternity who uses an iron implement, since they believe that this innovation will cause their eyes to drop out. Obviously this belief smacks of the Stone Age.

The worship of tools is significant. It supports the theory that Divali is a festival of the working classes and tradesmen. But "it is difficult to draw the line between worship, reverence and a magical act done with the object of infusing into things like implements the energy and the skill of the maker, owner or workman. This appears to be in many cases the chief cause of the rites."

The festival apparently represents a relic of the sun worship in ancient times. It is, in fact, a solar charm to speed up the return of the Great Luminary to the northern region. The progress of the sun southwards from the summer solstice to the winter solstice, when the sun's warmth and day-time are decreasing, is known as *dakshinayana*

and is regarded as the most inauspicious period. Likewise, its progress to the northern region is known as *uttarayana* and the period is regarded as auspicious. The *dakshinayana* represents the "night" of the gods, the time when the spirits of the dead are awake. The *uttarayana* marks the "day" of the gods.

"Taking, however, into consideration the season or the time of the year," says B. A. Gupte, "one is led to suspect that the primitive origin of Divali has a connection with the movement of the earth round the sun. That luminary passes Tula, the Libra, or 'balance', about this time and marks the beginning of the second half of its course. 'He' is then seen going farther and farther from the northern hemisphere, the nights become longer in proportion and snow begins to fall on the peaks of the Meru or Himalaya mountains. At this time the desire to wish him (the sun) speedy return to enliven the north is natural... The sign of the Zodiac, Libra, or balance, may have influenced the belief in the weighing of the harvest products followed by a 'counting' of the cash realised. Hence the joy felt by the banias."

Votive Offerings

The Davars of Maharashtra and Gujarat offer to the sun *sindura* and jungle fowl. The birds are not sacrificed but flung in the air and are allowed to fly back into the woods taking evil with them. On the Narmada, the people launch little boats bearing a lighted lamp and some votive offerings.

Special rites are performed for the procreation and protection of progeny. Childless women, decked from head to foot, perform fertility rites at the crossroads. The barren women bathe in the waters of seven wells, collected on the Divali night. This rite is performed to cure their sterility. In the pre-partition Punjab, a barren woman was let down into a well for bathing on a Sunday or Tuesday during the festival. After coming up, she performed the *Chaukpurna* ceremony with certain incantations. The rite was performed to abstract the fertilising virtue of the well, which was supposed to run dry.

Some Brahmins of Gujarat commemorate the Divali after a child's birth. The young mother makes a triangle or a disc of cowdung, on which a piece of sugarcane and lighted lamps are placed. With the baby in her arms, she goes from door to door, begging for a few drops of ghee to keep the lamp alight. The child, it is supposed, thus provides a light for the dead ancestors. The Gowari graziers of MP placate the Dhals, the spirit of the childless people. The male spirit is "represented by a bamboo to which a crosspiece is fixed" and the female spirit "by a stick crossed by two other pieces and lashed at the top". These emblems are worshipped and carried in a procession.

It is also the time to propitiate Dulha-deo, the deity of the bridegroom. This cult is widespread in MP and UP. He is one of the deified spirits of men suddenly slain before their desires were accomplished. Dulha-deo has now become a household deity. He wards off diseases and accidents to the newly wedded grooms and is offered a chicken or a goat. In South India, a newly married bride and groom is expected to spend the first Divali following marriage with the bride's parents.

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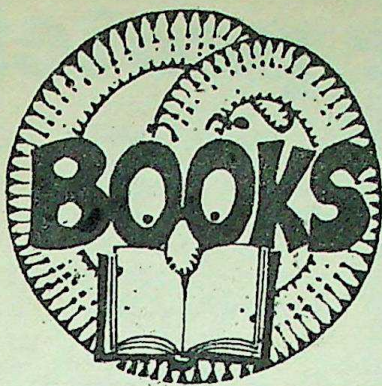
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Political Memoirs

"BLISS WAS IT IN THAT DAWN" by Minoo Masani; Arnold-Heinemann; Rs 30

A WELL-WRITTEN life is almost as rare as a well-spent one. I recollect it was Carlyle or somebody of his ilk who made that pronouncement. Masani, who will be 72 this month, has certainly spent his years well. He was one of the founders of the Socialist Party, Mayor of Bombay, Member of the Constituent Assembly, Ambassador to Brazil, founder and leading spokesman of the Swatantra Party, leader of the Opposition, one of the ablest debaters in Parliament and author of a score of books including India's all-time bestseller, *Our India*. And now he has written the first half of his life, *Bliss Was It In That Dawn*...

Reading the memoirs of someone you have known is a strange experience. I have not only enjoyed the privilege of knowing Minoo but also members of his family: his parents Sir Rustom and Lady Masani, his brothers, his sister Mehra under whom I served for a couple of years, his comely wife Shakuntala and his talented son Zareer, author of a biography of Indira Gandhi. Also having known some of his friends like Jayaprakash Narayan and Achyut Patwardhan and shared his animosity towards Krishna Menon, there was a continuing itch to compare my reactions to the people he was writing about.

Although Minoo describes his book as "a political memoir up to Independence," the opening chapters in which he deals with his childhood and education led me to hope that what followed would also have something of his personal equations with the closer circle of non-political friends. Masani in print is a totally political animal—so all we have are his relations with Yusuf Meherally, Jayaprakash, Gandhi and Nehru and the political events in which he was involved. This undoubtedly has its own value as a historical record and will be read with profit by students of Indian affairs. But I sincerely hope that in the volume to follow Minoo exposes more of his emotional self, his loves and his hates. He is an unusually gifted man and must know that people are more interesting than politics.

KHUSHWANT SINGH

Conflict of Culture

"UPROOTED" by Krishan Sondhi; Arnold-Heinemann; Rs 40

THE Sondhis of Jullundur were a legend in the Punjab of pre-Partition days. They were in the vanguard of the Arya

Samaj and the freedom movement. They founded the Kanya Mahavidyalaya, the foremost Hindu women's educational institution and produced a long line of scholars and social reformers. To this distinguished family belonged Lala Dev Raj, Hans Raj, Swami Shradhananda, Shanno Devi, Jayavati and a host of lesser-known civil servants—all household names in Northern India of the times. Today all that remains of this clan are two brothers: Manohar Lal who trounced the Minister Meher Chand Khanna to become the youngest Jana Sangh member of Parliament from New Delhi and Krishan who, after being Director of Space Agency under Dr Vikram Sarabhai, is Consultant for Communication Systems in the Planning Commission. *Uprooted* is Krishan Sondhi's personal search for his ancestral background, a miniature Indian version of Alex Haley's *Roots*.

The narrative begins with his school-days in Simla and his parents' (his father was an engineer in the PWD) attempt to tailor him into an anglicised Brown Sahib on the one side and his grandmother's persistence in keeping alive Hindu traditions on the other. Young Sondhi came to love his grandmother and her quiet peaceful life of prayer as much as he came to loathe the restless, overbearing, ill-mannered ways of his heavyhanded father and his conformist mother. The conflict between traditional Hindu values with their stress on cultivating peace of mind through looking within oneself and contemplating nature against worldly success in out-ratting others in the rat-race of life is the theme of Sondhi's book.

Replanted In Alien Soil

Uprooted is not just being uprooted from the Punjab but being torn out of the Indian soil to be replanted in an occidental patch nurtured with artificial manure. He says so in the last chapter of his book: "On the one hand it made me go into myself to realise my past, to understand my heritage, to comprehend my lineage. I instinctively felt the spiritual necessity to do this: to endorse with passionate conviction all that had happened in the life of the spirit in my cultural history. The other effect was somewhat negative. It created in me a desire to turn back the hands of the clock, to live in the beautiful past, to nurse the bruises and hurts and aches in the spring of a cultural utopia, to give full indulgence to sentimentality."

Sondhi writes well but has made several mistakes in handling his material. The book, which is published in India and will almost certainly be read only in India, is addressed to a foreign audience with painstaking and often painful explanations of customs, festivals and other items of Indian life: *salwar-kameez*, *thali*, *jalebi*—all common currency to the Indian. He has also slipped up on his revision. Punjab's Premier Sikandar is mated with Khizr (who became CM later) into Sikander Hiyat Tiwana; Nicholas Roerich's son Svetoslav who married Devika Rani becomes George Roerich; the poem "Lady of Shallot" is ascribed to Keats instead of to Tennyson. And there are other *faux pas* which could have been avoided.

The chief shortcoming of this autobiography is that the author tries to invest it with an aura of originality as if the conflict of cultures was an experience unique to him. It is shared by millions of men and women of his kind of background and upbringing many of whom have expressed it in

print with greater anguish and perception. Nevertheless it is most readable.

K. S.

Instant Indira

"INDEPENDENCE TO INDIRA AND AFTER" by K. T. J. Mohan; S. Chand and Company, New Delhi; Rs 30

ONE of the many instant books which came out in the wake of the Janata victory. It is a scissors-and-paste job done hurriedly with a view to satiating the hunger of readers following the newly-won freedom from the Emergency. It is a pity that the author singles out *The Hindu* for its so-called subservience to Mrs Indira Gandhi during the Emergency. These books no longer sell. The initial response which was fully exploited by bestsellers like Kuldip Nayar's *Judgement* and Uma Vasudev's *Two Faces of Indira Gandhi* did not last long. Even the most noteworthy book on the subject, *An Eye to India*, because of its late arrival on the scene, is, I understand, not doing so well. Mr Mohan's book could hardly make the mark.

RAFIQ ZAKARIA

The Life of A Party

"HISTORY OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF USSR, PAST AND PRESENT" by Rudolf Schlesinger; Orient Longman; Rs 100

ONE of the good books dealing with the rise and development of the Russian Communist Party and its internal working. Dr Schlesinger writes as an insider—which he was for many years—and gives an insight into the major turns through which the party passed and the actions and reactions of the major actors on the political arena. He has made full use of the access which he had to the secret reports and given a candid account of the various controversies which have engulfed the whole communist movement in Russia and outside. A scholarly work which deserves to be on every library shelf.

R. Z.

Influence of Social Institutions

"SOCIALIST SOCIETY AND FREE ENTERPRISE POLITICS" by Robert G. Wirsing; Vikas; Rs 60

AN unusual book based on interviews with more than 300 local political leaders at different levels in Nagpur; it is a research work at the grassroots level. Mr R. G. Wirsing, who is an Associate Professor in the Government and Department of International Studies at the University of South Carolina, analyses the functioning of various popular institutions such as credit and weaving cooperatives, wrestling clubs, education societies, housing cooperatives, social service groups and tries to find out the influence which these exercise on the politics and political behaviour of the area concerned. It is an attempt at delving into the impact of socio-economic changes on urban politics and the relationship that develops as a result of these impacts on local leaders and their urban voters.

R. Z.

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POONA, March 31.

Idli, the South Indian delicacy, can more than adequately meet a child's protein needs, an expert on the subject said.

The former Director of the World Food and Agricultural Organisation (FAO), Dr. P. V. Sukhatme, made this remark at a "Lecture Series" here today.

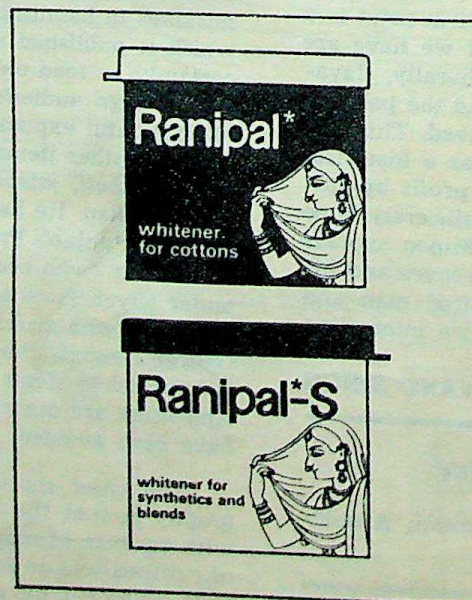
Dr. Sukhatme said, "as long as care is exercised to ensure that idli is given in an appropriate way it is capable of meeting the child's protein needs..."

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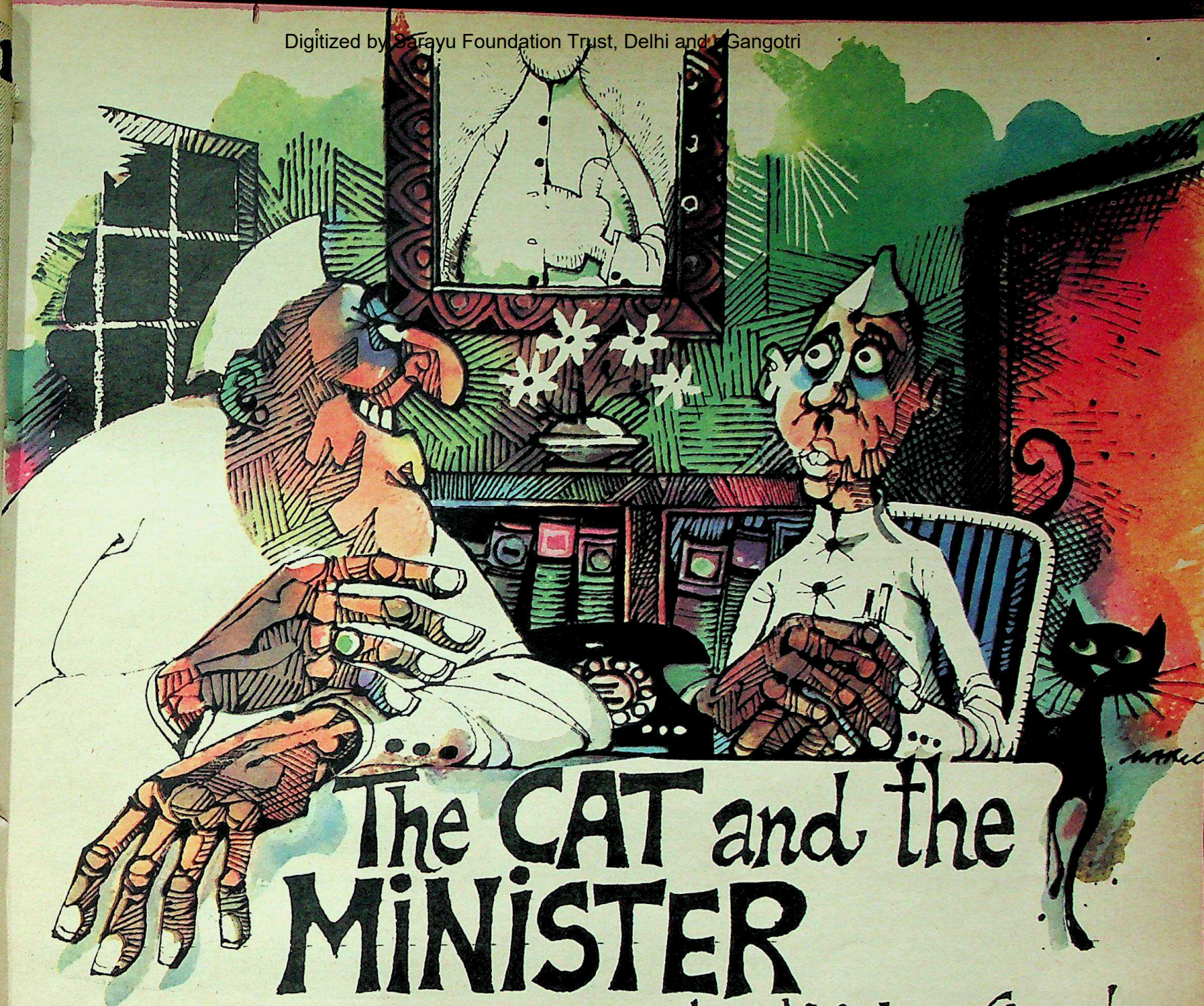
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UCTS (India)



The CAT and the MINISTER

by Krishan Chandar

When the hakim was elevated to the office of Minister and required to effect National Savings, he proved more than equal to this task.

A satire by the famous writer for our Divali Issue.

SHRI UPADHAYAYA had never dreamt of becoming a Minister. An ordinary hakim, he had his medicine shop in a lane off Shahdara where he sold tonics, aphrodisiacs and all sorts of potions and concoctions for curing bodily ailments.

It so happened that the nephew of the Chief Minister who had a coal dump in Shri Upadhayaya's lane, fell ill with dysentery and was cured by Shri Upadhayaya. The nephew casually mentioned him to his uncle, the Chief Minister. The Chief Minister, a victim of chronic piles, had not been able to get rid of the disease in spite of protracted treatment. At the instance of the nephew

Shri Upadhayaya took the Chief Minister under his charge and cured him within six months.

Well, Shri Upadhayaya was made. The Chief Minister appointed him his family physician and came to regard him as one of his own men. Soon his practice flourished. He shifted from his modest house into a spacious bungalow, installed a telephone, bought a car and opened an account in a bank. In other words, his friendship with the Chief Minister interrupted the even tenor of his life.

It is well known once a man of politics takes a fancy for someone, he never spares him. Shri Upadhayaya was no exception.

One morning the Chief Minister sent for him. "You're one of my own men," he said. "I would like you to take up the responsibilities of the Secretary of the Janata Mandal."

"Me?" Upadhayayaji shook his head. "I don't have the time for it," he said. "These days I'm engaged in evolving a new medicine from an amalgam of drakshasava and

mauhlam. That is to say, I'm grafting the Unani system of medicine upon our Indian system. I'm watching for the result."

The Chief Minister was duly impressed.

"What'll the end product be?" he asked.

"I wish I knew," Upadhayayaji said.

"The medicine you are talking about—what is it supposed to cure?" the Chief Minister asked.

"About that, too, I'm in the dark," Upadhayayaji confessed. "The fact is that in the Western system of medicine they first diagnose the diseases and then match the treatment for it. But in our system it's the other way round. We first evolve a medicine and then find out which disease it can cure."

"That settles it!" the Chief Minister said. "You first take up the Secretaryship of the Janata Mandal and then we'll decide what duties to assign you."

And that was that. Shri Upadhayaya was installed as the Secretary of Janata Mandal. Nobody objected. He was the Chief Minister's own man.

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When the time for elections to the State Assembly approached, the Chief Minister again went into a huddle with Upadhayayaji.

"Upadhayayaji, the people are pleased with you," he said. "They are full of praise or what you have done for them."

Upadhayayaji looked surprised, "I've not set my foot in the Janata Mandal Office even once!" he declared.

"That's precisely the reason why they like you so much," the Chief Minister said. "Now, listen, the election to the Assembly is upon us. You must contest a seat. File your nomination papers forthwith. You're one of our own men, you know. And..."

Upadhyayaji was dumbfounded.

"I'm very busy these days," he stammered. "My whole time is taken up in treating Shri Garmanath, the Joint Secretary of your Commerce Department."

"What's wrong with him?"

"He's suffering from something which his wife would feel ashamed to hear about. I leave it to you to guess."

The Chief Minister's eyes twinkled. "I hope you're taking good care of him"—he dropped his voice to a conspiratorial whisper.

"I'm doing my best," Upadhayayaji said. "But I really don't quite know how to go about it. You see, he has to be treated with arsenic, and I'm not sure about the proper dose. It must kill the disease without killing the man. At present I am trying to determine the correct dose. It involves a lot of experimenting and that's what keeps me so busy."

"Life and death are in God's hands, but the elections are in our own hands." The Chief Minister yawned. "Don't dilly-dally. Stand for an Assembly seat. You're one of our own men..."

Shri Upadhayaya fell in with his wishes, stood for election and won. The Chief Minister got busy casting around for trusted men with whom to pack his cabinet. His choice fell upon Upadhayayaji as his Health Minis-

ter and he also assigned him the Forest portfolio. Shri Upadhayaya was just the man for it, he thought. The forests abounded with all sorts of medicinal herbs and plants and Upadhayayaji, he thought, would like the idea. But Upadhayayaji was reluctant to assume the heavy responsibilities of a Minister and for very weighty reasons. His wife was pregnant again after having spawned eleven children and Upadhayayaji had to look after her. Besides, he was engaged in preparing a special medicine from pearls and other precious stones for a big industrialist.

But the Chief Minister would not let him have his way. "Look," he said, "all the persons I've decided to include in my cabinet are above sixty. And none of them is in sound health. They are all afflicted with one disease or another—palsy, asthma, colitis, high blood pressure and so on. I must have a medical man of my own choice to look after their health. I count you among my own men..."

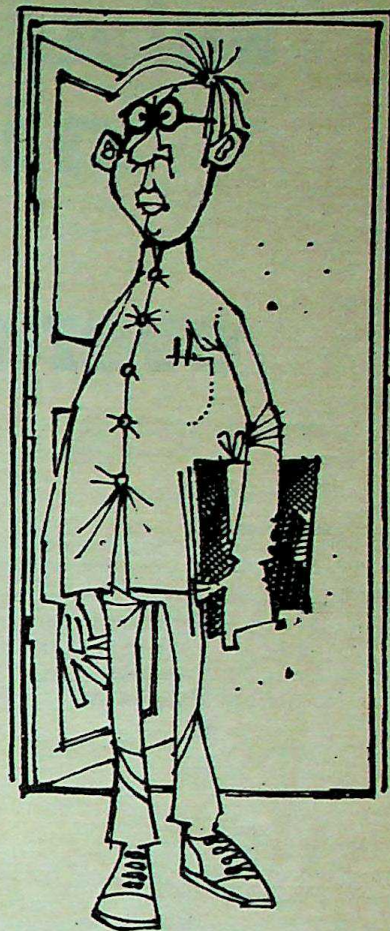
Upadhayayaji had no way out and was pitchforked into a ministerial seat. But he was far from happy in his new role. In the first place he did not know the English language which was regarded as the *lingua franca* of the country. And to make matters worse, he was not very proficient in Hindi or Urdu either. So he had to leave the affairs of the State to the care of the Secretary of his Department and devoted his whole time in tending to the health of his fellow Ministers.

ONE afternoon Shri Upadhayaya was busy grinding some precious herbs and seeds in his mortar when the Chief Secretary barged into his room. "Please come," he said. "The Chief Minister wants to have a word with you. It's urgent."

"It is a heart attack?" Shri Upadhayayaji looked apprehensively at the Chief Secretary.

"No, no, it's not a heart attack."

"Then what is it?" Shri Upadhayaya asked. "I must know so that I may bring the correct medicine with me."



"He's not suffering from any disease," the Chief Secretary said with a slight edge to his voice. "It's some official work."

"Then why bother me?" Shri Upadhayaya was annoyed at being disturbed in his important work. "Send for Jatindra Nath Kundra, the Secretary of my Department. He knows everything. My presence is not necessary. Can't you see I'm busy with my pestle and mortar?"

Upadhayayaji was reluctant but the Chief Secretary persisted and soon Upadhayayaji found himself in the Chief Minister's presence.

The Chief Minister looked at him intently. "The Ministry is in danger," he said in a grave voice.

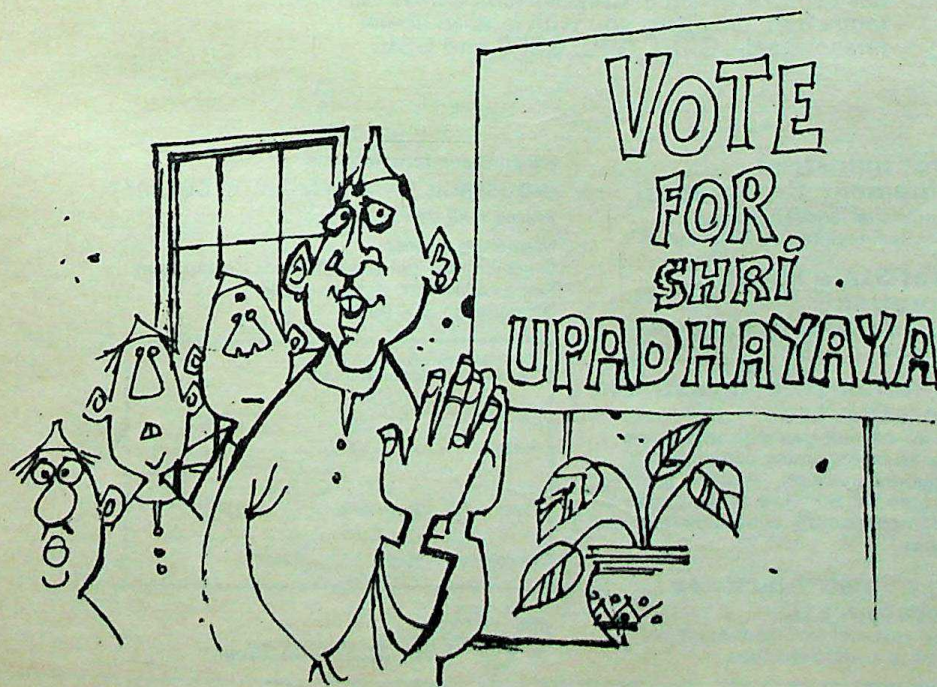
"Whose Ministry—yours or mine?" Upadhayayaji asked.

"Our Ministry, damn it!" the Chief Minister said testily. "If you don't stand by me we are doomed."

Shri Upadhayaya folded his hands. "I'm at your service. Being your own man, if I don't stand by you in a time of crisis, of what use am I? Tell me that rascal's name—the man who's causing you trouble. I know many goondas of the city. A knife will flash in the air and..."

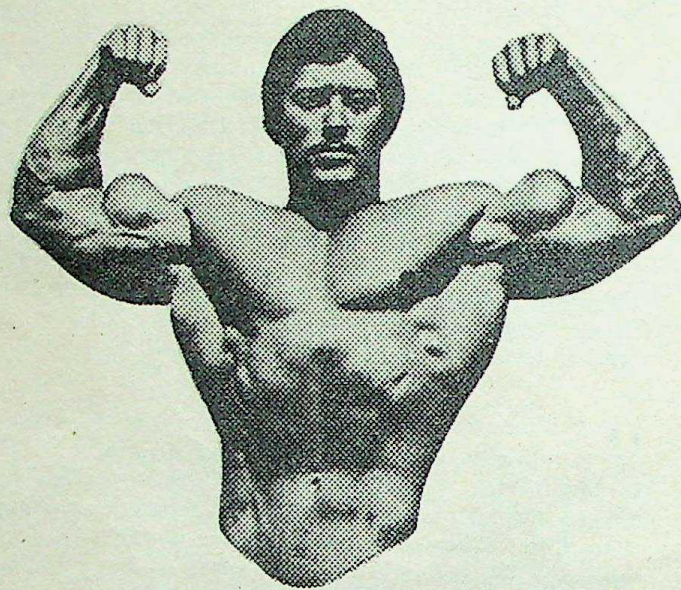
"No, no, Upadhayayaji," the Chief Minister cut him short. "Please try to understand. It's not a job for goondas. You'll have to do it yourself."

Upadhayayaji trembled with fear. "I've never handled a knife in all my life, much less taken a life," he said in a weak voice.



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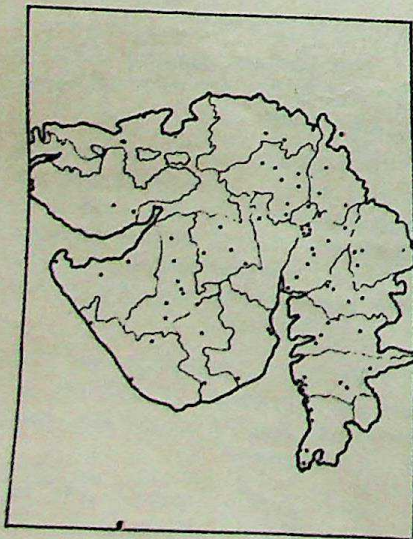
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"The wheels that gear industrial growth in Gujarat."

"You're a funny sort of a man," the Chief Minister said. "I'm not asking you to kill a man. I want to talk to you about an official matter. About National Savings, in fact."

"National Savings?" Upadhayayaji looked blank.

"Yes, about National Savings," the Chief Minister repeated. "These days our Central Government is obsessed with it. Every month I'm getting frantic letters from New Delhi and trunk call after trunk call. They have threatened that if I don't bring about reduction in Government spending they will pull down my Government and replace me by another Chief Minister."

"What's National Savings?" Upadhayayaji asked. He didn't have the ghost of an idea as to how a Government worked.

"It's quite simple," the Chief Minister said. "Reduce expenses—that is what it means. Spend five rupees where you are now spending ten. If ten men are now engaged on a public enterprise make do with two instead. This kind of rigmarole is called National Savings."

Shri Upadhayaya thought for a moment. "Why not reduce the salary of the Ministers?" he said brightly.

"That I have already done," The Chief Minister said. "Don't you know how much salary you're getting now? Anyway, we can't reduce our salaries any further."

"In that case you might as well get over the problem by reducing the number of Ministers," Shri Upadhayaya said. "I'll take the lead. I'm willing to submit my resignation."

The Chief Minister was amused. "Will reducing the number of Ministers by one make any difference?" he said.

"Well... well... I've fifteen senior officers in my Department," Upadhayayaji said. "Axe eight."

The Chief Minister shook his head. "It'll create a lot of complications," he said.

"We can reduce the number of Superintendents," Shri Upadhayaya suggested. "We can chop them down from thirty to fifteen."

"That will only touch the fringe of the problem," the Chief Minister looked dubious. "You must go lower down the scale."

Shri Upadhayaya went further down. When he came to the clerical cadre, the Chief Minister looked hopefully at him. And when Upadhayayaji mentioned the peons, the Chief Minister positively beamed. "Now you're talking sense," he said. "We must be down-to-earth in our policies. In fact, learn to look at things from the level of the man in the street. Now do one thing. Go out on an official tour to study things for yourself. Go to Teen Tal. It's a quiet place for contemplation. As it is, other Ministers complain that unlike them you never go on frequent tours. It sets a bad example."

Shri Upadhayaya decided that he would go on a tour to Teen Tal.

THAKUR Manwant Singh, the Chief Conservator of Forests, was an excellent shikari and an old hand at administration, dating back to the days of the British Raj. He received Upadhayayaji with great éclat. He threw a party for him at the Boat Club and compared him to the ancient Indian physicians, Charak and Sushrut. The Rani of Bandipur arranged a *nautch* programme in his honour and the Raja of Golmapur took him out fishing.

When the round of festivities was over, Shri Upadhayaya expressed a desire to inspect the jungles of the Terai. Thakur Manwant Singh, shrewd man that he was, secured an elephant from the Raja of Bansipur and took Upadhayayaji into the jungles in the right royal manner. During the British regime the Chief Conservator of Forests used to go out on inspection on an elephant placed at his disposal by the Government. But this privilege was withdrawn after Independence on the plea of economy. Thakur

Manwant Singh was very sore about it. He tried to have the facility restored and had once even approached the Chief Minister about it. But his request was not granted.

Shri Upadhayaya had no interest in shikar but Thakur Manwant Singh was mad about it. He spotted a leopard and raised his rifle. "Look, look!" Upadhayayaji cried out just then. "Stop. Stop!" Thakur Manwant Singh held his hand.

"Do you see that bush?" Upadhayayaji said. Warned, the leopard slinked away behind the bushes. Thakur Manwant Singh gnashed his teeth.

"Which one?" Thakur Manwant Singh asked, holding back his anger.

"The one with the golden flowers."

Upadhayayaji asked the elephant to be stopped and climbing down pulled out a fistful of leaves and tendrils from the earth and held them before Thakur Manwant Singh. "In the Prakrit language they call this *pudikut*, in Sanskrit they call it *rupdikark* and in Persian *bazkalila*."

"It's only *myrobalan*!" Thakur Manwant Singh said, peeved. "Why do you give it such fantastic names?"

"Yes, a very useful thing," Upadhayayaji continued, ignoring Thakur Saheb's objection. Then he launched forth on a long description of the plant, enumerating its numerous uses. Thakur Saheb kept saying, "Yes, yes," till he dozed off.

Shri Upadhayaya spotted some other plants and was equally explicit about their uses. Thakur Saheb's patience was exhausted but he held his peace. He knew his manners when dealing with a Minister. Besides, to economise on words was itself a sort of national saving.

After a seven-day outing in the Terai forests, Shri Upadhayaya thought he had had enough of it and entrenched himself at Teen Tal. The trip had done some good to his health and he had collected a huge amount of medical plants in the bargain.





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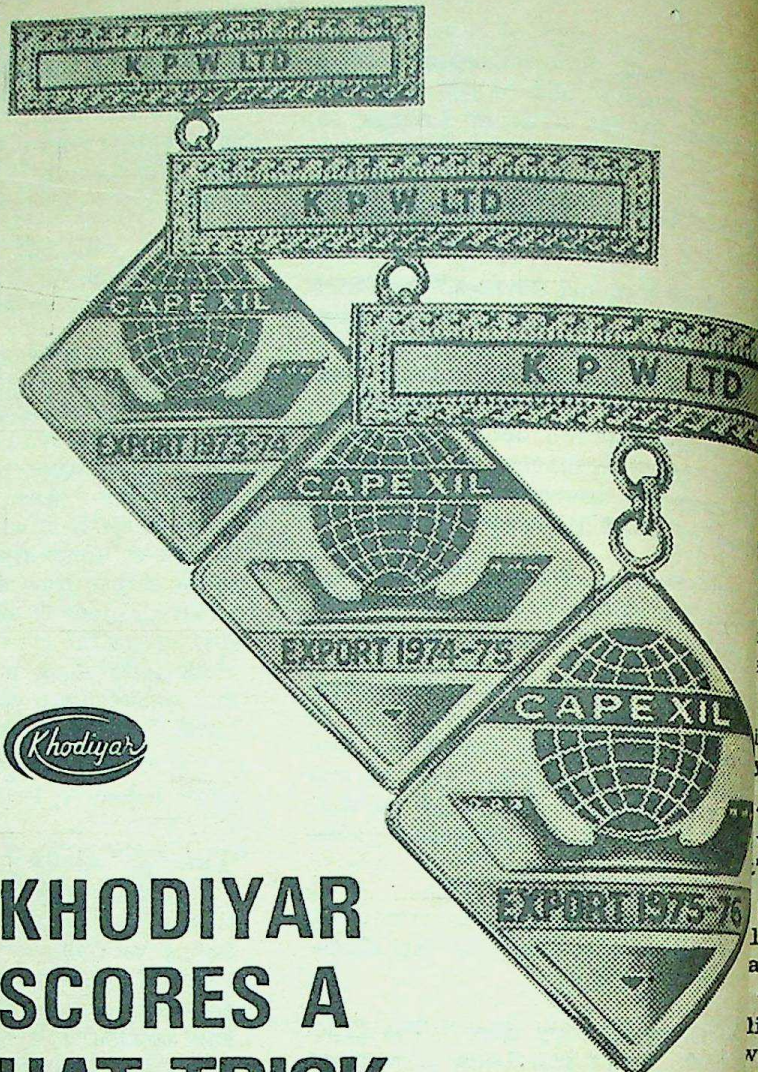
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ADHAYAYAJI was pleased with Thakur Saheb.

"Thakur Saheb", he said. "I hope you're happy with your job. If you have any difficulties please let me know."

"I've only one small complaint to make," Thakur Saheb said. "You've seen the Terai forests for yourself and you know how dense they are. When I visit them I am put to a lot of inconvenience."

"But I didn't experience any inconvenience," Shri Upadhayayaji looked at Thakur Saheb in surprise.

"It's because you went there on an elephant," Thakur Saheb explained. "I had borrowed it for you from the Raja of Banars. I've to go out on inspection on horseback. You know how dense the forests are. About an elephant it's like going into the jaws of death."

"Why don't you go out on an elephant?" Shri Upadhayaya countered. "Surely, nothing stops you from using an elephant."

"But the Government doesn't provide one," Thakur Saheb replied. "And that's the whole trouble."

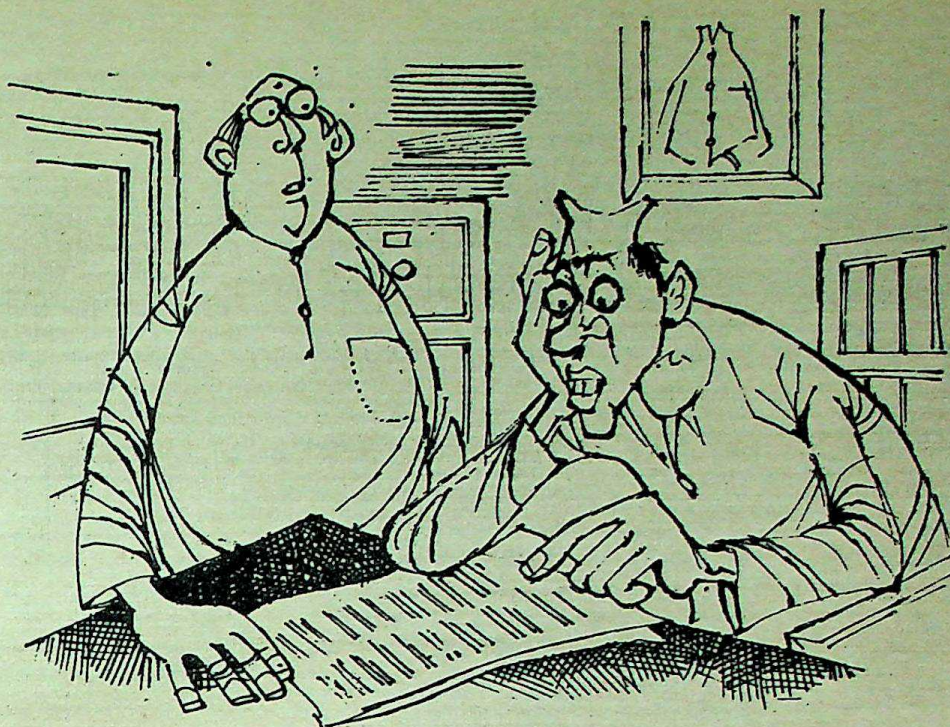
Shri Upadhayaya sat thinking for a while. "How much will an elephant cost?" he asked.

"About ten thousand," Thakur Saheb lied. "But, luckily, the Raja of Bansipur is willing to part with his elephant for five thousand rupees. It's a good elephant, a real gain."

"Then go ahead, buy it," Upadhayayaji said. "I'll sanction the purchase."

Thakur Saheb had come prepared. He pulled out a piece of paper from his pocket and made Upadhayayaji sign on the dotted line. He also gave Upadhayayaji his own cheque, saving him the trouble of finding his own. The whole thing was over in less than five minutes.

There now followed another round of negotiations, lasting for a week, which made Upadhayayaji forget the very purpose of his



tour. On the last night of his stay he suddenly remembered why he had come to the place and sweat broke out on his face. He hurriedly called Thakur Saheb on the phone and asked him to bring the list of employees in his Department. He must effect some national saving, he explained.

THAKUR Saheb came with the list, Upadhayayaji scanned it, but could not make head or tail of it. "Please explain to me the whole thing verbally," he said at last. "And make it short. We must make an economy drive."

"You can dispense with my services if you like. I'm ready for it," Thakur Saheb said.

Upadhayayaji smiled. "What difference will one man make?" he asked. "That just won't do."

"I've two Deputy Conservators under me," Thakur Saheb said. "They look after six ranges each."

"Oh! that's a lot of work. We can't dispense with them," Upadhayayaji said. "Please go down the list."

"Then I've four Assistant Deputy Conservators."

"Please go down the scale."

"Twelve Range Officers."

"Go further down."

"Eighteen Forest Officers."

"Still further down."

"Sixty forest guards."

"And who else?"

"Seven Record Clerks."

"Is that all?"

"Then there's the cost of milk. Nine rupees per month."

Upadhayayaji sat up. "What's this milk for?" he asked.

"Huzoor, our Record Office is infested with rodents," Thakur Saheb said. "They come from the nearby jungles and play havoc with our files. So we have officially kept a cat which protects the records from the ravages of these rodents. We spend nine rupees a month for its milk."

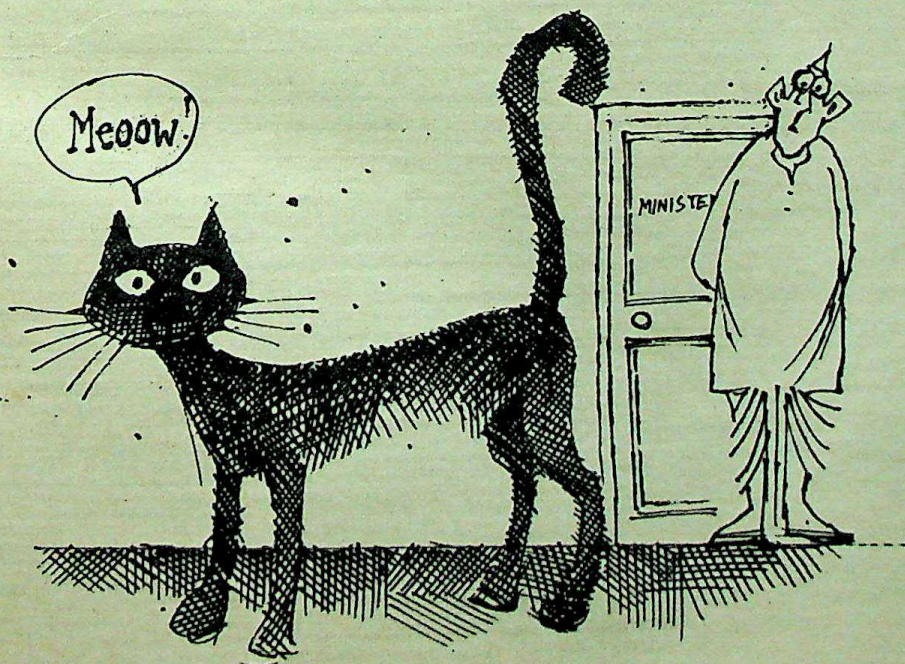
Upadhayayaji flared up. "When we have seven clerks to take care of the records what do we need a cat for?" he asked. "Nine rupees! I'm amazed, Thakur Saheb. The nation's good money is being squandered on a useless cat before your very eyes. No, I won't allow it!" He paused for breath. "The cat must be dismissed forthwith," he said in a decisive voice.

"Very well, Sir," Thakur Saheb said, gathering up the papers.

Suddenly a sound came from near the door. Upadhayayaji jumped in his chair.

"Meow!" A cat was standing in the doorway, watching the Minister with inquisitive eyes.

(Translated from the Urdu by Jai Ratan)



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Also:
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The 4th Symphony

In d major.

'D' as in Dinesh.
To blend the classic
with the contemporary.

Soft, subtle notes
alternating with bold,
reverberating tones. Checks.
Perfect counterpoints to stripes.

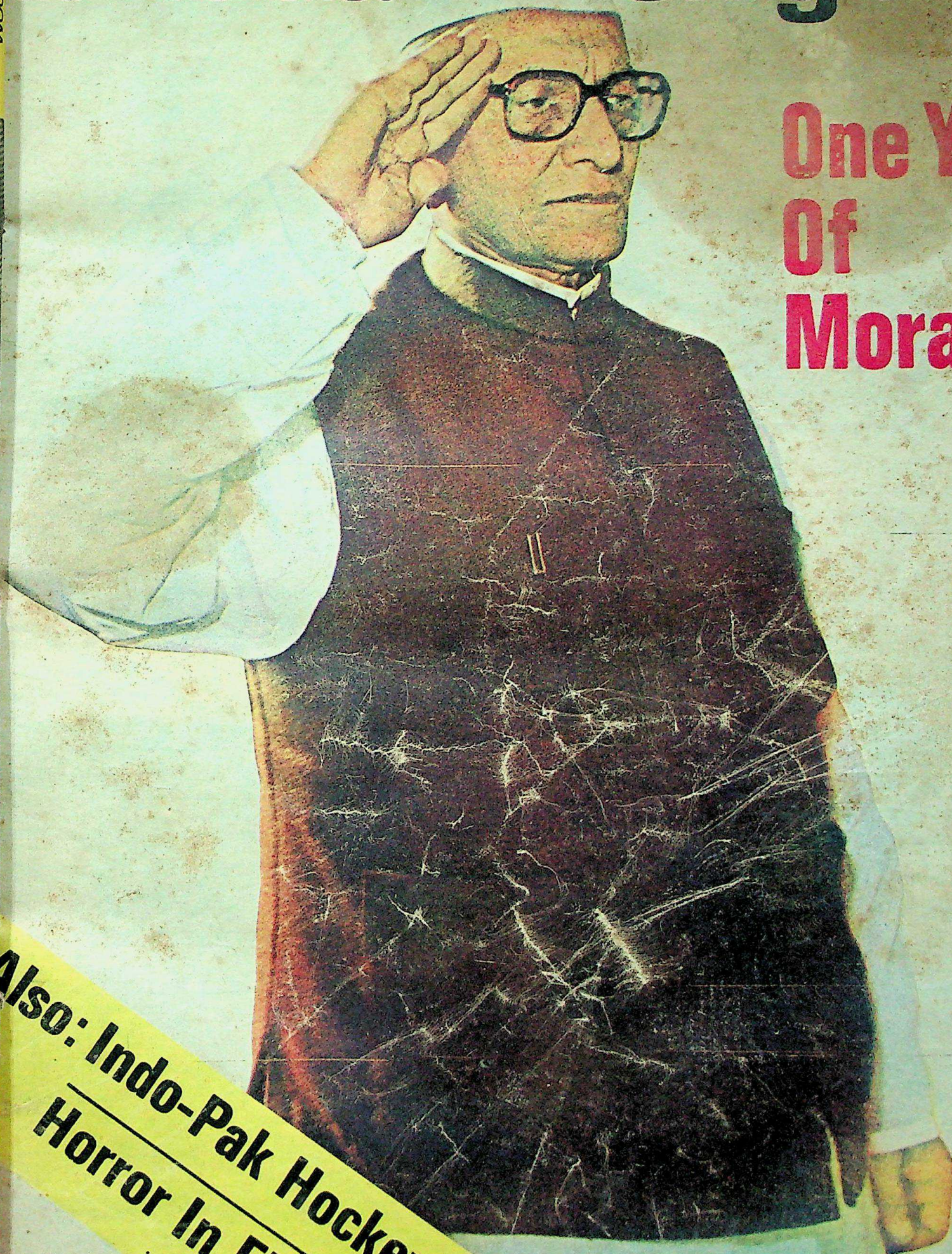
In fact, a full-scale
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on the most original
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The Illustrated Weekly of India

**One Year
Of
Morarji**



**Also: Indo-Pak Hockey
Horror In Films**

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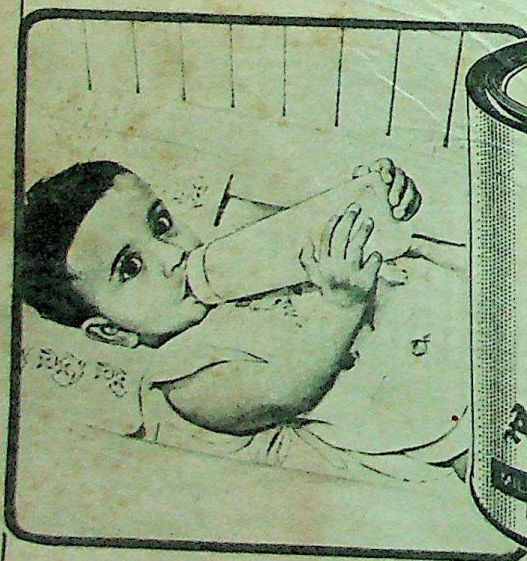
Baby's first solid food after 3 months along with Amulspray. When baby is 3 months old and growing rapidly, give Balamul along with Amulspray. Milk alone is not enough for baby's growing nourishment needs at this time. He almost doubles his birth-weight in 6 months and his brain achieves almost 80% of its adult growth by 3 years!

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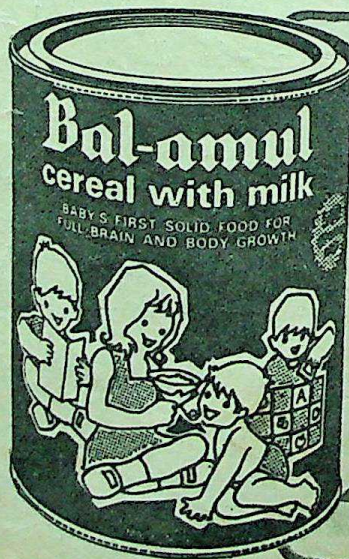
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Fund, New Delhi, since December 29, 1977, to our great dismay nothing has been acknowledged so far. An administration which is prompt to acknowledge the aid would be very efficient in its administration and this further proves the point of delay and indecision on the part of our politicians and administrators.

Sheffield, UK

B. K. CHAUDHRI

No Sympathy For Film Journalists

Sir—Congratulations for your bold Editorial on the Dharmendra incident ("The Honourable Fourth Estate", December 25). I appreciate the actor's action in teaching film scribe Krishna an exemplary lesson. But what I cannot appreciate is the sympathy some filmland people have reportedly shown to the so-called victim of the criminal assault.

Bombay

GIRISH DUTTA

Eid Prayers

Sir—Benedict Costa ("The Agony of the Andhras", December 25), while describing the cyclone devastation in the island of Kalperi in Lakshadweep, has said that "the only mosque, Juma Masjid, collapsed and the islanders had to go without their prayer on Eid".

It is incorrect to say that the Juma Masjid is the only mosque in Kalperi. It is one of 27. Most of them collapsed during the cyclone. But the islanders had their Eid prayer conducted in the courtyard of the collapsed Juma Masjid in spite of the worst disaster of the present generation.

Lakshadweep Dr K. K. MOHAMED KOYA

Let Us Come Ashore

Sir—I would like to draw the kind attention of the Foreign Ministry of India, through your magazine, to the restrictions imposed on going ashore in Indian ports for Pakistani seamen. Shore passes are issued only for 24 hours, while the ship may be in the port for one month. Indian seamen are free to move in Pakistani ports to the best of my knowledge and, if they are not, they should be allowed to do so. Seamen have nothing to do with the Naval, Military or Air Force bases of any country—they are just interested in sightseeing, meeting the local people and visiting restaurants and bars.

I appeal to the concerned authorities to scrap this ridiculous law which keeps the seamen of both countries confined to their ships.

Chittagong

WAHID-UZ-ZAMAN

Indians As Sardarjis

Sir—You are doing your best to project the image of Indians as only Sardarjis by publishing photographs of Sardarjis in sports, politics, services and as emigrants to various foreign countries. Therefore, it is not impertinent of me to suggest that the title of the WEEKLY be changed to *The Illustrated Weekly of Sikh India*.

Thanjavur

A. J. HERBERT

The Illustrated Weekly of India

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NEXT WEEK

AIR-INDIA WITHOUT ITS MAHA-RAJAH: Brilliant, witty, suave, J. R. D. Tata is one of India's most admired figures. He heads a vast industrial empire which is as impeccable as it is successful. He was one of the country's first aviators, founded Tata Airlines and nurtured Air-India till it became one of the world's best airlines. Why was he dismissed so unceremoniously?
by Khushwant Singh.

INDIA AND RUSSIA: Will our growing friendship with America alter our close relationship with the USSR? K. P. S. Menon, at one time our Ambassador in Moscow, describes our deep-rooted ties.

SEX AND YOUR HEART: Dr K. K. Datey and Dr Santosh J. Bhagat show how—medically—your love life could indeed result in a broken heart.

"SHOOTING" RHINOS, TIGERS AND LANGURS: Christel and Karl-Heinz Kramer, the noted wildlife photographers, recount their ex-

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VOL. XCIX 9 SUNDAY FEB. 26, 1978

ESTD 1880

Regd. No. MH By South-25. Registered as Newspaper in Sri Lanka

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perientes to Vithal C. Nadkarni With some of their finest shots.

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THE CALCUTTA BOOK FAIR: Highlighted by Gauri Chatterjee.

THE GARDEN: Story by Nikki Tompkins Seth.

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THIS happened before the Emergency. Morarji had gone on a protest fast to force Mrs Gandhi's hand on a point of principle. The Government criticised and fumed. The nation's kept press echoed the Government. Morarji continued to fast. Eventually, the Government relented and conceded Morarji's demand and the fast was called off. Pressmen, who had prepared his obituaries, rushed to his residence and asked him for a message. Morarji simply said: "My action is my message." That is how it ought to be. A man should be judged by his actions rather than by his words. That is how we must judge Morarji's performance at the end of one year in office as the Prime Minister of India.

When Morarji was sworn in as the Janata's first Prime Minister just one year ago, he faced an extraordinary challenge and held a unique opportunity. A new party, not yet formed, had tumbled into power after a series of dramatic unbelievable events. Nineteen months of fear and uncertainty, spent by many of the Janata's leaders in jail, had been followed by a historic election in which a giant political tidal wave had swept them all to power.

Now Morarji, as Prime Minister, faced suddenly the immense problem of picking up the different pieces of the political system, shattered by the Emergency, and putting them together again into a viable democracy, a responsive administration and a purposive government capable of giving people the lead that had eluded them for thirty years.

Yes, in March 1977, the Janata Government stood on the threshold of a revolutionary era for achieving national progress and power. Events had pushed Morarji to that

—S. N. Kulkarni

FIGHTING FIT. Morarji Desai aboard the training ship RAJENDRA. At 83, Morarji is in much better health than many a younger politician. His medical and food fads have aroused much comment. He has not abandoned his pet project—prohibition—and has said it will be totally enforced in four years.

—Pankaj Shah

One Year Of Morarji

by RAJINDER PURI

The people of India expected the new Government to bring about a change for the better. Democracy has been restored. But is that enough? How has Morarjibhai—who makes almost a fetish of discipline—weathered the storm of snowballing industrial, economic and political chaos?

Special feature for Morarji's 83rd birthday.



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—Pankaj Shah



—R. B. Bedi

A MAN OF HIS WORD. Morarji is known more for his abrasiveness than his charm, but his incorruptibility, objectivity and adherence to principle have never been questioned. Left: Morarjibhai's son Kanti said in an interview to a Delhi journal that he looks after the political affairs in his father's office leaving "the administrative matters to others". Kanti's critics say he wields too much influence.

—Balkrishan

vantage point from where he could give a new thrust to the nation's development. The public expected nothing less.

Even the world appeared to fear the great change that had overtaken India. The *New York Times* gave the Janata Government two months before it collapsed. The *London Times* gave it six months. But the people of India expected from the Janata Government great things. They expected to get from it justice and self-respect. This was their own government. It was the *Janata's* government. Not since August 1947 had such a mood swept through the country.

Where has that euphoria gone? How did the Government exploit it for national advantage? It is in the light of that challenge and opportunity that we must judge Morarji's record through the year.

People are not frightened any more. That is true enough. Democracy has been restored, but that happened when the public voted the Congress out of power. Much of the credit for that goes to Morarji and Jayaprakash, but it is for their earlier record during the Emergency, when they had remained fearless and determined.

Morarji's record as Prime Minister on this score has been only negatively good. Thus the Government has not acted undemocratically or repressively thus far. But that is a minor achievement. Morarji should not expect any bouquets from the people for not encroaching upon their legitimate rights as the previous Government had done. On the vital question of bringing in legislative



reform where it was required, the Government has been too tardy, perhaps even confused. One year after assuming power, the 42nd Amendment has yet to be repealed. On the question of establishing healthy democratic convention, Morarji's record has been even worse. After all that pious trumpeting against the political defections engineered by Mrs Gandhi earlier, Morarji has failed to stop his own party from endorsing defections in Parliament.

The ease with which Morarji has compromised on the question of political defections creates serious misgivings about the powers of preventive detention that the Government continues to arm itself with. At times, the Government seems even to seek an increase in such powers. A leadership which has compromised so easily on one issue, can it be trusted to maintain its integrity in another?

Disorganised Party

It is true that the Janata Party lacked the requisite strength in the Rajya Sabha to push through legislation of its choice. But that called for a dialogue in which the Government could have brought into play its persuasive powers to bring Opposition legislators around to its own point of view. That is what democracy is all about. It were far better if Morarji had sought a proper coalition, or even a merger, with entire groups on the basis of common programmes for national development rather than acquiesce in the individual defections as was so brazenly accepted by his party.

It is not just the Janata Parliamentary Party which has acted the culprit on the question of defections. The record of the organisational wing has been worse. The reckless distribution of office on the basis of personal patronage and the brazen disregard for party norms have left the organisation in a shambles at best and as a battleground for fiercely warring groups at worst. This is so in most of the States where the party came to power.

It is true that Morarji, as Prime Minister, is not directly concerned with organisation but with government. Nevertheless, he

cannot evade the responsibility of looking after his party's health. As the unquestioned leader of the nation, the responsibility of delegating work to the right hands, of assessing performance and of modifying decisions, in the ultimate analysis, resided with him.

It should have been clear to Morarji from the outset that frictions within the party organisation would also destabilise the Government. Even for the limited objective of smooth governmental functioning, therefore, he could not have afforded to remain a spectator. A squabbling, indisciplined party was bound to affect the style of even the Government's Ministers. That is precisely what seems to have happened.

Never mind the substance, the style of the Janata Government has been bad enough. Ministers contradict each other and they contradict themselves. At one stage, with a few

exceptions, they all appeared to be set on personal spree of self-promotion. They talked to the press, to the public, to foreigners. They even talked against each other.

Morarji had something to say about the Maharashtra Government Employees' strike when he visited Bombay on an evening. Next morning, Industry Minister George Fernandes was merrily contradicting his own Prime Minister in Bombay itself. This was not the only occasion when the Government spoke publicly in several discordant voices on the same subject.

This kind of functioning is really quite unforgivable. How does Morarji allow it? The people wonder. They cannot be blamed for speculating about splits and inner-party fights and for seriously questioning whether Morarji is strong enough to hold the Government and the Party together.



RARE RELAXATION. Morarji Desai was Chief Minister of Bombay State (1952-56) during the critical days of the Samyukta Maharashtra movement. Earlier he had been Home and Revenue Minister of Bombay State (1946-52). Photo shows Chief Minister Morarji at a dinner hosted by the Consul-General for the Dominican Republic in 1956.



SCALING THE HEIGHTS OF POWER. In 1956 Nehru appointed Morarji Desai Union Minister for Commerce and Industry. In 1958, he became Finance Minister. Morarji resigned under the Kamaraj Plan in 1963. He held no office in Lal Bahadur Shastri's Cabinet. In Mrs Gandhi's Cabinet, he was Deputy Prime Minister and Finance Minister (1967-69). After the 1969 split, he was in the political wilderness till 1975. Right: With US Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker in 1960.



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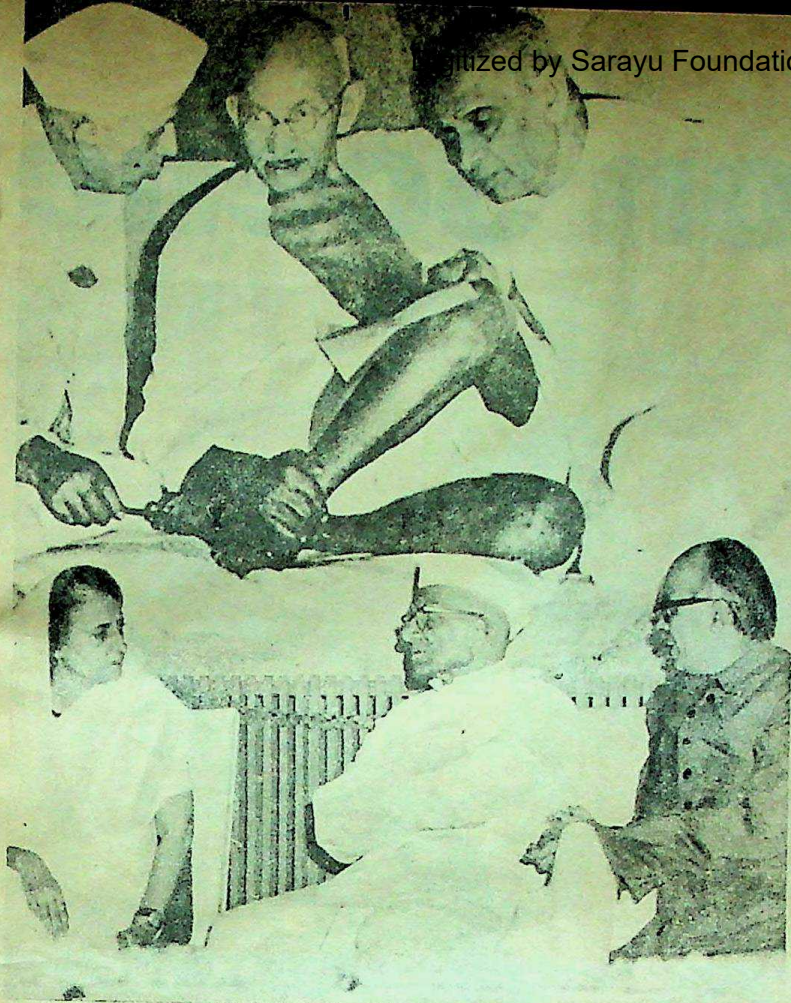
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Morarji at a dinner



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NO LONGER OVERSHADOWED. The main failures of Morarjibhai's premiership are the lack of cohesion in his party and the tardiness in putting policies into practice.



HIS FOREIGN POLICY DESERVES A BOUQUET. The Prime Minister's most spectacular achievement has been in foreign affairs. He has made new friends and reassured old ones.

It would have been easy to overlook lapses in the Janata's style if the substance of its policies had been more reassuring. But Morarji's Cabinet has slipped both in policies and in performance. Admittedly, the task of reorienting policies and attitudes of government which have been set for thirty years is a superhuman challenge. But why should the public expect performance less than superhuman from a Government which prides itself upon being Gandhian and revolutionary?

Before it came to power, the Janata leadership was articulate enough when it came to enunciating policies and programmes. That was conceptual thinking. It is the kind of thinking that Indians excel in. But after assumption of power there was need for a different kind of thinking which could help translate concepts into concrete targets realisable through practical policies. This might be described as operational thinking. Morarji and his men have floundered on this.

For twelve months we have heard a repetition of the same concepts, sometimes of new, distant targets. But we seldom see any short-term, time-bound plans being put up by the Government. We seldom see action to match the words. Whenever the Government has been confronted by the need to take a decision involving a policy innovation, the Minister in question appoints with considerable fanfare a new committee to go into the matter.

What good is it to decide that radio and television will be autonomous, that police reform is needed, that court procedures should be made more efficient and swift, that small-scale industries should get precedence over the large sector, that rural development should be hastened or, indeed, any-

thing else—and then leave the matter to a committee to dawdle over for a couple of years? That will not do. Worse, the Government seems to lack a sense of priorities. If it did not, the handling of the power shortage problem would not have been so casual.

Notable Achievements

What then is the balance of Mr Desai's record after one year in office? There are three notable achievements. The pall of fear that hung over the nation has been dispelled. This is largely because of Morarji's own conduct, his tolerance, his exhortations to the public to shed fear and his sporting acceptance of all press and public criticism despite his unconcealed disagreement with it. This is an achievement for which Morarji can take personal credit because he, more than anyone else, helped create this new climate in the country.

Morarji's second achievement is negative. He has prevented the Janata Government and Party from breaking apart. But this is more because of his personality than because of any meaningful strategy or policy. While the party remains undivided, it is by no means united. The Janata Government still does not appear cohesive or purposive.

Morarji's third and most notable achievement lies in the domain of foreign affairs. Though ably assisted by Vajpayee, Morarji himself displays his surest touch while dealing with foreign powers. Here he has been an unqualified success. In foreign policy, there has been neither drift nor self-contradiction. India's credentials as a democratic nation dedicated to peace have been undoubtedly established amongst most nations. This has been Morarji's personal triumph. His diplomacy, or rather the lack of it, has

left each world leader clear-headed about where he stands vis-a-vis Morarji and India. In addition to this, there is perceptible an integrated, constructive policy emerging with regard to India's relationship with her immediate neighbours.

As against this are Morarji's failures, which have already been described. The Government still does not appear to be firmly and unitedly set on one direction. And it appears to be reacting to needs in a manner too slow for the public's satisfaction. Morarji does not appear to be impatient. But time is running out. Already, one-fifth of Morarji's tenure as Prime Minister is over. He should himself make a reappraisal of his first year and decide upon his future course of action.

I believe I have known Morarji Desai quite well. He has an integrated view of India, and of the world, and many of his dreams are yet unfulfilled. He has restored democracy to the country and founded a political party which can govern it. Despite the fumbling and, at times, the contradictions, he has undoubtedly set the nation upon a new course. By any reckoning these are great achievements.

But this was not all that Morarji dreamed about. He must look into himself and decide whether he still has the will and the desire to translate into reality all the creative ideas that exercised his mind when he was in the political wilderness. If he does, then he must alter his Government's style of functioning, shun meaningless public functions and ruthlessly get on with the job.

Every aspiring, rising politician is accountable to the public and he should never forget that. But the leader of a nation, in addition, is accountable to history. Morarji should never forget that.

The Election Scene



—Tarun Chakravarty

ON FEBRUARY 13 at Akulj, in the Solapur District of Maharashtra, the Janata Party President's car was attacked with stones and lathis. In the melee Mr Chandra Shekhar suffered minor head injuries.

Campaigning for the Assembly Elections in five States and Arunachal Pradesh has reached a fevered pitch: processions, rallies, cacophony of microphones belching fiery oratory including trading of insults. There has also been violence. Horse trading has become the chief pastime of political parties already splintered into factions.

The Congress has split; the Janata has more factions than the Congress; there are as many as five Communist Parties. In most constituencies, party distinctions are blurred with every candidate going it alone for himself. Whatever the outcome, there is bound to be a realignment of political parties as the results are announced.



—Gautam Patole

Mr CHARAN SINGH had to call off his campaign tour in Assam following a mild indisposition. He was reportedly upset at the poor arrangements and turnout at his meetings in Bombay—obviously the result of dissarray in the State Janata ranks.

"THE CONGRESS HOUSE IS BURNING," said Babu Jagjivan Ram during a public meeting in support of Janata Party candidates at Chowpatty, Bombay. Babuji refuted Mrs Gandhi's charge that the Janata had sold out to multinationals and asked his audience: "Will you go into the burning house or accept my invitation to enter the strong and stable house we have built for you?"

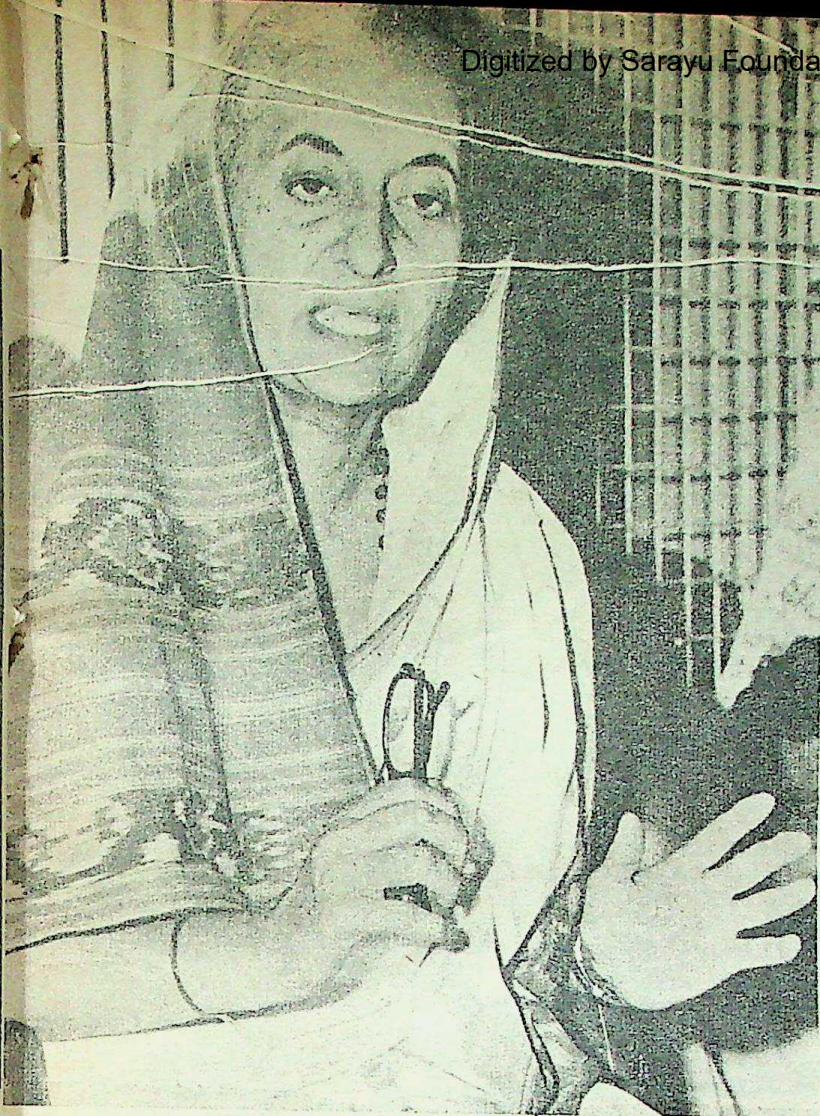
—Pankaj Shah



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—Balkrishan

"I FIGHT FOR THE PEOPLE." Mrs Gandhi attacked the leadership of Mr Y. B. Chavan and Mr Brahmananda Reddi and accused the Janata of tilting towards the West. Mrs Gandhi has drawn larger crowds than any other leader, but the results will show whether those who came to her meetings were mere spectators or her staunch supporters.



—P. Dayal

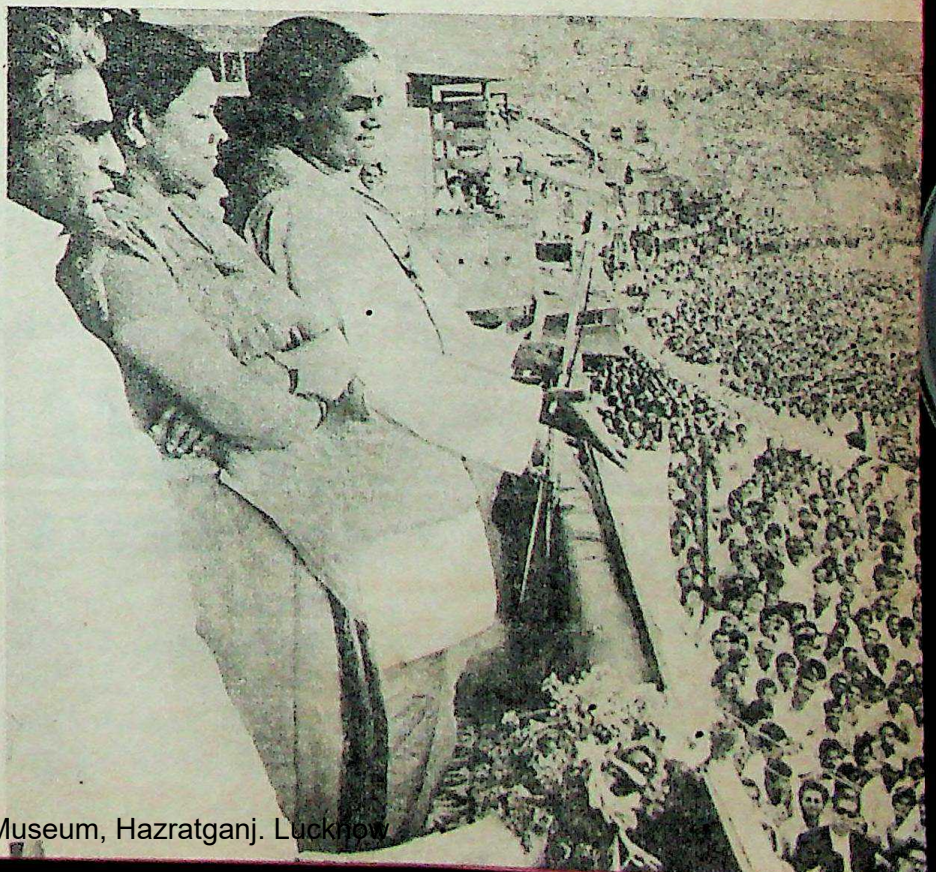
Mr Y. B. CHAVAN blamed Mrs Gandhi for trying to mislead the Congress from its real goals. "She's finished and only wants to ruin the Congress by dividing our votes... If you want clean and straight politics, now is the time to vote the Congress back to power." Seen with Mr Chavan is Mr Brahmananda Reddi.



—Gautam Patole

THE JANATA PARTY IN MAHARASHTRA is plagued with dissensions—the Peasants and Workers Party in Maharashtra is in open confrontation with the Janata. In many constituencies, rebel Janata candidates have filed nominations against their own official party nominees. The Republican Party of India is also splintered in several factions, with candidates changing sides more than once. Picture shows Janata Party workers protesting against the PWP-Janata alliance.

AT A MASSIVE ELECTION RALLY IN GIRGAUM, Bombay, Mr A. B. Vajpayee asserted that India was not bending to the US or the Soviet Union. "Those countries," he said, "needed our friendship even more than we needed theirs."



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Distributors: TRADE LINKS LIMITED, 'Prabhat Kiran', 3rd Floor, 17 Rajindra Place, New Delhi-110008

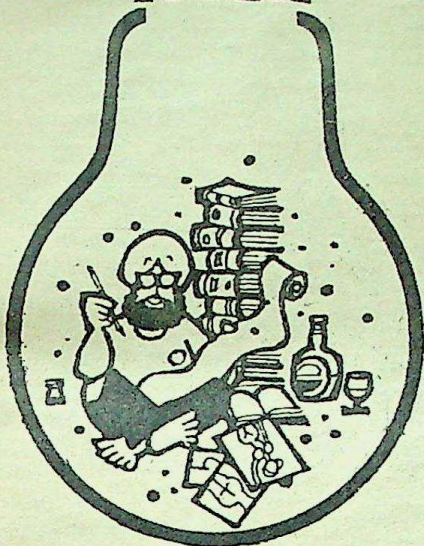
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EDITOR'S PAGE



Sorry For The 'Kasht'

I AM often told: "Before you leave for the airport always check if your flight is on time." Sometimes I accept the advice and do so. More often than not my experience is that the first two or three attempts are frustrated by the "engaged" signal or "wrong number". If I finally make the Indian Airlines enquiry I am told that they have no information and I should report on time. The telephone system is unreliable, the IA information exists only on paper. So I have to leave my home three hours before flight time. (It takes me an hour to drive to the airport. Rules require that I check in one hour before flight time.)

I have reconciled myself to three hours added to my travel time. I am deposited at the airport and take my place in the serpentine queue for the Airbus. Half an hour later I am checked in, given a boarding card and informed that my flight is delayed. It can be anything between one to six hours—or more. This information could have been made available on the telephone or at least posted outside the airport building so that passengers could return home or choose alternative means of travel. More often than not the information is conveyed to them after their baggage has been taken from them and they have no means of retrieving it to get on another flight. In any case no one bothers to inform you that there are other flights which may take you to your destination earlier. If you make the discovery yourself, you may well be told that all the seats are taken. I have often managed to wangle a seat on a "totally booked" aircraft and found more than a dozen seats unoccupied.

Our airports are ill equipped to take the ever-increasing pressure of air traffic. At peak hours there are not enough chairs to sit on and hundreds of passengers have to stand for hours with nothing to do, nowhere to go. Airport restaurants are notoriously ill staffed, shoddy and ill serviced. Porters who are not meant to ask for portage pester passengers for money. Lavatory attendants thrust towels into your hands and ask for

tips; foreigners are pestered to patronise the pisseoirs.

On my last Indian Airlines flight which was six hours behind schedule (not due to inefficiency but a fog 1,000 miles away) I teased the air hostess with the chant: "Deree ke karan jo ap ko kasht hua hai... Why don't you have this recorded and save your breath?" She smiled sadly and replied, "It's not our fault." When we arrived at our destination in the early hours of the next morning I quipped, "For God's sake don't say 'We hope you enjoyed your journey.'" She retorted, "Why not? If you like I will omit 'We hope you will travel with us again' because you have no choice but to travel with us."

How Long Will The World Last?

NO one can forecast the exact date of the final apocalypse; but it cannot be too far. It was the theme of discussion at a conference organised by, of all people, the Prajapita Brahma Kumaris. In case you do not know who they are, it's time you did. The movement was started by a Sindhi by the name of Dada Lekh Raj. After Partition he moved his headquarters from Karachi to Mount Abu where he died in 1968. You can recognise the followers by their all-white dress and mode of greeting: *Om Shanti*. They invariably address you as brother or sister and their correspondence assures you of Godly love. It is a simple faith juxtaposing the good versus the bad, insisting on temperance and exhorting celibacy and abhorrence of evil.

I hadn't realised how large a following they had till I saw the enormous crowd packing New Delhi's Talkatora Stadium. Amongst them were delegates from the United States, Europe and Africa. Vice-President Jatti had opened the conference with a few well-chosen platitudes about spiritual regeneration. At the session I attended, the presiding deity was Ram Niwas Mirdha.

To return to the theme of the demise of mankind. The world spends upwards of 280 billion dollars on armaments, i.e. more than the gross national products of all the 65 countries of Latin America and Africa, more than the entire world's spending on education, double the figure spent on health and 15 times what the advanced countries (also armament producers) give in aid to the underdeveloped. In 1960 President J. F. Kennedy estimated that the nuclear stockpile of the world amounted to 10 tons of TNT (dynamite) for every living individual.

Combine all that with the number of wars raging over the globe, the number of organisations committed to violence to gain their ends and the number of insane people who kill for the love of killing. And of course an accident of the kind which recently brought down a Soviet satellite on Canada. One major mishap, one real snap between the superpowers, one madman deciding enough is enough—and it will all be over. I am pretty certain that we are the last generation who will die in our beds; only a miracle can save our children and grandchildren from the holocaust. And the age of miracles is past.

However, after all the nightmarish visions that were portrayed to us at the concluding session of the "Future of Mankind", the God-fearing, human-loving Brahma



VICE-PRESIDENT B. D. JATTI inaugurates the World Conference on the Future of Mankind in New Delhi, organised by the Prajapita Brahma Kumaris who have 550 centres in India and abroad. Brahma Kumari Prakashmani, head of the Delhi Vidyalaya, is seen with Mr Jatti.

Kumars and Kumaris got back to singing hymns, meditating to the melancholy strains of a violin and chanting the mystic words, *Om Shanti*.

Wolf Children

TWO items of perennial interest make the news with astonishing regularity in our press. One is of some child, usually female, who recalls her previous birth in another family and is reported to be able to recognise her earlier parents, husband and children. The other is of children reared by wild animals. In neither case is any further investigation made. Who wants to destroy dearly cherished beliefs in reincarnation, Tarzan or Mowgli?

Charles Maclain's *The Wolf Children* (Allen Lowe, £4.95) revives the 35-year-old story of two wolverine girls later named Kamala and Amala found in the jungles around Midnapur and reared by a Bengali Christian priest, Reverend J. A. L. Singh, and his wife. Maclain took pains to visit the district, interview Santhal tribesmen who were involved in their capture and to rebuild the story from the late padre's diary. The story was serialised in the *Sunday Times*, avidly swallowed by the gullible and vehemently denounced as a load of rubbish by sceptics, including our own Nirad Chaudhuri. Whether true or not, Maclain has succeeded in clothing it with the mantle of research and making it as absorbing as the stories of the apeman by Burroughs.

The Story Of Wheat

In 5,000 years of wheat-growing in India, there has been little change in methods of ploughing or sowing or harvesting or the quantity of yield. Only recently has research into high-yielding varieties triggered the "green revolution".

The author is Director-General of the Indian Council of Agricultural Research.

by M. S. SWAMINATHAN
Colour Photographs by BALKRISHAN

WHEAT has been cultivated in our country for over 5,000 years. The carbonised samples of wheat grains recovered from Mohenjo-daro belong to a dwarf species with spherical grains. This species (*Triticum sphaerococcum*) is popularly known as the Indian dwarf wheat. Thus, dwarf wheat, by itself, is not a recent innovation. The Mohenjo-daro wheat, though characterised by a considerable ability to withstand drought, has a low yield potential since the head which bears the grains is also small. However, because of its drought tolerance, it used to be cultivated in the western part of Punjab and in Baluchistan which are now parts of Pakistan.

From the Mohenjo-daro period until 1950-51, when the First Five Year Plan of independent India was initiated, we developed a capacity to produce about 6-7 million tonnes of wheat in the country. In 1964-65, when the season was very favourable for wheat production, we harvested about 12 million tonnes. Following the introduction of the High Yielding Varieties Programme (HYVP) in wheat in 1966-67, this figure rose to over 28 million tonnes during

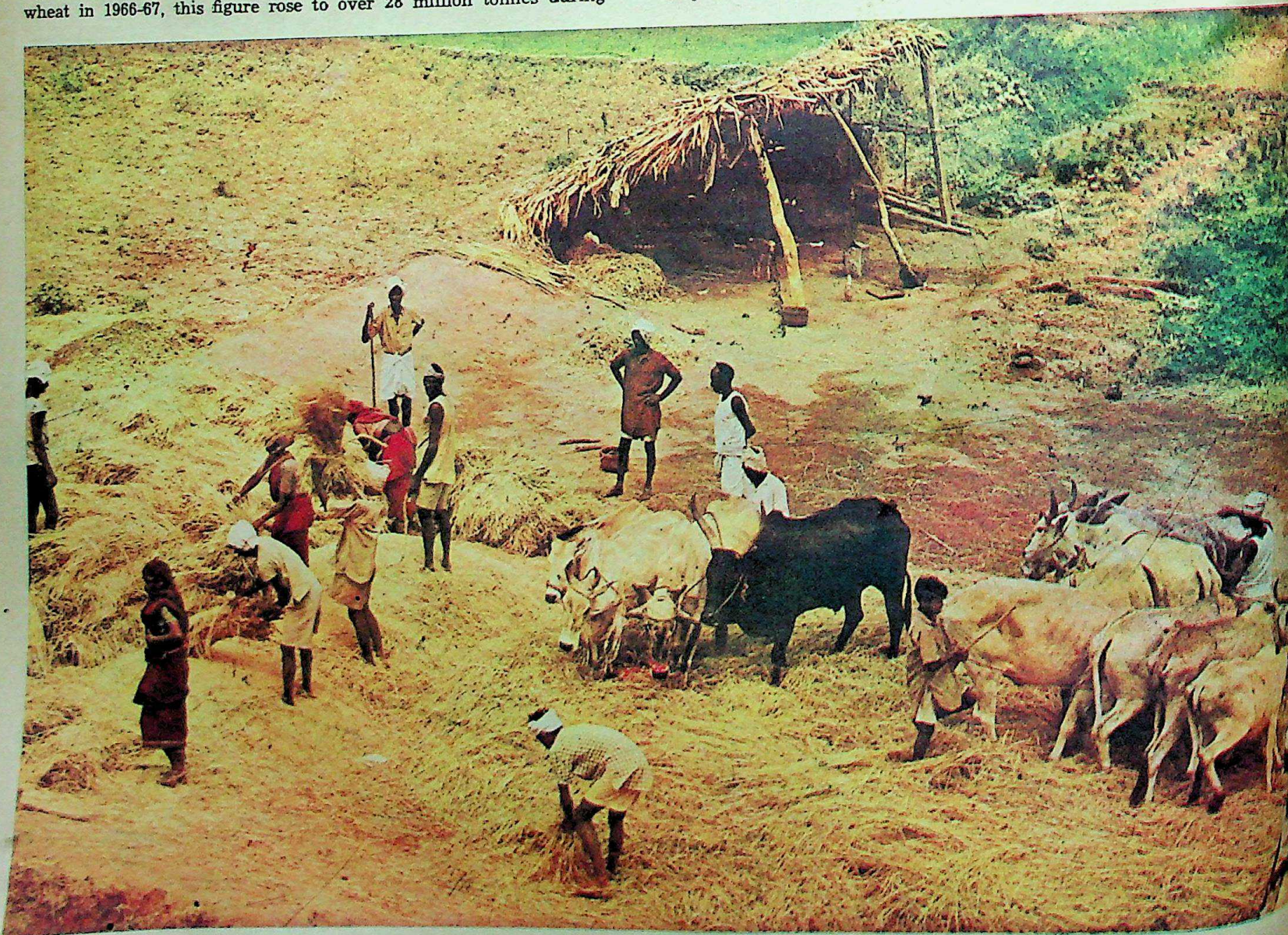
1975-76. Thus, the increase in production achieved after the initiation of HYVP in wheat has been of a greater magnitude than that witnessed during the preceding 5,000 years. This is why the term "revolution" has often been used to indicate this transformation in the wheat production trend in our country. How did this happen? Where do we go from here?

After World War II, an American biological scientist in Japan, Dr Solomon, was greatly impressed with the dwarf varieties of wheat with long heads grown at the Norin Experiment Station. He took seeds of this strain and distributed them among wheat breeders in the United States. Using this material as the source of dwarfing, Dr O. Vogel of Washington State University released a semi-dwarf variety named "Gaines" in 1961. "Gaines" belongs to the category known as "winter wheats" which require long days with sunlight for over 15 hours in a day and mild temperatures. Such conditions prevail only in temperate latitudes or in high altitude areas. Although we cultivate wheat during the winter season, our wheats technically belong to the "spring wheat" group which can flower and set grains under short-day conditions.

Adaptable Dwarf

Dr Norman E. Borlaug, working in Mexico under the joint Rockefeller Foundation—Mexican Government Wheat Improvement Programme, incorporated the same dwarfing genes from Norin wheats into a spring wheat background. From this work, four semi-dwarf spring wheats were released in Mexico in 1963. Dr. Borlaug not only incorporated the dwarf character in his wheat varieties but also introduced the character of wide adaptation in them by removing the genetic factor which causes sensitivity to the length of the day.

Organised wheat improvement work started in our country early in this century at the Indian Agricultural Research Institute



Rajinder

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PRESSURES ON CONSTITUTION

NO political constitution is perfect. If those who wield power under any constitution are determined to subvert, paralyse or destroy it, more likely than not they will succeed. No constitution can guarantee a just and efficient political system. At best it can create a context in which just and efficient rulers can deliver the goods. It is dangerous fallacy, therefore, to believe that every shortcoming in the working of a political system can be rectified by a change in the constitution.

Right now the Indian Constitution is under pressure from several quarters. Pressures on the Constitution have been created by those who voice certain political demands, by those who seek to establish new norms in the functioning of the Executive and by those who attempt to exploit politically the areas of ambiguity contained in its text. Some of the criticism against the Constitution is valid, much of it is not. There is need to sift this criticism.

The most serious weakness in the Constitution, which has been pointed out in these columns earlier, lies in the ambiguity surrounding the powers of the Supreme Court vis-a-vis Parliament in relation to the amending of the Fundamental Rights. The basic structure of the Constitution, which the Supreme Court can rightfully defend against encroachments by Parliament, has yet not been clearly defined.

Area of Confusion

One would have thought that this area of confusion would invite most urgently the attention of our political leaders. It has not. This is all the more surprising because the legality of the imposition of the Emergency, which has not been challenged successfully till today, was made possible by precisely this weakness in the Constitution. Absolute legislative powers for Parliament, unfettered by any Bill of Rights, is an invitation to trouble. This was demonstrated on June 26, 1975. It can be demonstrated again by any future government unless the Constitution is rectified in good time.

There also seems to be some confusion as to the powers of the President of India. For the first time since Independence, the Indian President has to function in an actual multi-party democracy. Earlier, for all practical purposes, there was one-party democracy in the country. Now there are several parties of which at least two might be

described as being genuinely national parties. In the altered situation, the nationwide mandate, cutting across party lines, which the President must obtain to get elected, focuses fresh attention on the role he can play in national affairs.

Obviously it would be politically fatal to conceive of the President as being a parallel power centre to the Prime Minister. No system could survive the chaos created by two centres of executive power functioning simultaneously. Fortunately, whatever confusion there existed earlier on this question has been removed by Article 74 of the Forty-Second Amendment which unequivocally states that the President must abide by the advice tendered to him by the Prime Minister and his Council of Ministers. Even if the Forty-Second Amendment is repealed, this clause is unlikely to be touched.

President's Role

The wide mandate enjoyed by the President, however, can be utilised to the nation's advantage in other ways. The President must supplement the efforts of the Prime Minister for which he is ideally positioned as the chosen representative of all the State Legislatures along with Parliament. It is a crucial and exacting role. While the Prime Minister has the power, the President must rely upon influence. And influence, to be maintained and increased, has to be exerted discreetly, from behind the scenes. Functioning thus, a President can provide enormous strength and support to any Cabinet by acting, in consultation with the Prime Minister, as the nation's trouble-shooter. The present incumbent in Rashtrapati Bhavan enjoys the unique privilege of having been unanimously elected in a multi-party democracy. Mr Sanjiva Reddy, therefore, is ideally suited to play such a role and start a trend which future Presidents might follow.

Last, but not least, there is the growing and insistent clamour by some States for a review of Centre-State relations. Several Chief Ministers, most notably Mr Jyoti Basu and Sheikh Abdullah, are demanding more powers for the States vis-a-vis the Centre. The Prime Minister has countered the demand for greater State autonomy by asking the Chief Ministers to clarify how they would ensure greater autonomy for district and panchayat bodies. The doubts implicit in Mr Desai's question are obvious and valid. If the States acquired greater autonomy with-

.. AND I PROMISE TO HONOUR, PRESERVE AND PROTECT THE CONSTITUTION, SO HELP ME GODFATHER!

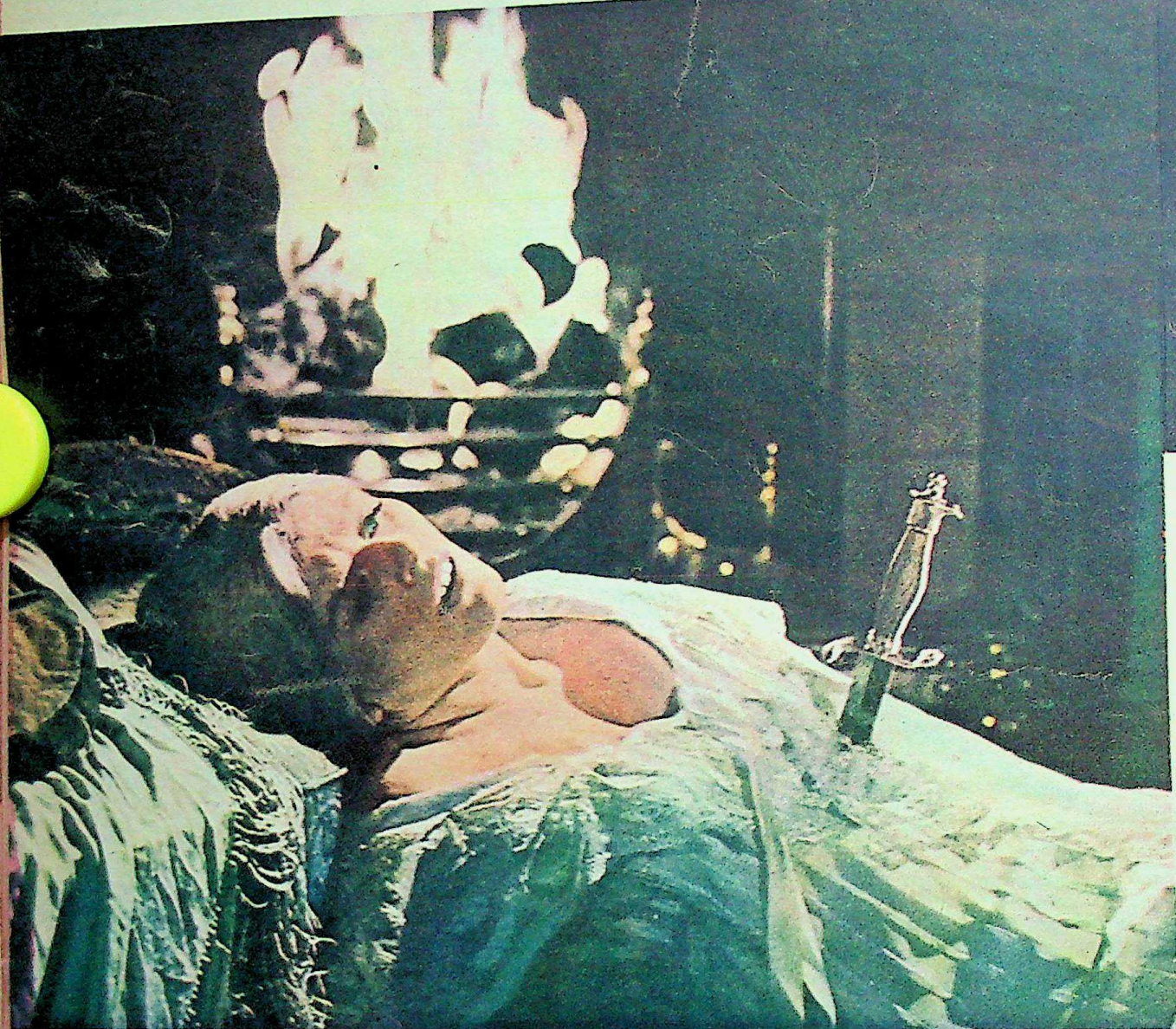


out the district and local bodies being guaranteed the same, the end-result would not be decentralisation but disintegration.

Significantly, most of the Centre's powers to which the Chief Ministers have objected have seldom, if ever, been in fact invoked. The problem, really, is about money. The States would like to hold more of the purse-strings themselves. This is a question which lends itself to review. But whether it would be resolved best by a national debate, as the Chief Ministers have demanded, or through private conversations, as the Prime Minister has advised, is arguable.

Private conversations followed by a Parliamentary debate to effect the necessary reforms would seem to be a satisfactory compromise. The fate of the Forty-Second Amendment has still to be settled. Other proposals for reforms which might emerge from such an exchange of views could perhaps also be dealt with at the same time. What is important is that an impression should not be allowed to grow that the Constitution, because of constant review and tinkering, is impermanent. If such an impression gathers momentum, political stability would elude this nation for a long time to come. For the first time there is a multi-party democracy which affords us the opportunity to work the system in the spirit of the Constitution. We must give the Constitution a proper chance before any drastic changes are contemplated. Only then might its critics decide whether it is the Constitution which had let them down or whether it has been the politicians who let down the Constitution.

Horror In Films



CARRY ON RIPPING. Ever the Ripper era catchpenny novel, there have been "rippers" (raiders) with knives, knuckle-dusters, fangs. Hard to be released in the wake of the success of The

FUTURE SHOCKS. The film which combined before the "horror movie" a realistic story of world failed with audiences' limped to a u

Movie-goers have for years shivered and quaked at Dracula, Frankenstein and King Kong. With *The Exorcist* and *The Omen* a new kind of horror movie has arrived: more sophisticated, more sinister and a sure winner at the box-office. The trend is also catching on in Hindi films—a number of chillers will soon be released.

by KHALID MOHAMED

If something frightening happens to you today think about it. ...it could be the Omen.

—a poster advertising *The Omen*

THE *Exorcist* and *The Omen* both limned by the presence of the devil, are raking in huge profits—a permanent "House Full" sign stands like a spook outside the cinemas and black-marketeers whisper, "Paanch ka dus."

The devil isn't really the only one to have made it big. His avatars have been around. Dracula, fangs dripping red; Frankenstein, the macho monster going haywire; King Kong going ape for his lady love; and lesser roman-

tic ghouls have had their share of suckers. If these monsters were big, the devil in *The Exorcist* and *The Omen* is a phenomenon.

Not only are the two films more sophisticated—leaving the poorly-made, dully-directed and clumsily-acted pictures behind—but they have also received a great deal of word-of-mouth publicity before release. Specially *The Exorcist*.

When it was submitted before the Indian Censor Board during the Emergency, it was refused a certificate. Later the ban was lifted and a revised version was passed. This version omits a quick shot of the possessed girl going in for bloody masturbation



with a crucifix. The throwing-up scenes (the vomit is a rich greenish-brown) have been toned down and a desecrated statue of Virgin Mary is glimpsed just for a split second. The Censors, and they deserve a rare hosanna, have been open-minded enough to let the other shock tactics remain.

Based on a best-seller by William Peter Blatty, *The Exorcist* is potentially more lethal than any other horror story written, as it is derived from a true instance of modern day possession. Both *Dracula* and *Frankenstein* were culled from books written by Bram Stoker and Mary Shelley respectively and the monsters were more literary than real.

The monster in *The Exorcist* is Regan, a cheerful, healthy 12-year-old girl. She develops bizarre symptoms during sleep—symptoms alien to her character when she is awake. She also develops coarse, masculine, waxy facial features, a black hairy tongue, and a physical strength so prodigious that she has to be tied down in bed. When all medical and psychiatric treatment fails, her mother calls in a priest to exorcise the devil.

The film directed by William Friedkin opts for technical effects to supply the shocks. Special make-up plays havoc with Regan's face and trick photography causes walls to crack, furniture to fly and vomit to gush out like water from a dam.

The shocks repulse many and in America, where the film was



HORROR OF POLANSKI—Rosemary's Baby, made nearly a decade ago by the Polish director Roman Polanski (who is now in France avoiding arrest in America on the charge of raping a 13-year-old girl), was based on a bestseller by Ira Levin. It combined witchcraft and terror to produce what is considered the best film in the horror genre.



SATAN NEVER SLEEPS. A 12-year-old girl is possessed by the devil and the harrowing tale of *The Exorcist* begins. Based on a shocker by William Peter Blatty, the film was banned, submitted in a revised version and is running to packed audiences.

first released in 1974, a number of psychiatrists and religious groups condemned the film for appealing to the audience's voyeuristic, sadistic and masochistic impulses.

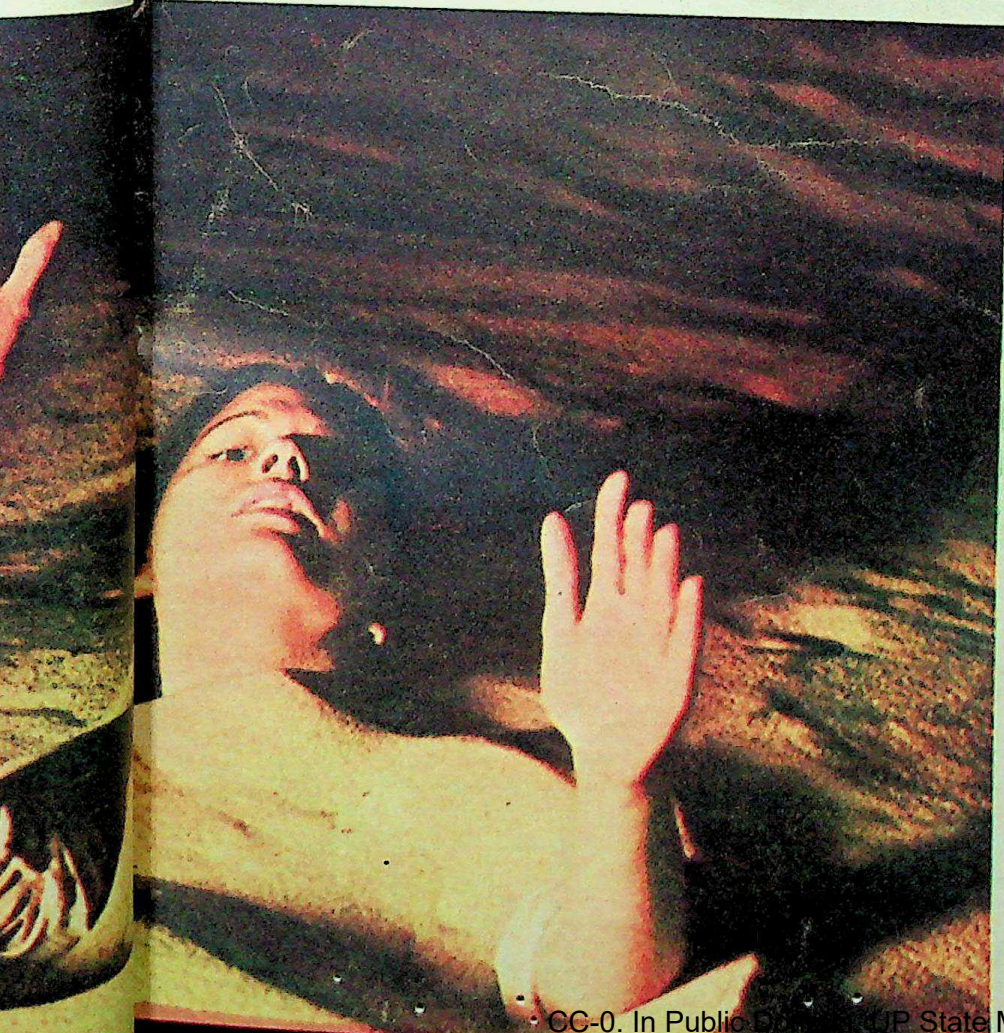
A psychiatrist wrote in the *Saturday Review*: "The film tries to titillate these unfortunates (the audience) by making their panic fears sexually exciting. Those who do not quake or shiver may well be experiencing a chest-pounding pride in their

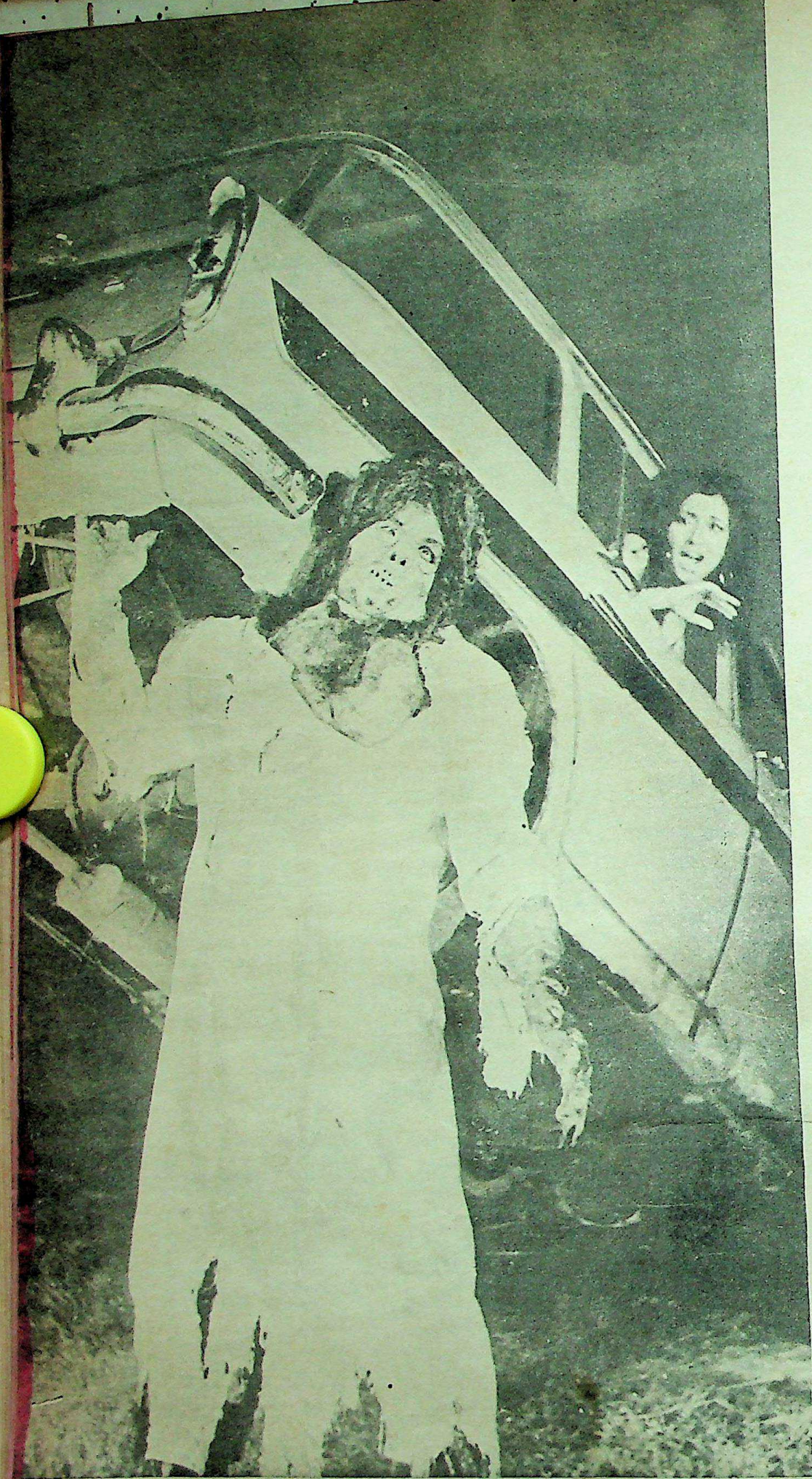
ability to absorb all this shocking stuff without blinking an eye or turning a hair."

Apart from such expected fuss, there were exaggerated reports that an average of four men fainted and six women puked at every show; ambulances had to be provided to carry out the serious cases. In India, so far, the audience seems to be made of sterner stuff. People have only reported sleepless nights, jitters and mild nausea after seeing the

RIPPING. Even the Ripper earned immortality in a film, there have been "rippers" (rapists) menacing women with buckle-dusters, fangs. Hands of The Ripper, is to the wake of the success of *The Exorcist* and *The Omen*.

ANTS. The film which combined sci-fi with horror, came out as a "horror movie" with audiences limped to a week's run.





MONSTER MECHANIC. A superhuman monster terrorises starlet Shyamlee in Ramsay's *Darwaza*, touted as India's "first genuine horror film".

film ("It's not horrifying, it's horrible"). Behind this has also been the "chest-pounding pride"—of having survived the devil during the film's duration.

The Omen, based on a novel by David Seltzer, gives the same feeling. To survive grisly murders (one is ordered straight from hell with lightning and thunder), a pack of hungry dogs, menacing baboons and agents

of the devil working as nurses to protect Damien, a child with sinister, translucent eyes, is an act of courage. Only one scene of beheading was slightly cut.

The film is proving even more popular than *The Exorcist*—perhaps because it is more controlled and the voltage of the shocks is low. Moreover, Indian audiences like a clear plot, a shining star-cast and a

satisfying ending. *The Omen* has all three—a plot about an ambassador and his wife who unwittingly raise a devil-child in their home, the still handsome Gregory Peck and the still stunning Lee Remick in the lead roles and, for the last scene, a zinger of a climax.

Nearly the same qualities contributed to the success of Roman Polanski's *Rosemary's Baby*. Released some eight years ago and recently revived for morning shows, it still stands as the ultimate word in horror.

Faithfully adapted from Ira Levin's book about witchcraft in a New York apartment block, the film has a deceptively straight story-line of a woman trapped into producing a child for Satan, a great performance from Mia Farrow and a climax so shocking that it chilled the senses. Polanski, on whom the label of perversion is now stuck with his indictment for the rape of a 13-year-old girl, manipulated fear and involvement so expertly that the film became a more gripping experience than the book.

Less gripping was *Phase IV* which showed ants taking over the world with only three stock figures (mad scientist, healthy lad, orphaned girl) and a computer waged against them. *Race with the Devil*, a B-grade film, travelled with a couple of tough motorcyclists and their wives, fleeing from a clan of blood-thirsty Satan worshippers. Despite its poor production values, it had a comfortable run in Bombay and other cities.

Killer Robot & Ripping Jack

On the way, in the wake of the horror wave, are *The Hands of the Ripper*, in which the eponymous Jack carries on ripping, and *Asylum*, in which weird things go on in a mental institution inhabited by strange doctors, stranger patients and a tiny robot who kills with a scalpel. *Exorcist II, the Heretic*, which has already been released abroad, and *Damien—Omen II*, which is nearing completion, will, of course, take at least a year or two to get here.

Because of the success of imported horror films, the Hindi film industry—quick to catch a cold whenever there is a sneeze from the West—has swung into action. Hoardings of a film called *Jadu Tona*, apparently inspired by *The Exorcist*, are already up. The hoardings are garish—kitsch showing a girl's face with topsyturvy eyes and cheeks, blown up like balloons ready to explode.

Linda Blair played Regan in *The Exorcist* without the slightest trace of cuteness but with such a degree of involvement that she reportedly had to undergo psychiatric treatment to get over the trauma of the role. Incidentally, Blair continues to make headlines—she was picked up recently by the US police on the charge of possessing hard drugs. Quite in contrast is the Regan archetype of *Jadu Tona*—played by Baby Pinky, a child star, notorious (like all Hindi film child stars) for her efforts to prove herself sweeter than a jujube.

Hindi Cinema's appetite for saccharine perhaps accounts for the absence of a real, full-fledged horror genre in India. The hero has to be morally upright, his woman has to be a doll bursting with the stuffing of goodness—so that it is impossible to think of any actor or actress who would accept a role going against his or her holier-than-holy image at the box-office.

The hang-up is, of course, peculiar to our stars—it did not, for instance, bother American actor Spencer Tracy who played

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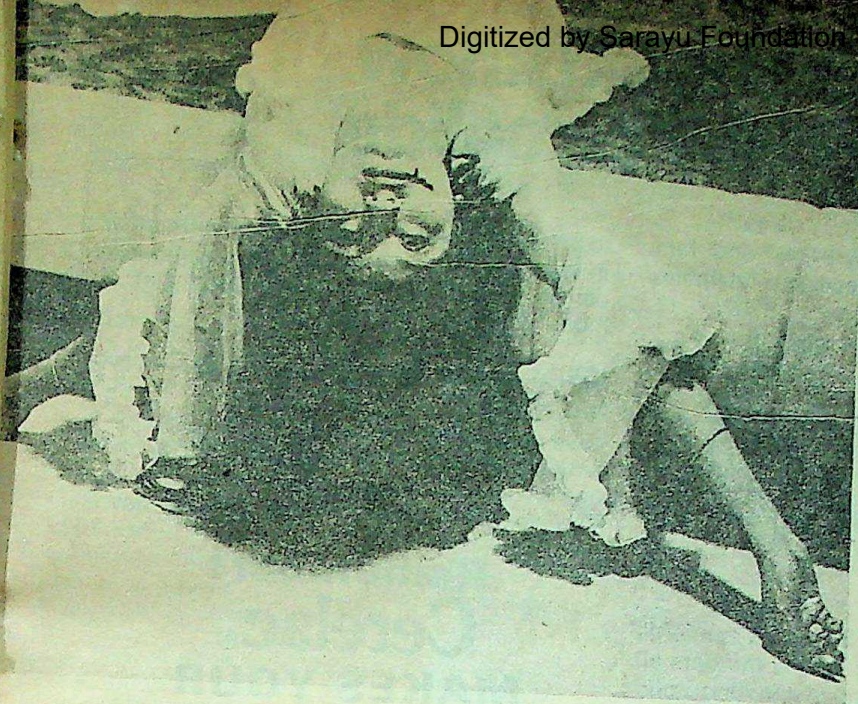
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DEAD AS THE DODO. Padmini Kapila as the governess who dies of fright in Ramsay's next production, *Aur Kaun?*



VAMPIRE "BARED". Horror of Dracula, made in 1958, let loose a line of sequels. The last one seen here was *Satanic Rites of Dracula*—which has luscious victims of the vampire chained up in his castle.



Coincidentally, another group of brothers, the Mukerjis—Ram, Rono and Subhash—have come up with an instant horror film. It is called *Haiwan* and has phantom figures, repulsive faces and curvaceous corpses to supply the horror.

A Hindi version of *The Omen* is also being planned according to current rumours in the film industry. Just the thought is enough to bring on the shivers.

RACE WITH THE DEVIL. A devil-worshipper with a satanic mask for a ritual sacrifice (left). *Race with the Devil* starred Peter Fonda and Warren Oates.

the split personalities of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde way back in 1941. A schizoid role was attempted by Shatrughan Sinha in *Shaitaan*, but when the film failed to click, the ending was changed—the split personalities were converted into a double role.

Strongly influenced by the horror genre were the pseudo-suspense yarns that once used to come in droves. Among the more popular in the category were *Nagina*, *Mahal*, *Bees Saal Baad*, *Kohraa*, *Yeh Raat Phir Na Aayegi*, *Woh Kaun Thi?*, *Gumnaam* and *Mera Saaya*. These picked up elements of the horror by creating an eerie atmosphere (mist, fog and visits by night to the graveyard), creepy sound effects (the hoots of an owl and the chirping of crickets simulated by the background music) and gimmicks to startle—like the clawed hand suddenly coming on the screen in *Bees Saal Baad*. Most of these suspense films had weak, unconvincing endings which the audience accepted anyway.

The distinct oddities in the field of filmmaking in this country are a team of a father and his seven sons. Originally from Sindh-Pakistan, F. U. Ramsay and his sons tried to make it big on the Bombay film scene with a historical called *Rustom Sohrab* in 1964. It flopped and the Ramsays forgot all about historicals after that. Instead they went in for a quickie—*Do Gaz Zameen Ke Neeche*. It dealt with the story of an adulterous woman and how she has to pay for her sins—a corpse comes back to haunt her from the grave. This was followed by *Andhera*, a gruesome potboiler about a man whose arms are chopped off and how he gets his revenge.

Their latest is *Darwaza*, which is being touted as "India's first horror film". Kumar Ramsay, screenplay-writer of the family, explains: "It is based completely on the element of fear—the idea is to scare the audiences. We have cut down on things which were included in *Do Gaz* and *Andhera*—things like cabarets, romance and sex. We have gone completely horror this time." The film, quite conveniently, does not forget to include three songs.

THE OMEN is based on a bestseller by David Seltzer. Picture shows Lee Remick and the devil-child Damien being attacked by a baboon during a visit to a safari park.



What every mother should know about starting her baby on solids



"When should infants be started on solids?"

When your baby is about three months old, just milk is no longer enough for proper all-round growth. He now needs food that will give him extra energy and nourishment. And this is supplied by semi-solids. It is, however, best to ask your doctor first. He will be the one who will be able to advise you as to whether your baby is ready for solids or not. Some babies who develop faster are ready for solids sooner than others. Remember, there are no strict rules about when your baby should be given solids. But generally it is agreed by doctors that from three months onwards, infants need something more substantial than just plain milk.

"How to choose the right solid food for my baby?"

Your choice should be a solid food that is nutritionally complete. Food that contains, in right proportion, all the necessary elements and ingredients to provide optimum nourishment to a growing infant. A food that is complete with proteins, fats, carbohydrates, vitamins and iron.

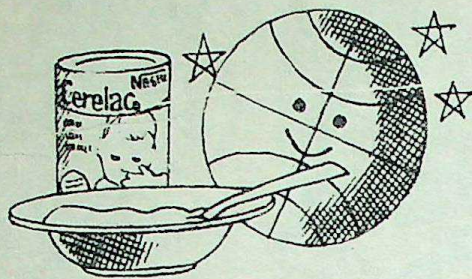
"Why is it important that a weaning food should be nutritionally complete?"

The first year of your baby's growth is vital for proper brain and body development. During this time babies need nutritionally complete food. Food which is well-balanced, containing the right proportions of proteins, fats, carbohydrates, vitamins and iron. A baby needs optimum nourishment during his early development.

"My doctor recommended Cerelac. Is it because Cerelac is nutritionally complete?"

There is full-cream milk, cereal and sugar in Cerelac and it is enriched with vitamins and iron. Cerelac has in well-balanced pro-

portions proteins, carbohydrates and fats. Cerelac contains all the necessary elements



your baby needs, from 3 months onwards for proper growth. That is why mothers all over the world make Cerelac the first solid food for their baby.

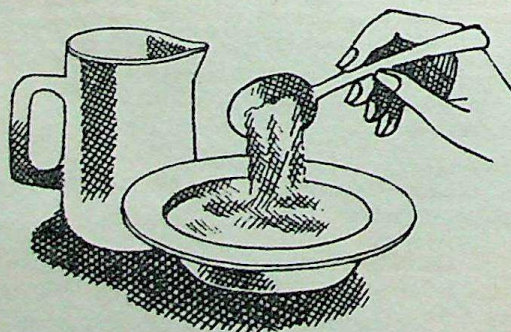


"Does Cerelac taste good?"

Cerelac is delicious! Try it yourself. Umm... it tastes lovely. For variety add to Cerelac mashed and boiled fruits like apples, papayas and bananas. Your baby will love it. You can vary the recipes according to the fruits of the season, or serve it with honey or just plain. Either way, your baby will fall in love with Cerelac. Spoonful after loving spoonful!

"Cerelac is convenient, but is it hygienic too?"

Cerelac is instant. All you do is add Cerelac



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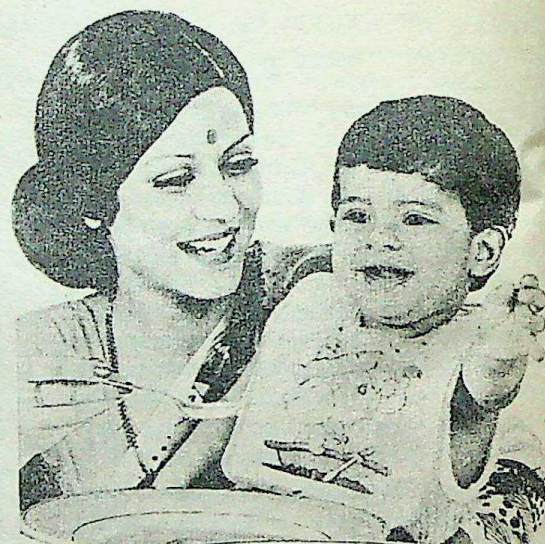
to pre-boiled water to make a complete meal in seconds. The pre-added full-cream milk, cereal and sugar, ensures a feed that is most hygienic and nutritious.

What is the best time for a Cerelac meal?"

Give your baby Cerelac after his mid-morning bath. Watch him enjoy his meal. At the age of about four months one serving of Cerelac will replace one bottle feed per day.

Remember!
Cerelac®
MAKES YOUR
BABY GO, GROW,
GLOW.

Cerelac is enriched with fats and carbohydrates to make your baby go, proteins to make him grow and vitamins and iron to make him glow! Give your baby Cerelac from three months onwards for all-round growth.



The complete infant cereal food
so easy to make, tastes so good!

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by Dr

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The Magnetic Cure

This simple and inexpensive therapy is said to cure many ailments.

by Dr H. L. BANSAL

A SHOPKEEPER knows a magnet as a device for detecting counterfeit coins, a child knows it through his toys and an engineer knows it because of its employment in a variety of scientific instruments; but the use of a magnet for healing may come as a surprise for most people.

The magnet is called loadstone in English, *chumbak* (kissing stone) in Hindi and *magantees* in Urdu and Persian. The Chinese call it *chu shi* (meaning loving stone) and the French *aimant* (meaning both magnet and loving).

References to treatment of some diseases with magnets are found in the Atharva Veda—the basis of the Ayurvedic System of Medicine—in the dialogues of Socrates and in ancient Chinese literature.

A variety of wonderful properties were attributed to the magnet in the past. For instance, dignitaries wore magnets for the purpose of maintaining vigorous health and for arresting ageing of their bodies. The extraordinarily beautiful Cleopatra is said to have worn a magnet on her forehead to maintain her beauty. The common people believed that the magnet had a divine force.

Medical Research

The science of processes and functions in living organism induced by the static magnetic fields is called "biomagnetism" which can play a vital role in achieving a better understanding of fundamental physiological processes. By and large, experiments show that the biological effect of the magnetic field is not always instantaneous but it requires regular exposures over a period of time for the effect to be observed. This is the basis of magnetotherapy.

Dr Madeleine F. Barnothy, Professor of Physics, College of Pharmacy, University of Illinois, USA, has compiled experimental results with magnets in a technical book entitled *Biological Effects of Magnetic Fields*. Dr Barnothy has predicted that the magnetic field will in due time develop into a powerful new analytic and therapeutic tool of medicine. Dr E. K. Maclean of New York has hopefully remarked that "cancer cannot exist in a strong magnetic field". Dr S. Hahnemann of Germany, the founder of Homoeopathy, carried out many experiments with magnets and concluded that "a magnetic rod can quickly and permanently cure the most severe disease for which it is a suitable medicine when it is brought near the body for but a short time even though covered with some thick material". He also prepared three medicines from the different properties of the magnet and introduced them into homoeopathy.

The Japanese have gone ahead and applied the basic principles of magnetotherapy



MAGNETOTHERAPY consists of applying magnets to the affected area and to the extremities. The patient on the left has cervical spondylitis. Dr Bansal, the magnetotherapist applies one magnet to the painful area and another to the palm of the hand. If the disease is in the upper half of the body (right) then magnets are applied to the hands. Pain, inflammation, skin infection, ulcers and diseases of the bowels are among those most benefited.



in their medical practice and it is interesting to note that they have manufactured many magnetic articles like magnetic health bands, magnetic necklaces, magnetic bed-pads, magnetic belts and even magnetic chairs, for treatment of various diseases.

The Russians utilise magnets and magnetised water for various ailments including the painful kidney stones.

Magnetotherapy has made strides in India also where a number of physicians make use of it in acute as well as in chronic ailments. Some magnetotherapists in this country also employ the latest techniques in application of magnets by using magnetic bands, magnetic chairs and magnetised water.

When a magnet is applied to the body, magnetic waves pass through the tissues and secondary currents are induced. These currents produce impacting heats which are very effective for reducing pains and swellings. The functions of the automatic nerves are normalised and the internal organs controlled by them regain their proper working.

The red corpuscles of the blood contain haemoglobin and the latter contains iron. Magnets influence the iron and thus affect the blood. The effect of magnetism reaches every part of the body through the blood. The magnetic treatment removes calcium,

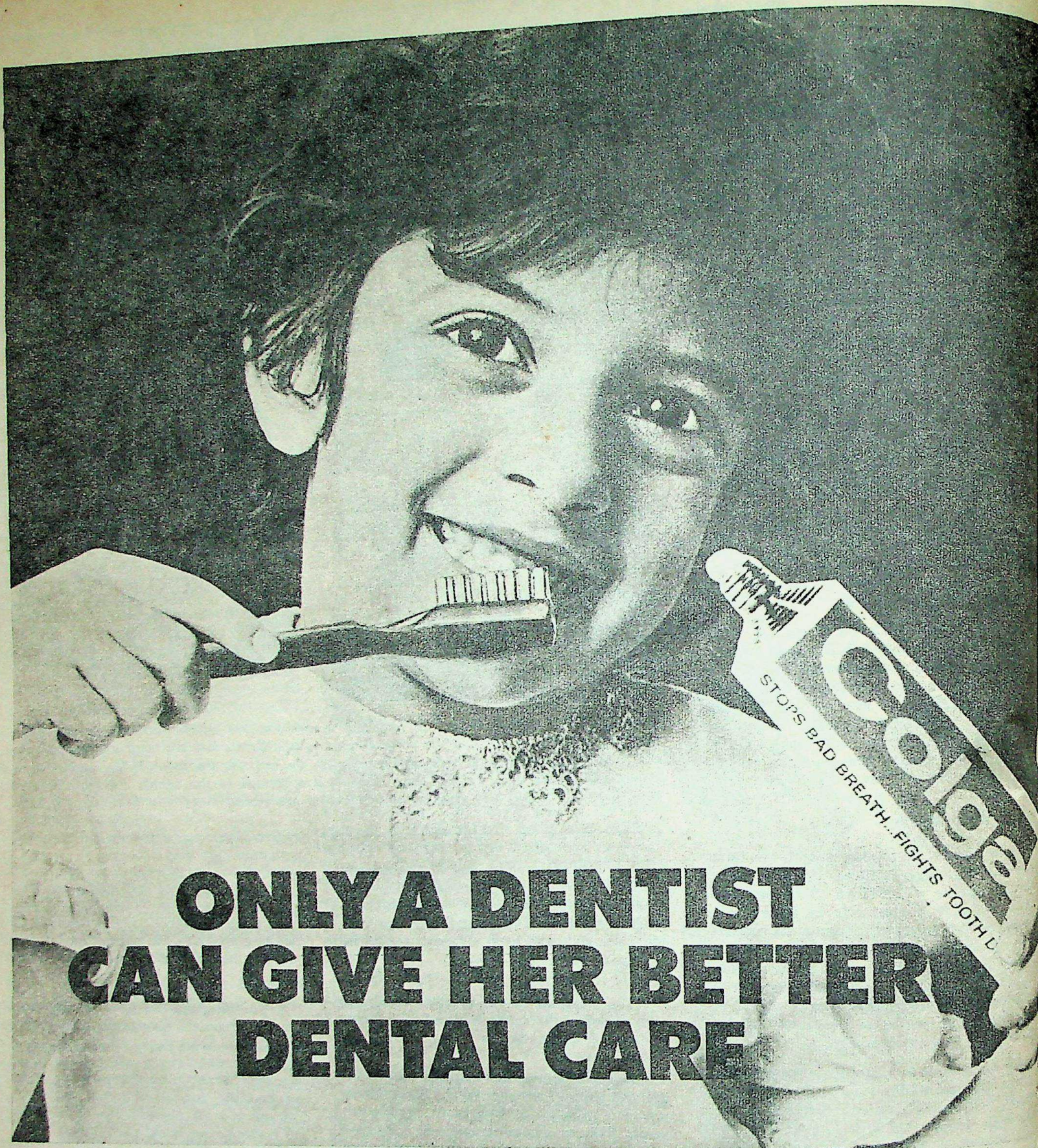
cholesterol and other deposits from the body and clears, purifies and ionises the blood. The ionised blood flows more easily and freely, its circulation is improved and blood-clotting avoided. The magnetic field also has a very beneficial effect on human metabolism.

The magnets work internally through various channels. As a result of this, the activity of the heart eases, blood-pressure is regularised and fatigue and nervousness disappear. Secretion of hormones is regulated so that the skin gains lustre, youth is preserved and all ailments due to the disorder of hormone secretion are relieved.

Magnetic treatment works by re-forming, reviving and promoting the growth of cells, rejuvenating the tissues and increasing the number of new healthy blood corpuscles. The treatment thus improves the self-curative faculty (Homeostasis) of the body.

The magnets used in magnetotherapy may be of different designs, shapes and sizes and may also have different strengths.

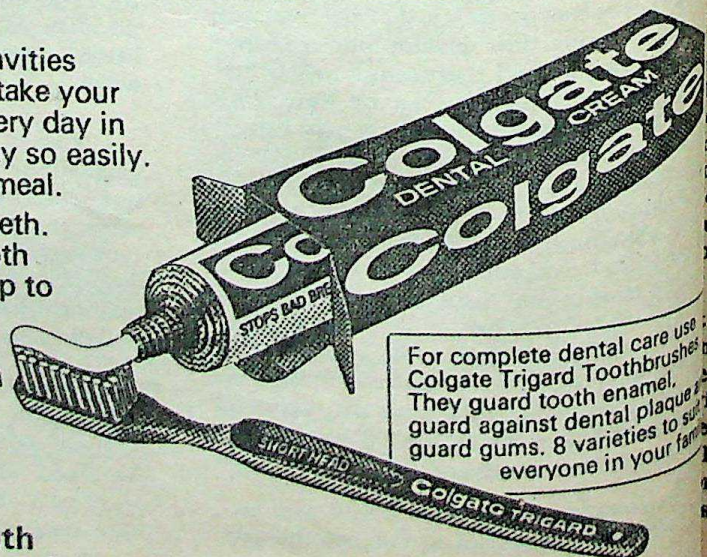
Each magnet has two poles—north and south. The north pole is believed to kill germs and to stop the activities of bacteria. It is applied on boils, eczema, glands, rashes of the skin, etc, or where some germs are suspected to be working at the root of the disease. The south pole generates heat and provides energy. It gives strength and



ONLY A DENTIST CAN GIVE HER BETTER DENTAL CARE

Children in the age group of 5 to 15 can get cavities very easily. These are the cavity prone years. So take your child to a dentist regularly for check-ups. But every day in your own home you can help prevent tooth decay so easily. By brushing your teeth with Colgate after every meal.

Bacteria grow in food particles left between teeth. These can cause bad odour and later, painful tooth decay. Colgate's unique active foam reaches deep to remove dangerous food particles and bacteria. So teach your child to brush with Colgate after every meal. Children love to brush regularly with Colgate. Because it has a fresh, minty taste.



For complete dental care use Colgate Trigard Toothbrushes. They guard tooth enamel, guard against dental plaque, guard gums. 8 varieties to suit everyone in your family.

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warmth to the parts of the body and removes pain and swelling. Magnets can regulate the functioning of the various systems namely circulatory, digestive, nervous, respiratory and urino-genital. They restore the disorders of these systems and relieve the diseases caused by their malfunctioning. Some of the very important spheres where magnets show quick and beneficial results are all types of pains, swelling, inflammation, ulcers, diseases of the bowels and the uterus.

The magnetic treatment is carried out in two ways—namely local and general. If the disease is localised in a small area, one magnet is used according to its characteristics. If, however, the disease is spread to a larger area or to the whole body, then general treatment is given by applying magnets to the palms of the hands or to the soles of the feet. In general treatment, two magnets having different poles are used. The north pole is applied to the right palm or sole and the south pole is applied to the left palm or sole.

Normally magnetic treatment is given for about 10 minutes once in 24 hours. The best time for this treatment is in the morning before breakfast. The treatment of chronic and severe diseases like gout, paralysis, poliomyelitis, rheumatism, etc., can be started for 10 minutes and increased to 20-30 minutes once a day or 10-15 minutes twice daily.

No cold thing should be eaten or drunk for at least half an hour after applying magnets. Hot things may, however, be taken even immediately after using magnets. A bath should not be taken for about 2 hours after applying the magnets. Strong magnets should not be applied except two hours after a meal. Strong magnets should not be applied to pregnant ladies and to the delicate parts of the body, namely heart and brain.

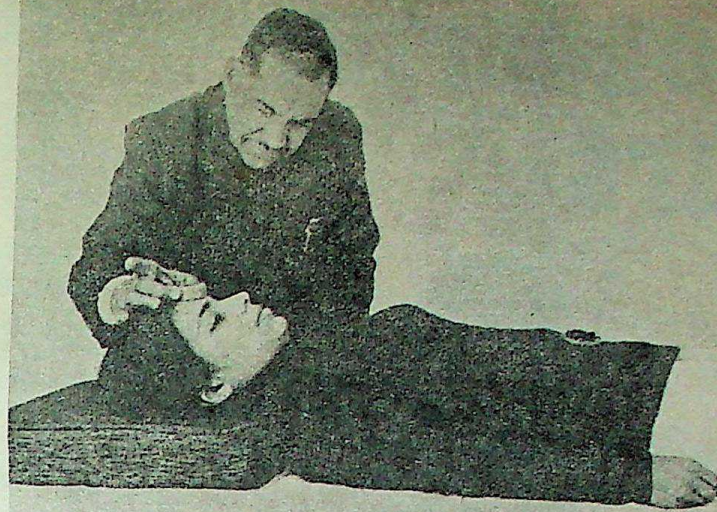
If the patient begins to yawn, becomes sleepy, feels heaviness in the head or a headache or experiences any other discomfort while touching strong magnets, the contact with the magnets should be removed immediately.

Magnetism passes through cloth, glass, rubber, stainless steel and wood. Hence water or any other liquid like juice or milk kept in a glass or stainless steel container becomes magnetised if the container is kept in close contact with a strong magnet for some time.

Magnetised Water Too

Magnetised water has a beneficial effect on the body when taken internally for prolonged period. It helps in almost all diseases—especially of the digestive and urinary systems. The continuous use of magnetised water improves digestion, increases appetite, reduces excess of acidity and bile and makes bowels move properly. It also helps to increase or bring out retained urine. The use of magnetised water is about two ounces at a time, three or four times daily for adults.

Magnetotherapy has many advantages. It is safe and simple. It is economical, as soon as the magnets are obtained, there is no recurring expenditure. It can be taken along with other treatments. The same magnet can be used by hundreds of persons for various ailments. The magnets do not lose their force for several years if properly kept. If they lose their magnetism, they can be recharged.



GOOD-BYE TO INSOMNIA. A small magnet on the forehead soothes the nerves, dispelling sleeplessness and headaches. References to magnetotherapy are found in the Atharva Veda, in ancient Chinese literature and in the dialogues of Socrates. Cleopatra is said to have worn a small magnet on her forehead to preserve her beauty.

Photographs by S. K. Chadha

Magnetotherapy has no side-effects and does not cause any shock or aggravation when used as suggested above. It is not habit forming.

An interesting phenomenon cited by a manufacturer of magnets in Bombay should be of considerable hope to the persons aspiring for male children—all his married male assistants engaged in the production of magnets have had only sons after they joined the factory!

Some Cases

A young man of Yamuna Nagar (District Ambala) aged about 28 years had been suffering from pain and stiffness in his neck, back and legs for 8 years. His disease was diagnosed as Ankylosing Spondylitis. He was told that it was going to be his "life-



AFFLICTIONS OF THE LOWER HALF of the body are relieved by magnets applied to the soles of the feet. Magnetised water drunk regularly improves digestion and clears the urinary system. Two ounces three or four times a day are advised.

companion" and could not be cured. He read about magnetic treatment in the newspapers and came to Delhi to try it. In less than two weeks his pain was almost gone.

Another patient got recurring boils on his buttocks for six months. He got them operated twice but in vain. He was given magnetic treatment on the soles of his feet. He was completely cured of his extremely painful disease in three months.

One gentleman had eczema on his feet and loins for 36 years. He was given magnetic treatment on his soles for about 1½ months. The itching and burning have completely gone from all the diseased parts. The skin of his feet has become smooth and healthy-looking.

A boy 6 years old was suffering from inflammation of his right testicle with scrotal enlargement. Doctors had advised an operation but his parents wanted to avoid it. The south pole of a crescent type magnet was applied to the enlarged scrotum daily for 15 minutes for about six months. The size of the scrotum was reduced about 75 per cent and normal skin colour was restored.

Smt Verma had been suffering from toothache for 6 years. One evening the pain became unbearable and she decided to get the offending teeth extracted next morning. She was persuaded to postpone extraction and take magnetic treatment for 15 minutes every evening. Within three days she got such relief that she abandoned the idea of extraction. She continued the magnetic treatment for about a month after which the pain was completely gone.

The foregoing cases are only representative of the hundreds of cases of different diseases treated successfully with magnets. Some cases required surgery according to the modern system of medicine but surgical interference was avoided by magnetic treatment.

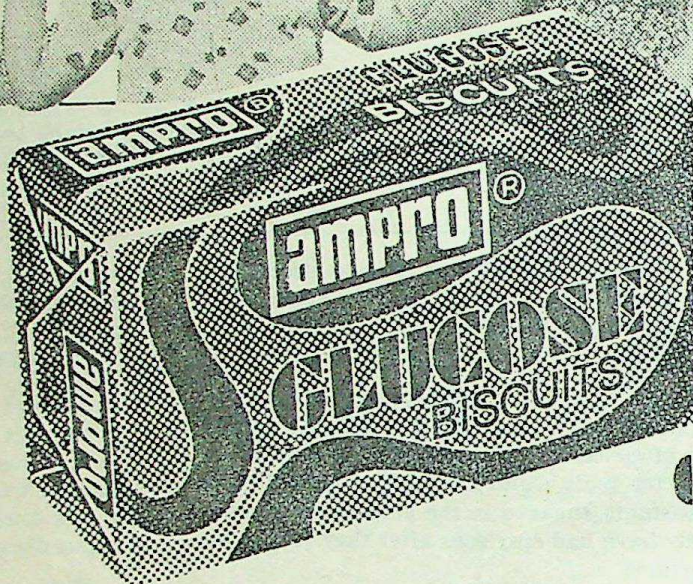
In conclusion, the following apt remark by a great French scientist of the last century—Dr Francis Victor Brüssais—may be quoted: "If magnetism were true, medicine would be an absurdity."

Presenting the Happy Family.....⁴

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A wonderful father and husband. Proud of his sons and wife. Provides them the good things of life. Busy as he is yet finds time to spend with them. Never forgets to bring them their favourite Ampro Biscuits ... they are his favourite energy snacks too.



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Is Dead



—William Coutto
IN BOMBAY FOR THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS in 1964, the Pope (above) presents the Vatican's highest award, the Golden Spur, to President Radhakrishnan. At right is Valerian Cardinal Gracias, Archbishop of Bombay. Left: With American Indians.

IN THE HOLY LAND. Pope Paul is surrounded by Jordanian soldiers to protect him from the crowds—they were so thick that the Pontiff passed by the Stations of the Cross in Jerusalem without even seeing them, let alone pausing to pray there. Left: In the room of the Last Supper on Mount Zion.



Are We Fit For Democracy ?

Last week the *Weekly* initiated a debate on whether democracy can be a success in our country. Now, in two parts, we present the views of eminent politicians, lawyers and political commentators. Despite the inherent flaws in our system, the consensus appears to be that we are fit for the democratic system.

Interviews by
RAMESH CHANDRAN

"We Are Still Experimenting"

—CHANDRA SHEKHAR

I THINK the current crisis we are witnessing in our political life is an unhealthy sign, although it does not necessarily mean that our political system is cracking up. We are in the process of making experiments in democracy. We are a nation of 620 million people where every adult is called upon to make his contribution in the formation of the government. So certain difficulties are bound to crop up. One should not be unduly pessimistic because of the fissiparous tendencies in the various political parties. I personally feel that it is part of the democratic process. One should not get unduly distressed by these events.

In spite of all these bickerings and in spite of all these weaknesses being exhibited by the political parties and sometimes even by the top political leadership, the people of this country have shown great maturity and they have shown through their decisions that they are awake and conscious enough to preserve our democratic system. They have not only shown their inclinations, but also have proved them by their decisive actions for preserving our democracy.

Lack of Vision

It is very unfortunate that political parties should indulge in this type of public squabbling. This is because of lack of vision of the future. The people who indulge in such ungainly activity have a clear idea of the social philosophy which they propagate through their political organisations. For them political parties are just an instrument for getting power and retaining it as long as they are guided by this motivation. Such problems are bound to surface from time to time, but one has to deal with the situation. As it is, politics is a game of possibilities; it is no use trying to have an "ideal situation".

I agree that there is an erosion of people's confidence in the Janata Party. Maybe it is because of lack of performance by its government but there is one substantial reason which the critics of the ruling party easily



—Bimal Maskara

"There may be certain flaws in our system of democracy. But the situation needs no drastic changes."

—Chandra Shekhar

forget. When the people in February-March 1977 were favouring the Janata Party, they were launching a crusade against authoritarian rule. The tempo and the enthusiasm of the people cannot be retained at that level for all time to come. That was an unusual situation: people were reacting to despotic rule and fighting for democratic rights. Now the situation is radically changed and the people want performance from the Janata Party and so a certain amount of disillusionment is inherent in the situation. With better performance by the Janata Party, the confidence of the people could be retained and we should try to prove this in the future.

I feel that people are needlessly panicky about the return of Mrs Gandhi. She has been rejected by the people of this country; their disillusionment with the Janata Party does not automatically mean they prefer her return. That may result in the emergence of new forces. The current mood is only a warning and caution for those who are responsible for the present situation in the party. They should take concrete measures for altering the situation.

With us, democracy is a centuries-old tradition and the impact of the Gandhian movement of our people is very profound. 30 years of experimental parliamentary system has not gone in vain. And in every General Election, people know better about their rights and privileges. So they will not easily like to forgo these rights and privileges. But there is a limit to their patience and endurance. There may be certain flaws in our system of democracy. But at present I do not think the situation needs drastic changes. I agree that there should be certain norms about public domain, UP State Museum, Hazratganj, Lucknow.

But one should not forget the eventuality that a sincere group of people might be pressing ahead time and again for the implementation of certain policies and programmes of the party and in the process they might get themselves isolated from the bulk of the party. And if they decide to fight against the trend, I am not sure I can call it "defection". The most vital ingredient of a political party is specific programmes and policies.

There may not be parallel situations in other democracies. Here in our country one must always remember that we are a nation where more than 50 per cent of the people are below the subsistence level and 70 per cent are illiterate. Our parliamentary democracy functions in special circumstances; so reaction of the people will also be different.

Brave Gesture In Maharashtra ?

Take the case of Maharashtra. There the people go on accusing the Janata Party of encouraging defection. But that is not so. If you remember, after the elections, we gave an assurance that if the Congress Party forms the government on its own we are ready to support it, or if we form the government and they support it we can form a coalition government. But we did not want the Congress led by Mrs Indira Gandhi to form the government because of the history of that group during the period of the Emergency. At that time it was formed by the then Congress Party leader Vasant Rao Patil and others. Even at that time groups of people led by Sharad Pawar and others were having their own doubts and, subsequently, events proved that their doubts were correct because the other group—i.e. the Congress led by Mrs Gandhi—tried to pressurise the coalition in a particular direction. So they came out of the alliance and we are trying to support that group in forming the government. So I do not know whether it will be called defection in the sense which is undesirable or it will be called a brave gesture of the group of people for implementing certain policies.

Regarding holding up proceedings in Parliament, this is the most reprehensible aspect in a parliamentary democracy. The essence of parliamentary democracy is for parties to try to persuade each other, tolerate each other. If you want to put a spoke in the whole system itself, it is something which cannot be justified on any account. I shall not like to comment about the behaviour of the Congress (I) in Parliament. But the party led by Mrs Gandhi has enjoyed the fruits of power and enjoyed them in a very extensive manner and in a very supreme way during the Emergency. Now they feel that the power has gone out of their hands and they are desperate.

In a democracy I think there is no need for violence. I don't say violence is ruled out in all situations. But there may be periods of despotic rules, there may be monarchies, dictatorships, where violence may be essential. But where democracy is functioning I do not think violence is necessary.

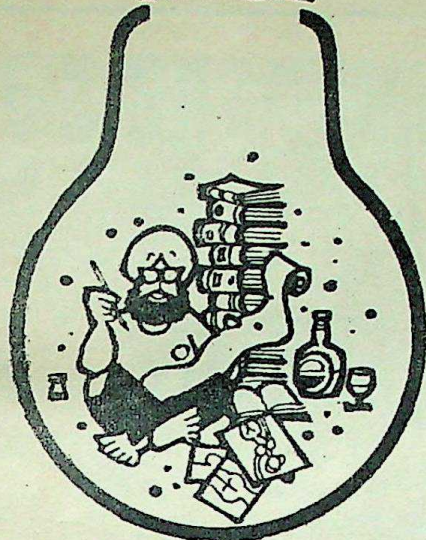
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EDITOR'S PAGE



A Bangladesh Diary

NO sooner you board the Bangladesh Biman you know you are heading towards a country poorer even than yours but inhabited by a people richer than any you have met anywhere in the world. The Biman Boeing is okay; it is more than half-empty—which is more than okay. It is five hours behind schedule; flight delays are inevitable because all they have is three Boeings for their share of the world's air traffic and seven Fokker Friendships for domestic use. The food they serve would make Indian Airlines proud of its menu and encourage P. C. Lall to further reduce the ration of dog biscuits he serves with tea or coffee. But the crew! I have yet to travel by an airline which has more courteous stewards and friendlier air-hostesses who go more out of their way to make you feel you are one of them.

Sweeping statements based on a 2-1/2-hour flight from Bombay to Dacca and an all-too-brief dialogue with air-hostess Suheli Hasnat Khan. She joined the airline at 16, speaks very little Hindustani and her English is so Bengali accented that I have to make her repeat everything she says. Suheli decides I am very much like her grandfather for whom she had a special attachment. She is one of a family of eight children, says her five daily prayers, observes the Ramadan fasts and will be only too happy to marry anyone at any time her father decides she should. "I take it you have never been in love?" I ask her. "No, not yet," she smiles (she is 20). Her fair, lissom figure and dark sparkling eyes must have given many a Bangladeshi swain sleepless nights.

We land in Dacca at 1 a.m. I had seen this airport in December 1971 after the Indian and Pakistani air forces had done their worst, leaving large craters on the runways and reducing the airport building to a mess of splintered plate-glass and gaping holes in the walls. I saw it again three years later (1974), repaired but like the victim of an accident in bandages. Now it was all aglitter with neon lights, glass and concrete. And a welcoming committee of government

officials and a somewhat emotionally inebriated Kamal Anwar, the eldest son of my departed friend, the poet Jasimuddin. The three-mile route from the airport to Hotel Intercontinental has had a facelift. It is a dual highway festooned with brightly-lit hoardings. "All done in the last year and a half of the present regime," says Taj-ul-Islam, of the government's External Publicity. "Looks like a showpiece to impress visitors," I remark. He smiles a smile indicating "no comment".

Dacca is under curfew from midnight to 4 a.m. The streets are deserted. I feel sorry for the ladies who make their living between these hours—and pimps and thieves. The crime rate in Dacca has fallen to an all-time low.

Next morning I am in the lobby of the hotel, sitting beside the fountain and ogling at the visitors—mainly American and Japanese. G. Ratnam of Siemens joins me. He is having a spot of trouble getting a deal through the Bangladesh government. "Our (Indian) tradesmen have been supplying shoddy goods to Bangladesh and have forfeited our trust," he says. The morning papers also carry editorials criticising Indian business methods. Himayet, my young escort, arrives to take me on a Dacca *darshan* tour. I have done this before but the difference is noticeable. The streets and parks are cleaner. No one urinates or defecates in the open—he can get a lash on his buttocks and a 50-Taka fine. I realise that the only way to stop public defecation is the *danda*. Near the University the car clutch gives way and we have to call off our tour.

We walk over to the Dacca Club to await Inamul Haq, head of the government's External Publicity Department. The Club's tennis finals are being played. Members sit under the shade of colourful parasols sipping tea, watching the game and gossiping. The tennis is not very exciting, the atmosphere reminiscent of the gymkhana. An hour later Inamul Haq arrives with the rest of the party of journalists which includes several editors. (Bangladesh has 3 English and 9 Bengali dailies. *Ittefaq* in Bengali has a circulation upwards of 1,30,000—the three English dailies under 35,000 each).

We set out in two Japanese Toyotas. The roads and the buildings look distinctly in better shape than what I had seen them in earlier. The countryside is also more lush green and prosperous. Haq tells me that they have had a succession of good harvests. "We produce 13 million tons of foodgrains. We need 16." The new varieties of rice now produced in Bangladesh could, with more inputs of fertilisers and pesticides, double their yield. But Bangladesh's 80 million population goes on multiplying at the rate of nearly 3 per cent per annum. Eradication of poverty (in no country in the world are there so many beggars) will remain a distant dream.

We drive along a narrow road en-bankment through a green sea of paddy dotted with island villages. We reach Madhavi in the Baburhat district which, I am told and retold, is the Manchester of Bangladesh. It is the centre of handloom weav-

ing. Everywhere I see hanks of freshly dyed yarn strung up for drying. Madhavi has been in the news because a new project—a five-mile stretch of *kutchra* road built entirely by *shramdan*. It was laid in two months by 25,000 volunteers from the neighbouring villages and students from local colleges. I stop to talk to a 50-year-old dyer, Mohammad Qadam Ali. He gets a wage of 200 Takas (Rs 100) per month. He has to feed and clothe his wife and five children. Prices of rice, lentils, meat, sugar and cooking oils are much the same as in India. Only fish is cheaper. Qadam Ali cannot save anything out of his monthly wage. And he has not finished with producing children.

A few miles further south is Narsinghdi on the banks of the Meghna. It has three jute mills employing 5,000 workers. (The jute and textile industries were nationalised by Shaikh Mujib). Here the minimum wage is 150 Takas per month with subsidised housing and free medical care. We relax in the mills' guest house. My brother journalists (all Muslims) get down to scotch and chilled beer. A small can of beer costs 30 Takas (Rs 15). Scotch is cheaper than in India but soda has faded out of Bangladeshi memory. We sit down to a feast of fresh lobsters, prawns and *rohu* taken that morning from the river. My Bangabandhus, their appetites whipped by scotch and beer, consume mounds of rice and the fruits of the Meghna.

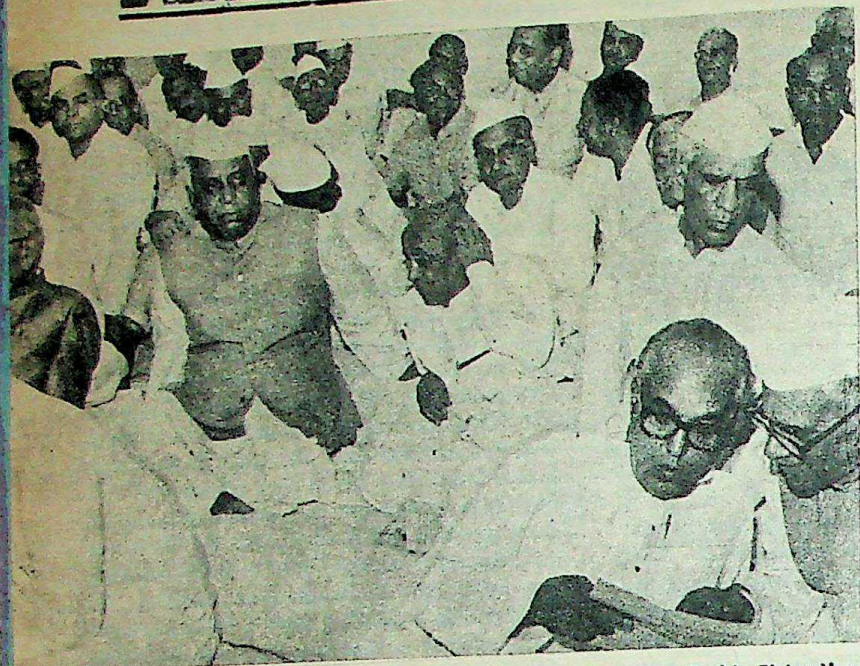
On our way back we stop at Baburhat and I am told again for the 50th time that the district is the Manchester of Bangladesh. Baburhat is the wholesale market of handloom products. The village, as most others in the country, is separated from the road by a canal and linked to it by a rickety wood bridge. At both ends sit bearded maulanais intoning passages from the Holy Quran into loudspeakers, with a trayful of coins in front of them. This holy beggary is peculiar to Bangladesh.

We resume our journey homewards. Clouds gather high above the arched bridge over the Sitalakha river and a gentle drizzle cools the air. "It is the nor'-wester," Inamul Haq tells me. "When the day is hot the nor'-wester is sure to come." By the time we reach Dacca, it is dark.

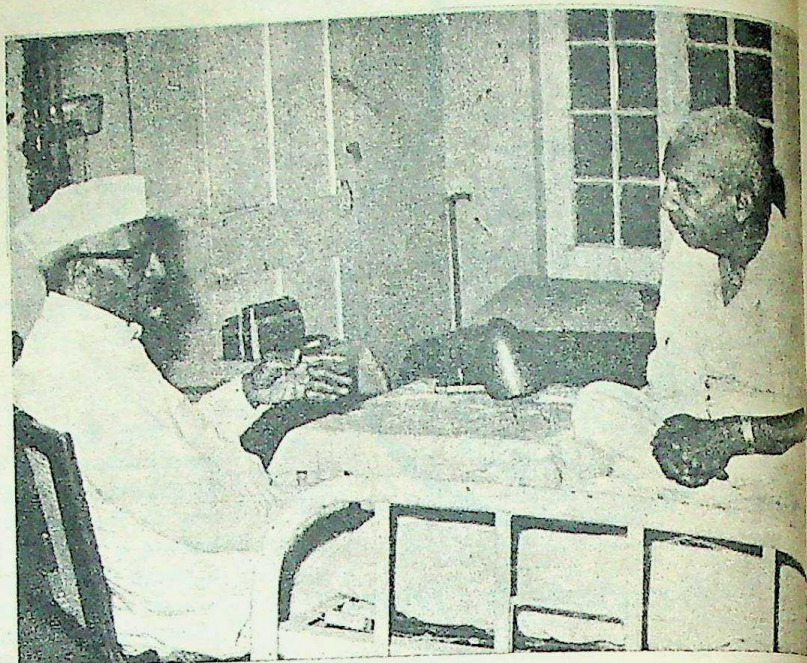
I call on our High Commissioner, K.P.S. Menon, at his residence in Gulshan Park. The house is well guarded by armed constabulary, powerful lights and barbed wire (an attempt was made to murder Menon's predecessor, Samar Sen). Mrs Menon, an attractive and charming young lady, tells me how much she likes living in Dacca. There's lots to do but she regrets her Bengali is not up to enjoying plays and poetry recitations which are features of the cultural life of the city. Her husband, who is an exact replica of his distinguished father in appearance, voice and diplomatic courtesy, has the same uncanny insight into the problems that bedevil relations between India and Bangladesh. Farakka has for the time being been settled but the long-term sharing of the waters will need a lot of goodwill and compromise on either side. There is also the thorny question of defining limits to adjoining seas. And Bangladesh is unhappy over the hospitality we extend to elements hostile to the martial law regime.

—To Be Concluded

This Week's



—P. M. Shirodkar.
"SO, YOU'VE ALL TURNED AGAINST ME!" At the crucial MPCC talks to decide whether the Congress and Congress (I) should merge, Y. B. Chavan was isolated and a unity resolution passed. The initial vehement outburst of members against uniting with the Congress (I) seemed stage-managed by Mr Chavan's henchman Sharad Pawar. Chief Minister Vasant Rao Patil (holding paper), V. P. Naik and MPCC President N. M. Tidke all opposed Y. B. Chavan, the erstwhile unquestioned leader of Maharashtra.

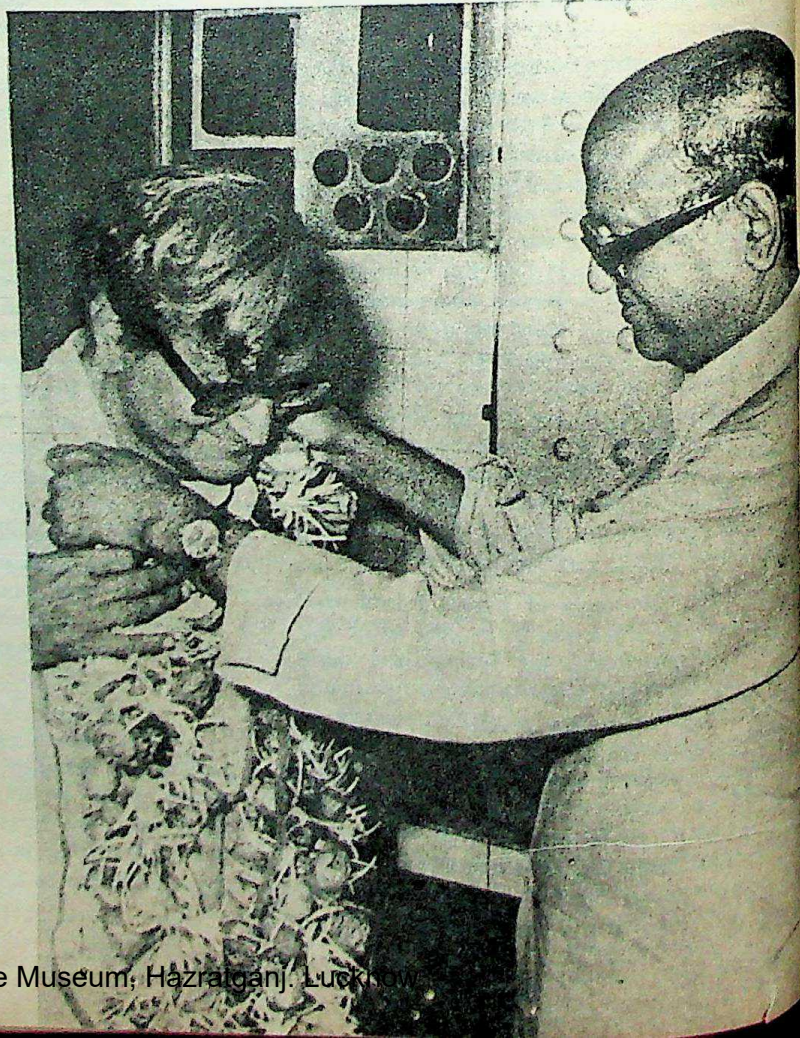


NURSING THE JANATA BACK TO HEALTH. Morarji Desai, Charan Singh, Jagjivan Ram, Chandra Shekhar and Atal Behari Vajpayee met over dinner—in the first get-together of its kind since the Janata came to power—to find ways to end the intra-party bickering. The Home and Defence Ministers do not see eye to eye on many matters. Mr Raj Narain has been shooting his mouth out of turn on matters other than Health. Meanwhile, the Janata retained its Karnal Lok Sabha seat—but by a disappointing margin. The Congress (I) made a gigantic stride and came a close second. The Chavan Congress candidate got only 2,000 votes.

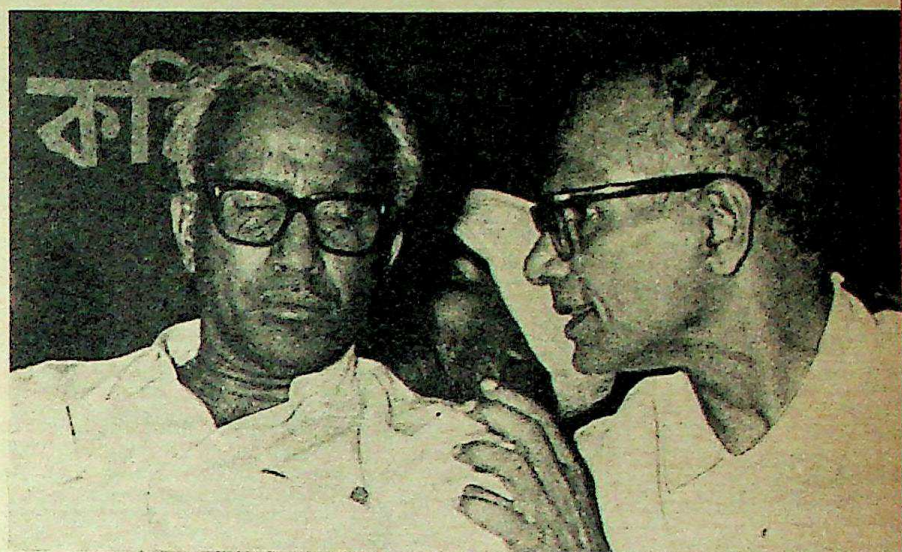
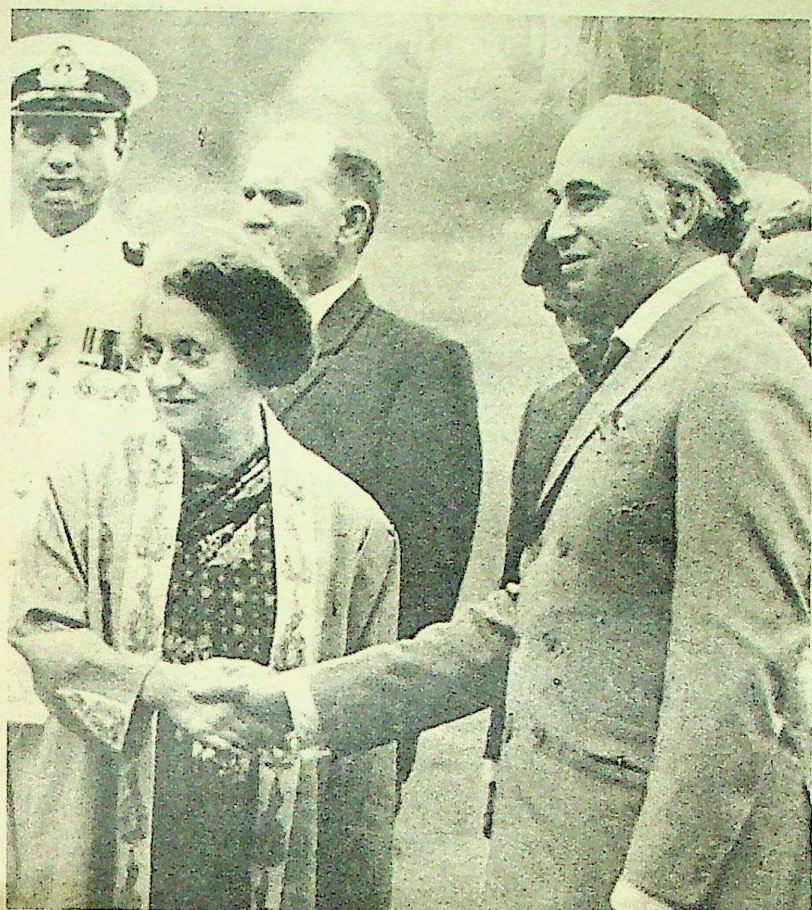
THANK YOU FOR THE GOOD "TIMES". Mr Sham Lal, Editor-in-Chief of "The Times of India", retired after 28 years in service. Among the country's most respected journalists, Mr Sham Lal was best known for his incisive column "The National Scene" and for "Life and Letters" which he wrote under the pen-name Adib. He continues to be associated with the paper as Contributing Editor. Mr Sham Lal (left) is garlanded by his successor, Mr Girilal Jain.



BULLETS, NOT JOBS. In Bastar, nine people died when police opened fire on a crowd of workers at the Bailadilla Iron Ore Project. A constable was killed by the workers with lathis and other "lethal weapons". As the tension had grown, a police force was sent to arrest a local labour leader, Indrajit Singh. They were attacked by 2,000 workers. Tear gas having had no effect, the police pumped 21 cartridges into the crowd. The demand for iron ore having slackened, the labourers had been working one shift instead of two.

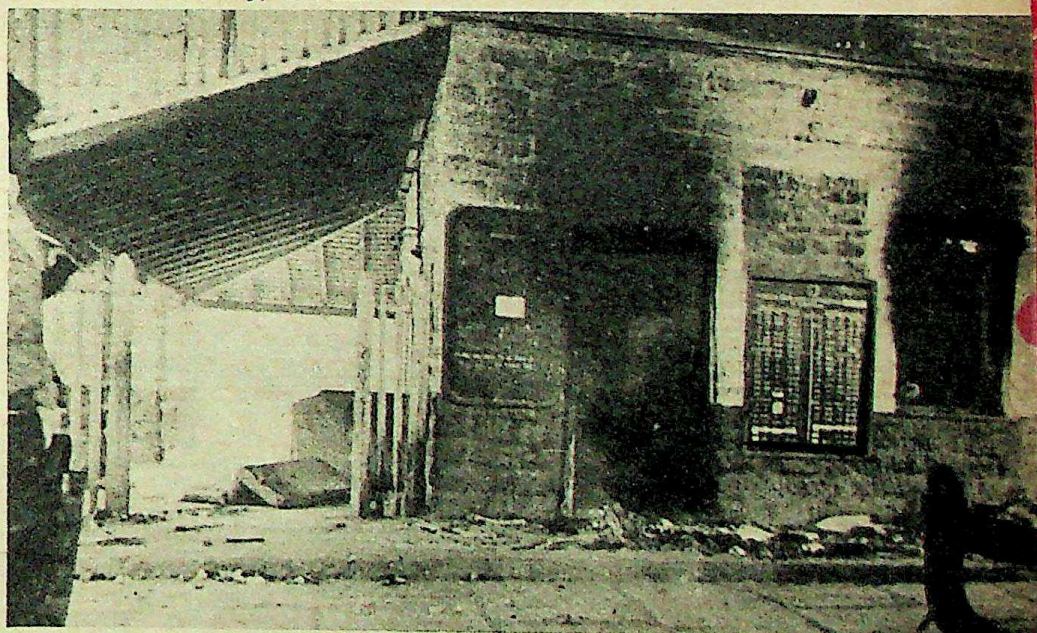


Headlines



MARX WAS THE ONLY DEMOCRAT. CPM leaders E. M. S. Namboodiripad (left), P. Sundarayya (right) and B. T. Ranadive all cast doubts on the democratic ideals of the Janata Party at the tenth Congress of the Marxist party being held in Gopalan Nagar (Jullundur). Most of the delegates insisted on the adoption of a hard line towards the Janata. The CPI had criticised the CPM for being a "tail of the ruling party". At the 11th CPI Congress in Bhatinda, the Dange line of unqualified support to the Emergency was finally buried.

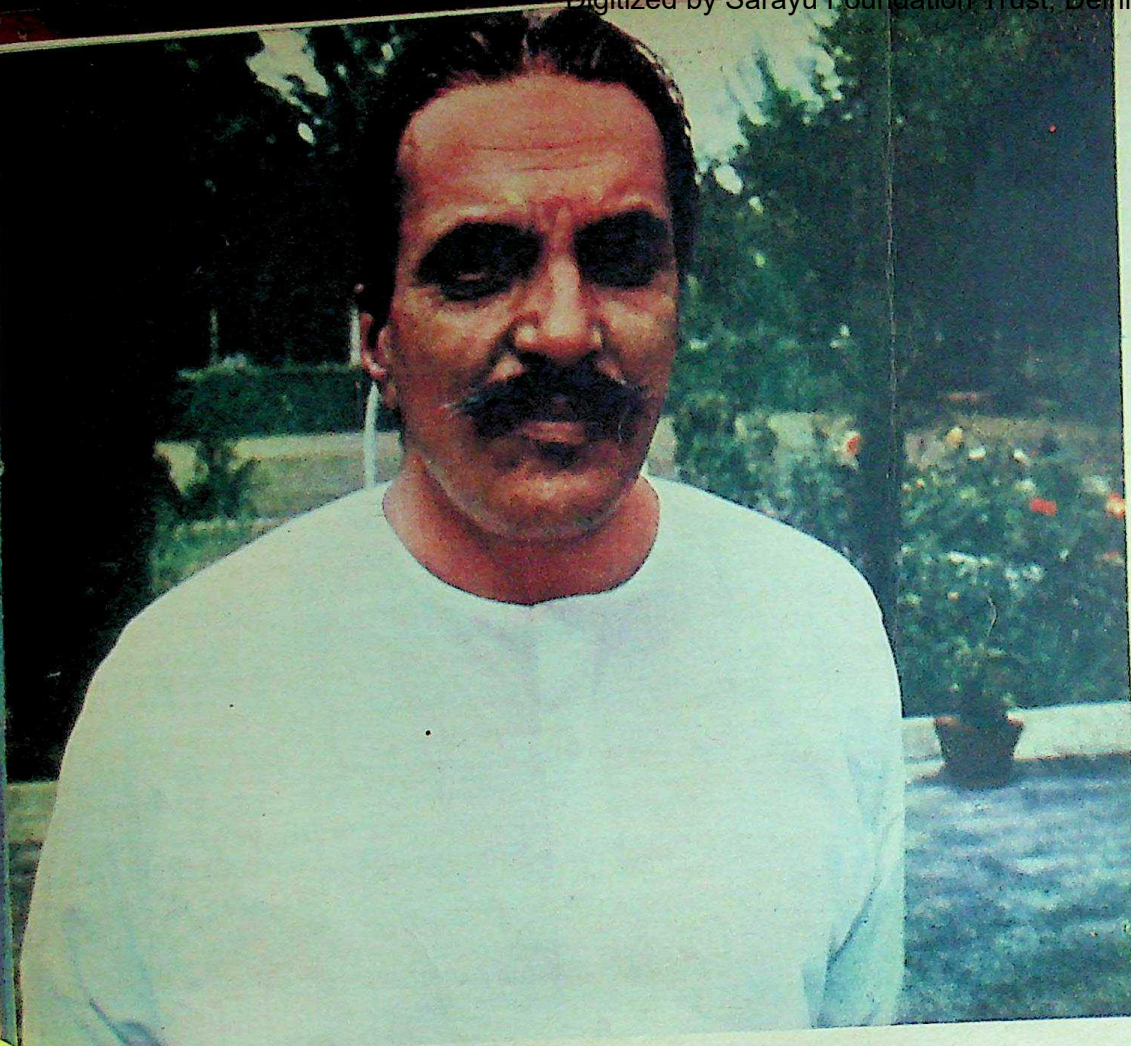
SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT... Mrs Gandhi criticised the Government for keeping quiet on the death sentence hanging over Mr Bhutto. "We should not meddle in the affairs of other countries—but we cannot remain silent on certain issues which attract the attention of other countries... Mr Bhutto improved relations with our country," she said.



—G. Srinivasulu

QUENCHING THE FLAMES OF COMMUNALISM. An agreement between Chief Minister Chenna Reddi and Opposition parties restored peace to Hyderabad and Secunderabad which had been gripped by violence for 7 days following the molestation of a woman and the beating to death of her husband. Thirteen people were killed in police firing. Following the agreement the curfew was lifted and all those taken into preventive custody were released. A total of 350 people had been arrested. Extremists have been implicated in spreading the trouble. Photograph (courtesy, "Indian Express") shows the Yakutpura suburban station aflame.

"WILL YOU FINANCE ANOTHER HONEYMOON?" A public row has broken out over the frequent jaunts of England's Princess Margaret (47) to her private Caribbean resort in the company of her boy friend, pop singer Roddy Llewellyn (30). Said Labour MP Dennis Canavan: "It is intolerable that the public purse should subsidise the Princess's second honeymoon."



At the moment of writing, the shadow of the gallows on Zulfikar Ali Bhutto eclipses almost everything else concerning Pakistan. Whatever else may happen as a result of the turmoil over his fate, India-Pakistan relations will remain unaffected. When Pakistanis get over this traumatic experience, they will find the atmosphere congenial for strengthening the bonds of friendship with us. This will be a slow process. Also India-Pakistan relations will affect our relationship with Islamic nations further west, especially Afghanistan and Iran.

The author is Resident Editor, "The Times of India", New Delhi

WE'LL CARRY ON FROM SIMLA. Neither General Zia-ul-Haq (left) nor the Jamaat Government has tried to impede the process of reconciliation begun by their predecessors.

PAKISTAN ON Tent-pegging Before the Hindu and was predomina Pakistan. Gandahar) art is part of the c Below right: V the burqa for hostesses in o the Paris coutu din, in 1966.

India, Pakistan And Further West

by Inder Malhotra



UNTIL 1940 when the Muslim League passed its famous Lahore resolution Pakistan was but a figment of the fertile imagination of some students at Oxbridge. This alone should explain why, since creation seven years later, it has been a major preoccupation of Indian foreign policy.

Relations between any two neighbours anywhere in the world are apt to be at best uneasy and at worst bitter. There are, of course, conspicuous exceptions to this rule. For some next-door neighbours, especially the European and American continents, man has managed to live together these days in exemplary friendship. But almost all of them have reached this happy state after prolonged warring and periodic wars.

The natural order of things elsewhere has been vastly aggravated in the case of India and Pakistan by the deadweight of the subcontinent's exceptionally turbulent history, both recent and remote.

In the circumstances, the surprise is not that there has been so much strife between the two neighbours but that, in the course of only three decades and after only three wars, both sides are now showing welcome signs of reconciliation.

—Balkrishna

ROYAL VISITORS. The Shah of Iran and the Shahbanu at the races in Bombay during their visit to India in January 1968. The Shah again visited India in February 1969.

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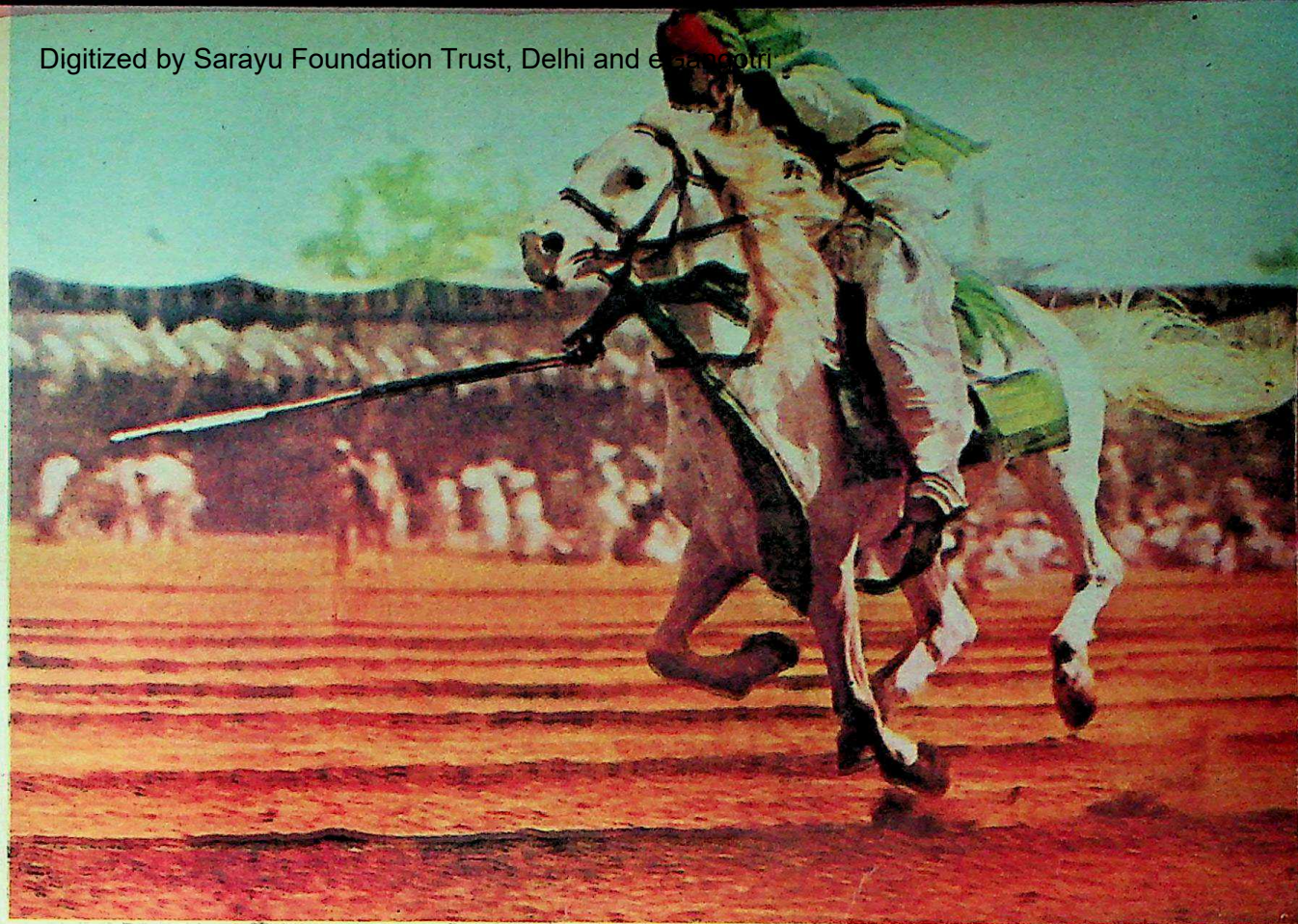
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Shah of Iran
in Bombay
January 1968
in February

PAKISTAN ON THE MARK.
Tent-pegging (right). Below:
Before the advent of Islam,
Hindu and Buddhist influence
was predominant in what is now
Pakistan. Gandhara (from Kan-
dahar) art is still very much a
part of the country's heritage.
Below right: Will it be back to
the burqa for them? PIA air-
hostesses in outfits designed by
the Paris couturier, Pierre Car-
din, in 1966.



of reaching at least a *modus vivendi*, if not detente.

Since religion has been and continues to be—despite the bloody transformation of Pakistan's Eastern Wing into Bangladesh in 1971—Pakistan's *raison d'être*, the state of India-Pakistan relations at any given time influences considerably our ties with Muslim countries further to the west of the Khyber Pass. But important though it is, this is not the only factor governing our relations with countries like Afghanistan and Iran. With both, Indian bonds have been rooted deep in history, geographical proximity and shared experience.

Enemy's Enemy

Indeed, the Indo-Afghan relations during the last 30 years can be held up as a shining example of how two neighbours, even with a history of armed conflict and sporadic mutual conquest, can live in perfect peace and amity and even promote good will and cooperation.

Some may be tempted to explain away the remarkable warmth of India-Afghanistan relations in terms of Kautilya's celebrated doctrine that while a neighbour is bound to be one's enemy, the neighbour's neighbour is equally certain to be a friend. This is only partly true.

After all, Iran is as much a neighbour of Pakistan as Afghanistan. And yet the course of India-Iran relationship has been

much different from that of the Indo-Afghan relationship. The graph of friendliness and understanding between New Delhi and Kabul is one of steady improvement; that pertaining to Tehran has sharp ups and downs.

In fact, the sea change in India-Iran relations during the past few years does not have many parallels. Only until the other day Iran was the self-proclaimed protector, mentor and armourer of Pakistan. Today it is as good a friend of India as of Pakistan. Indeed, as Iran's need for wider markets as well as Indian goods, manpower and skills increases on the one hand and, on the other, India's keenness to live in peace with its neighbours becomes manifest, Iranian stakes in India tend to become greater than those in Pakistan. New Delhi's prompt welcome to the Shah of Iran's imaginative proposal for a common market to serve the entire region, stretching from Dacca to Tehran via Kabul, and Islamabad's summary rejection of it are significant pointers perhaps to the shape of things to come.

Turkey may be outside the region covered by the Shah's concept of a viable common market. But a survey of our relations with the Turks must be tagged on to the present study, if only because, like Iran, Turkey has been something of a crutch to Pakistan all these years. Like Iran, Turkey too has been a member of both the CENTO military alliance and the economic grouping called the RCD. Though still technically alive, both in-

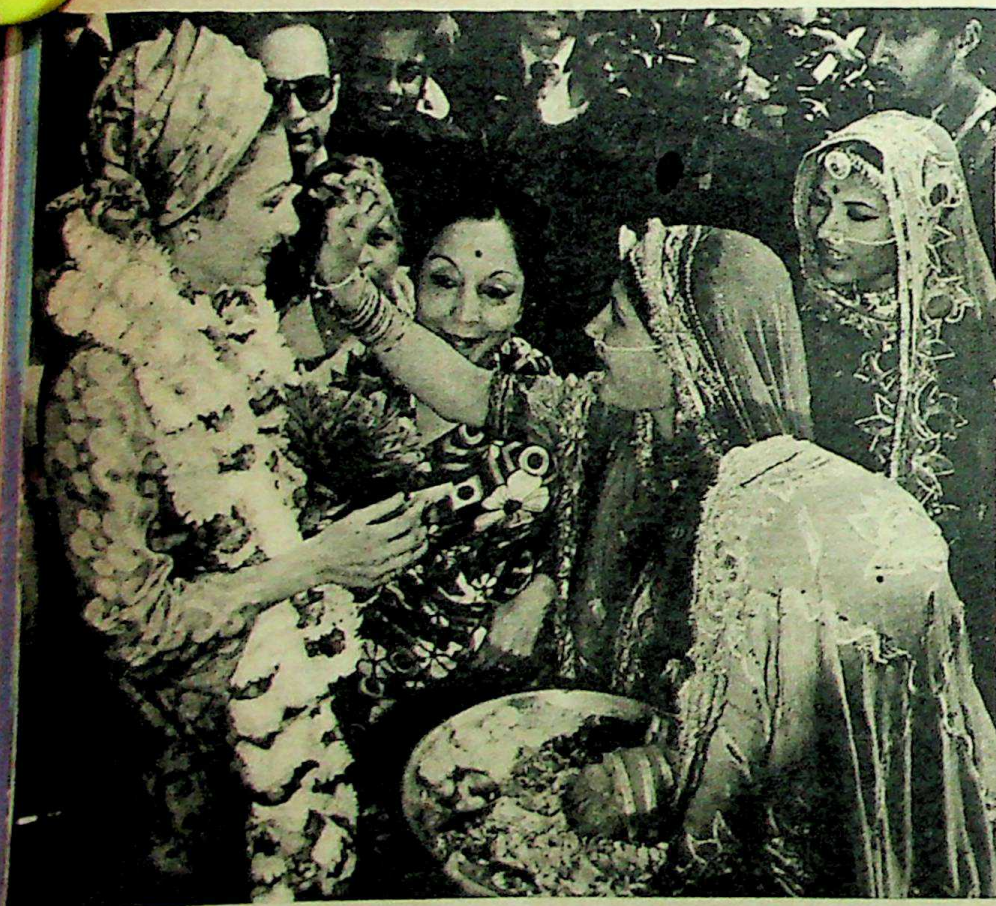
stitutions have outlived their usefulness. But this is a different matter altogether.

The story of India-Pakistan relations during the last three decades is so vast, so complex and covered with such a thick overlay of emotion, prejudice, preconceived notions, plain ignorance and deliberate misinformation that one does not know where to begin and where to end. In any case, in the course of a short article, only its barest outlines can be traced.

India Not a Religious State

But suffice it to say that no understanding of this story is possible without facing up to the basic contradiction of the subcontinent's situation from which flows the fundamental conflict between India and Pakistan. The demand for Pakistan was based solely on the argument that the Muslims of the subcontinent formed a separate nation and must therefore have an Islamic state of their own. The leaders who had consistently fought for the subcontinent's unity and freedom ultimately conceded this demand but only on condition that, while the Pakistanis could do what they liked in their territory, religion could not and would not be a basis of statehood on the other side of the great divide.

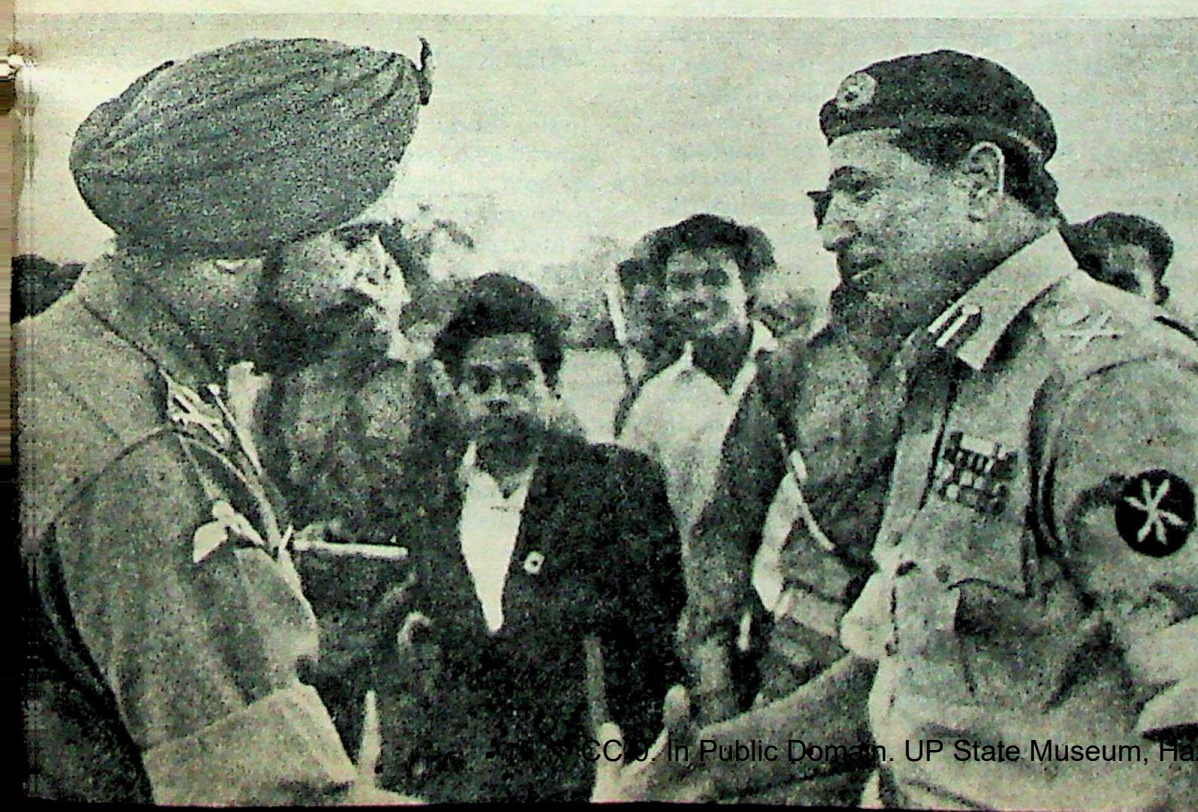
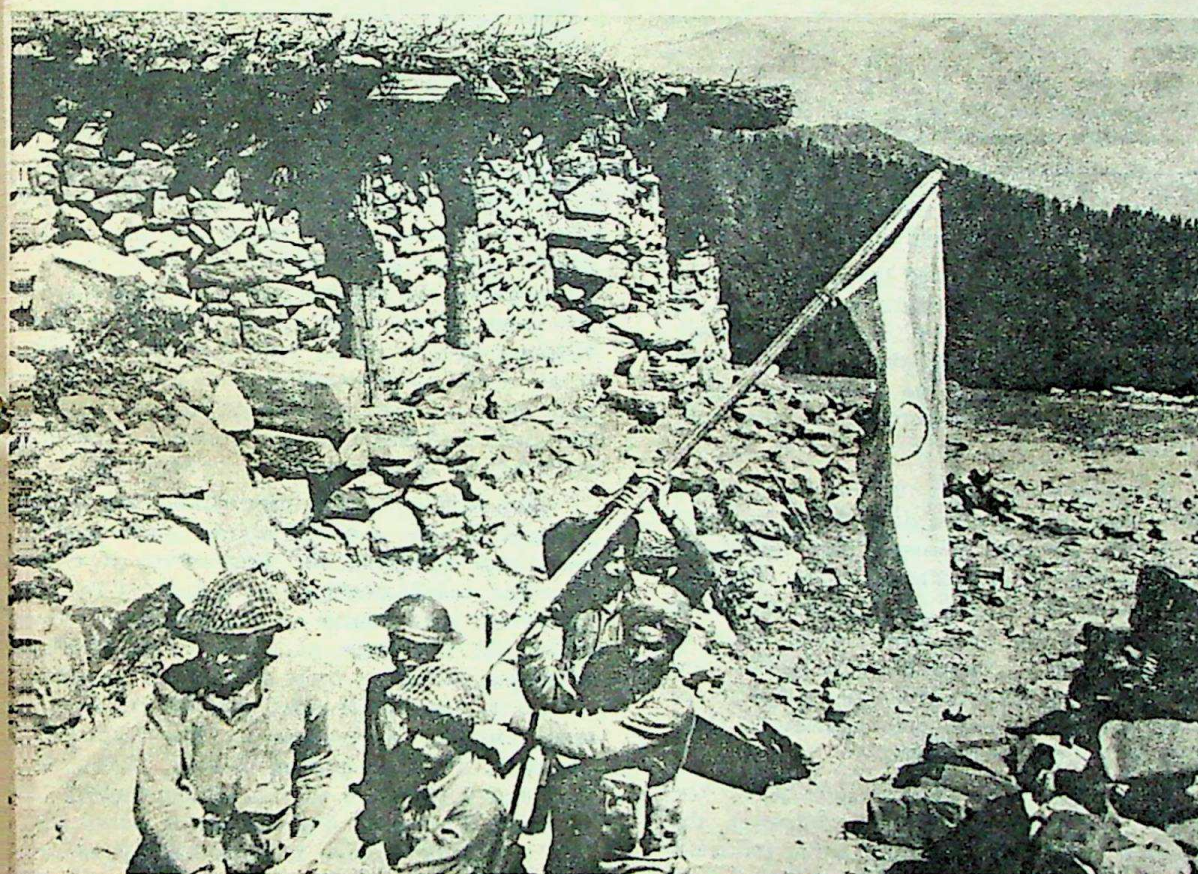
The Indian state was intended to be, has been and will remain a continuation of the multireligious, multiracial, multilingual India of yore.



A PROMISE OF PROSPERITY TO COME. Shahbanu Farah, the Empress of Iran welcomed at Jaipur airport in February. After taking an aerial view of the Rajasthan Canal, the Shah agreed to finance the construction of the entire 256 km-long second stage of the canal against a guaranteed annual supply of foodgrains. Iran is financing several projects in India, notable among them being the Kudremukh mines in Karnataka.

FROM KABUL IN FRIENDSHIP. President Mohammed Daoud of Afghanistan at the dargah of Nizamuddin Aulia in New Delhi during his March 1973 visit. He was again in India in March this year. External Affairs Minister A. B. Vajpayee visited both Kabul and Tehran last August.





The consequences of the contradiction between India's firm adherence to secularism and Pakistan's determination to be a theocracy would have been far-reaching at the best of times; the brutal circumstances of Pakistan's birth exacerbated them greatly. The surgery that carved the subcontinent into two was savage indeed, and it is best not to harp on the barbarities perpetrated on often innocent people on both sides. But notice must be taken of one profoundly significant development that had taken place by the time sanity of sorts was restored: though millions had migrated from both sides, what remains of Pakistan today had been almost completely denuded of the Hindu and Sikh minorities in a matter of weeks; in India, however, the Muslims continued to be the principal minority. Today more Muslims live in India than do in Pakistan. They have their difficulties and disabilities, no doubt. But they are equal citizens of a secular state.

This, coupled with the fact that 25 years after 1947 the Eastern wing of Pakistan, discarding the ties of religion, became independent Bangladesh, should explain why Pakistan continues to suffer from a constant crisis of identity which, in turn, has created many hang-ups and complexes, besides, of course, a feeling of insecurity which is often sought to be camouflaged behind a smokescreen of boastful belligerence.

"Cultural Invasion"

It is only against this backdrop that another glaring contradiction of the India-Pakistan equation makes sense. Individual Indians and Pakistanis usually meet as long-lost brothers, as they indeed are; their *bonhomie* renders the foreign onlookers speechless with surprise. The rapturous welcome Indian audiences have given to the Sabri Brothers and Mehdi Hasan, brilliant exponents of different forms of music which is so manifestly common to India and Pakistan, speaks for itself. So does the fact that Pakistanis travel from far and near to Lahore, often with their television sets, whenever the Amritsar TV centre promises to show films like *Pakeezah*, *Moghul-e-Azam* and the like.

And yet, while practically no one in India has raised even a feeble voice against close cultural relations with Pakistan, eminent and highly sophisticated Pakistanis scream "cultural invasion" at the slightest suggestion of more frequent exchanges between the two countries in the finer realms of arts or literature. Regrettably, even so sensible a Pakistani leader as Mubashir Hasan—he was Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's Finance Minister at one time and Secretary-General of the Pakistan People's Party at another—has been protesting loudly against a slight but welcome increase in the trade between the two countries, resumed two years ago after a total disruption for over a decade.

All this should not be taken as a sign of perversity on the part of Mubashir Hasan

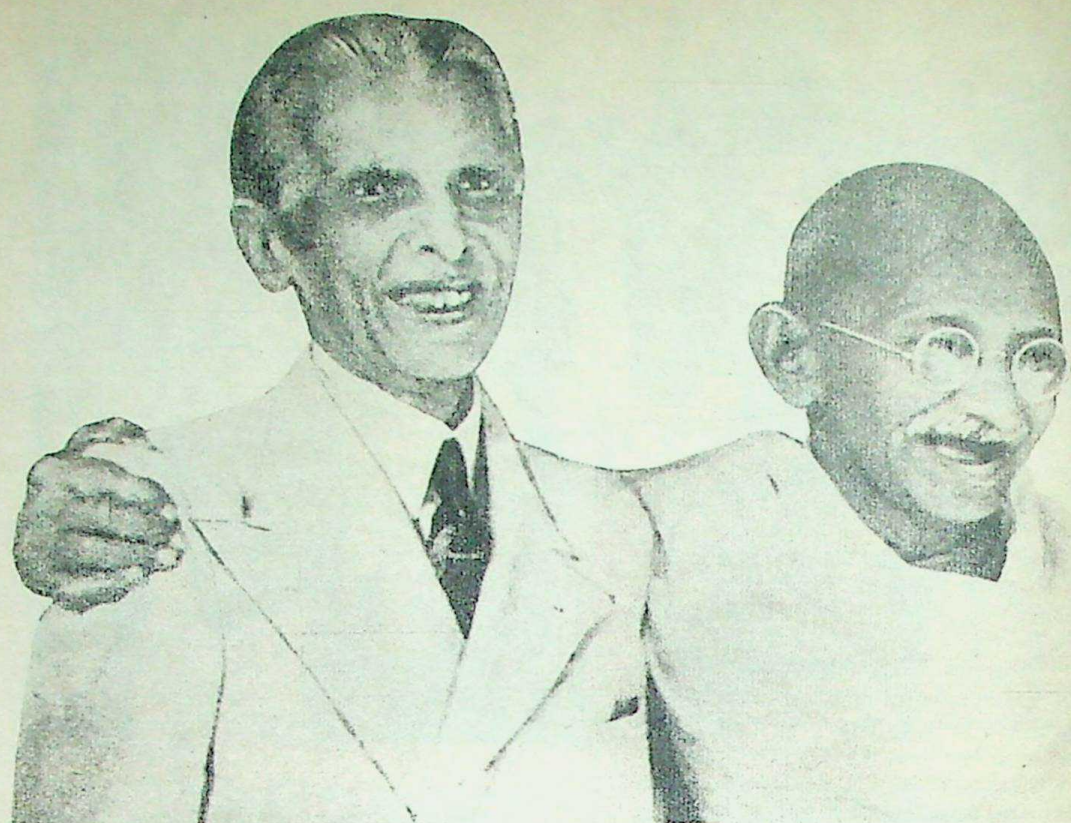
A HISTORY OF TENSIONS. SSP workers, led by Raj Narain, protest against the Kutch accord in 1958 (top). The *Jana Sangh* was also opposed to our Kutch policy at that time. Centre: The Tricolour is hoisted at the Haji Pir Pass for the first time during the 1965 war. Bottom: India's Lt General Jagjit Singh Aurora, Eastern Front Commander (left), arrives in Dacca to accept the surrender of the Pakistani Commander Lt General A. A. K. Niazi (right) in December 1971

or others by any means. They are merely giving expression to their elemental fear that too close a proximity to India will destroy Pakistan's *raison d'être*. Only this mentality could have persuaded an otherwise prudent people to buy coal from Poland, South Africa or China at three times the price at which they can get it from India.

To say this is not to pretend that the situation is hopeless or that things cannot improve. Far from it. Relations between the two countries have improved in the past and they will become even better in the future. But this is bound to be a long, slow and difficult haul. A *rapprochement* between the two neighbours cannot be achieved overnight, as it were, in one sudden flood of exuberant emotion *à la* Bombay films in which long-estranged and embittered brothers dutifully fall into each other's arms, shedding copious tears, in the last reel.

However, what can be more symbolic of the happy change in the subcontinent's atmosphere which has already taken place than that the latest messenger of peace and good will to Islamabad should have been Atal Behari Vajpayee, at one time the principal exponent of the Jana Sangh's philosophy of Akhand Bharat and therefore Pakistan's bete noire but now, as Indian Foreign Minister, a votary of peaceful co-existence and friendly relations between India and Pakistan?

Vajpayee's Pakistan visit served two useful purposes, besides carrying forward



BROTHERS WHO PARTED. Quaid-e-Azam Jinnah with the Mahatma in September, 1944. The failure of the Congress and the Muslim League to reach agreement led not only to partition but also to a fratricidal civil war which embittered relations for the next thirty years.

the slow but welcome process of normalisation between India and Pakistan.

First, it underscored the continuity, on both sides of the line drawn by Radcliffe, of firm commitment to the Simla Agreement, reached after the Bangladesh War to clear its debris and to lay the foundations of a new and mature relationship in the subcontinent.

Secondly—and this is, in some ways, more important—in the discussions between the Indian Foreign Minister and Pakistan's Chief Martial Law Administrator, General Zia-ul Haq, who looks like staying for quite some while, the two sides were able, in private at least, to come to brass tacks about Kashmir even though for the purposes of the public record both have explained their positions in terms deliberately vague.

There can be no two opinions about the massive and often malign influence the Kashmir issue has had on India-Pakistan relations or about the distortions it has sometimes introduced in other areas of foreign policy. But only the most naive would believe that if only the Kashmir issue hadn't arisen or, having arisen, had been solved to mutual satisfaction (which, in the circumstances, is a euphemism for handing Kashmir over to Pakistan on a platter), friendship between the two countries would have flowered to the fullest. The truth is vastly different.

Kashmir Not The Cause

Kashmir is not so much a cause of Indo-Pakistan hostility as its consequence. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that if the Kashmir dispute did not exist, it would have been invented. (The Indus waters dispute was once said to be even more important than Kashmir but its satisfactory solution in no way diminished mutual bickering.)

Here, again, one is up against the problem of outlining briefly and simply what

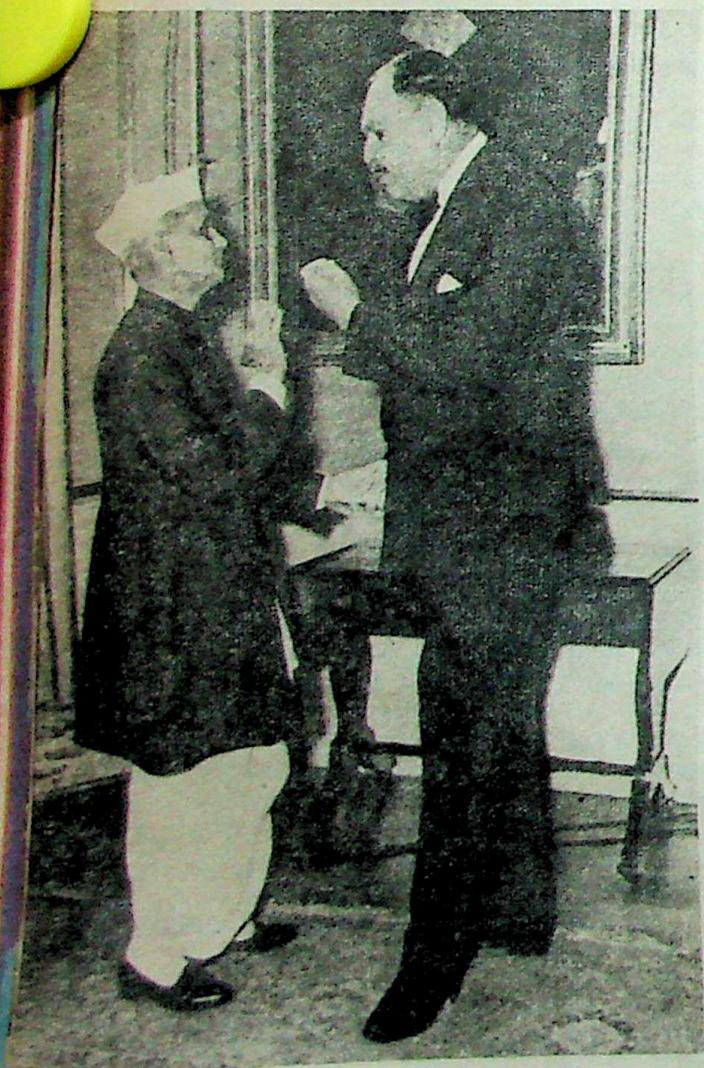
is a highly complex and emotionally surcharged problem. And which has indeed filled a modest-sized library at the UN without making the distinguished delegates any the wiser about what is at stake. The late Krishna Menon alone had the wit to sum it all up in a mere nine-hour speech. The best lesser men can do is to face up to the stark and basic elements of the problem with brutal frankness.

The first and the fundamental fact to be grasped is that the Pakistanis could easily have had Kashmir for themselves if only they had the patience to wait and let things take their own course or the skill to woo either the Maharaja of Kashmir or Sheikh Abdullah, then as now the most popular Kashmiri leader. It was the Sheikh's uncompromising opposition to the Pakistani ideology, the two-nation theory, however that drove Pakistan to the foolish course of invading Kashmir. And by doing so it has lost whatever chance it once had of incorporating the beautiful Valley into its territory.

What Really Ails Our Relations?

Secondly, it is absolutely true that India, under the leadership of the great Jawaharlal Nehru, reneged on its promise to hold a plebiscite in Jammu and Kashmir presumably because Panditji wasn't sure of winning it. But then it was only in 1947 that New Delhi resiled from its commitment. Until then, Pakistan was in a position to have the plebiscite at any time of its choosing simply by carrying out the UN's demand to withdraw its troops from Jammu and Kashmir. But it did nothing of the kind. Why?

Since then, as Vajpayee told Pakistani journalists in Islamabad, not only has a lot of water flowed through the subcontinent's rivers but much has happened elsewhere also. For one thing, Pakistan has learnt at its bitter cost, first in 1965 and then in 1971, that the military method of annexing Kashmir



THEY TRIED AT TASHKENT. The Soviet Union acted as mediator to bring Lal Bahadur Shastri and Ayub Khan together in January 1966, to discuss the terms of peace after the 1965 war. Above: The two leaders at the June 1965 Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London.

mir is just not open to it. India, on the other hand, knows, even if some do-gooders here and there do not, that any attempt to change the present status of Kashmir, for whatever reason, will almost certainly destroy the very basis of Indian nationhood, secularism. And thus we are back again to the core of what really ails India-Pakistan relations.

Meanwhile, the world has discovered over the years that there is no such thing in international affairs as "never". West Germany was committed never to accepting the Oder-Neisse border or recognising East Germany. Both these things have since been done. The Americans were committed never to "letting down" their South Vietnamese allies. Vietnam has been unified for nearly three years now, but the reunification of the two Koreas, to which both the parts of that country as well as the world community as a whole have been passionately committed, remains a distant dream.

Hopefully, India and Pakistan will also some day bow to the iron imperatives of the situation and agree, openly or tacitly, to settling the Kashmir issue on the basis of the existing realities.

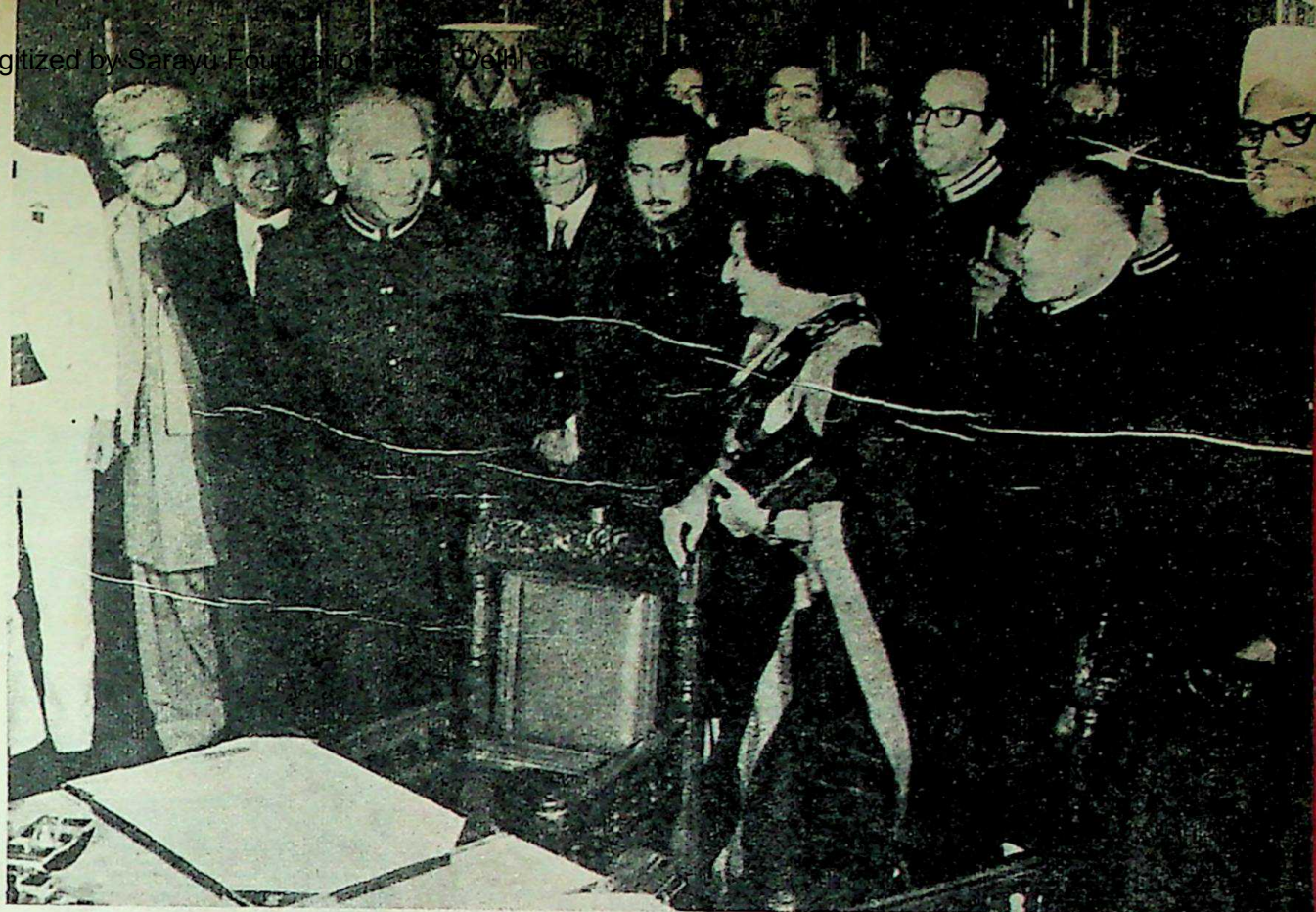
One reason why the Kashmir issue became so intractable as it did and Pakistan was encouraged in its military misadventures was the needless meddling by the Big Powers, especially the United States, in the affairs of the subcontinent.

Pernicious Doctrine

Prodded at first by Britain and, later, largely on their own, the Americans practised through the fifties and the sixties the pernicious doctrine of externally-induced military parity between India and Pakistan. By 1962, when the Chinese invaded Ladakh and NEFA, the Pakistanis had gleefully rushed to Peking to befriend it too and, since then, the China factor has been an important card in Pakistani diplomacy.

The Western policy of bolstering up Pakistan as a military equal of India now lies in ruins. The Pakistanis have also realised that in time of need the 800 million Chinese do little else besides giving their Pakistan allies

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PERHAPS THIS ACCORD WILL LAST? Indira Gandhi and Zulfikar Ali Bhutto at Simla in 1972. On July 3, they reached an agreement to settle all differences through bilateral negotiations and, until final settlement, not to alter the situation unilaterally. A step-by-step normalisation of relations which would include resumption of communications, trade and travel was agreed upon.

strident verbal support. In the mean time, except for a short period during the high noon of its post-Tashkent mediatory role in the subcontinent, the Soviet Union has remained steadfast in its support to India.

All this, climaxed by the trauma of Bangladesh which, after all, preceded the world oil crisis by only two years, should explain why Pakistan readjusted its strategy in the seventies and started leaning heavily on US support on the one hand and seeking, on the other, guns and gold from the oil-rich countries of the Gulf and West Asia. For the latter purpose, it has naturally played the Pan-Islamic card for all it is worth.

Even so, things have been changing faster than the Pakistanis had perhaps bargained for. The notorious Nixonian tilt towards Pakistan has disappeared, and in Jimmy Carter India has a good friend in the White House. The Pan-Islamic appeal, too, has taken some twists and turns, thanks to there being wheels within wheels. Among the reasons why the Tehran-Islamabad friendship is no longer as beautiful as it used to be is Pakistan's propensity to turn more and more towards like-minded Saudi Arabia.

Altogether, the international environment is conducive to better relations on the subcontinent as a whole, and the best use of this beneficial factor can be surely made because India is both willing and able to respect legitimate Pakistani interests and aspirations.

Not Big Brothers

It is entirely understandable that Pakistan should be afraid of Indian hegemony. But it should be possible for us to allay this Pakistani fear even though there is no getting away from the fact that India is a much bigger country than Pakistan, as indeed the United States is vastly more powerful in relation to Canada. But then, as Vajpayee, with his characteristic eloquence, told General Zia-ul Haq: "The fact that we are big does not mean that we wish to act like big brothers."

Thanks to continuing political uncertainty in Pakistan—the fight to the finish between General Zia-ul Haq and Zulfikar Ali Bhutto is still unfinished and no one can say when, if ever, the promised poll will be held—progress towards friendly relations and beneficial economic cooperation is likely to be even slower than it otherwise might have been.

But there is no alternative to a policy of patience and perseverance which are bound

RETURN IN PEACE. A sick Pakistani prisoner-of-war being carried across the Wagah checkpoint near Amritsar in July 1973. Pakistan's surrender in Bangladesh had resulted in India taking about 93,000 prisoners-of-war. Arrangements for their repatriation followed the Simla accord.



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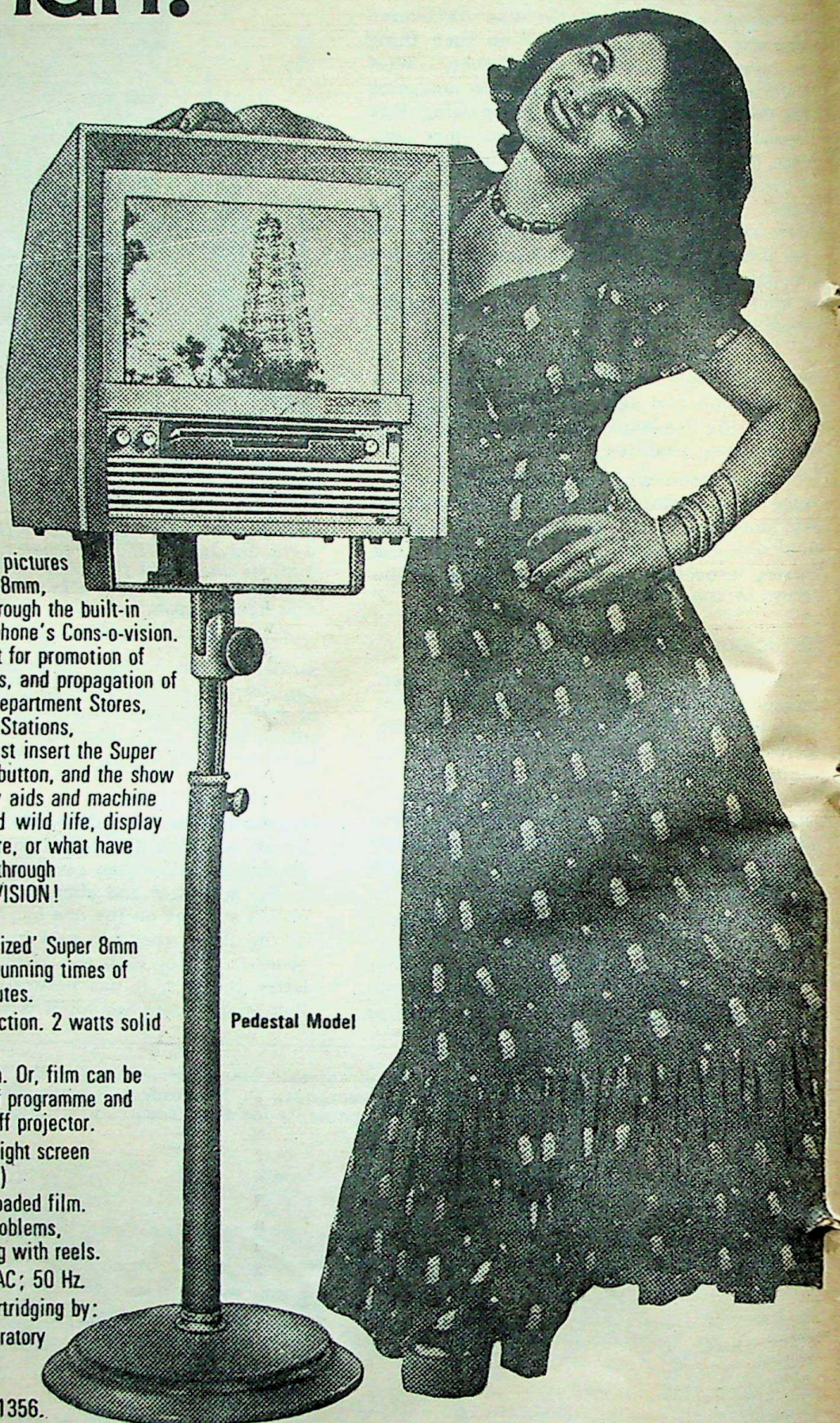
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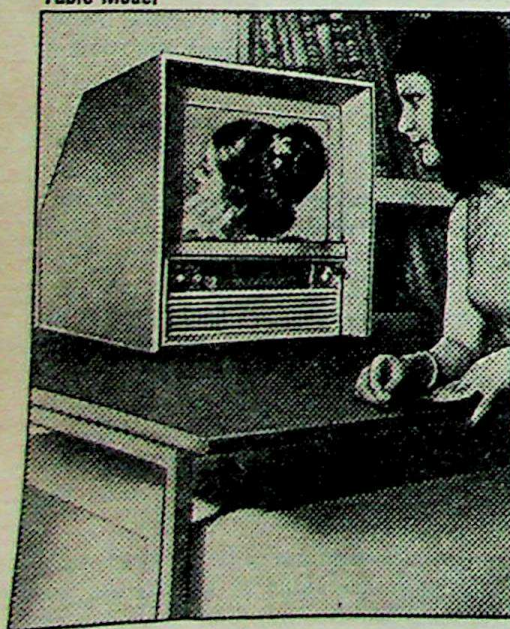
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to pay in the end, especially *vis-a-vis* India's relations with landlocked Afghanistan.

For until the land route to Kabul is opened there is absolutely no way in which the enormous economic potential of the extremely close political, cultural and historical ties with Afghanistan can be fulfilled.

Indeed, it is a measure of the topsyturvy world we live in that, under Pakistani fiat, trade between Afghanistan and India must be carried on through the Pakistani port of Karachi. Only fresh and dry fruits from Afghanistan can come to India by road. But the trucks bringing these cannot take back any Indian cargo. They must return home empty, thus pushing up the cost of Afghan exports of fruits to India unnecessarily.

In insisting on this crazy pattern, Pakistan is being equally bloody-minded to both India and Afghanistan. For relations between Kabul and Islamabad have almost always been strained—and often enough inflamed—ever since the end of the British Raj.

In their refusal to accept the Durand Line as the border between their country and Pakistan, the Afghans have been consistent, however. They never willingly accepted this line even during the heyday of the Raj. It was imposed on them. But this does not mean that the Pakistanis have no right to object to the Afghan support to the demand for Pakhtoonistan in areas inherited by Pakistan from the British.

Heart-warming Feature

Ironically, Pakistan, while complaining of India's big-brotherly attitude, has seldom been restrained in its threats to Afghanistan which is much smaller than it. With characteristic flamboyance, Bhutto even boasted that he would hoist the Pakistani flag over the presidential palace in Kabul! Later, however, wiser counsels prevailed. As a result of negotiations between Sardar Daoud of Afghanistan and first Bhutto and then General Zia-ul Haq, the temperature of the Afghan-Pakistan conflict has been brought down considerably. But a rapprochement between these two neighbours is no nearer than a similarly desirable denouement in India-Pakistan relations.

In the mean time, despite the limitation imposed by geography, technical and cultural cooperation between India and Afghanistan continues apace. Even the trade has increased though necessarily within limits.

The most heart-warming feature of the Indo-Afghan relationship is that Indian experts and technicians who are helping the Afghans in such fields as health, education, communications, irrigation and so on are extremely popular with their hosts and themselves feel perfectly at home. Afghanistan, mercifully, is one country where there is no such creature as an ugly Indian!

Since close and friendly relations, including brisk trade and cultural contacts, between India and Iran date back to pre-history, even a quick survey of these will take too much space. Suffice it to say that even a cursory look at North Indian architecture, language, poetry, painting and even food will indicate how deep and pervasive the Iranian influence on this country has been. Nor has this been a one-way traffic by any means.

When India became free and Pakistan came into being, Iran was having grim pro-

blems of its own. It was not until the mid-

sixties that it embarked on the road which has now led it, under the Shah's stewardship, to a position of power, prestige and influence. But at that time the Shah's decisions to give all help to Field-Marshal Ayub Khan both during and after the Indo-Pakistan war of 1965 soured this country's relations with Iran.

The Shah did come to India in 1968 and, while this visit helped to expand economic and cultural ties between the two countries, the basic Iranian tilt towards Pakistan became even more pronounced, partly at least under the influence of the US which had its own fish to fry. Just before the Bangladesh War and even more so after it, Iranian policy towards the Indian subcontinent became even more one-sided and therefore a cause for concern. Strategists and military planners in this country began to take it for granted that the massive arsenal that the Shah had by then started to build up—thanks to the colossal earnings from oil and because of unstinted US support—would be available to Pakistan for the mere asking.

Crucial Turning Point

In the circumstances, the recovery of the India-Iran relations from this sorry pass and the subsequent improvement in them have been nothing short of miraculous. The credit for this must go to the consummate skill of Indira Gandhi who was also greatly helped in winning over the Shah and his counsellors by Swaran Singh and P. N. Haksar.

Swaran Singh's negotiations with the Shah in Tehran during the second half of 1973 were, indeed, the crucial turning point in the relationship. Since then things have moved almost in geographic progression.

To give only one example, that of trade, within two years of Swaran Singh's palaver in the Paharvi Place, Indian exports to Iran increased ninefold and imports from Iran fourfold. This rate of progress has been maintained since. Beginning with Kudremukh, the number of joint projects that India and Iran have agreed to start—especially during the Shah's visit to Delhi just before Vajpayee took off for Islamabad—add up to a staggering list, worth at least several billion dollars. Even if the Pakistanis persist in their refusal to open the overland route, the sky is, almost literally, the limit to India-Iran economic collaboration.

And herein, perhaps, lies the key to the remarkable change in the Iranian attitude towards the subcontinent that has taken place. The Shah knows that the highly ambitious economic plans that he has for his country have a chance of succeeding only if Iranian money can be married to the Indian market as well as skilled Indian manpower. It goes without saying, however, that the Shah was equally impressed when he perceived for himself the sincerity of the Indian desire to have peace and stability on the subcontinent.

Hostile demonstrations at the time of the Shah's latest visit by Iranian students in this country and also by some Indian students—who have become painfully aware of the importance of human rights after their bitter experiences during the Emergency—need not in any way impede the steady increase in India-Iran cooperation.

For one thing, such demonstrations did not have the Indian Government's backing which indeed bent over backwards to be tough on the demonstrators. Secondly, such



PEACE AND GOOD WILL IN THE SUB-CONTINENT? External Affairs Minister Atal Behari Vajpayee with General Zia-ul Haq when the former visited Pakistan in February. General Zia remarked of the former Jana Sangh leader: "The best description I can give of him is that as a politician in office he is different from what he was in the Opposition."

demonstrations have become routine in all democratic countries which the Shah visits from time to time. Thirdly, it should be in his own interest as well as in that of Iran if such manifestations of dissidence by the intelligent Iranian youth persuade the Shah to liberalise his regime or, at any rate, to moderate the rough ways of his notorious secret police, SAVAK.

Turkey

Babur was an Uzbek but the cannon which gave him such invaluable advantage during the First Battle of Panipat he had brought from Turkey. This weapon, indeed, was to provide us with a lasting link with the country that straddles Asia and Europe. Even in the army of Ranjit Singh in the 19th century, the chief of the artillery—Mir-e-Aatish—always used to be a Turk. Another 90 years later, Indian good will for Turkey was to spill into the streets during the celebrated Khilafat Movement though, ironically enough, the institution of the Caliph was eventually abolished by Mustafa Kemal himself!

Friendliness between the two countries survives, despite CENTO and the RCD, but it is only fair to recognise that each has important preoccupations nearer home. Any Government of Turkey these days is bound to have its hands full with its domestic problems and with such intractable disputes with Greece as those over Cyprus and the Aegean Sea. Even so, a salute is due to the present Turkish Prime Minister, Bulent Ecevit, who has always been a good friend of India. His interest in this country extends far beyond the call of duty, for he is a scholar of Indian history, religion and philosophy. During a previous spell in office as Premier, Ecevit rescinded a ban on the Bhagavad-Gita which some bungling bureaucrat had thoughtlessly imposed for reasons best known to him.

A family of puppeteers have kept alive this ancient art of South Kanara. The puppet shows staged here and abroad have won acclaim.

by K. S. UPADHYAYA



Yaksha gana Puppet Show



THE SHOW (above) begins with an invocation to Ganesha. Right: Narakasura and Murakasura.





INDRA DETHRONED (above)—by *Narakasura* and *Murakasura*—rushes to *Sri Krishna* (second from left) for succour. Below: After the fall of *Naraka*, his ally, *Mainda*, vows to *Simhamukhee*, the demon's wife, that he will avenge her husband's death.



ANYTHING is possible in the fantasy world of puppets—birds talk, demons fight and smitten men run away with celestial nymphs—all on a stage three feet long and one foot wide.

The *Kathputli* or *Putli Naach*, the dance of puppets, has been a favourite of kings and commoners in India for centuries. Puppet plays are mentioned as early as the 3rd century BC in Andhra. And the art enjoyed royal patronage under the Satavahanas, the Pallavas, the Chalukyas, the Kakatiyas and under rulers of Vijayanagar and Tanjore.

Under the Cholas the art of puppet play travelled as far as Java and Cambodia. Almost simultaneously it went westward from the North of India overland to Persia and to Turkey and thence to Greece and to the Islamic countries of North Africa such as Egypt, Algeria and Morocco.

Stringed Puppets

The art has taken different turns in different countries. Nevertheless, in spite of all the overwhelming differences they have developed—of shape and setting, aspects and movement—there is one common feature: the puppets all have jointed limbs which, being attached to strings, lend themselves to facile manipulation in the deft hands of imaginative artists.

It is curious that the Sanskrit word for a stage manager is *sutradhara*, which means "a holder (and hence a manipulator) of strings". It is quite possible that this word was first coined in connexion with puppet plays and later transferred to the ordinary theatre. We commonly come across four kinds of puppets in our country—the string, the rod, the shadow and the glove. The string puppets of Karnataka are among the most interesting.

Puppet plays here usually consist of a series of scenes. In most of them a large number of puppets "perform" either simultaneously or in concert; and as these cannot all be handled by one man, a team of *sutradharas* is pressed into service. The *sutradharas* remain hidden from the spectators behind a curtain. Each puppet is worked by



SRI KRISHNA (above) prepares to wage war on *Narakasura*. *Yakshagana* puppet shows are based on episodes from the *Ramayana*, the *Mahabharata* and the *Puranas*. Below: The milkmaids of *Brindavan*.

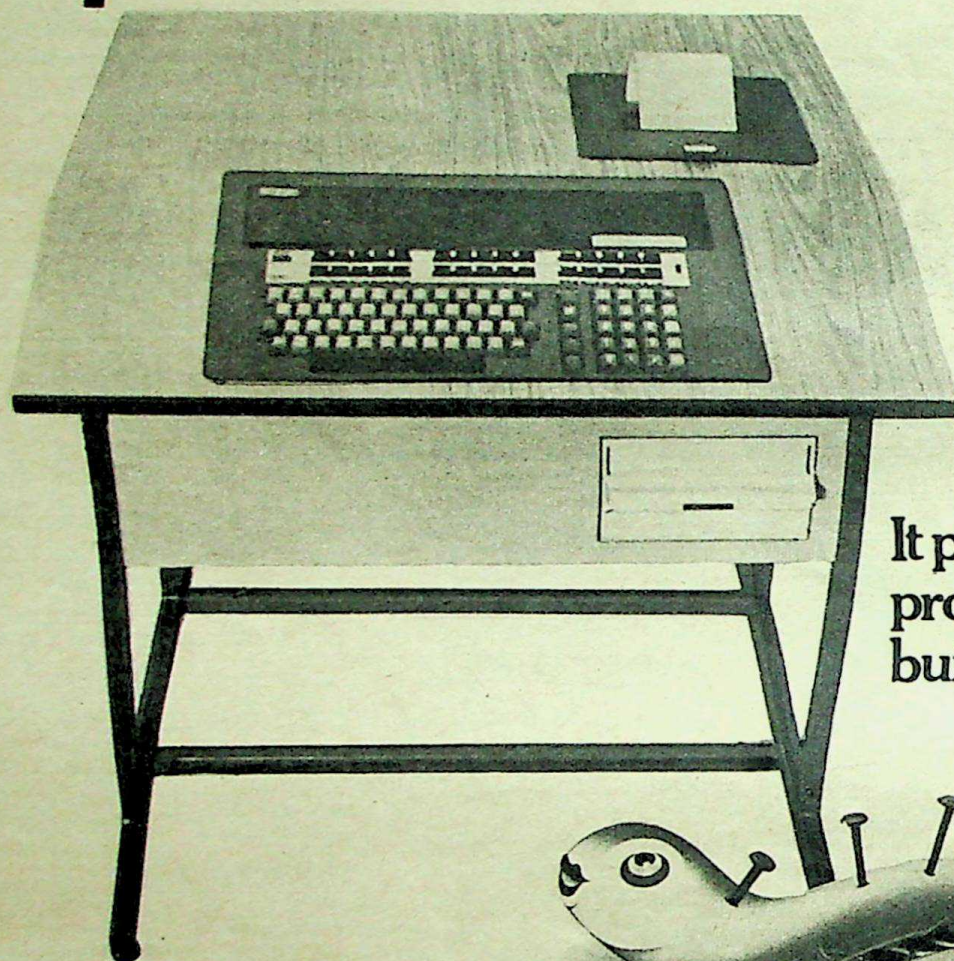


MAINDA AND DVIVIDA (below and left), the allies of *Narakasura*. (They were originally soldiers in *Rama's* *vanarasena*.)

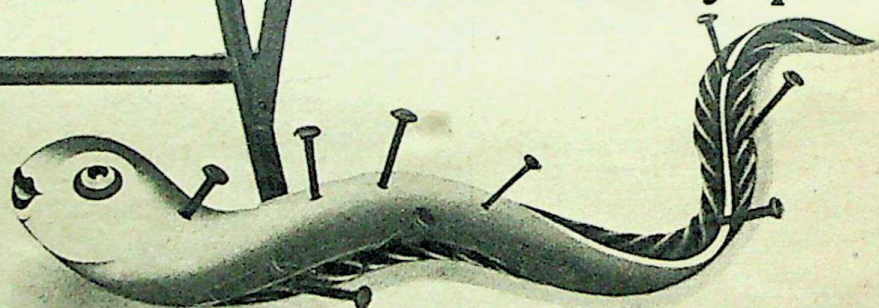


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one or more special strings which are dyed black, so that when they are worked against the dark background, the movements of the puppets appear natural and spontaneous as though the puppets were alive. The jingling of little bells that is heard whenever these puppets move is also not produced by anything that they wear. It is the *sutradharas* shaking their anklets. Stories adapted for the puppet shows are taken exclusively from mythology.

The stage is a platform measuring 12 ft x 8 ft and is six feet high. The background is provided by a piece of black cloth supported by another slightly larger frame. The puppets perform against the backdrop, in an area of four feet. Each puppet is manipulated by six strings.

Atmosphere Of Terror

Traditionally an oil-lamp is used for illumination. Where electric lights are used, care is taken to ensure that only low-voltage bulbs are used to keep out the glare. Whenever a demonic character holding a lighted torch makes his entry, the lights are switched off to heighten the atmosphere of terror.

Puppetry goes hand in hand with another art for which the district of South Kanara is justly famous—the art of Yakshagana Bayalata. According to some scholars, puppet play is the progenitor of Yakshagana.

YUDHISHTHIRA AND VEDAVYASA IN "GHORABHEESHANA KALAGA". This was one of the two items presented last month by the Sri Ganesha Yakshagana Gombeata Mandali at the Rennes Traditional Arts Festival in France. The troupe was led by the author who is the director of the Mandali.



The songs recited during a puppet show, the accompanying commentary on the songs by the *arthadharis*, the movements of the puppets, their gesticulations, the dances, "the entries and exits", the make-up, etc., all proclaim the closest kinship between puppetry and Yakshagana. All the conventions of Yakshagana such as *Ganeshapuja*, the comic interludes provided by jesters called *hanumanayakas*, the dances of women (*stree-vesha*), the pirouetting of cowherd boys (*balagopals*), down to the valedictory *arati* and thanksgiving are observed.

The musical instruments used in both arts are the same—the *maddale* (two-sided drum), the *shruti* (drone), and the *chande* (a kettle-drum used in martial scenes to work up the *veerarasa* to a frenzy). As in Yakshagana Bayalata, there is also a Bhagavata.

The art has, one should say, survived miraculously in Karnataka; about twenty years ago it had seemed all but extinct. The one man who had kept alive the tradition had to retire due to old age and want of patronage. It was by chance that he met Mrs Kamaladevi Chattopadhyay, then Chairman of the All-India Handicrafts Board. She showed great interest in his collection of dolls and gave him all encouragement. Heartened by her support, the old man revived the art. He was honoured for his efforts by the President of India during the Republic Day celebrations in 1966.

Prodigious Feat

This man was Devanna Padmanabha Kamath of Uppinakuduru, near Coondapur. Puppetry was his family art. His uncles initiated him into this business. One of his uncles, Nagappa Bhagavata, was a remarkable man. His favourite feat was to put up a pillar at a considerable distance from the stage and make a large eagle, a puppet garuda, swoop down on a puppet snake on the stage and carry it off, all in the twinkling of an eye. No one has been able to repeat such a feat.

Devanna Kamath passed away in 1971. Before he died he made his son Kogga Kamath promise that he would not give up the art. Kogga Kamath has kept his word. He has trained many young men in the art and has also staged several shows in cities like Delhi and Bombay. Professor Melvyn B. Helstein, Professor of Theatre Arts at the University of California, Los Angeles, who in the course of his tour of India saw Kamath's skill said:

"These are magnificent puppets, beautifully designed, made with the artistry of a great craftsman. The designs, constructions and paintings, all show the love and awareness of a true artist."

In November-December 1972, at the Asia '72 Exhibition, and again in December 1975, during the International Symposium on the Ramayana in New Delhi, Kamath made a great impression. In September 1976 he put up a memorable performance at the National Centre for Performing Arts in Bombay. He was invited to participate in the festival of traditional arts organised at Rennes by Maison de la Culture de Rennes, France.

"PUPPET ON A CHAIN". The charaka (right) is a messenger or spy used in court scenes. The 18-in-high wooden puppets are elaborately carved and dressed in bright, costumes and jewellery. Each is manipulated by six strings (the ayudhas or weapons need an additional string). During the show the manipulators identify themselves with their puppets—dancing and beating time with anklets and at times bursting into song and speech to heighten the atmosphere.

Photographs by PHILLIPE PROT

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JUSTICE AND GODFATHER

"WHAT is justice?" mused Socrates among his followers as they chatted in the city square. The enquiry led them through a discussion which encompassed the nature of man, the purpose of education and, eventually, to the structure of society and the state.

No historian or philosopher can say with any degree of certainty why humans banded themselves together into tribes, societies, cities and eventually into the modern state. Perhaps a blend of human instincts and the compulsions of survival forced mankind in a certain direction, and the momentum of events sets the pattern for history. Whatever be the reason, it is significant that no concept of the state or society projected by any philosopher ignores its relationship to justice. Somehow, the dispensation of justice, whatever be its version, has come to be accepted as an indispensable feature of the civilised state.

And justice is dispensed through the laws of the particular state. As times have progressed and the state has become increasingly complex and urbanised, the laws have proliferated into innumerable rules and regulations by which the citizen must order his daily life. And with this proliferation has grown enormously a bureaucratic complex in each state to execute and implement these innumerable laws, sub-laws, bye-laws, rules and regulations.

Bureaucratic Tyrants

And there has thus grown a vast army of little men who oversee the actions of their fellow beings, and pass judgement on those actions, and, if necessary, invoke the powers of the state against them. And from this vast army of little men, a few, or some, or many, sooner or later, get intoxicated with the power they wield over their fellow citizens, however marginal might be the sphere over which they exert that power. They start misusing that power, and very often they succeed because it is difficult to keep a check on how the large number in this vast army use that power.

And thus grows the army of minor bureaucratic tyrants who ruthlessly, or sadistically, or even mechanically and unimaginatively, start using the array of laws at their disposal like weapons to intimidate and crush the citizen into abject despair and submission. So it may happen that the laws cease to protect the citizen, and instead harass him; and the state ceases to dispense justice to him and instead exploits him. There grows, therefore, a great hiatus between law and justice. When this happens the state is ripe for revolution. But revolution is a costly, elaborate and exceedingly difficult proposition in face of the powerful modern state apparatus at the command of most governments. The citizen is left with no way out, and in total, hopeless despair.

It is then that Godfather emerges on the scene. Sometimes he is a big and feared



Godfather, and sometimes he is a small and crafty Godfather. Sometimes he is not even called Godfather, but Big Daddy, or Dada, or Khalifa. Sometimes he is in Paris, sometimes in Rome, in Buenos Aires, or in Bombay. He is found everywhere because he fulfils a crying social need. He affords the hapless citizen protection against the state and provides him natural justice—for a price. He thrives because a large number of citizens are prepared to pay that price.

Hollow Concept

There are many in India who would be prepared to pay that price. Godfather, or coercive musclepower, thrives among bad, silly laws and petty, corrupt officials. And India is chockful with them. The laws, rules and regulations in this country are too many and too bad. That is why justice for most citizens here is a hollow concept, and law is a dirty word. That Law Minister Shanti Bhushan is seized of the problem became evident from his recent discourse in Delhi in which he promised a thorough review of existing legal procedures to make justice quick, easy and cheap for all citizens. That is a very important and high-priority task for the Government. An equally thorough review of all Government rules and regulations is called for, at all levels of the administration and in different spheres of life. If this were done, it is likely that a surprising number of them would be found superfluous or in need of modification and simplification.

Take income-tax for instance. Despite even regular payment of taxes by a citizen, sometimes the payments are not adjusted

properly in the Demand Collection Register due to the laxity of the staff. Thus an honest taxpayer is harassed due to no fault of his, and he has no remedy. Sometimes it so happens that notices for the demands are sent for cases of up to ten or fifteen years earlier. How can small taxpayers be expected to maintain receipts for this length of time? Often when receipts are produced their veracity is questioned and authentication is required from the Treasury Unit of the Income-Tax Department, which seldom readily obliges. The big assessee, business firms and the like, can cope with this; but for the small taxpayer this is sheer hell. And it is the same story in every sphere of his life.

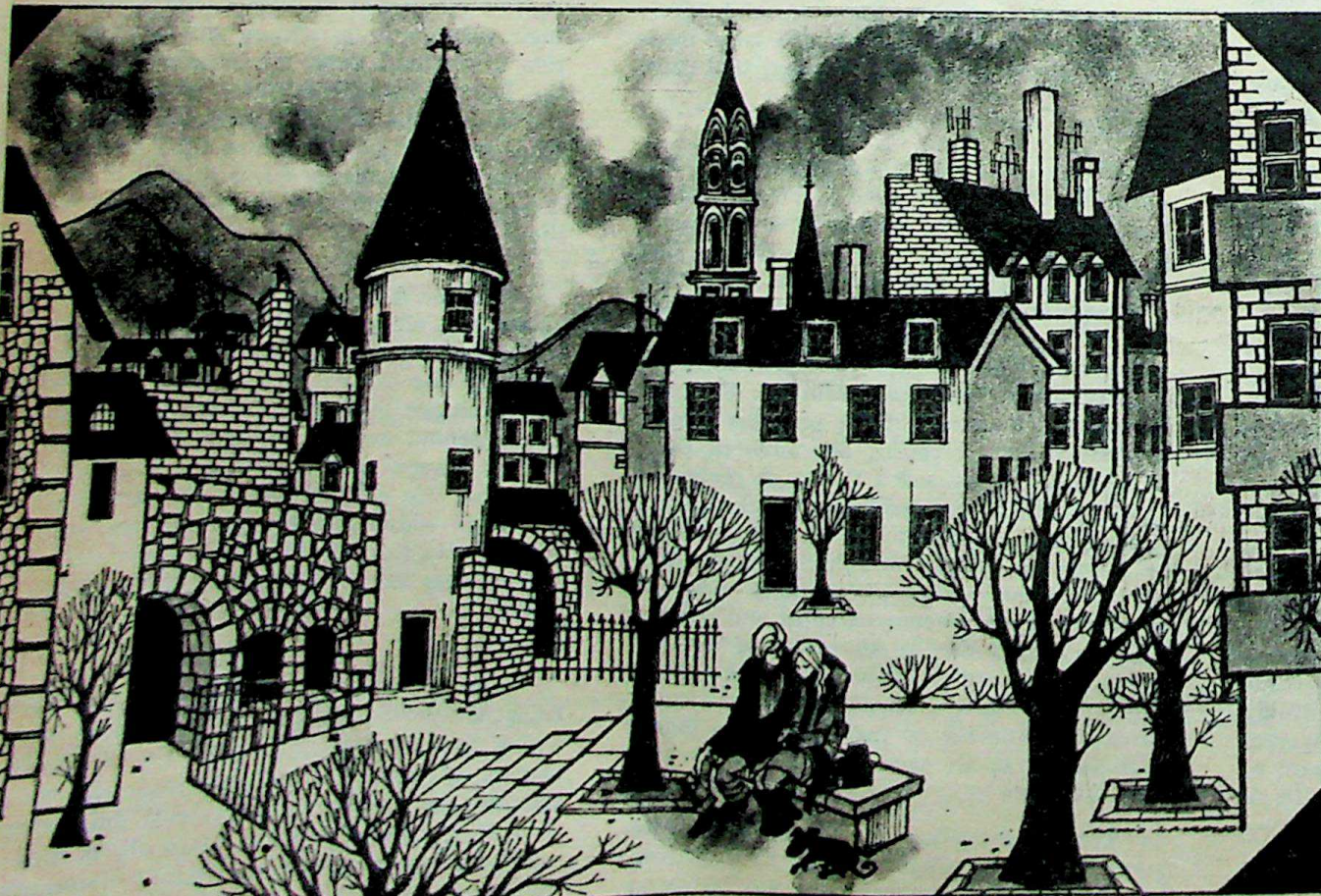
Whether it is house tax, water tax, telephone bill, electricity bill, or indeed each and every facet of his daily life touched upon by one or the other authority—the honest citizen has either to be an organisational genius or live in undiluted misery. He has always another choice open to him, of course. He can become a dishonest citizen, after which life becomes far less complicated. He has just to grease a few palms or cultivate the local version of the Godfather.

It is up to the Government to see that he is not driven to making this choice. For which the Government might pay its most urgent attention to streamlining administration, giving it greater priority than even to policy. Administration, after all, is nine tenths of government; and only one-tenth perhaps is policy.



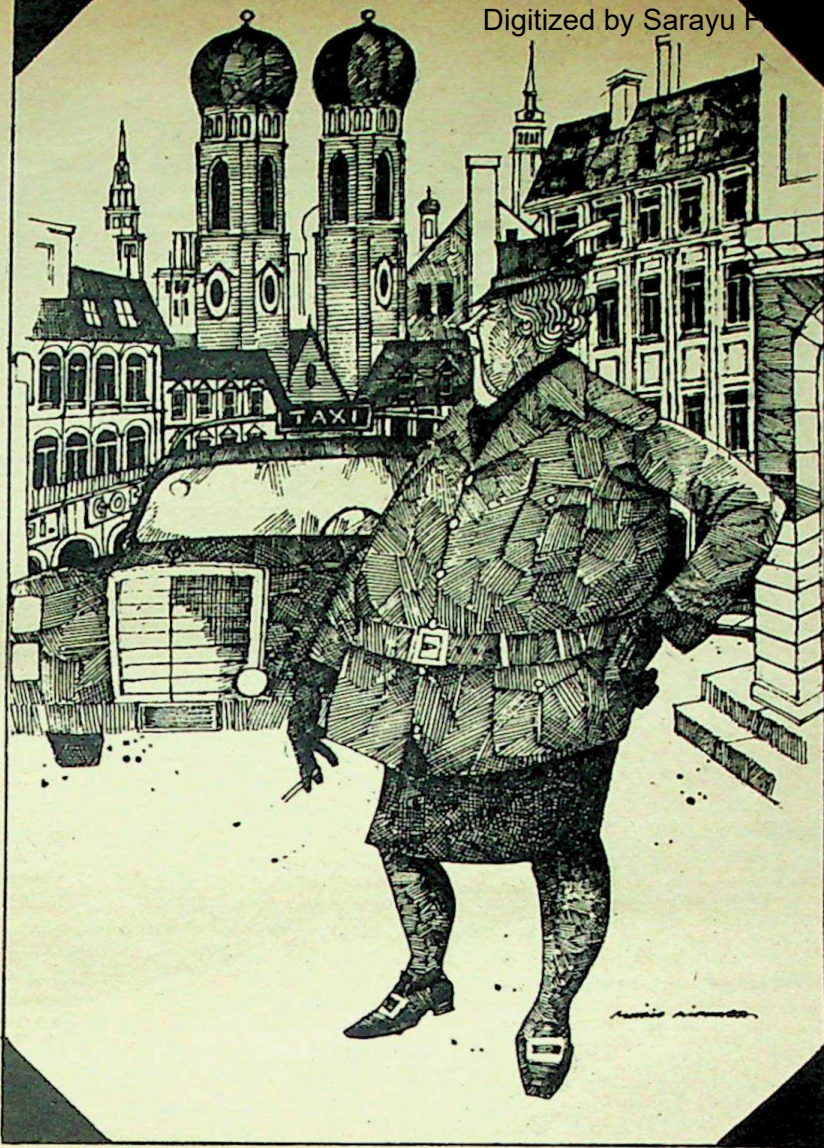
GERMANS-IN-WAITING AT THE AIRPORT. These strong, silent types are sticklers for punctuality. But they don't have to fret for long as planes fly in and out with clockwork precision, and for that matter the trains, too, run on time.

MARIO IN WEST GERMANY

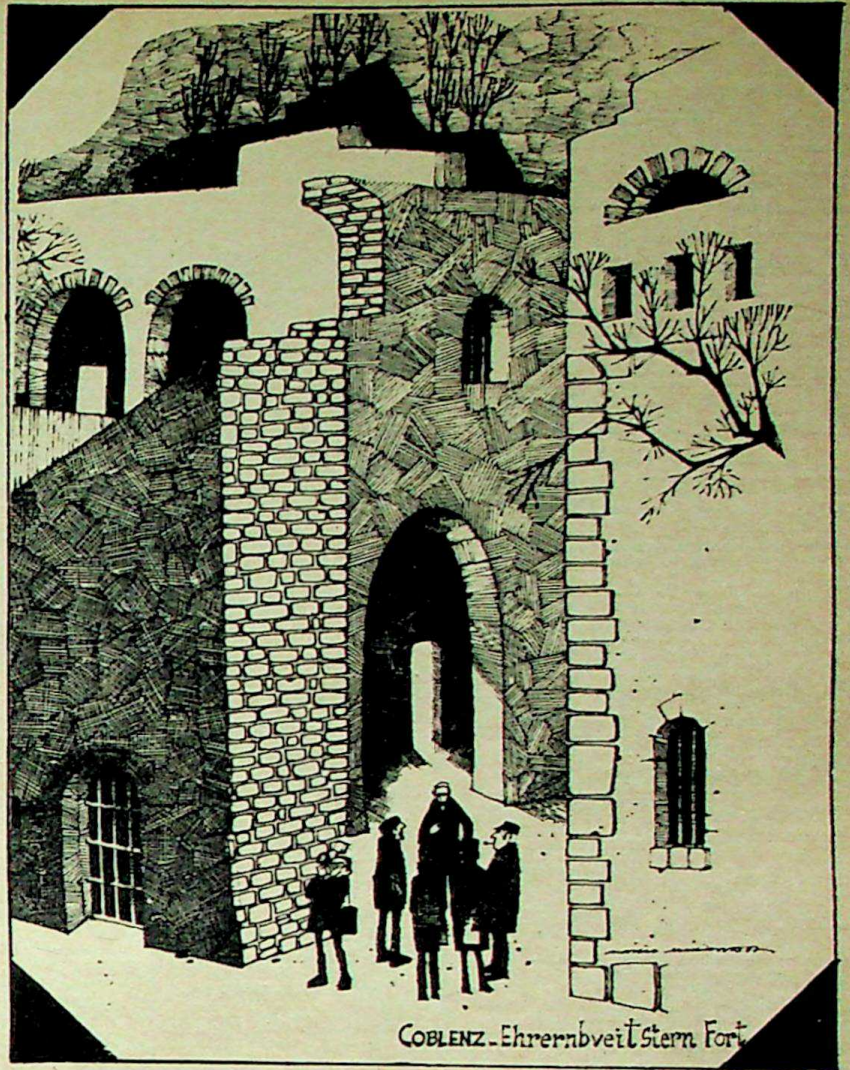


As I alighted from the Air-India flight at the ultra-modern Frankfurt Main Airport, the immaculately dressed Government official clicked his heels and shook my hand, welcoming me to the Federal Republic of Germany. I became suddenly conscious of my rather threadbare borrowed overcoat (with three buttons missing) and I realised I'd just landed in one of the most prosperous countries in the world.

HEIDELBERG IS A DREAMY city of spires and scruffy students. (Did their bushy beards hide their duelling scars?... I wondered.)



BEAUTIFUL MUNICH is very, very chic, but this lady is no sophisticated 'chick' and she handles her Mercedes taxi as well as any of her colleagues of the opposite sex.



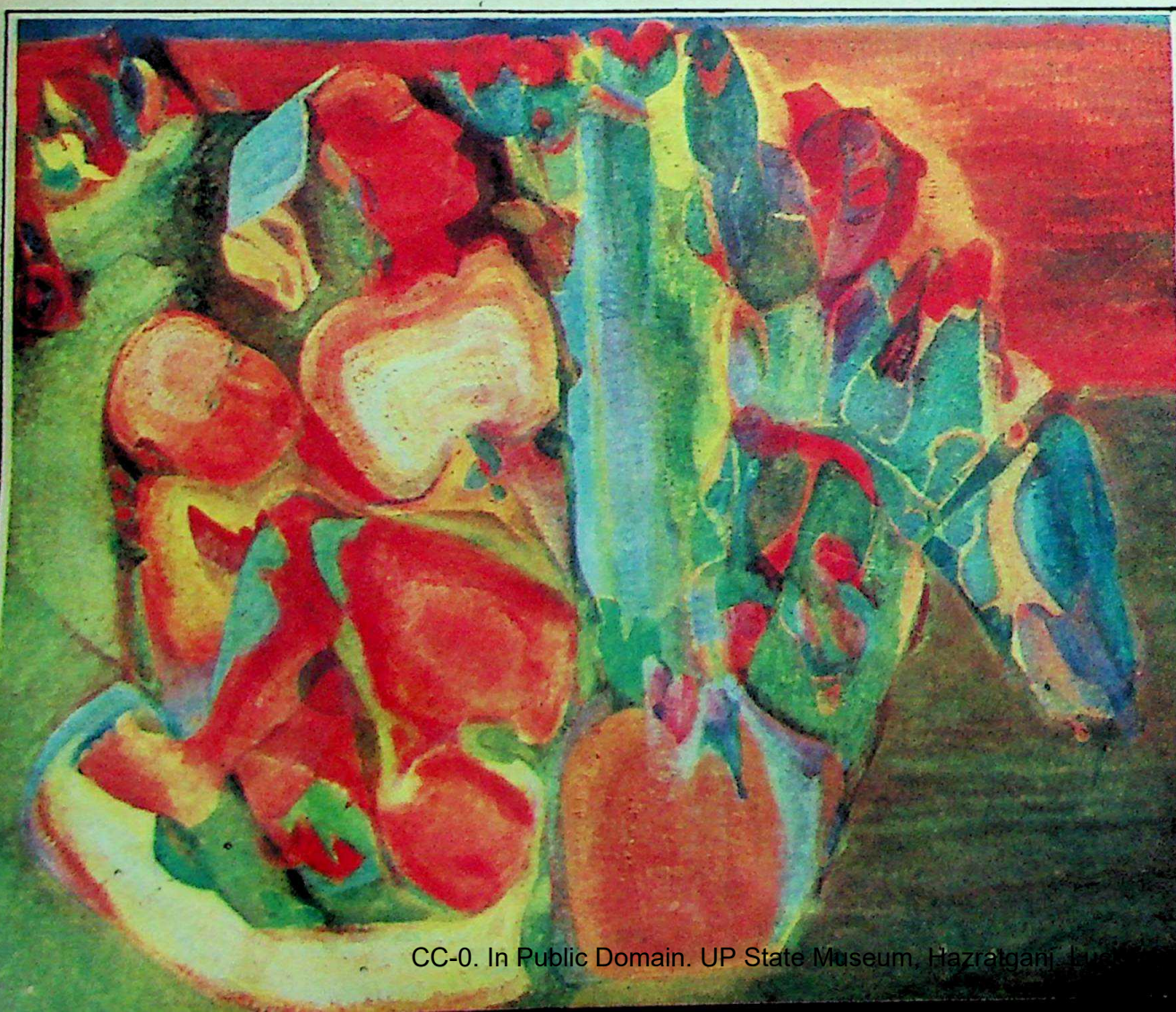
COBLENZ-Ehrenbreitstein Fort

VINTAGE WINES and medieval castles make the Rhine Valley one of those delightful spots where one wishes one could linger a little longer.

A SMALL STREET in a small town in Germany (like this one in Tübingen) still looks as it did a hundred years ago—thanks to the zealous city fathers who see to the preservation of all that is beautiful of their ancient heritage.

BUXOM BLONDES go well with beer halls—and beer (like elsewhere in Germany) is really big business in Bavaria. "Auf wiedersehen, Goodbye, Germany, till we meet again..." I mumble into my Lowenbrau.





Har Krishan Lall

An exhibition of his latest paintings will be held from April 18 to 24 at the Taj Art Gallery, Bombay.

**Photographs by
BALKRISHAN**



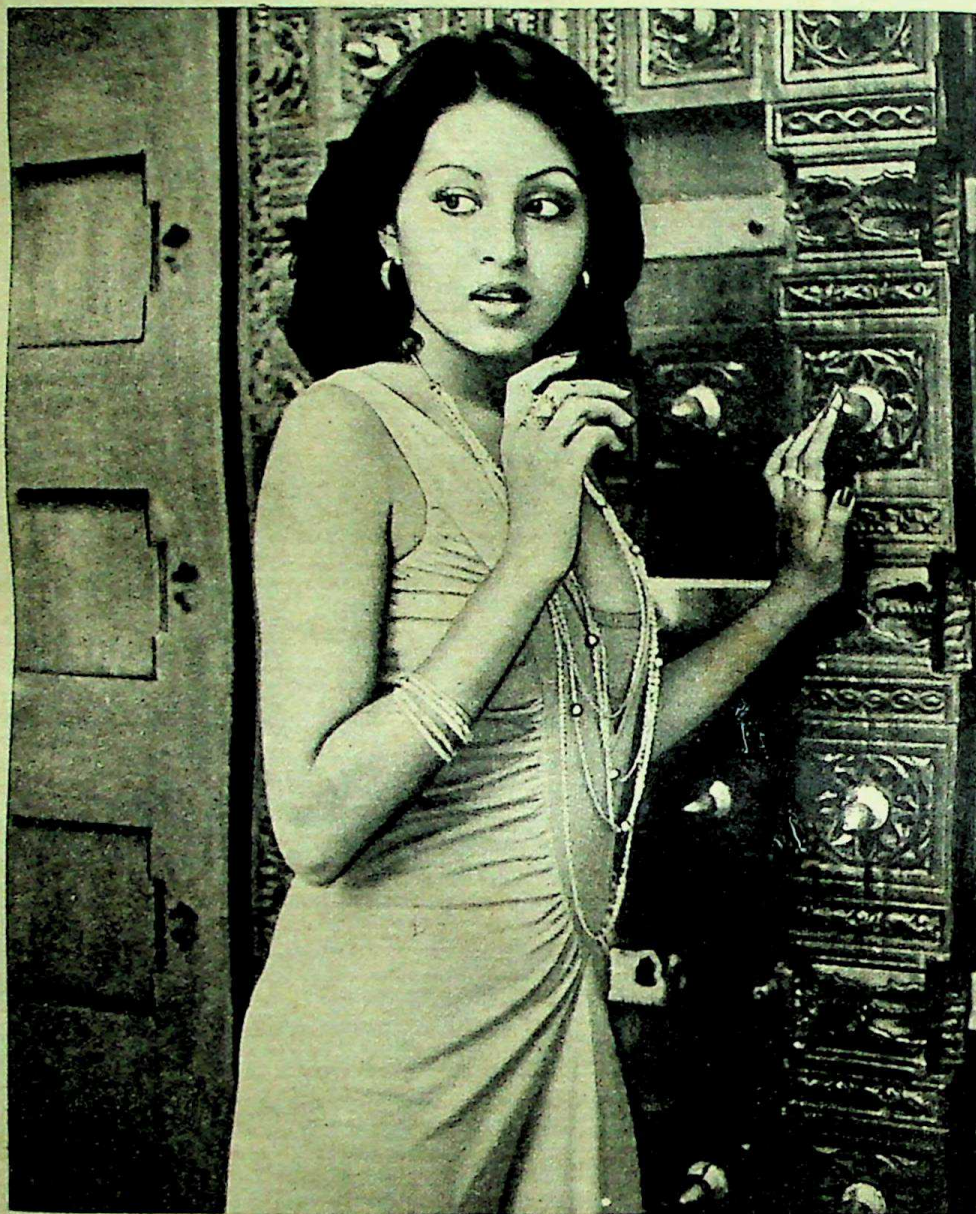
HAR Krishan Lall's latest canvases are peopled by strong sensuous figures painted against bright reds, greens and mauves. In the background one sees trees, flowers and fruits. "These symbolise the fecundity and femininity inherent in Nature," says the artist. "I have also tried to portray it through the main figures of Mother and Child which occur in most of the canvases."

Music is also one of the themes. *Morning Melody*, *Musicians*, and *Evening Melody* are some of the paintings which, says Har Krishan, are "homage to Mother".

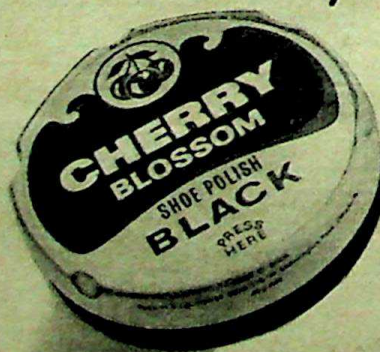
"I have tried to blend the linear grace and rhythm of Ajanta and Rajasthani miniatures with the techniques of the French Impressionists," he observes. "The aim is to bring out the inherent rhythms and harmonious relationships between line, shape, tone, space and volume."

Before embarking on a painting, Har Krishan likes to relax and do nothing but "visualise" forms and figures in a kind of "inner projection". "At that time,

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special is coming
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Did you Cherry Blossom your shoes today?



LINTAS-RCI. CB. J - 3023

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA, APRIL 16, 1978

I feel my inner self—my vision—projected on an imaginary plane. I capture that image—be it paper, the floors, walls or tables—on any flat surface that I can find. Thus I unravel—and improvise on—my ideas, paying no attention to colour. Then it is time to paint. Once I begin, I go on for months like a 'workaholic', painting for five or six hours a day."

Har Krishan, one of our most respected artists, has been painting Impressionistic landscapes and people for over 30 years now. After graduating from Punjab University in 1940, he joined the J. J. School of Art in Bombay and obtained a diploma. He held his first one-man show at the Artists' Centre, Bombay in 1949. Since then he has held several exhibitions in many parts of the world. He participated in the Biennales in Venice (1958), Sao Paulo (1962) and Tokyo (1963). He has travelled abroad extensively and, since 1967, every alternate year, has held one-man shows in Europe (French critics have praised him "for keeping the feeling for universality of the modern pictorial language, adopting it to the sensibility of his own country").

Har Krishan's work has matured through several phases. He began with what he calls "objective observations of Nature". Then came the phase in which "he organised and sought subjective designs in Nature". In the third phase he tried a novel view of the world—as seen from within the rocks, plants and other natural forms.

Between each of Har Krishan's phases was a gap of a year or more during which



EVENING MELODY

he travelled, visited museums, read, meditated, "experienced the world and generally stocked up his unconscious".

Later, while he was in London, came his semi-abstract phase, ("almost Expressionistic") in which he painted hazy nascent forms symbolising primeval Nature. His present period is an extension of that process—the nascent mists have coalesced into concrete forms. "I painted definite forms which

symbolise the male and female aspects of Nature."

"With the current batch of paintings, I have reached the 'saturation point,' he says. "From the vague stirrings of images in my mind, I feel I might move from the Mother to the Child, I might go back to the beginning and paint the child's vision and view of the world. But that I will do only after my visit to Europe."

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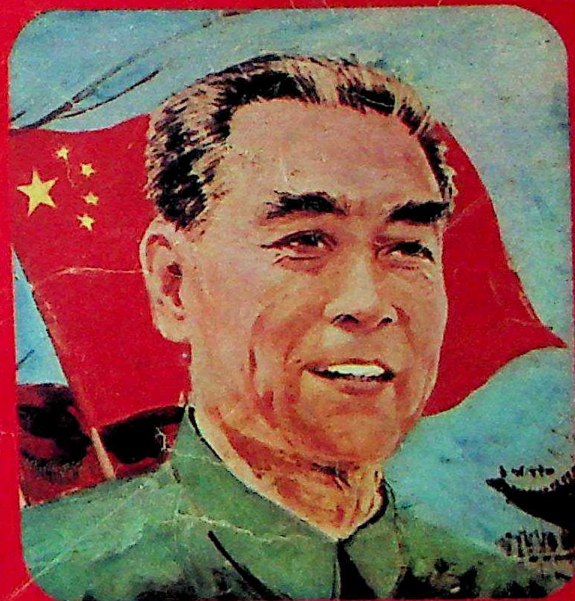
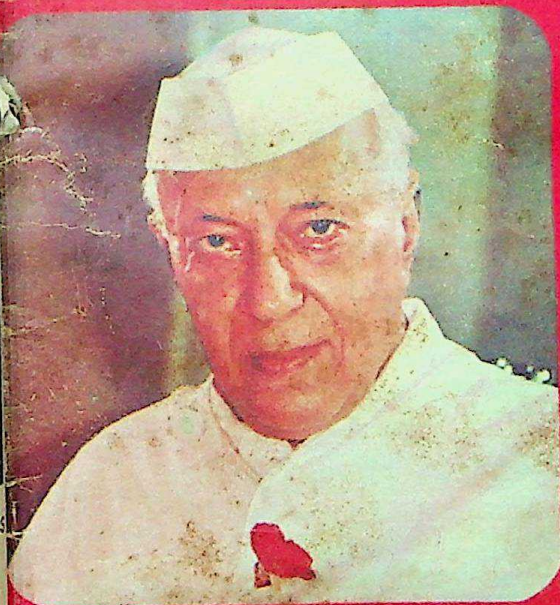
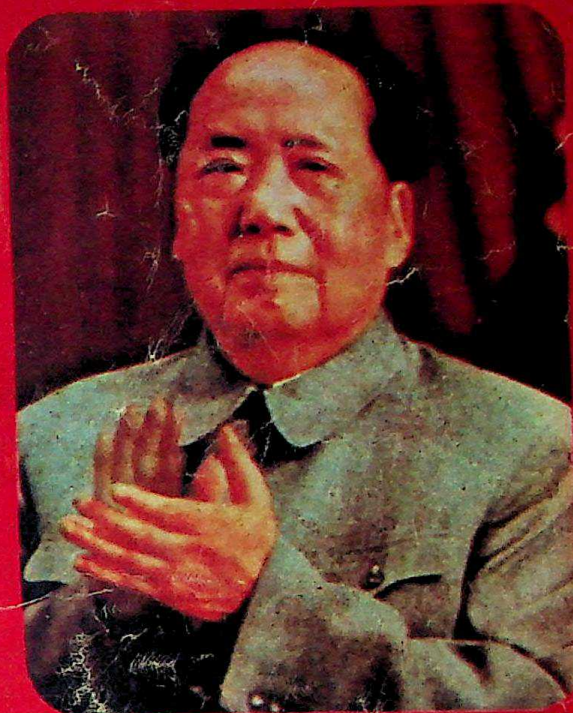
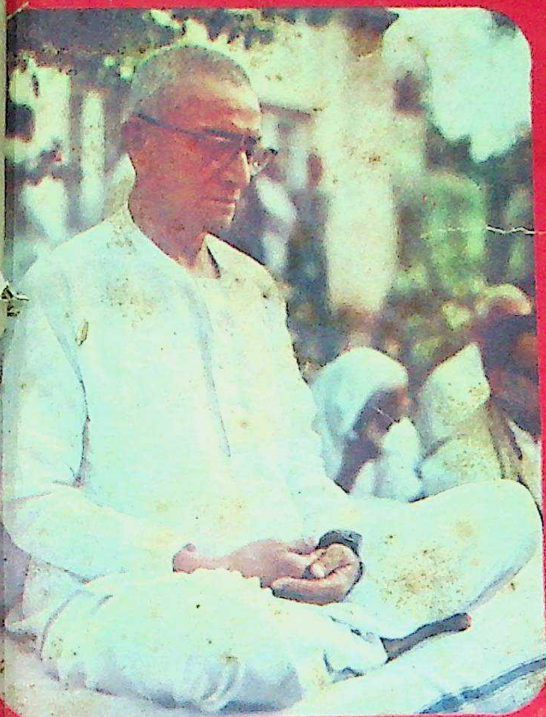


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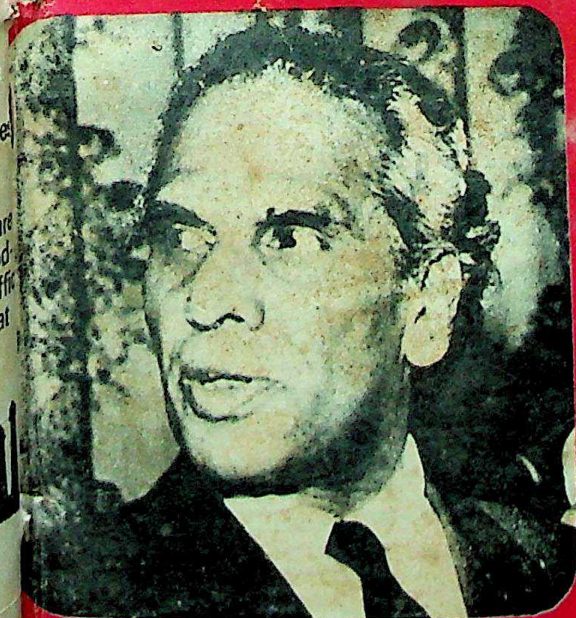
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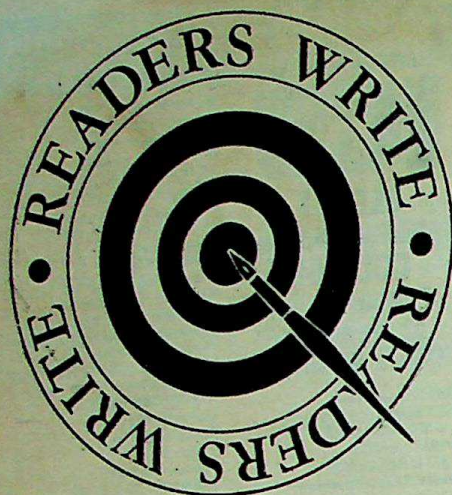
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The Illustrated Weekly of India



**HINDI
CHINI
BHAI
BHAI?**





Tata Deserved Better

Sir—Your article is a spirited defence of Air-India's Maharajah (March 5). Exposing the politics of prejudice, it fittingly highlights JRD's distinguished public service over a long period and the need to restore graciousness to public life.

New Delhi

HEM BHATIA

Sir—Mr J. R. D. Tata's dismissal smacks of politics.

Loharu

ASHOK SAINI

Sir—Why should not J. R. D. Tata, or anybody else, be sacked, if he had supported the Emergency?

Ambala

VED PRAKASH

Sir—Your cover story was wonderful. It was indeed wrong on the part of Morarji Desai to have taken such a step against an outstanding gentleman. Is our Prime Minister becoming whimsical?

Hassan

G. R. LAXMIBAI

Sir—My immediate reaction to the sacking was to shower curses on the Janata Party which, even under the existing freedom of the press, you could not publish. I even doubt whether this party will be able to defend our borders when one sees its efficiency in other matters, including the so-called improvement in relationship with our neighbours.

Madras

N. SUNDARARAJAN

Sir—Your cover story was indeed very good. In fact I wept after reading it.

Jaipur

Mrs S. SINGH

Sir—If P. C. Lal had any sense of justice, he would have refused to step into the "oversize" shoes of Mr Tata.

Secunderabad

B. S. SURTI

Sir—Your bold and fearless article is a glowing tribute to the outstanding services rendered by J. R. D. Tata and, at the same time, a slap in the face for the Janata Government. Will Mr Morarji Desai not recognise this misuse of power? The unceremonious sacking of such a man who brought glory to Air-India is really a sad affair.

Sarhali

LAKHA SINGH

Sir—When I finished reading the last lines my eyes were filled with tears and I was reminded of the couplet from our famous *Tirukkural* which could be translated: "All except ingratitude may be forgiven."

Coimbatore S. GOPALASUBRAMANIAN

Sir—Your article, though brief and slightly sentimental, explains clearly the perversion or rather immaturity of political puritans who try to obliterate human dignity by their unceremonious dismissal of one of the greatest sons of India. When there are so many things to be attended to by the Government, what is the urgency for this controversial action? Tata may be a business tycoon and most pragmatic in his attitude towards prohibition, but his contribution to the Indian economy cannot be brushed aside or ignored.

If we are going to be governed by the fads and fancies of a few, only God, if there is a God, can save the country.

Hubli

U. S. SAHASRANAMAN

Sir—You have missed one very important part in the account of Mr Tata's commercial air service. Surely you cannot forget the "Night Air Mail Service" started at the insistence of Mr Tata, when the domestic airlines had slow aircraft only. One had to pay a surcharge on letters if one wanted them to be carried by air.

A night air service was started to link Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta and Madras by planes which arrived at Nagpur by about midnight.

The mails were transferred to the respective return planes which reached their original starting points by early morning. This airmail did not require any surcharge and the letters were delivered in the five cities the day after they were posted.

Bombay

N. L. GADKARI

Sir—Your article is extraordinarily frank and remarkable. There is no doubt that the Government has caused untold humiliation and unwarranted unpleasantness to the one and only man who personified the Maharajah of Air-India. It is my hope and prayer that the Janata Government, knowing the wishes of Indians in India and overseas, will have the courtesy to ask Mr Tata to continue on the board of our airline.

Air-India needs J. R. D. Tata. He should be welcomed back. And let a hero's welcome be given him.

Kenya

DEVI APPUPARATASATHY

The Soviets Are Ruthless, Too

Sir—Possibly K. P. S. Menon ("India and Russia", March 5) is unaware that the Soviets are as ruthless as any great power in pushing arms sales and are bidding fair to outdo the US today in this area.

Taking simple dollar values for Soviet arms sales and comparing them to US sales is highly misleading. US arms are priced at full market cost, generally include full spares and cover infrastructure, training and maintenance. Soviet arms for foreign sale are costed at subsidised prices, generally omit spares and do not take into account "software" expenses.

In the case of India, for example, the Soviets have supplied more fighting vehicles, combat aircraft, and warships than the US gave to Pakistan. Of course, Mr Menon might argue that Soviet supplies to India were *bona fide* and US supplies to Pakistan *mala fide*, but that is simply a point of view which certainly would not be shared by Pakistanis.

The Soviet supply of arms to Angola and Ethiopia is well known. If this blatant interference in African affairs can vaguely be ascribed to "principles", what do we say of the massive shipments to staunchly anti-communist Libya?

Simla

RAVI RIKHYA

Sir—It is mentioned that "... the very modest proposal, requiring the developed countries to devote (devote?) 0.07 per cent of their gross national product for official development programmes, has been rejected". The figure should be 0.7 per cent.

Neyveli

B. C. KOSHY

Sir—That utterly tiresome lover of Russia, K. P. S. Menon, has a picture of Baryashnikov and Makarova dancing. Both these, ironically, defected to the dirty West from their great motherland years ago. And they are very happy too, thank you.

Delhi

N. SEN

Sex and the Heartbeat

Sir—The article "Sex and the Heartbeat" was exciting enough to raise my pulse and respiration rates.

Darbhanga

ARUN SHAH

Sir—Dr K. K. Datey and Dr Santosh Bhagat have unnecessarily connected sex with heart attacks. The article leaves an impression that sex is everything. I disagree. It varies from as high as 78 per cent of activity to as low as 3.10 per cent and the norm in a sane healthy person should be between 18 to 24 per cent.

Sex is an instinctive desire to unite with the opposite sex and so much analysis, technical information and data will only ruin such an intimate and perfectly enjoyable relationship.

New Delhi

V. S. DHARMA KUMAR

Sir—The authors seem to be following the same traditional school of thought which the yogis and sages believed and popularised. According to our yogic philosophy the life-span of a person consists of a definite number of breaths.

The number of breaths which a person takes in a minute are fifteen. Hatha and Raja Yoga prescribe *pranayama* consisting of breathing exercises to control the prana or vital force. This also results in slowing down the breathing process which increases the minutes, hours and days of a person's life.

The two doctors hold that during sexual activity the respiratory rate even reaches 60 per min. Whether this results in a heart attack or not, it might result in the loss of many years of life.

Chandigarh

RAVI SONI

Curing The

Sir—I think of the industrialists that our country's poor should act in provide shift

Calcutta

Sir—Dr capitalist mode Of course, no him.

While he workers to g benefits, he is executives an the Governme According to ernment inter Rs 5,000 p.m. With this inco able to have ing, decent sh balance despi taxation. Dr know that the try survive w than Rs 100.

Gomia

Kali and Ca

Sir—In t Called History 5) it is said t city of Calcut

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Delhi

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I earnestl secret agents us all availab

Whither All

Sir—It wa now it is Anti All-India Rad New Delhi

Curing The Economy

Sir—I think it is the growing sickness of the industries ("An Industrialist Looks at Our Economy", March 5) and not the industrialists that may be responsible for the country's poor condition. The Government should act immediately to cure them and provide shift work.

Calcutta P. C. BHATTACHARYYA

Sir—Dr B. P. Godrej advocates the capitalist mode of economy for the country. Of course, nothing else can be expected of him.

While he deplores coercive attempts by workers to gain a little more in wages and benefits, he is all tears for the "lowly paid" executives and directors on whose income the Government is planning to put a ceiling. According to newspaper reports, the Government intends to keep the ceiling at Rs 5,000 p.m. plus Rs 5,000 in perquisites. With this income, I believe, a man would be able to have his bread (with butter!) clothing, decent shelter and a comfortable bank balance despite inflation and high rates of taxation. Dr Godrej would be surprised to know that thousands of people in this country survive with an annual income of less than Rs 100.

Gomla S. RAMANATHAN

Kali and Calcutta

Sir—In the article, "A Street Name Called History" by Manuj Chatterji (March 5) it is said that Job Charnock founded the city of Calcutta in 1690. This is not so.

The city is closely linked with the goddess Kali whose other name is Durga. Kali is often referred to as Kali Kalkathey Wali (meaning Kali of Calcutta). The name of the place was Kalighat and the town grew around the temple. The word Kalighat is often pronounced and written in Bengali as Kalighatta. Job Charnock did not found the city. He spelt Kalighatta as Calcutta.

Delhi KRISHAN KUMAR CHONA

Netaji's Secret Agents

Sir—The Netaji Research Bureau, an institute of history, politics and international relations, is recording and documenting details of the underground activities of Netaji's secret agents sent from East Asia by submarine during the war in collaboration with his underground workers inside India. I am trying to contact Netaji's secret agents from East Asia who may now be living in various parts of India and also abroad. I am particularly seeking Mr T. K. Rao who landed with his group in 1943 and contacted me.

I earnestly appeal to Netaji's former secret agents and his countrymen to send us all available information.

SISIR K. BOSE
Netaji Research Bureau
Netaji Bhawan
38/2 Elgin Road
Calcutta 700020

Whither AIR?

Sir—It was pro-Indira Radio before and now it is Anti-Indira Radio. When will it be All-India Radio?

New Delhi H. K. L. ARORA

The Illustrated Weekly of India

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ARE WE TILTING TO THE WEST?

The Janata promised to redress the pro-Soviet policy of the Congress and restore genuine non-alignment. Are they guilty of leaning too far on the other side? An analysis by Nikhil Chakravartty, Editor, *Mainstream*.

INDIA AND JAPAN: We shared a great historical and religious past, we have limitless opportunities for a shared economic future. By K. C. Khanna, Resident Editor, Bombay, of *The Times of India*.

BABUBHAI PATEL: The Gujarat Chief Minister has the "grim purposeful bearing of a Roman senator". Profile by Narayan Batra.

ANIL REVRI: Full colour reproductions of the young artist's recent work.

THE CONGRESS SPLIT: Party stalwart K. D. Malaviya feels that the split, if it had to come, should have been through an AICC meeting and not through personal non-political gimmicks.

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VOL. XCIX 16 SUNDAY APL 16, 1978

ESTD 1880

Regd. No. MH By South-25. Registered as Newspaper in Sri Lanka

INDIA, PAKISTAN AND FURTHER WEST

No two countries have been so near and yet so far. Inder Malhotra, Resident Editor, *The Times of India*, New Delhi, analyses the bonds and barriers of our relationship with Pakistan, Iran, Afghanistan and Turkey.

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A preview of his works which will be exhibited at the Taj Art Gallery from April 18-24. By Vithal C. Nadkarni.

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RAJINDER PURI'S COLUMN

Justice And Godfather.

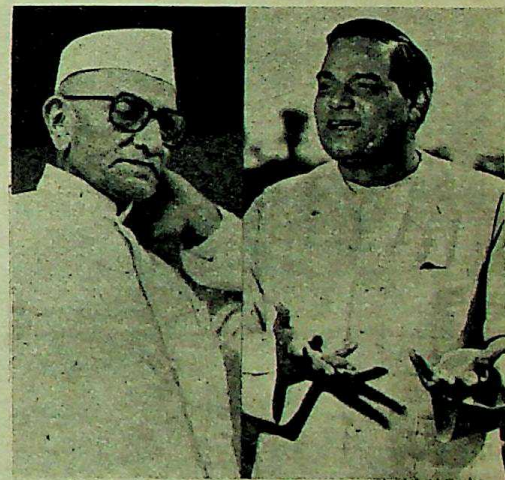
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Cover designed by P. S. Sathe



MANIKARAN: One dip here earns you the merit of bathing in 68 holy places. By Preeti Narang.

FESTIVAL AT SAMAYAPURAM: Prayers offered at the temple in Tamil Nadu, have been known to cure the possessed. Colour feature.

THE TRAIN RIDE: Story by Zoher F Abdoolcarim.

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Hindi-Chini Bhai-Bhai?

There is no place for maudlin sentiment in dealings between nations. But the time has now come for New Delhi to take a flexible stand on the border dispute. Peking too should show an understanding of India's genuine fears and legitimate expectations.

The author, who was *The Times of India* correspondent in Hong Kong from 1967 to 1971, is now an Assistant Editor of the paper.

by G. M. TELANG

NO two neighbouring countries have professed mutual friendship so often and so vehemently and yet have failed to come anywhere near achieving it as independent India and Communist China. Sadly enough the founder-leaders of the two countries left only a bitter legacy of mutual suspicions. Will their successors, who have the benefit of hindsight, try soberly to find out what went wrong and show a better understanding of each other's intentions?

The question has inevitably come to the fore following the Chinese Foreign Minister Huang Hua's invitation to Atal Behari Vajpayee to visit Peking and the latter's acceptance of it. Although India and China restored ambassador-level relations in 1976, this is really the first major step they have taken since the 1962 war towards a meaningful dialogue to improve bilateral ties.

With its familiar faith in "people's diplomacy", Peking is apt to think that the cordiality with which the Chinese goodwill mission was received here recently will be conducive to such an effort. Most Indians, however, are painfully aware that, before the territorial dispute culminated in large-scale fighting all along the border, there often used to be a similar profusion of maudlin sentiment from either side.

A few persons did indeed resurrect the old slogan "Hindi-Chini Bhai-Bhai" during

WILL A THOUSAND FLOWERS BLOOM AGAIN? After the serious clashes in NEFA (now Arunachal Pradesh) and the Kongka Pass in Ladakh in 1959, Nehru could no longer keep the nation in the dark about the forward movements of Chinese troops and the explosive situation in the Himalayas. Earlier, when Panditji had drawn Chou En-lai's attention to some questionable Chinese maps, he had been reassured that those were old ones which their Government had not revised. Subsequent events convinced many that it was China's policy to occupy as much territory as possible and then formally lay claim to it.



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the Chinese mission's visit. But this by no means shows any lack of realisation that euphoric relationships of this kind have no place in the world of harsh realities and that it will be a great achievement even if New Delhi and Peking only manage to restore normal dealings free from conflict. And this will be possible only when the biggest obstacle—the border dispute—is out of the way.

Peking must have taken due note of the fact that Mr Morarji Desai has lost no time in making this quite clear. What is more, it is fully aware that the Janata Government includes those who were strongly opposed in the past to any compromise with China on the border issue. It is nevertheless conceivable that the Chinese leaders do not regard this as an insuperable barrier. Haven't they witnessed Mr Nixon—who at one time was the arch anti-Communist in the Western world and had acquired much notoriety particularly for his implacable hatred of Communist China—make a historic break with US policy and seek a rapprochement with Peking? There is indeed no lack of such ironies in the whirligig of international politics. At any rate, a dispassionate review of the troubled course of the border dispute would certainly be pertinent at this stage.

Marking The Border

The problem of defining the 2,400-mile-long border has become extremely complex not only because it traverses the most massive and labyrinthine natural fortress in the world but also because the entire frontier zone was highly vulnerable to all sorts of intrigues between the British Empire, the Czarist Empire and Imperial China—not to mention the local chieftains with constantly varying degrees of vassalage. It is thus no surprise that although both India and China agree that a boundary sanctified by tradition and custom has existed all along, their ideas of where it exactly lies have diverged, widely in some stretches as in Ladakh and to a smaller extent elsewhere.

If the two sides had seized the earliest opportunity to take up the border issue in right earnest, they might have managed to bring to bear an enlightened approach in reconciling these differences. But they did not, with the result that the differences came to light in ominous circumstances, i.e. after the two sides had begun to send forward patrols and to set up checkposts along a border as each determined on its own.

India at least took care early enough to show on its maps the border as defined by it after painstaking research into historical documents including both travelogues and treaties between those who wielded effective authority in the frontier zone from time to time and then proceeded to bring the area up to the border under its civilian jurisdiction, though in a leisurely fashion. But China just went ahead with characteristic vigour, establishing its control over territory which it decided was its own without giving New Delhi any intimation of such a decision. This difference in the approach of the two sides resulted in deepening mutual suspicions in the fifties.

Both during the negotiations on the 1954 agreement on Tibet (which first enshrined



CHINA DEPRIVED HIM OF HIS SHANGRI-LA; INDIA GAVE HIM A HOME. India's gesture to the Dalai Lama was a sore point in Sino-Indian relations. However, Nehru recognised Tibet as a part of China. The present Janata Government has made it clear that they stand by this policy—even though some of its members had bitterly opposed it at the time.

the Panchsheel) and during Nehru's visit to Peking later in the same year, China showed a marked reluctance to talk about the border. In fact, when Nehru brought to Chou En-lai's attention some Chinese maps showing a wrong alignment of the border, the latter only pleaded that these were old ones which his Government had had no time to revise. All this made Nehru think that there could be no major dispute about the border which India had claimed on the basis of old documents and which also conformed to the watershed principle (the range which divides the main water-flows in the frontier region being regarded as the ideal boundary). He was, therefore, greatly disturbed by increasing incidents of Chinese intrusions.

For quite some time Nehru did not disclose to the Indian public the forward

movements of Chinese patrols apparently with a view to preserving an atmosphere of good will. But after serious clashes at Longju in Arunachal Pradesh (formerly NEFA) and Kongka Pass in Ladakh in July and October of 1959, he could no longer keep the nation in the dark about the growing tension in the Himalayas. Inevitably, there was a tremendous uproar in Parliament.

What evidently shocked Nehru even more than the border clashes themselves was Chou En-lai's letter of September 8, 1959, in which he, for the first time, laid claim to extensive territory which India had assumed to be indisputably falling on its own side of the international border although a Chinese map published in 1956 did show an ominous alignment of the border. The tenor of Nehru's subsequent letters to Chou En-lai and statements to Parliament



THE GREAT DIVIDE. The Himalayan range is the world's greatest natural fortress. It is also one of the most difficult to defend. The moves to demarcate the 2,400-mile-long border during the British period were influenced by all sorts of intrigues between the British, Czarist and Chinese empires—further complicated by the shifting loyalties of local chieftains. Independent India and Communist China should have taken up the border issue quickly and amicably.

made it clear that he had begun to entertain grave doubts about China's *bona fides*. Many were convinced that it had been China's deliberate policy first to occupy as much of the frontier zone as possible through military thrusts and then to lay claim to the territory formally.

It was in the background of this crisis of confidence that Chou En-lai visited New Delhi in April 1960 and proposed a mutual adjustment of the border claims. Not surprisingly many observers including firm supporters of Nehru were intrigued by his failure to respond to this sensible move. He had acquired a worldwide reputation as a far-sighted statesman working with a sense of dedication for amicable settlement of contentious international issues. What then made him spurn Chou En-lai's offer? Some commentators have expressed the view that he was taken aback by the virulence of the Opposition attack on his China policy following the border incidents and did not want to give further cause to his critics to charge him with putting his own romantic vision of Sino-Indian friendship above true national interests.

Others thought that from being an ardent advocate of friendship with China he swung to the other extreme because he felt that the Chinese had resorted to dissimulation and even deceit to confront him with

a *fait accompli* along the border. There were, of course, a handful of habitual India-baiters abroad—not to speak of passionate Sino-philosophes—who seized the opportunity to berate him as a narrow-minded nationalist.

Different Viewpoints

At any rate, the relations between the two countries deteriorated rapidly after Mr Chou's return. It is true that the immediate outcome of his visit was the agreement to have rival claims investigated jointly by Chinese and Indian officials. But as they were engaged in the strenuous task of compiling, exchanging and interpreting historical evidence, the border continued to become increasingly tense. The officials' report, or rather parallel reports by those of each side, only confirmed the wide divergence on the alignment of the traditional border.

The Indian case was based on elaborately documented evidence. Even some of the foreign critics of India's China policy have praised the thoroughness with which the Indian officials went about this work. But the trouble is that many of the old documents and maps are liable to differing interpretations. If the Chinese officials by and large produced perfunctory evidence in support of their claims, they at least took good care to bring out material which served to

cast doubts on the validity of some of India's claims. What mattered most, however, was the extent of territory in actual control of each country. "Nehru based his case on history, Chou on facts of the moment." This observation by Dorothy Woodman in her *Himalayan Borders* is about the best summing up of the opposing approaches of Nehru and Chou to the entire border issue.

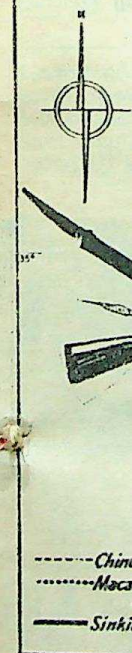
It will be surprising indeed if the Chinese do not revive the formula, which Mr Chou had in mind, for a negotiated settlement at one stage or another of the Sino-Indian dialogue which is bound to follow Mr Vajpayee's visit to Peking, if not during his own talks there. The implications of this should, therefore, be fully understood. In broad terms, the late Chinese Premier wanted India to agree to his country's claims in Ladakh in the western sector in return for Chinese recognition of India's claim to Arunachal Pradesh. It is an unfortunate irony of the border dispute indeed that the Chinese never really objected to or came in the way of India exercising full jurisdiction over Arunachal Pradesh except at two or three border points (about whose exact location in the high Himalayan range there were genuine doubts) and yet it was in this region that the flashpoint came in 1962.

All that Peking said was that the McMahon line which separates this region from

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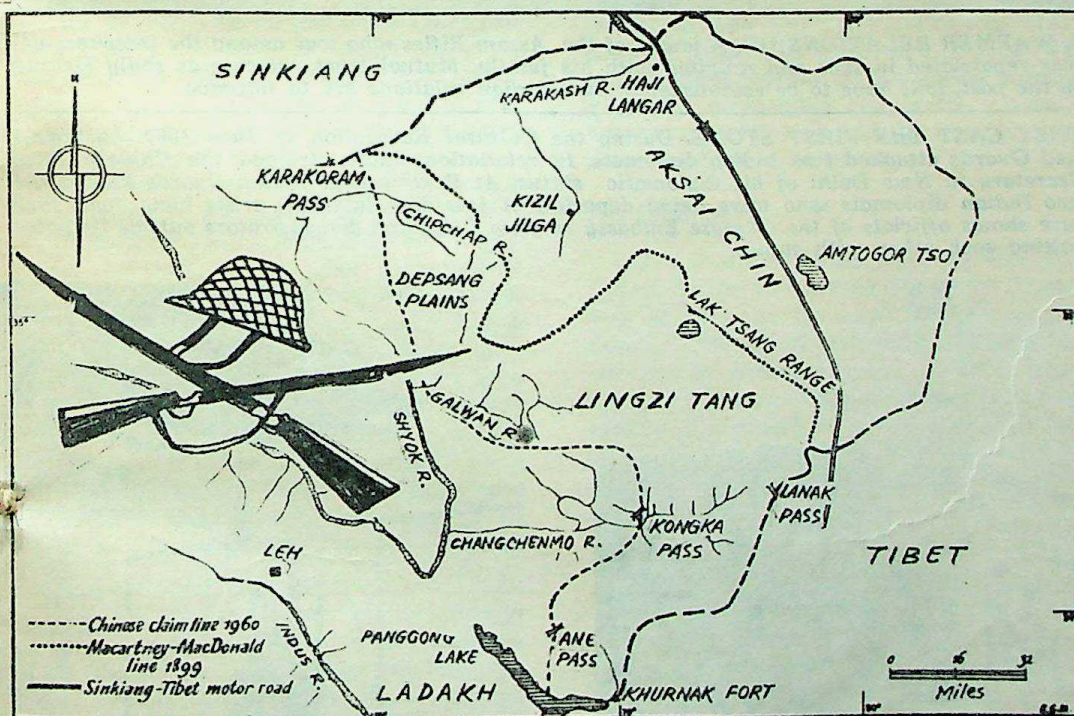
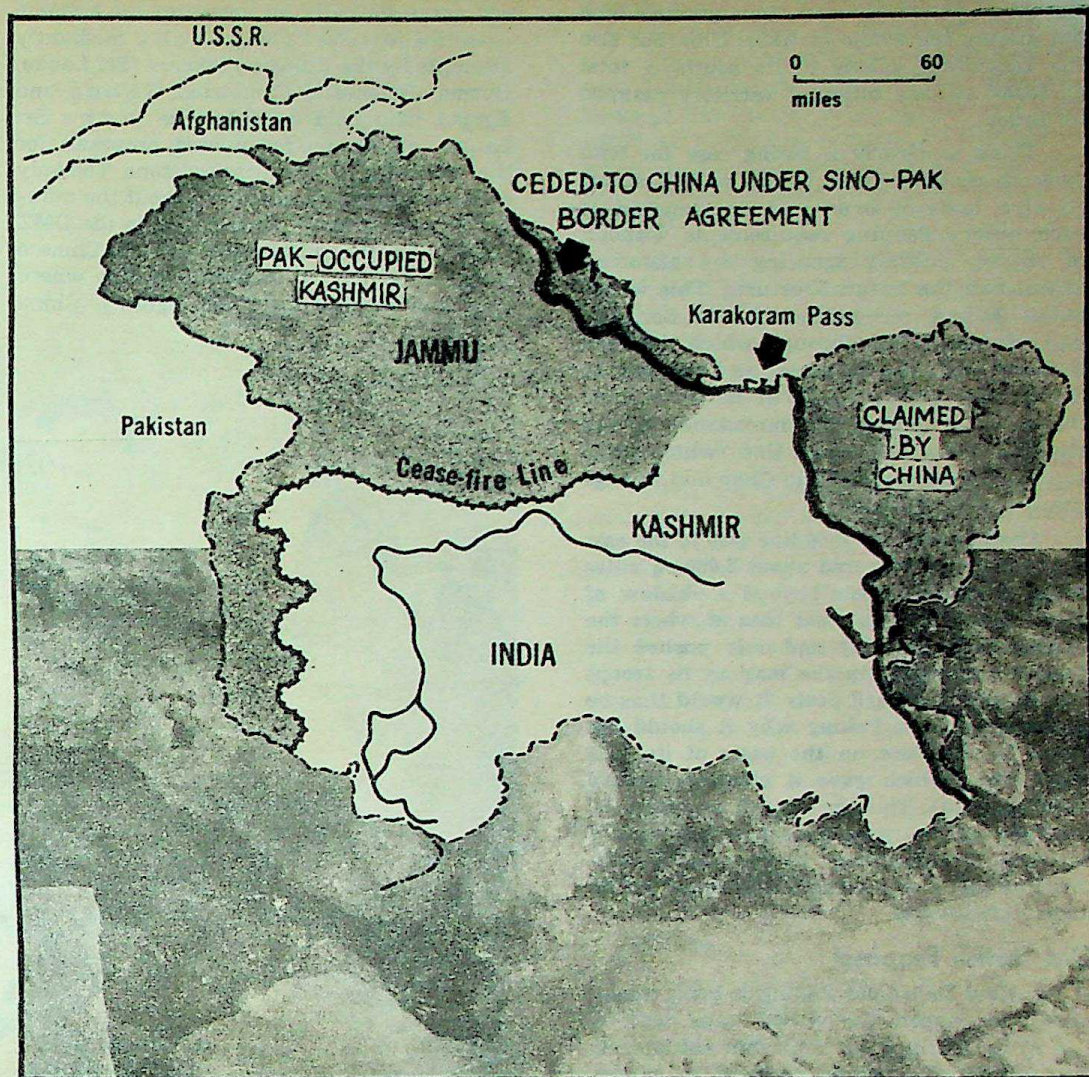


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China's Tibet was the creation of British Imperialism and hence China should not be expected to recognise it automatically. The Chinese, of course, were not above using British definitions of the border wherever these conformed to their own claims. In the case of the border in Arunachal Pradesh, however, they had undoubtedly a legitimate reason for not accepting the legal validity of what the British Government and the then Tibetan authorities had agreed as the line of demarcation between their respective jurisdictions. This is because China had always contested the authority of the Tibetans to enter into any such agreement with a foreign power. The Communist rulers have also been acutely conscious that the moment they do so in respect of any transactions even in the remote past, it will be tantamount to an admission that Tibet was at least at some time an independent country.

If India had sufficiently appreciated China's sensitivity on this point, the border problem might not have become as intractable as it eventually did since Chou En-lai

CLAIMS AND COUNTER-CLAIMS. Much of the controversy has centred on Aksai Chin (in detail below). Both sides could readjust their respective claims in this sector on the basis of a mutual appreciation of each other's genuine requirements as well as historical and natural aspects. India could recognise China's claim to the northern half of Aksai Chin through which passes the road built by the Chinese in 1956-57. China should give up its 1960 claim which arbitrarily cuts across the Chip Chap and Changchenmo river valleys.



buttress their own claims) and that in any case he did not think it of vital importance to India ("not a blade of grass grows there"). But in the atmosphere of anger and distrust caused by provocative Chinese thrusts into the region, the Government's attitude hardened. This alone can explain its over-emphasis on the legal-historical evidence in its possession.

The Government, in other words, was in no mood to take due account of the fact that the most pertinent aspect of the dispute in this sector was that China had traditionally used a route through the northern half of Aksai Chin as a crucial artery to get to Tibet from Sinkiang. In view of the trouble which was then brewing in Tibet, Peking was all the more vitally interested in a secure passage through this area and so built a road not far from the old route in 1956-57.

New Delhi was naturally outraged when it came to know of this two years later from a Chinese magazine. In one of his conciliatory statements, however, Nehru did hint at the possibility of his agreeing to allow the Chinese to use the road on certain conditions. Much later, Jayaprakash Narayan also suggested that the road might be leased to China.

The main issue involved in the territorial dispute in this sector is whether from the Karakoram Pass the northern boundary goes north and extends eastwards along the Kuen Lun mountain before sloping south-eastwards (as claimed by India) or whether it lies along the lower ranges south of the

had expressed his willingness to accept the reality of Indian control over about 33,000 square miles of Arunachal Pradesh during his talks with Nehru in 1954 and 1956. New Delhi took a rather rigid stand at subsequent meetings between the two sides that the future of this border could not be reopened under any circumstances. Peking's angry response was to deny that it had ever agreed to India's legal claim to the region and made its inclusion in India conditional on the latter reconciling itself to China's occupation of much of Aksai Chin in Ladakh.

China has thus made what really was a non-issue into a convenient bargaining counter.

Aksai Chin

India's uncompromising stance on the western sector was equally unfortunate. Paradoxically enough, at an earlier stage of the dispute, it did seem from Nehru's letters to Chou En-lai as well as his statements in Parliament that he had a nagging doubt if India's case on Aksai Chin was entirely free from flaws (the Chinese were quick to make full use of such observations to

Karakoram Pass and meets the Kongka Pass (as China would have it), thus giving China not merely the whole of Aksai Chin but also the Lingzitan plains to its south—a total of 15,000 square miles of territory claimed by India.

There is clearly a strong case for both sides to readjust their claims in this sector on the basis of mutual appreciation of each other's genuine requirements without, of course, entirely ignoring the historical aspect and the natural features. This would entail Indian recognition of the northern half of Aksai Chin through which the road built by the Chinese passes as belonging to China. But China, too, will have to show the requisite spirit of accommodation by not clinging to its 1960 claim line (which arbitrarily cuts across the Chip Chap and Changchenmo river valleys).

The fact that its 1956 line was to the east of this line and covered about 2,000 sq miles less territory proves beyond a shadow of doubt that it had no clear idea of where the traditional border lay and only pushed the border westwards on the map as its troops put up more forward posts. It would thus be legitimate to ask Peking why it should not agree to negotiate on the basis of its 1956 claim line (which gave it effective control over the road). The aim of such negotiations can only be to try and reach a compromise between the alignment in accordance with this line and the one India has shown on its maps consistently.

Old British Proposal

If New Delhi and Peking do bring themselves to reopen the entire issue with a view to reaching an amicable settlement, they might give serious thought to a proposal put forward by Britain to China concerning the boundary in this area in 1899 or a suitable variant of it. The alignment under this proposal divides the Aksai Chin in two, leaving the Sinkiang-Tibet road on the Chinese side and, as pointed out by Alastair Lamb in *The China-India Border*, "follows the watershed between the Indus and Tarim basins and thus embodies one of the few general principles upon which boundaries can be defined simply in these mountainous and unpopulated districts". (See map)

The disputes about the alignment of the border in the middle sector touching Himachal Pradesh, Punjab and Uttar Pradesh pertain to a total of less than 1,500 sq miles of territory and are even otherwise much less complicated. As shown on the Indian map, the border between UP and Tibet follows the watershed between the Sutlej and the Ganga (Kali, Alakananda and Jadhganga). Here the high Himalayan range runs 30 miles south of the water-parting. The boundary between H. P. and Tibet is the water-parting between the eastern and western tributaries of the Sutlej and the boundary between Punjab and Tibet is again the major watershed between the Pare Chu and the Spiti river systems.

All the disputed areas—Spiti (the Chinese call it Chuva and Chuje), Shipki Pass, Nilang-Jadhganga (Sang and Tsungsha), Barahoti (Wu-je), Sangchamalla and Lapthal—are south of the watersheds. For the most part, the Indian and Chinese alignments which coincide are along the watersheds. So, it stands to reason that in the case of these disputed areas, too, the same principle should be applied. It is up to Peking to give up its rigid stand in regard to this sector.

Digitized by Sarayu Foundation, Trust, Delhi and eGangotri

After the 1962 war, neither India nor China agreed formally on measures for a stable ceasefire in spite of vigorous mediatory attempts by the Colombo Powers (Sri Lanka, Burma, Indonesia, Cambodia, Ghana and Egypt) who held a conference in the Sri Lanka capital and formulated proposals for the creation of a demilitarised zone. The only difference that persisted was about the number of civilian posts to be set up in the DMZ created by the withdrawal of the Chinese troops to a line 20 km from the line where they had reached after the fighting. China

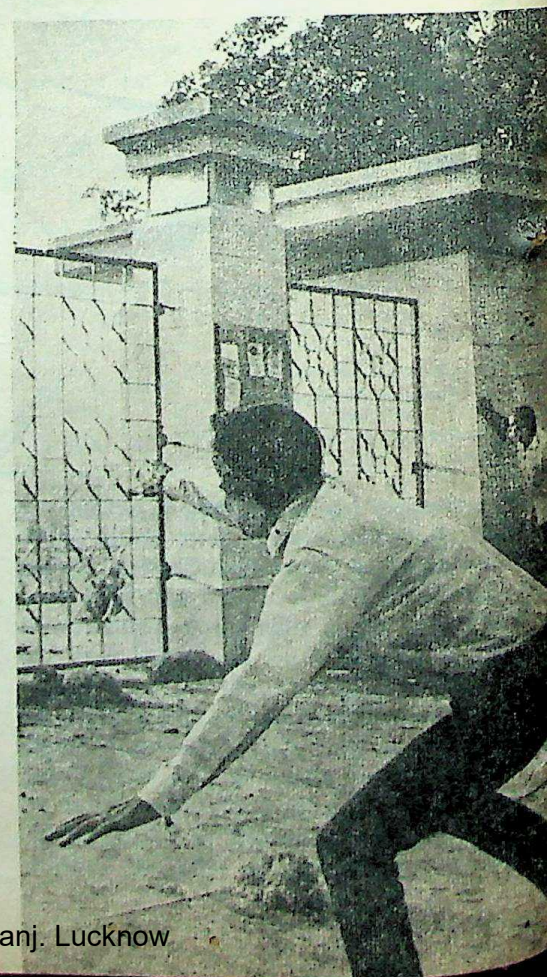
established seven posts of its own after a unilateral withdrawal but objected to India setting up similar posts as envisaged in the Colombo proposals.

Later, India was agreeable to neither side setting up the posts in the DMZ. It is not clear if China still retains the seven posts. Anyway what is pertinent is that the DMZ has been free from any incidents and even tension in the last 16 years. This has made it possible for the two countries to get to grips with the basic border dispute straightway.



A WARMER RELATIONSHIP. A jawan of the Assam Rifles who was among the prisoners-of-war repatriated in 1963 and reunited with his family. Mutual trust, which was sadly lacking in the past, will have to be established if Sino-Indian relations are to improve.

THEY CAST THE FIRST STONE. During the Cultural Revolution in June 1967, hysterical Red Guards attacked two Indian diplomats. In retaliation, India stripped the Chinese First Secretary in New Delhi of his diplomatic status. At Peking airport, Red Guards kicked the two Indian diplomats who were being deported. A few days later the crisis blew over. Picture shows officials of the Chinese Embassy in New Delhi and demonstrators outside its gates pelting each other with stones.



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LET BYGONES BE BYGONES. Mr Wang Pin-nan, leader of the Chinese goodwill delegation which paid a visit to India this March with External Affairs Minister Atal Behari Vajpayee, who has accepted an invitation to visit China. Ambassador-level relations were restored in 1976, after a 15-year gap, with Mr K. R. Narayanan being appointed our man in Peking and Mr Chen Chao-yuan, his counterpart in New Delhi.

It needs also to be noted that three factors which aggravated the border dispute in the past seem no longer to have much bearing on it now. In the first place, China has come a long way from its earlier suspicion that "Western imperialist circles" were interested in stirring up trouble in Tibet in collusion with New Delhi. The Chinese seem to have accepted India's *bona fides* as far as the status of Tibet is concerned. Although the Dalai Lama and thousands of his followers still enjoy Indian hospitality and a few young hotheads among them occasionally hold anti-China demonstrations in New Delhi, Peking cannot possibly regard this as any sign of India's reservations about Chinese sovereignty over Tibet. The Chinese may well have been fully reassured on this score especially after the unequivocal declaration by the Janata Government—some of whose constituents were totally opposed to Nehru's Tibet policy—that there is no question of its departing from that policy.

The second factor which made China view India's stand on the border dispute with misgivings in the past was the fallout of the Sino-Soviet rift. Peking strongly protested against the Soviet refusal to condemn India for the border incidents not only as a blow to the solidarity of the international Communist movement (such as it was) and consequently as a serious ideological lapse but also as a sign that the Soviets and Indians were trying to gang up against it.

In point of fact, however, even in the midst of heated doctrinal polemics between China and the Soviet Union, the latter did not fail to commend Chinese proposals either for the maintenance of peace on the border through provisional withdrawal of checkposts and patrols or for a negotiated

settlement of the main dispute itself. What is more, the Soviet Union has to this day refused to show on its maps the Sino-Indian border as New Delhi has defined it. There is every reason to think that Peking will see all these aspects of the border dispute in proper perspective and realise that it was wrong to link it with its own quarrels with the Soviets in any way.

No Choice

It is true that initially Peking was perturbed by the Indo-Soviet Treaty of Friendship of 1971. But so experienced a practitioner of the art of *realpolitik* as China has been can be expected to appreciate that when a country is faced with an extraordinary situation of the kind India unquestionably faced in 1971, as a result of Pakistan's troubles in its eastern wing, it had no choice but to take all possible diplomatic safeguards even at the risk of appearing to compromise the basic tenets of its foreign policy. So it could not have taken Peking long to appreciate that India's objective in concluding the treaty was severely limited and that in any case it in no way signified any alignment against its northern neighbour. Moreover, the Chinese leaders are fully aware that New Delhi has kept scrupulously aloof from the Soviet project of Asian collective security. This was proof enough that the treaty did not oblige India to play the Soviet game in the Asian arena.

The third factor which added to the mutual distrust between India and China in the past was the latter's dealings with Pakistan. No sensible person in India expected the Chinese to shun close relations with Pakistan as a price for Indian good will. Neither was it really surprising that Peking

quickly responded to Pakistani overtures for a border pact after the failure of Chou En-lai's mission to New Delhi in 1960. But the fact that the manner in which the two neighbours of this country later carried on a campaign of vilification against it virtually in unison could only arouse the fear here that they would stop short of nothing to harm its interests.

China's threat of military action against India in concert with Pakistan both in 1965 and 1971, signs of a sinister interest in the Farakka barrage issue and Chinese attack on India's policy towards Nepal in the sixties further deepened the Indian suspicion that Peking was basically motivated by unredeemed malevolence towards this country.

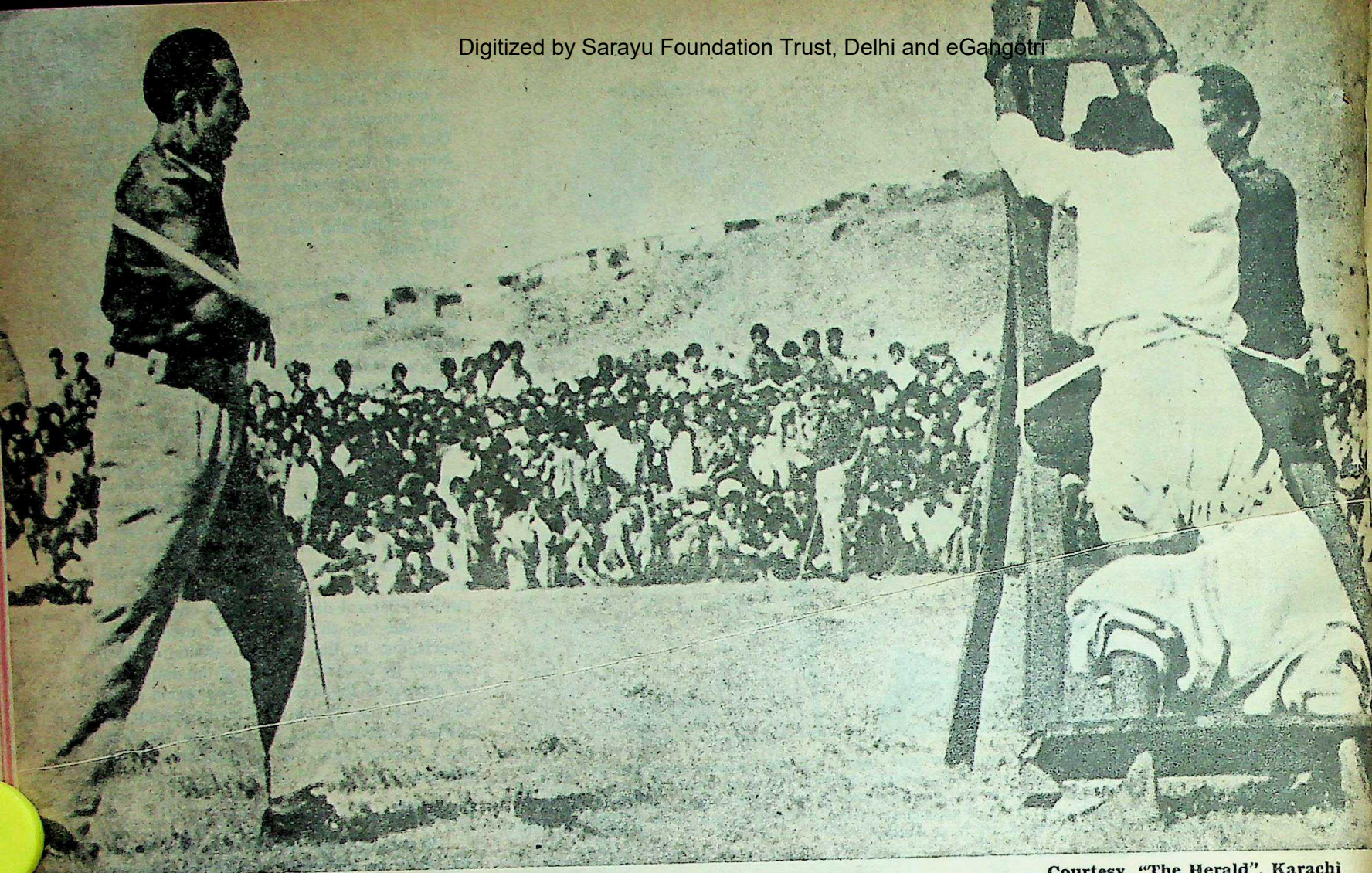
Given this dismal background, the present Chinese leaders can hope to open a new chapter in Sino-Indian relations only by inspiring confidence in New Delhi (1) that it is no part of the Chinese policy to try and set the other countries in South Asia against India; (2) that it will not interfere in the purely bilateral disputes among these countries; and (3) that it has no intention of interfering in the internal affairs of this country by encouraging any of the disgruntled groups in the Indian border region or in any other way. Once the Chinese leadership restores mutual trust, it will clear the way for a serious joint bid to settle the border dispute.

Flexibility

It goes without saying that New Delhi, too, will be required to adopt a flexible policy. No great calamity will befall this country, for instance, if it makes suitable adjustments in its border claims. It needs to be stressed in this connection that no one who knows anything about military strategy has made out a case that, if any part of the uninhabited, desolate plateau of Aksai Chin is conceded to China, this country's security will be gravely endangered. By any reckoning, the Rann of Kutch was of far greater value to India from the security point of view. Yet, didn't India agree to Pakistan's claim to a sizable part of it? Did anyone seriously argue that this was a sellout?

What is more, India has offered in the past to regard the ceasefire line in Kashmir by mutual agreement with Pakistan as an international border. This only means that we have, for all practical purposes, reconciled ourselves to the loss of a vast chunk (more extensive than the Aksai Chin-Changchenmo region) of inhabited, economically valuable and strategically located territory in Kashmir which should be India's, going merely by historical evidence. If this is so, the desirability of a similar concession to China in a section of the northern frontier zone which is far less important from every point of view deserves to be considered seriously.

It is thus time New Delhi undertook a hard-headed evaluation of the border policy pursued so far. Only if it does so will it be able to determine how best to eliminate the border dispute as a latent source of confrontation with China. Self-righteousness is not the same thing as patriotism. Needless to say, China's policy towards India should also be free from all vestiges of chauvinism if the two countries are truly to practise peaceful co-existence.



—Courtesy, "The Herald", Karachi

EXEMPLARY AND DETERRENT? Public caning has now become a daily occurrence in Pakistan. People turn up in their hundreds and thousands to watch the "shows". So far most cases of flogging have been of rapists.

In The Land Of Zia-ul Haq

The first public execution of three men was carried out in Pakistan on March 23. Simon Winchester of *The Guardian*, who was a witness, says that it was a lesson for "uneducated" Pakistanis. A weekly pictorial journal, *The Herald of Karachi*, also carried a feature on the public flogging of rapists. An account based on their reports.

LONG columns of men, women and children streamed in from all corners of the city towards the goal. More than a hundred thousand people waited with bated breath to witness the first public execution in Lahore. Gallows had been erected outside the prison walls with three ropes, three black masks and a trapdoor. The three men—a 35-year-old waiter Sher Alam, a 22-year-old student, Mohammed Afraq, and a 25-year-old driver, Mohammed Hanif, were brought in a Land Rover. "They looked so lonely. Their eyes were red, their lips were dry and working soundlessly," writes Simon

Winchester of *The Guardian*, London. The student caught his eye and held it for a few moments. Then he was pushed up by a warder to mount the scaffold. Black hoods were placed over the heads of the three men. Mohammed Afraq protested his innocence. The end was swift.

Simon Winchester writes: "The bodies were left swinging and fully visible for a good half hour, so that the mob could see them. There was no cheering or shouting, just a solid acceptance that what had to be done was done. A few older men had tears in their eyes—perhaps for Pakistan as much as for the villains they never knew".

The executions took place on March 23, five days after the Lahore High Court had passed the sentence of death on the former Prime Minister, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto.

"The Public Wanted It"

The three men had been sentenced to hang for kidnapping a 12-year-old boy. They had demanded a ransom of Rs 40,000. Before the parents could raise the money, Sher Alam raped the child and strangled it.

An official of the Punjab Press Information Bureau justified the public execution. "It was necessary and the public wanted it,"

he said. "It is all part of bringing Islam to Pakistan—something our people crave for. They will go home happy that justice has been seen to have been done."

A Lahore magistrate said: "These are an uneducated people. For them this is an education they will never forget." It is the best deterrent according to them.

Public flogging has now become a daily occurrence in Pakistan. Pakistani papers are giving wide coverage to these incidents. *The Herald of Karachi*, which carried a cover story on public flogging entitled "Spare the Birch and Sheath the Knife", was subsequently banned. Hamid Hussain, the writer of the article says:

"We have not yet cut off anybody's hands, but flogging is the order of the day... Flogging, moreover, is ordained for specific offences while at present it is being handed down in all sorts of cases, like political demonstrations.

"But is it necessary for us to resort to such abnormal punishments? Does our social pattern of life warrant them?"

The Holy Quran prescribes the lash and the knife in some cases qualifying punishments like flogging and hand-chopping. For example, the Quran lays down:

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"And as for the man who steals and the woman who steals, cut off their hands in retribution of their offence as an exemplary punishment from Allah. And Allah is Mighty and Wise."

If one stops reading here the case will rest. But the next verse says:

"But whosoever repents after his transgression and amends, then will Allah surely turn to him in mercy. Verily, Allah is Most Forgiving."

"This could be interpreted in two ways" says Hussain. "It could be argued that Allah would forgive the culprit in the hereafter—saving him from the fire and the brimstone. Or it could be held that Allah would show mercy here (through man) and save his hand if he repents. The words 'whosoever repents after his transgression and amends' are crucial to the interpretation of this verse. The second argument would thus seem to hold more water. And, after all, where Allah is Merciful, human judges have no business to be cruel. God's three supreme attributes are compassion, mercy and forgiveness. If man claims to be in the image of God, he must acquire these divine attributes."

"Another grave error is that they argue that Pakistan was destined to be a theocratic state, and has, indeed, become Islamic because it has been named the Islamic Republic of Pakistan."

"Clearly, this is not so. The Quaid-e-Azam was explicit that Pakistan was not meant to be a theocratic state. And Pakistan is not even a social welfare state as understood in modern times."

"There are, moreover, a variety of sins and crimes which are not punishable in the Islamic Republic of Pakistan. Usury, for example. The Holy Quran totally prohibits charging or paying of interest and holds the practice to be hateful and abominable. Yet usury (interest) is being merrily practised. And no banker or businessman or government official is being flogged for it."

"When the Holy Quran bans usury, the nation must revamp its financial structure, if we are to have Islam by the Book. Yet it does not do so and those clamouring for *Nizam-i-Mustafa* are meaningfully quiet."

No Mercy for Rapists

However, the judges have not been merciful to rapists who have received most of the sentences for flogging.

The most recent case was of a 15-year-old boy, Mohammed Shah, who was found guilty by a military court of raping a 5-year-old girl. He was flogged in Karachi and then sent to prison for a one-year term.

On March 1, a 27-year-old man, who had raped his neighbour's 7-year-old daughter Massarat Yasmin, was birched on the Rawalpindi race-course before a mammoth crowd. Mohammed Sabir was convicted and lashed 15 times. He collapsed and had to be taken to the jail hospital.

The gruesome case of kidnapping, rape and murder of Tarannum Aziz (9) was reported on the morning of February 10. The girl had been missing for five days when her parents got an anonymous call demanding a

ransom of Rs 1.25 lakhs. They contacted the police and the payment was arranged. But the kidnappers did not turn up at the appointed place. The police are still searching for the culprits.

On August 11, 1977 a policeman, convicted of corruption, was the first offender to be publicly flogged. The cop, found guilty of receiving a bribe of Rs 100, was given 10 strokes. He fainted after the sixth. The flogging went on after the victim was examined by a doctor.

These public punishments are part of the new regulations issued on July 5, 1977, when the army under General Mohammed Zia-ul-Haq—now the Martial Law Administrator—ousts Bhutto's Government and took the country's reins in its own hands. The new ruler introduced, among other harsh punishments, the amputation of limbs for theft and whipping for demonstrators. Vandalism of public property was made punishable by death.

Pakistan today is the only country, after Saudi Arabia, to have introduced chopping of limbs which is provided for in the Shariat. General Zia-ul-Haq has favoured the introduction of the Shariat. According to reports, he was stated to have said when he took over that he considered the introduction of the Islamic system as essential for the country.

The slogan of *Nizam-i-Mustafa* (the system of the Prophet) has become very popular in Pakistan. More and more people are demanding the introduction of "Islamic" punishments. "But," says Hamid Hussain in *The Herald* (of Karachi), "people who used to reorder their own lives according to the teachings of Islam are talking as if Pakistan has suddenly transferred itself into a truly Islamic state".

The difficulty, according to him, is that people seem bent on being self-righteous. By upholding the birch and the knife, they tend to think that they have established themselves as good Muslims.

Hussain points out that one of the justifications given for flogging and similar primitive retribution was that it would have a deterrent effect! "But within two or three weeks of the flogging of the rapist in Karachi," says Hussain, "a man raped and brutally murdered a 9-year-old girl. The culprit may have seen, and certainly did hear about the public flogging, but it obviously did not deter him. Minor girls were subsequently raped in other parts of the country."

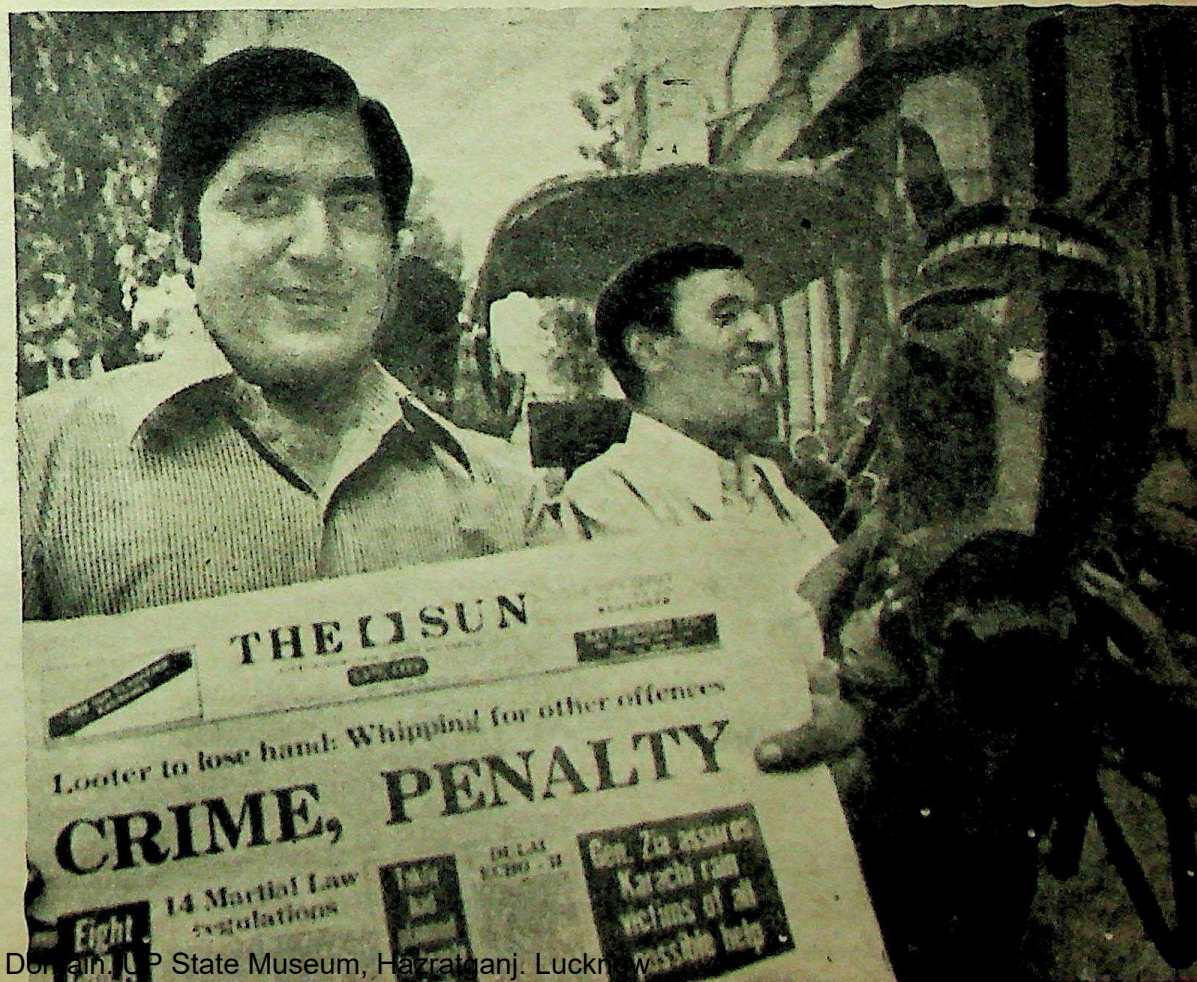
"Pakistanis," remarks Hussain, "must first decide whether or not they want their country to be a democratic state. If we want to practise Islam, we must practise it in its totality, not through piecemeal Quranic punishments." He pleads for the suspension of hand-chopping and flogging until Pakistan becomes an ideal Islamic state. "You cannot punish one offender according to the Quranic law and another according to the existing Penal Code."

Hussain argues further to drive home his point: "Modern states have laws which are humane yet rigorous. The man who raped a minor girl in Karachi was awarded only one year's imprisonment and 15 lashes by a military court. Had he been tried in a civil court under the Penal Code, he wouldn't have been given stripes but he would have been sentenced to seven years' rigorous imprisonment."

The Quran cannot be implemented piecemeal; the totality of its teachings, which is more compassion than brute justice, has always to be borne in mind if an ideal Islamic state is to be established.

P.N.

IT IS NO LONGER NEWS... General Zia-ul-Haq has introduced among other harsh punishments, the chopping of limbs for thefts and whipping for demonstrators.





Sadhus

"Some sadhus confessed to maintaining secret relations with their wives." This is only one of the many intriguing facts gathered by the author who became a sadhu himself to pursue his research. The article is based on his book, "Sadhus of India".*

by B. D. TRIPATHI

Colour Photographs by Balkrishan

THE sadhu cult has a long tradition. It consists in renouncing worldly ties for the pursuit of higher values of life. Ideally speaking, a sadhu lives in society but does not belong to it.

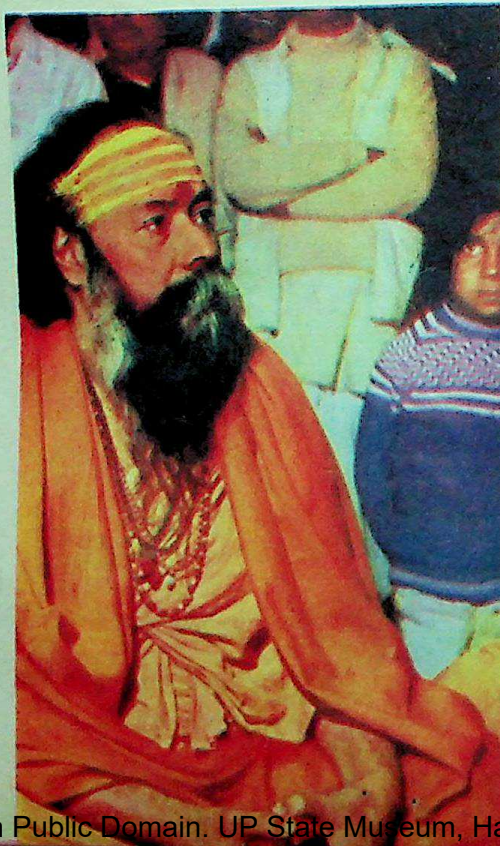
In actual practice, however, sadhus have become an integral part of our society; they interact very much with it, influencing it in many ways and being influenced by it at the same time.

Sadhus can be divided into Vaishnava, Shaiva and Shakta. Those of the *Vaishnava sampradaya* worship Vishnu, in different forms, such as Rama, Krishna and Narayana along with their consorts Sita, Radha and Lakshmi. Hanuman is also propitiated. All Vaishnavas are *prapatti margis* (followers of the path of devotion).

Vaishnavas can be orthodox or reformist. The *Chatuh sampradaya* is the most important orthodox Chaitanya branch. The *chatuh sampradaya* (the four orders) consists of Sri or Achari, Nimbarkī, Madhva-Gaudiya and Brahma.

The founders of the four orders were Ramanujacharya, Nimbarkacharya, Chaitanya Mahaprabhu and Vallabhacharya. Their respective philosophies are known as Vishishtadvaita (qualified monism), Dvaitadvaita (dualism-monism), Achintya Bhedabheda (inconceivable diversity-unity) and Shudhadvaita (pure monism).

The reformist wing of Vaishnavism was originated by Ramananda, an ascetic of the Achari *sampradaya*. He denounced "caste considerations" in *bhakti* and recruited disciples from all sections of society, even from outside the Hindu fold. Kabir, a Muslim, was



one of his disciples. The *sampradaya* founded by Ramananda is called Vairagi or Ramanandi. Ayodhya is the spiritual centre of Vairagis.

Other Vaishnava reformist sects are Kabir Panth, Dadu Panth, Dariya Dasi Panth, Paltu Dasi Panth, Radhasoami, Brahma Kumari, Gheesa Panth, Garibdasi Panth, Niranani Panth, Namdhari Panth, Raidasi Panth and so on. Most of the reformist sects are directly or indirectly influenced by Kabir Panth.

Orthodox Vaishnavas (also Vairagis) have a Naga (naked) section. For the military training of Vaishnava Nagas, they have established *anis* (companies) and *akharas* (gymnastic centres). There are seven Vaishnava *akharas*. The Naga section was organised to meet the challenge of Shaivas and non-Hindus. The three important *anis* are at Digambar, Nirmohi and Nirvani. Each *ani* elects a leader called Sri Mahanth at the time of the Kumbha Mela.

Following The Path of Knowledge

The Vaishnava Nagas begin their ascetic life as novitiates. Thereafter, they become *yatris* (travellers) for three years. For the next period of three years, they are called *banagidar*—this is when they train for deity worship. In the third stage, the Nagas are called *hudadung* and cook for the inmates of the Vaishnava monastic centres. Only after *murathia*, the final stage, do they become full-fledged Nagas.

Shaivas are essentially *jnana margis*, followers of the "path of knowledge". The Shaiva *sampradaya* can be Tantric or Vedic. In the Tantric fold are the Kanphata or Nath, Aghori or Aughar, Kapalik, Keenarami, Lingayat and Karalingi sects.

In the Vedic fold are the *Dasnamis* whose order rests on Sankaracharya's interpretation of Vedanta which is *Kevaladvaita*. The ten sub-sects of the *Dasnami* order are Giri, Puri, Bharati, Van, Parvat, Aranya, Sagar, Tirtha, Ashram and Saraswati.

Vedic Shaivas also maintain a Naga section. The initiation ceremony of Shaiva Nagas takes place at the time of the Kumbha Mela. Mandaleshwaras (monastic heads) of different *akharas* initiate the candidates who complete their period of probation. The

affairs of the Nagas are looked after by a body called the Ashta-Parishad.

Shaktas worship manifestations of the primordial female energy such as Kali, Durga, Bhagawati and Chamundi. They are essentially Tantric.

In addition to cult differences, Vaishnava and Shaiva sadhus differ in their food habits, dress and the "caste mark". Vaishnavas don white clothes (the Nagas roam about naked), apply vertical marks to their foreheads and are strictly vegetarian. As against this, Shaivas don saffron, apply ashes horizontally and, in the North, are non-vegetarian (particularly the Tantric Shaivas).

Shaivas carry the *trishul* (trident), *kamandalu* (gourd) and *mrigcharma* (deer-skin) and Vaishnavas the *chimata* (tongs), *tumari* (dry pumpkin-shell) and a *lota*.

Both Shaivas and Vaishnavas either opt for *panchbhadra* (full tonsure) or let the hair grow on "five parts" of the body. Several of them smear the banian sap on their hair to convert it into *jata* (coil).

Both also maintain a section of *sanjogi sadhus* (householder ascetics). The *viraktas* are those without a household. *Dasnami Sanjogis* are called *Gosains*. The story goes that, at Sankaracharya's call, many householders left their wives and children to offer themselves for the propagation of the Vedic mission. This disturbed their marital life and the aggrieved wives and children approached Sankaracharya. The master was moved by their plea and he established a new category of *sanyasis* who were permitted to spread the Vedic message while staying on in their households. Such *sanyasis* came to be known as *Gosains*.

From Shaiva to Vaishnava

In 1963, I conducted a study of 500 sadhus from ten pilgrim centres in Uttar Pradesh as part of my research thesis. They were selected at random in Gorakhpur, Varanasi, Prayag, Ayodhya, Chitrakoot, Naimisharanya, Hardwar, Rishikesh, Mathura and Brindaban.

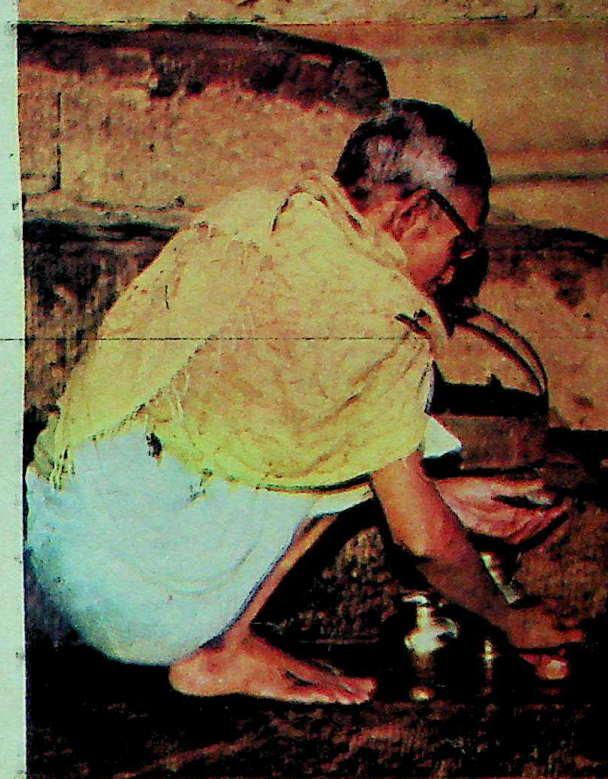
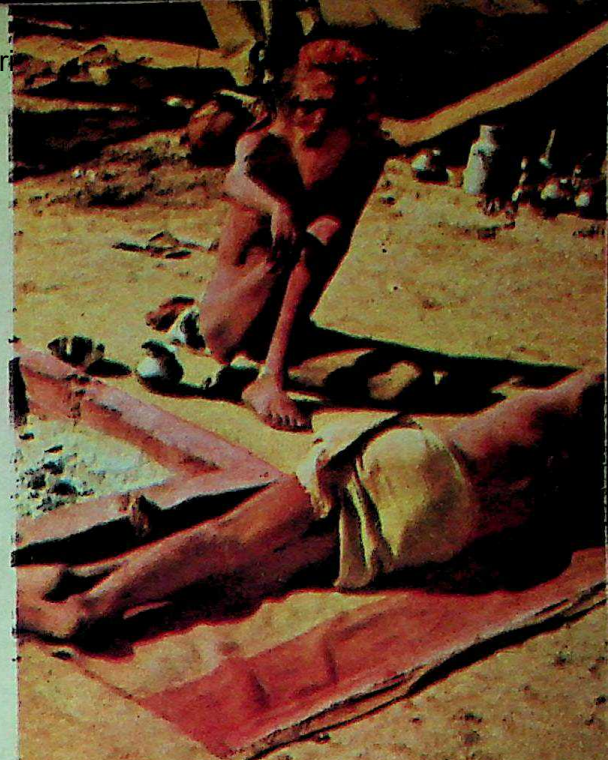
The most peculiar thing about them is that they will not disclose personal details such as their original name, home address and family background.

To find out more about them, I joined the Shaiva sect in Kashi (Varanasi) in the Saraswati sub-sect of the *Dasnami* order. Only Brahmins are recruited to this sub-sect. In the process of initiation, I was given a *danda* which I decided not to carry with me. Saraswatis who did not carry a *danda* are called *Paramahansas*. I carried a gourd and a piece of deer-skin and donned saffron.

As a *Dasnami sanyasi*, I met many sadhus of the Tantric sects of Eastern UP. At the Gorakhnath Math in Gorakhpur, I studied the life of the *Kanphata Jogis*.

Later, I moved to Mathura and Brindaban where I decided to enter the Vaishnava fold and chose for my guru Baba Madhusudan Das of Gyan Gudari, Brindaban. I was initiated into the Nimbarki sect. I donned white clothes and lived in many *sthanas* (Vaishnava monastic centres). Following this, I travelled to Hardwar, Rishikesh, Naimisharanya, Ayodhya and Chitrakoot as a Vaishnava sadhu.

My study reveals that most sadhus hail from joint families. Ten per cent of them are graduates and post-graduates. Compared



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to Vaishnavas, the educational level of Shai-vas is much higher. A majority were engaged in some sort of profession such as farming, business, etc, before they renounced the world. There were also several who were retired, unemployed and unemployable. Half of them came from families whose income was low.

Over 41 per cent took to asceticism forced by unfavourable family conditions. They quit their families either because of "economic exigencies" or because they were psychologically maladjusted to their environment. A few of them were offered by their parents to ascetic institutions.

The need for a spiritual life is only one of many reasons which motivate sadhus. Others include earning a living, doing social service, leading a carefree life and improving one's social status.

Most sadhus have two or more sources of income. About 20 per cent depend mainly on voluntary public offerings while another 20 per cent resort to begging. The percentage of sadhus earning more than Rs 100 a month is very low.

A majority of sadhus (76 per cent) have maintained some sort of relationship with their families. Most of them extend financial help to their members. On matters of sex, 73 per cent of them refused to divulge details of their private life. Only a small percentage (3 per cent) seemed to be living openly with their wives. 1.6 per cent confessed to maintaining secret relations with their wives.

Some Drink, Some Smoke

Shaiva sadhus, apparently, take their vows at a more mature age (30-50) than their Vaishnava counterparts, most of whom are initiated by the time they are 29. Most sadhus recruit their own disciples. This increases both their income and prestige. The more renowned sadhus and mahants have more than 100 disciples.

Smoking is a habit commonly associated with these holy men, but is actually indulged in by only 29.6 per cent of them. A few Tantric Shaivas and Shaktas (0.6 per cent) are addicted to liquor.

Most sadhus are predictably conservative in their views about science, holding that modern technology harms the strength of religious belief. Over 60 per cent of them support untouchability and the caste system. They are also generally opposed to conversion from one religion to another.

There are some sadhu sects in which the emphasis is on social service. The most important among these are the Ramakrishna Mission, the Divine Life Society, the Radha-soami, Kabir and other reformist groups. There are also individual sadhus who undertake social service.

There are three categories of sadhus—beggars who are parasites exploiting the gullible; those who serve society in fields like healing and education; and those distinguished sadhus who provide true spiritual leadership.

I feel that society will not, in the long run, tolerate sadhu groups which fail to be self-supporting. Unless they mend their ways and become useful to society, they are bound to disappear from the Indian scene.

was a fracas between Jat and non-Jat labourers is a blatant lie.

The picture given at the bottom of Page 37, showing the police dragging a wounded/dead person into a cane field, is a fabricated one because there is no sugarcane plant visible in the picture and the sugarcane field is about three furlongs from the actual place of firing.

Similarly, the story of moving the 9th Battalion of the Jat Regiment into the campus is absurd.

Again, the picture on Page 37 purporting to show bullet-holes in almost every house of the campus is totally unfounded. There are over 2,000 houses on the main campus. Only in a few houses that surrounded the actual place of firing were there signs of bullet-holes.

Pantnagar Drs Y. P. S. RATHI, D. V. S. TYAGI, V. S. BHAL, OM PRAKASH, M. G. YADAV

No Chinese Involvement

Sir—Harisingh Shergill's letter (Readers Write, April 23) states that, in 1842, a boundary treaty was made "between Lahore's Sarkar Khalsa and the Emperor of China". This is not in accordance with historical facts: The agreement of 1842 was between Tibet and Ladakh; neither Sikhs nor Chinese took part in the campaign in Ladakh and Tibet.

In 1842, Kalon (member of the Cabinet), Surkhang and Dapon Peshi, the Tibetan General in Western Tibet, went to Leh to negotiate the final treaty with Ladakh. After the negotiations, two letters of agreement were drawn up, one written by the Ladakhis, one by the Tibetans. Each side signed and sealed only its own agreement. The letters promised everlasting friendship, the recognition of ancient boundaries and the continuation of trade between Ladakh and Tibet. These letters were preserved in the Kashag office in Lhasa and they show no mention of the Emperor of China—which is only natural since Tibet has always concluded treaties with other nations, including China, as an independent sovereign nation.

Perhaps Mr Shergill has been misled by the wrong version quoted in Aitchison's *Collection of Treaties*, Vol XIV, Page 15.

Dharmasala P. T. RABGAY
Information & Publicity Office of
His Holiness the Dalai Lama

A Stand Against Exploitation

Sir—I read Jayakanthan's "The Story of A Hero" (April 30) in anticipated horror at the thought that the long-suffering wife would take her husband back, even after being confronted with his infidelity, and live again in sublime ignorance of who she is. It was joy to discover otherwise! Marriage itself, in Indian society, has been a centuries-old exploitative prison from which Indian women are only now beginning to escape—with equal laws and a chance for a fair share in the job market. With our movies and literature consistently feeding our public with a distorted image of what the ideal Indian woman should be, it is refreshing to see somebody taking a stand against the depersonalisation of woman and asserting her right to dignity.

Bombay

S. KURUVILA

The Illustrated Weekly of India

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Denzil Peiris surveys the ages-old relations between the two countries and examines prospects for a friendlier future.

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NEXT WEEK

WILL OUR GRANARY BE ALWAYS FULL?? J. D. Singh sounds a note of caution against lapsing into dangerous complacency about self-sufficiency in food. Not all our staples have achieved the spectacular success of wheat and we are far from free of the vagaries of the monsoon.

LEARNING TO GROW MORE FOOD: Food production cannot afford to slip by even five per cent because our population continues to grow. A. S. Atwal, of the Punjab Agricultural University, shows how modern technology can easily help.

TO SYRIA WITH LOVE: Khushwant Singh visits the fabled cities of Damascus, Qunaitra and Aleppo and discovers their legends and their unforgettable beauty.

RACKET AT THE AIRPORT: Thousands of workers, possessing every document, are not getting seats on flights to the Gulf. The delay may cost them the job in which they have staked their life's earnings. An expose by Vithal C. Nadkarni.

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VOL. XCIX 24 SUNDAY JUNE 11, 1978

ESTD 1880

Regd. No. MH By South-25. Registered as Newspaper in Sri Lanka

A TEMPLE TO ADI SANKARA

Built in Bombay's Matunga, it was recently consecrated by the Sankaracharya of Dwaraka.

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Her foresight has given a home to one out of every ten Parsis in Bombay.

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The New Polarisation.

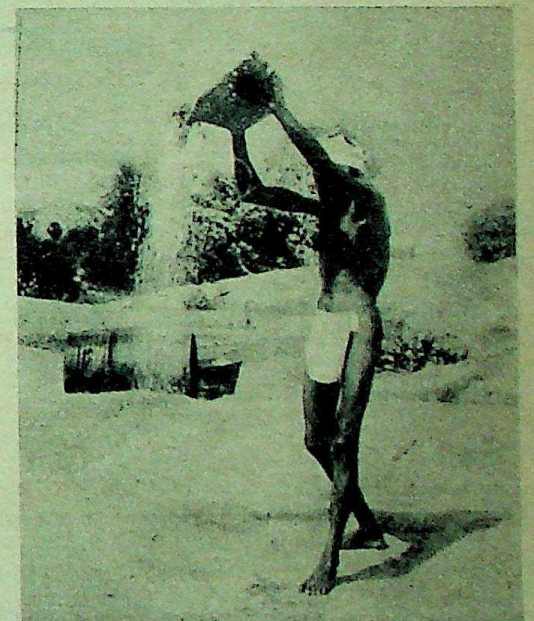
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THE DEVOTEES

Story by Jacquelin Singh.

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COVER: President Carter and Prime Minister Desai (top) and Mr Cyrus Vance.



MARRIAGES BY THE HUNDRED: More than 400 couples were wedded in this unique temple at Dharmasthala, South Kanara, which has a Saivite deity, a Vaishnava priest and a Jain "dharmadhikari".

GOLDEN GLOVES I'M GOING TO WEAR TILL MY WEDDING DAY: Story by Raja Proctor.

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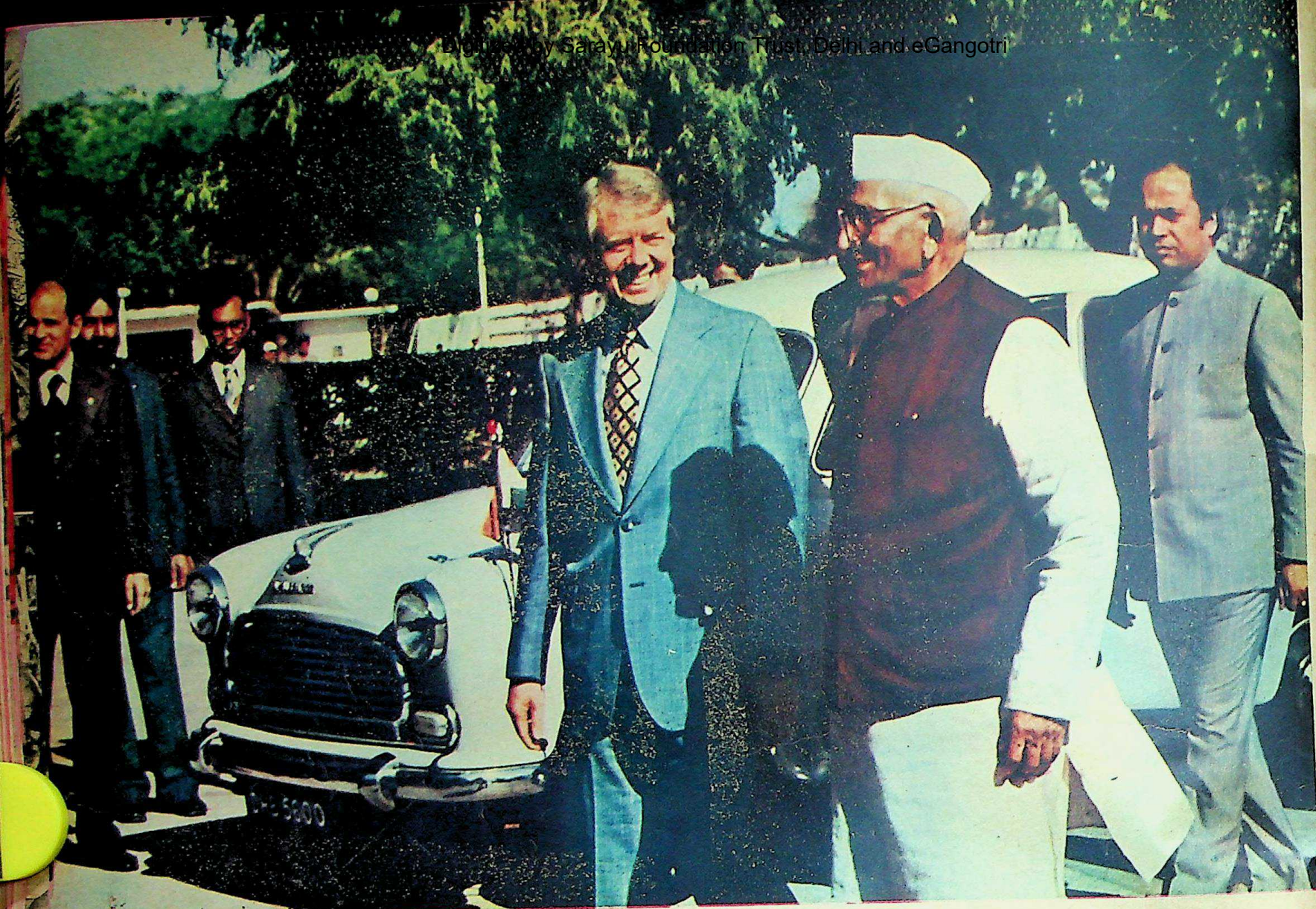
News Composing Supdt: K. A. Naik

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MOVING FORWARD TOGETHER. "We are eager to join with you in maintaining and improving our valuable and mature partnership of political and economic cooperation," President Carter told the Indian Parliament in January. US economic assistance to India is now increasing after a steep decline during the last ten years. Above: President Carter and Prime Minister Desai during the US Head of State's visit to India. Mr Desai has been in the US from June 6.

Exclusive Interview with M. V. Kamath

U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance Speaks

India and the United States have often been on a collision course on "gut" issues—Kashmir, Goa, Bangladesh, arms aid to Pakistan and now nuclear fuel for Tarapur. Will not its failure to fulfil its solemn commitments to Tarapur undermine US credibility as a supplier of nuclear technology? What is the present Administration's policy on the supply of arms to South Asian countries? Can't the US be less restrictive in the granting of visas to bona-fide Indian students?

Mr Cyrus Vance answers these and other questions of the Washington Correspondent of *The Times of India* in the first ever exclusive interview to be granted to an Indian correspondent by a US Secretary of State.

SOME time in mid-April I asked for an exclusive interview with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. Secretaries of State in the past have met with Indian correspondents for informal briefings, but no Secretary of State had given anyone an exclusive interview. Mr Peter Lande, Country Desk Director, was sceptical about the chances of my getting one. He said he would try, though. He did. And he succeeded. So did I.

On May 1, I was informed that the Secretary would see me a week later in his office at 4 p.m. Would I, however, kindly submit my questions in advance? This is

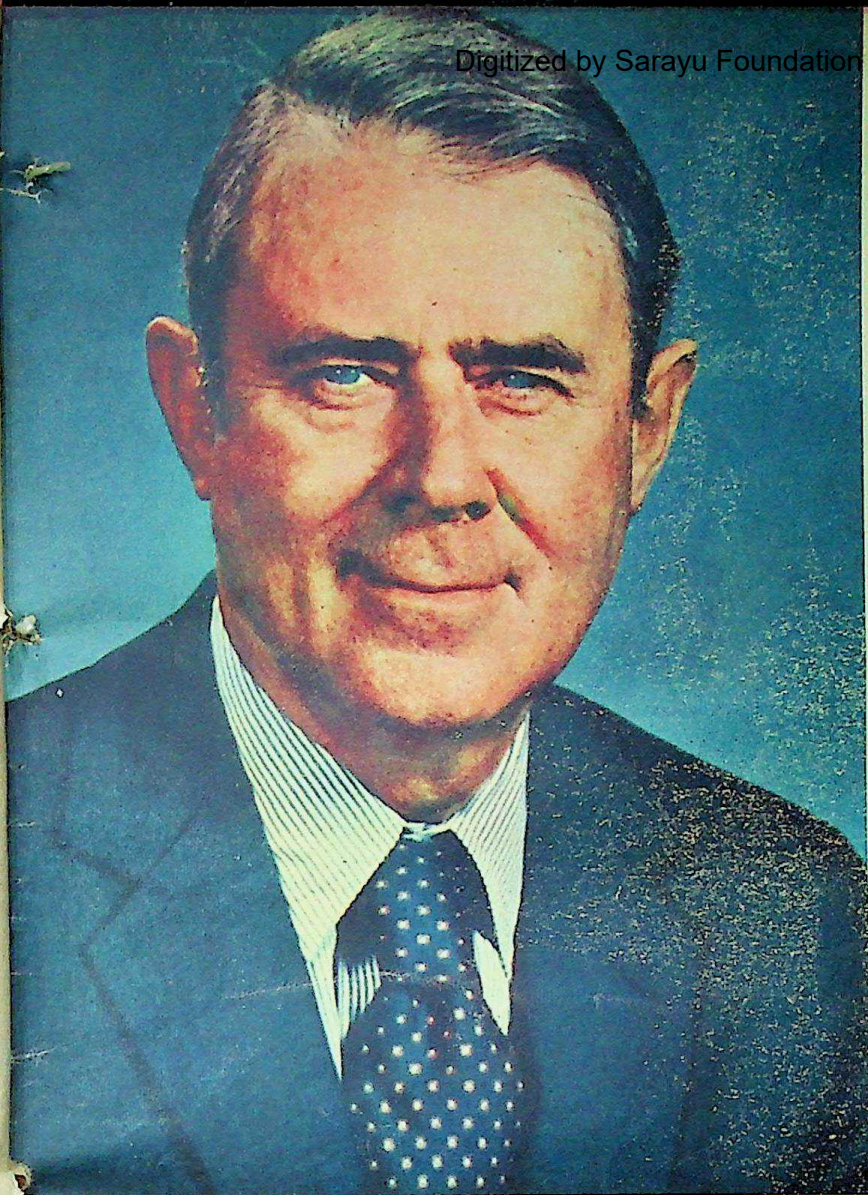
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"THERE IS NO INHERENT CONTRADICTION BETWEEN THE ROLES OF THE UNITED STATES AND INDIA," says Cyrus Vance. He cites as the common aims of both countries the human, social and economic development of the countries of the South Asian region and the expansion of human rights.



AT RAJGHAT, President and Mrs Carter lay a wreath on Gandhiji's samadhi. To their right are Mr Vance and National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski. Cooperation between the developed and developing nations was "the whole point of the Delhi Declaration of Common Principles" signed by Mr Carter and Mr Desai.

standard procedure in such cases. Its main disadvantage is that it lacks the aura of spontaneity. An interview is most lively when there is the quickening sense of parry and thrust. But what is lost in spontaneity is gained in the knowledge that the answers have been given careful, indeed the fullest, consideration. I submitted 21 questions on a wide range of subjects of special interest to India. Among the questions I asked was one on how the United States viewed the Indian Ocean talks and what was the current status of the American presence in Diego Garcia.

After the questions were submitted, I was informally told that it would be hard to get answers to all of them and that, more likely, some of the questions would have to be dropped. The time factor was against me. The questions that were not answered are more interesting than the ones answered.

The procedure in this instance, as in others, is to farm out the questions to various experts who would then submit draft replies to the Secretary of State. If he approved them, they would then be collated and a final reply prepared. The fact that the replies were not ready on the day of the interview implied that the Secretary intended to put his own *imprimatur* on them.

On May 8, two hours or so before the interview was scheduled to take place, I had

a frantic message from the Department of State that the Secretary had been summoned to the White House at 4 p.m. and would I be agreeable to his seeing me at 5.30 p.m. instead? It was all the same to me and I agreed.

Not Given To Megalomania

The Secretary's suite of rooms on the seventh floor of the State Department is impressive and would have met with the approval of the Sun King. There is a feeling of peace and quiet and an unhurriedness that belies the momentous decisions that are taken there. The Secretary himself works from a small room that might well have been his private den. It is almost a cubby-hole, with just enough space for a small table, a couple of chairs and a sofa. This man, I thought to myself, is not given to megalomania. It is the man who sheds his aura on the office, not the office on the man.

The introductions were done quickly by Mr Peter Lande and the Secretary motioned me with a friendly wave of his arm to the sofa. He gives one the appearance of a family lawyer, reliable, trustworthy and at one's service and put me at my ease. I had taken a copy of my book, *The United States and India 1776-1976*, as a present and had taken the precaution of having it wrapped

professionally. Wrapping gifts is not one of my few talents and I did not want to appear *jungle*. Mr Vance seemed pleased with my gesture and asked whether he could open the packet. "It is beautifully wrapped," he said, "I hate to tear it." I encouraged him to tear it anyway. "I think I'll keep the ribbon, it's pretty," he said and carefully placed the ribbon in his "In" tray, much to my amusement. I told him I had a drawerful of such ribbons myself which I hated to throw away and he said that's how he felt too. We established a rapport, as between two human beings.

It was to have been a photo session lasting no more than ten minutes with a chance for me to ask one or two supplementary questions. But the answers were not ready yet and Mr Vance asked somewhat apologetically whether it would be agreeable to me if the replies were sent to me the next day.

Something else went wrong. The photographer who was to have come to take our pictures got held up in the traffic and could not be present. Mr Vance was most understanding. He would be in his office the whole of next day, he comforted me, and I could drop in any time for pictures to be taken. It was a thoughtful gesture, but I was not about to presume on his graciousness. He was busy enough without having to spare



LISTENING TO THE BOSS. Cyrus Vance (right) with President Carter and Zbigniew Brzezinski, head of the National Security Council. Mr Vance's predecessor, Prof Henry Kissinger, who exercised a great influence on the two Presidents (Mr Nixon and Mr Ford) for whom he was adviser in foreign policy, said of the present Secretary of State: "His strengths are his fairness, his sound judgement and his patience. If he has any weakness, it's that he doesn't assert himself enough."

fifteen minutes of additional time during an extremely busy schedule for a photo session.

Mr Vance carefully leafed through the pages of my book, expressing both his thanks and his admiration. He looked at a picture of a map of the world in the time of Columbus and commented wryly that things looked slightly different in those days, didn't they? A bit, I agreed. He looked at the portrait of Elihu Yale and said he had just had the former President of Yale (Mr Kingman Brewster, now Ambassador to the Court of St James) as his guest at home and they had been discussing where Yale was born. "Rexham," he told me. My own information was that Yale was born in Boston and then taken to England when he was three years old, but I was not about to challenge the former President of Yale and the Secretary of State, himself a Yalee.

With no possibility of knowing what the answers to my questions were, asking supplementaries was out of the question. But I wondered whether I could ask one or two general questions. I said that many in India have often worried why on important "gut issues"—Kashmir, arms aid to Pakistan, Goa, Bangladesh and now nuclear fuel to Tarapur—the United States and India have been on a collision course.

Fairness And Frankness

Mr Vance was in a reflective mood. He did not answer the question directly, but said that it was very important for the United States and India to have closer contacts. "Our common dreams, common hopes, common values are important not only to us but to world peace," he said. "I very much hope we will see something productive coming out in the disarmament conference," he said.

He took exception to my remark that the United States and India were on a collision course. "I could go through many different items where we have common views," Mr Vance said. He added that he understood India's desire for a comprehensive test ban treaty. "When we discuss them face to face (with Indian leaders) we can have a better understanding of our common objective," he said. It was clear that he was not going to duck any issue. He exudes a sense of disarming fairness and frankness.



A LONG WAY TO GO YET. Soviet delegation leader Vladimir S. Semenov (left) and his US counterpart, Gerard C. Smith, at the first Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) in Vienna in April 1970. Between them is Kurt Waldheim, then Austrian Foreign Minister and now UN Secretary-General. Morarji Desai has linked India's acceptance of nuclear non-proliferation with progress among the superpowers on nuclear arms control. But SALT and related talks progress—when they do—very slowly.

I wondered whether he had read Mr George Kennan's remarks in an interview published the previous day in *The New York Times Sunday Magazine*. He professed not to have read them. I gave him a gist of the remarks of Mr Kennan, the man who, as Mr X, had invented the theory of containment in an article in *Foreign Affairs* some thirty years ago. Mr Vance, however, was not about to be drawn into a controversy with a foreign correspondent. That is not how foreign statesmen conduct foreign policy unlike some Indian politicians. I had often sensed it in the past and this was one more confirmation, if confirmation was needed.

Soviets Are Conservative

Mr Kennan had said that the Soviet leaders were conservative and not adventurers and had implied that they had no territorial ambitions and had enough on their plate as it is to want to have more.

Mr Vance said that he did think that the Soviets wished to negotiate a new agreement on SALT, even as the United States did. "They are working, as we are, to bring the talks to a successful conclusion," he added. The Secretary said that the United States did want to see a Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty concluded. In US relations with the Soviet Union, he said, "we ought to continue to see how to regulate competition in military fields".

It was getting on to be more than the time I had been allotted and I preferred to leave before being politely dismissed. How-

ever, I told Mr Vance whether I could make one suggestion to him on behalf of my colleagues of the Foreign Correspondents' Association. I told him that the correspondents were frustrated at not having a chance to have him all for themselves at a news conference without American correspondents hogging his time. "Well, certainly, that's a good idea. I don't see why that cannot be done," he said.

As I prepared to leave, he once again thanked me for my book and led me to the door, reminding me again that I could drop in on him the next day. I again declined the honour. The next day, I did receive my answers. Here they are.

THE INTERVIEW

Mr Secretary, officials in your Administration are already talking about an "amicable disengagement" in your nuclear cooperation with India if India does not meet the Full Scope safeguards criteria laid down by legislation. Do you think that such a disengagement will become necessary 18 months or so from now? If so, do you realistically expect that an "amicable" disengagement is at all possible?

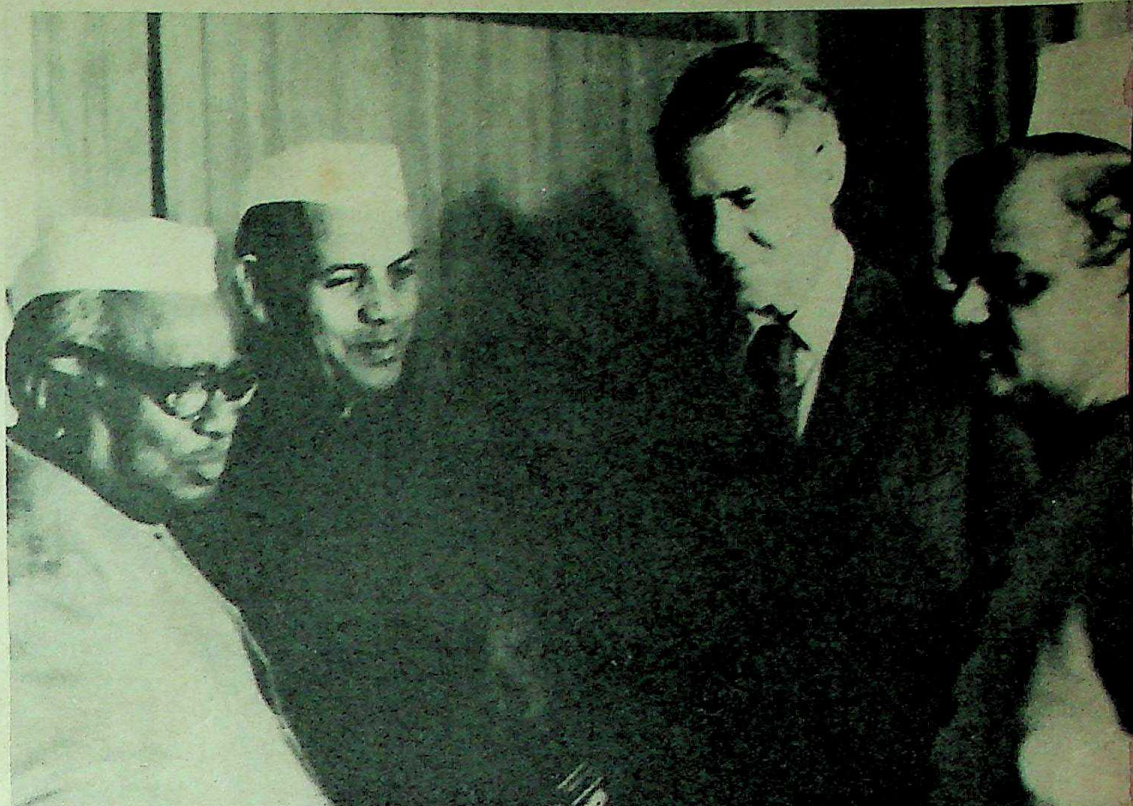
The Non-Proliferation Act which President Carter signed recently requires that our nuclear cooperation with all countries meet certain criteria. One of these is that a country must have all its nuclear facilities under IAEA (International Atomic Energy Agency) safeguards within 24 months from enactment of the law as a condition of continuing supply of nuclear fuels, materials, equipment, etc. Since India has some unsafeguarded facilities, this provision could force the US to terminate our supply of nuclear fuel for Tarapur.

US Credibility Harmed?

India, on its part, has indicated that progress on this issue is directly related to progress among the "superpowers" on nuclear arms controls. We are working to achieve a CTB and a new SALT II agreement, which together will lay the foundation for even more comprehensive "vertical proliferation" controls under a prospective SALT III agreement. We have discussed these important questions with Prime Minister Desai and your Government and I believe concrete progress is being made by both our countries. If we can maintain and expand such progress, I feel a disengagement of our nuclear relationship with India can be avoided; if continued cooperation in the nuclear field is not possible, I firmly believe our Governments could handle the problem in the same spirit of friendship and cooperation that prevails in the wider spectrum of our relations.

One of the major elements of President Carter's non-proliferation strategy is stated to be the establishment of US credibility as a viable supplier of nuclear technology. Do you share—in any measure—the apprehensions expressed by some in the United States that unilateral US withdrawal from—or modifications of terms of—supply commitments entered into long ago will do grievous harm to that credibility?

A central element of our non-proliferation policy is our commitment to be a reliable supplier of nuclear equipment, materials and technology to countries that meet US nuclear export criteria. Almost all countries with whom the US now cooperates



DISCUSSING THE AGENDA? Defence Minister Jagjivan Ram, Minister for Commerce Mohan Dharia, Mr Vance and External Affairs Minister A.B. Vajpayee converse before formal discussions between Indian officials and President Carter's party during the January visit. Mr Carter has emphasised that the US assistance policy will now focus on agricultural and rural development.

meet these criteria. In the case of India, there is a special problem because of the safeguards issue, but President Carter's decision to grant the licence of fuel for the Tarapur reactors was concrete evidence of our determination to fulfil our supply obligations consistent with US law.

India's Prime Minister has listed his conditions for acceptance of Full Scope nuclear safeguards—a test ban, a ban on production of new nuclear weapons and a reduction and eventual elimination of nuclear weapons. Do you think these are fair conditions? Have you any response to Mr Desai on them?

Nuclear Benefits and Perils

I believe these are goals which we all share and we are working hard to complete negotiations for a CTB and SALT II Treaty. In his speech to the UN General Assembly last year, President Carter also called for the superpowers to take steps towards the reduction and eventual elimination of nuclear weapons.

On a more philosophical plane, how would you answer the criticism sometimes made that the US non-proliferation strategy as contained in the legislation cannot succeed because it carries no commitments towards nuclear disarmament or the reversal of vertical proliferation trends, ignores the energy needs of other countries (by discouraging reprocessing and the fast breeder, for example) and confers fresh legitimacy on the artificial division of the world into nuclear-weapons and non-weapons powers?

Our non-proliferation strategy is geared towards keeping the benefits of safeguardable nuclear energy separate from the perils of nuclear proliferation. We believe that all nations interested in nuclear energy should

work together to develop safer technologies and institutions. That is the purpose of the International Nuclear Fuel Cycle Evaluation (INFCE) programme of which India is an active participant. We do have time to develop safer nuclear energy technologies and institutions. We have not, however, tried to dictate to other states their energy policies or ignored their energy needs. We do not distinguish between weapons and non-weapons powers in this regard. I would also add, as I pointed out earlier, that the US is fundamentally committed to the control of "vertical proliferation".

If the United States is genuinely committed to building democracy in a country, it is evident that it involves sustaining the economy of that country. Why is it then that one sees no meaningful expansion of Indo-US economic cooperation in India? Does the US Administration have any particular reservations or precise ideas for expanding that cooperation?

The United States is expanding its bilateral economic assistance programme in India. We are resuming a development assistance programme which will provide \$60 million in development aid in US Fiscal Year 1978 and \$90 million in Fiscal Year 1979. In accord with both India's development priorities and US assistance policy, these programmes will focus on agricultural and rural development.

Recently we sent a combined team of private specialists and AID officials to India to make recommendations on the size and the composition of the US programme for the 1980-85 period. This team held extensive discussions with Indian planners and officials aimed at designing meaningful United States participation in India's Sixth Five-Year Development Plan.

This new bilateral programme will complement our PL-480 food assistance as well as our substantial contributions to the World Bank and its affiliates which administer a large development aid programme in India.

During his visit to New Delhi earlier this year, President Carter had indicated that the United States is willing to provide assistance in the agricultural field for integrated rural development programmes and for irrigation projects. How far have Indo-US talks moved towards the implementation of that promise? Is the Carter Administration expecting any specific proposals from India or is the United States making specific offers of its own?

President Carter's speech emphasised our interest in cooperating with India in the field of agriculture. The President proposed an intensified research programme aimed both at improving productivity in India and at the development of processes that could also be used in other countries. This cooperation would build on the active joint agricultural research which has been taking place for many years. The Indo-US Joint Commission is now sponsoring much of this research in such areas as field crops, entomology, animal sciences, fertiliser usage, etc. New research projects are under active review.

Reducing Arms Sales

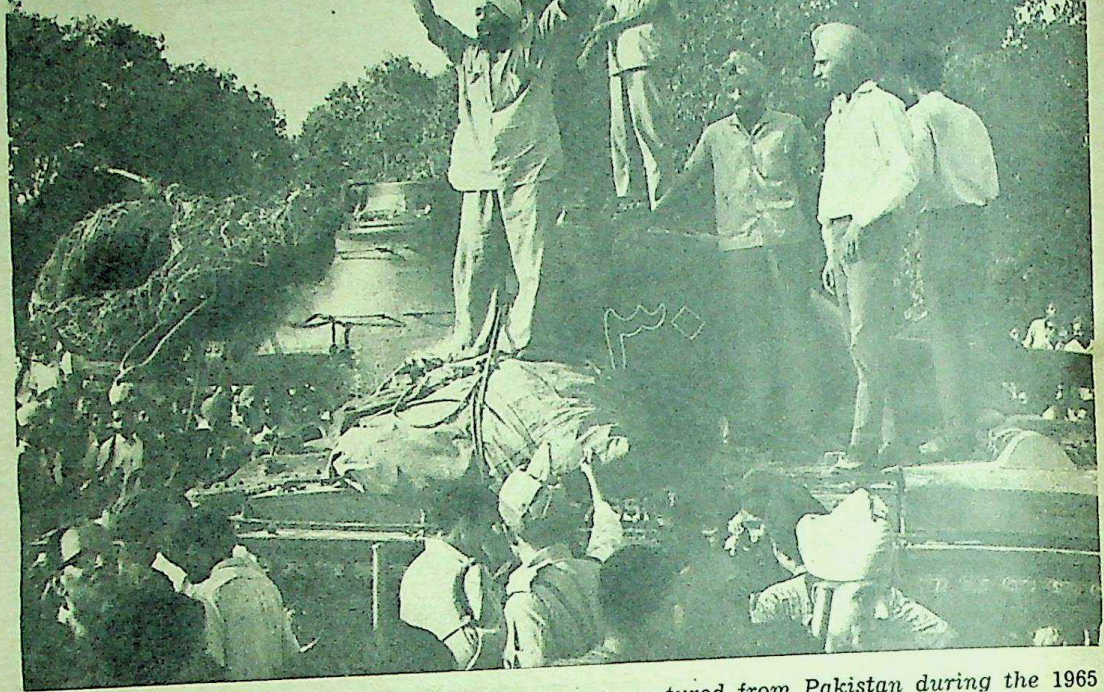
In addition, as I have stated, our resumed development assistance will be focused overwhelmingly on agriculture and rural development. Irrigation, grain storage, rural electrification are now being discussed with Indian planners and the Indian Government as appropriate areas of US assistance. These discussions together with the joint research represent an important part of the ongoing dialogue on how our two countries can best mesh needs and resources in a crucial area.

As you are aware, US arms supplies policies in South Asia have been a major irritant in Indo-US relations in the past. Pakistan is known to be interested in acquiring advanced aircraft from the United States for its Air Force. Under what circumstances will the US permit the sale of such planes and other lethal weaponry to Pakistan? And, in such an event, how would India be sought to be reassured?

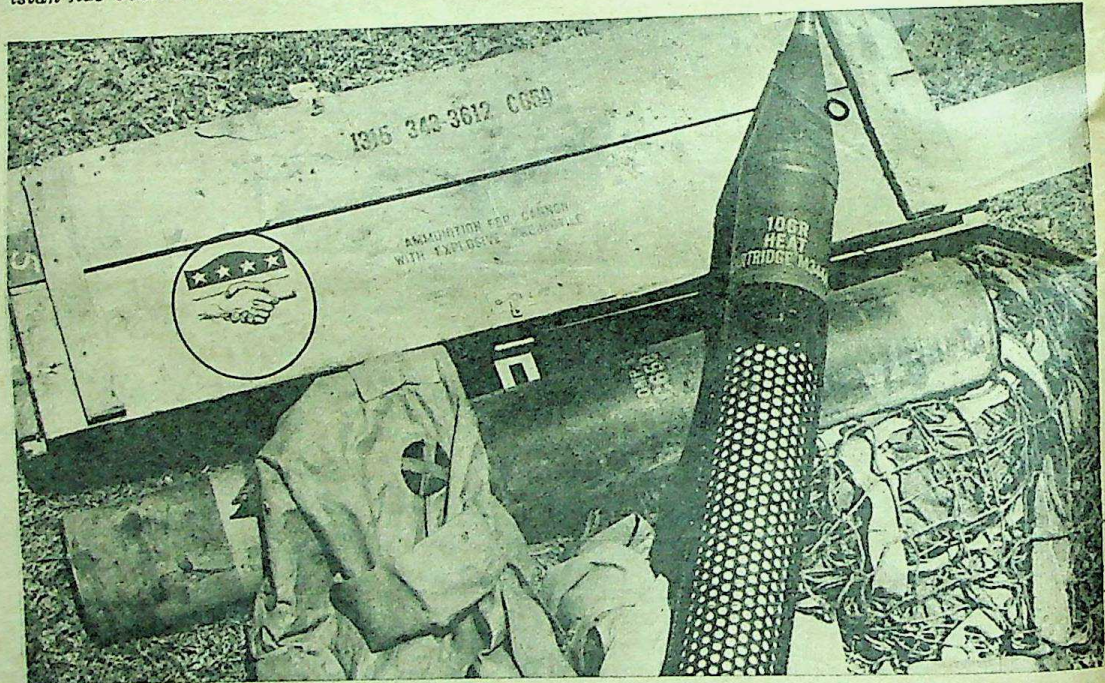
I should point out, first, that the United States has not been a major source of arms to South Asia since the 1965 war and that other countries have long since displaced us as the major source of outside arms for both India and Pakistan. I am not certain whether this fact is fully realised in India. As you know, President Carter has placed special stress on reducing the volume of conventional arms transfers on a global scale and on encouraging other countries to exercise similar restraints.

Easily Circumvented

In reviewing any requests for arms purchases, we seek to take into account such questions as whether such a military sale would affect regional stability, promote a regional arms race, introduce a new level of military sophistication and offensive capability which could have a destabilising effect. These are criteria which we apply to requests from any country wishing to purchase arms



ARMS AID THAT DID NOT HELP MUCH. US arms captured from Pakistan during the 1965 war. A Patton tank (above) and American-made ammunition (below). Arms supply to Pakistan has been a major irritant in Indo-US relations.



and which we hope other countries will also take into consideration.

The United States has turned down several possible sales under this policy, including a request last year by Pakistan for the A-7 deep penetration strike aircraft. I can't speculate on what our reaction might be to specific circumstances in future years but the criteria which I have mentioned here will guide our response to any arms requests we receive. So far as South Asia is concerned, we believe this policy should have a positive effect in the region and help to reduce tensions. I believe the Governments of India and Pakistan understand this policy.

Considering the frequency and ease with which recipients of US arms are able to circumvent or ignore US conditions of arms sales, can there be any credible gua-

rantees that induction of US weapons will not provoke tensions and conflicts in South Asia?

Instances of circumvention of our conditions of sale have been few rather than many and we continue to expect recipient countries to abide by these conditions. However, it is precisely because conflicts have been frequent in South Asia over the last thirty years that we decided years ago that we would not continue to be a major source of arms supply to any country there.

Developing countries have certain urgent requirements for higher education in specific areas. Indian students, for example, want free access to the educational institutions in the United States. What is the explanation for denying open access to these students when not only are they willing to produce

evidence of financial support during their stay in the States but often are recipients of university scholarships? Should facilities be denied on the basis of assumption of future intention of students to stay permanently in the United States?

We recognise the desire of many Indian students to study in the United States. We believe that this is a good thing and contributes to the strengthening of our relations with your country. However, no nation grants free access to its borders. Every country defines the rules and conditions under which it allows foreigners to come in. We think that our law is very liberal. If an Indian student wishes to come to the United States for study and can demonstrate that he will return to India when his studies are completed, we will freely allow him to enter. But, if the student's purpose in coming to the United States to study is really to remain here permanently, then under our law he must be treated as an immigrant and is not eligible for a student visa. There are close to 10,000 students in the United States from India. I think this figure is a good indication that Indian students are being granted access to American educational institutions.

Not Discriminatory

According to one figure, over 60 per cent of student applications of a bona-fide nature are refused visas in India. There is a feeling that the United States does not apply the same restrictive criteria to Western European countries. How is this discriminatory policy explained?

United States immigration law is not discriminatory. We do not have one law for Europe and another for Asia. What do differ are the conditions that exist in every country. For example, we have found that over



THE MAN WHO PERFECTED THE POLICY OF "TILT". Mr Vance's predecessor, Henry Kissinger, with Mrs Gandhi in New Delhi in October 1974. During the Bangladesh war, Kissinger, as President Nixon's chief foreign policy adviser, proclaimed his country's "tilt towards Pakistan". Indo-US relations touched the nadir during this period.

THROWING THE BALL BACK. An Indian child in New York. Over two-thirds of all Indians studying in the US try to change their student visas to immigration visas when they complete their studies. It is therefore difficult for even students who intend to return to convince consulate officials in India that they will do so. The situation has resulted in increasing restrictions on the granting of student visas to Indians. There are 10,000 Indian students in the USA.

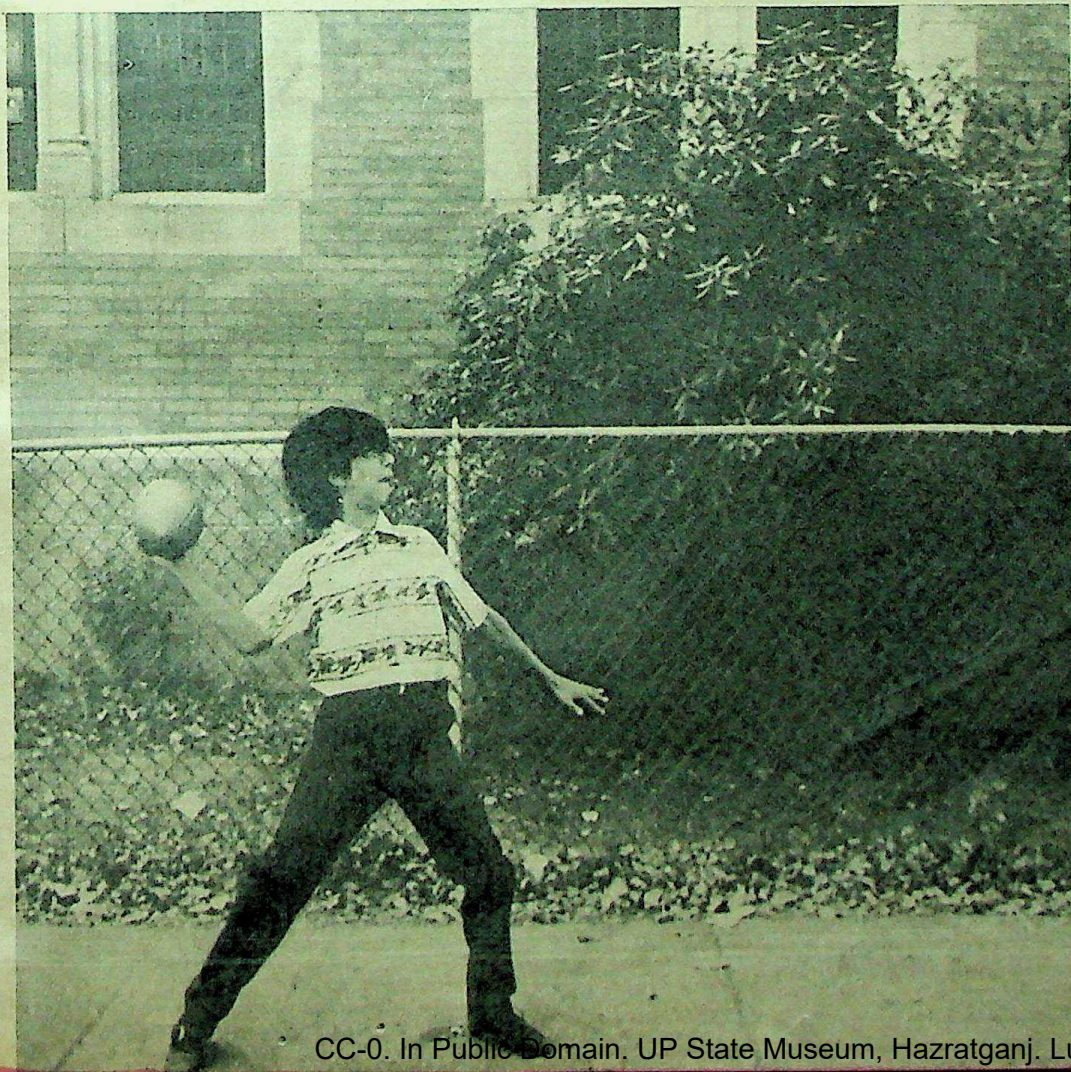
two-thirds of all Indian students in the United States attempt to remain here permanently after completion of their studies. Among Europeans, fewer than 10 per cent apply for permanent residence. The fact that so many Indian students choose to remain in the United States when their studies are over makes it very difficult for an Indian student, especially an undergraduate, to convince one of our consular officers that he will really return to India some day.

Shared Principles

On a more general plane, how do you foresee the development of Indo-US friendship and understanding in the coming years? Can a Superpower with worldwide responsibilities and a Regional Middle Power with limited regional responsibilities come to mutual and amicable acceptance of their separate roles or are such possibilities seen as inherently contradictory?

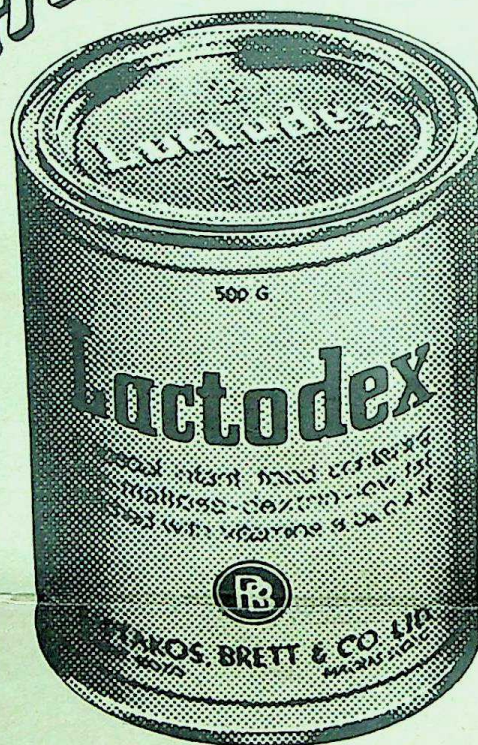
To my mind, there is no inherent contradiction between the roles of the United States and India as they interact in the world or in South Asia itself. I believe our two countries seek the same things: namely, peace and stability in South Asia; the human, social and economic development of all of the countries of the region; the expansion of the human rights of all of its people; and a capacity and willingness to cooperate on the many issues which developed and developing countries must address together. I think this is the whole point of the Delhi Declaration of common principles which President Carter and Prime Minister Desai signed last January.

This is not to say that we may not differ on specific issues but that the broader understanding and shared principles provide a solid basis on which to maintain cordial relations. I am certain that these thoughts will dominate their discussions when the President and the Prime Minister meet in Washington.



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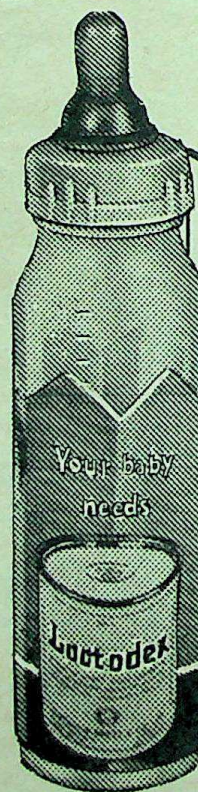
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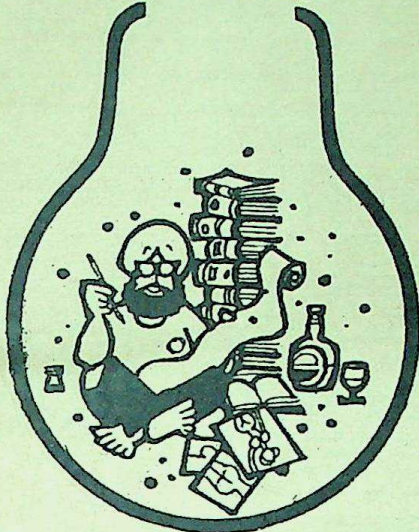
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EDITOR'S PAGE



Public Life and Morality

THE private life of a public figure is understandably a more interesting topic of gossip than the private life of the man in the street. Gossip over Scotch or coffee is legitimate. Gossip in print is not. The only justification for publicising the peccadilloes of a public figure is if it in any way influences his judgement in the discharge of his duties. Thus whether a Minister or a politician keeps a mistress is entirely a matter for his conscience and the concern of his family. It should not be publicised unless the mistress is a security risk. So also, if the fellow drinks, he may do so unless his consumption makes him unreliable.

Matters such as these are not for journalists but for biographers and should only be published after the man is dead. For a newspaper or magazine any candid exposure of the man's habits, eccentricities and departures from social norms is bad form. For a posthumous biography it is most essential flavouring.

This clear line of demarcation between what should not go in a newspaper but only in a biography is well observed in the West. Some examples have recently come to light. While Lloyd George was Prime Minister of England, his compulsive womanising was common gossip but it was only published in books written after he was dead. When Ramsay MacDonald became Prime Minister, many profiles written during his lifetime mentioned that he was the illegitimate child of a Scottish laird through his maidservant but it was only after his death that his liaison with his secretary who bore him a child long before he married her was published. Balfour, Asquith and Winston Churchill were often very drunk in Parliament. No papers alluded to their state of inebriation; only their biographies did so. On the other hand, when Profumo, while being head of the Ministry of Defence, was foolish enough to consort with call-girl Christine Keeler who was also bedded by the Soviet Naval Attache, the British newspapers went to town.

The press can also not be called to account if people themselves choose to publicise their private lives. Tom Driberg, MP,

proclaimed himself a dedicated homosexual. So the papers rightly described him as a sod. And now Mrs Maureen Colquhoun has informed the press that she is leaving her husband to live in lesbian amity with another female. The press is having a whale of a time writing about gays and queens.

In the United States, a similar code is observed. Roosevelt's and John Kennedy's multifarious affairs with women (Kennedy's list included Marilyn Monroe) were publicised only after their demise. Whereas Edward Kennedy's presence in a bacchanalian binge after which a lady secretary travelling in the C-9 driven by him was drowned was widely noticed.

I suggest we in India should observe the same publishing code. Most of us know about Ministers who drink, keep mistresses or have discarded their wives in villages. No one can stop us from gossiping about them. But we have no right to put it in print.

Kill The Killers

ONE of my favourite pastimes is to draw up lists of people I would like to kill. Being a coward I convert the list to one of those I would like to see dead. Before I offer it for your scrutiny I would like to tell you about a young man who has become my hero because he did what I, if I had the guts, would have done.

I give the accolade to John Chester, a 29-year-old Australian currently serving a seven-year sentence in gaol. Two years ago Chester put sticks of dynamite under a logging factory operating in a forest and blew it up. He said: "It is God's will to destroy those who destroy the earth." He did not succeed in killing any loggers but reduced their \$500,000 (approx Rs 4,500,000) factory to rubble. Chester has broken gaol twice before. I hope he does it a third time and the Australian police never get him. I wish more power to his dynamite and pray that the next time he blows up a logging factory he gets the loggers as well. A tree takes a longer time to grow and spends a more fruitful life than a human being. To kill a tree is as heinous a crime as murdering a man. Why don't we make burial or cremation by gas or electricity compulsory and save our valuable timber?

Next on my list of the condemned who I hope someone like John Chester will execute are people who kill birds and animals for fun they call sport. When I hear talk of shikar—the wanton slaughter of waterfowl, partridges, pheasants, deer—my homicidal instincts rise to a flashpoint and I want to reach for a gun (I don't have one). I wish shikaris' weapons would explode in their hands and maim them. I extend this ill-will towards killers of tigers, panthers, bears—even snakes and creatures described as vermin. I am not a Jain, but my instincts are very Jaini with a venomous coating of hatred against killers.

A 'B' Certificate to the Censors

THE wife-doesn't-understand-me approach to an all-too-understanding lady secretary is old hat in Hollywood but new to the Indian screen. Kamleshwar has given it a *desi* setting using Western clichés of discovery such as give-away lipstick



KILLER-GIRL KEELER. The Profumo-Christine Keeler scandal was one of the juiciest to hit the world press.

marks on a handkerchief, perfume on the suit, the car breaking down in lovers' lane.

However, despite that and a shaky start with totally unnecessary accretions of song, dance and wedding scenes (a Punjabi wedding is about the vulgarest exhibition of bad taste), B. R. Chopra's *Pati Patni Aur Woh* builds up into a hilarious comedy. Sanjeev Kumar as the business executive (he should watch his paunch), Vidya Sinha as his trusting—then suspicious—spouse and Ranjita Kaur as the steno-mistress play their roles with commendable restraint. The affair comes to a head with the meeting between the wife and the mistress and an abject surrender by the errant husband.

The delightful finale as planned by the author and director was the arrival of a new secretary, the luscious Parveen Babi, with Sanjeev Kumar's eyes zeroing in on her shapely bosom. *Finis!*

But no—the censors in their joint wisdom decided that this was immoral and instead superimposed a short speech on the sanctity of marriage. The only word I can think of to describe the censor's role is an unprintable one beginning with the letter B.

"Garam Kutte"

LAHORE'S Viewpoint had a column recently by someone called "U No Who" condemning such "nauseating things as a young thing in tight blue jeans devouring a hot dog at Kalloo the Kababee". He writes:

"I am not joking. Pakistan was not created for such things as hot dogs and hot pants. About hot pants and the Mulla, I have an interesting story which I shall tell you later, but first things first. Imagine what it would mean if we go national and translate into Urdu this thing, these hot dogs—'garmagaram kutte'. Tauba! Tauba!..."

And now the Mulla. He walked into a ready-mades store and asked for "hot pants".

"The manager corrected him: 'You say woollen, not hot.'"

"Very good, Sir," said the Mulla.

"Now after all this he wanted a cup of tea and went to a restaurant and called out to the waiter: 'O Ye! I want a single very woollen tea...'"

India & China—Neighbouring Giants



ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD. A team of Chinese mountaineers first claimed to have scaled Mount Everest in 1960. In May 1975, the Chinese again claimed that nine climbers, including a woman, ascended the peak. A Korean summiteer, who scaled the peak in September 1977, had found small aluminium pieces belonging to the Chinese-built aluminium tripod atop Everest.

Buddhism imported from India took firm roots in China and was reflected in that country's philosophy, literature and arts. The Indian connection was, however, gradually forgotten. In 1962 the border dispute exploded in a war in which ill-equipped and ill-prepared Indian troops were mauled by the Chinese.

There are reports that the Chinese are anxious for better relations with India and for an amicable settlement of the border dispute.

The author is Regional Editor of *Far Eastern Economic Review*.

by DENZIL PEIRIS

IF gratitude for cultural benefits conferred regulated politics among nations, China's relations with India may not have been the uneasy affair it has been so far. On the other hand, the observer of international relations who probes the psychology and inner drives of a nation's leaders to discover some of the compulsions for their attitudes to other countries may wonder whether the grafting of a Buddhist ideology by missionaries from India, initially, and later with Buddhist transplants from Tibet and Central Asia on to the older indigenous Chinese life-style and thinking may not have been so deeply resented by China's Confucian elites that the alien, though domesticated, philosophy was not the subliminal reason for a relationship that at its best was never more than lukewarm on the part of the Chinese.

Indeed, one of the basic flaws in Jawaharlal Nehru's perception of what the new China's attitudes to India would be was his belief that China and India would henceforth be *Bhai-Bhai* because of two shared experiences. The first was a shared experience of colonial domination. Nehru wrote in his *Discovery of India*: "After being cut off from each other for many centuries, India and China were brought by some strange fate under the influence of the British East India Company. India had to endure this for long; in China the contact was brief, but even so it brought opium and war."

The second was India's cultural contribution to China through Buddhist missionaries and the journeys of scholars. Nehru wrote rhapsodically and optimistically in *Discovery of India*: "Pilgrims of a new kind cross or fly over the mountains... bringing their messages of cheer and goodwill and creating fresh bonds of a friendship that will endure."

Yet Chinese politicians have seldom, if not never, admitted this debt. The export of Buddhism from its home in India to her neighbours in South and South-East Asia has provided a bond between India and

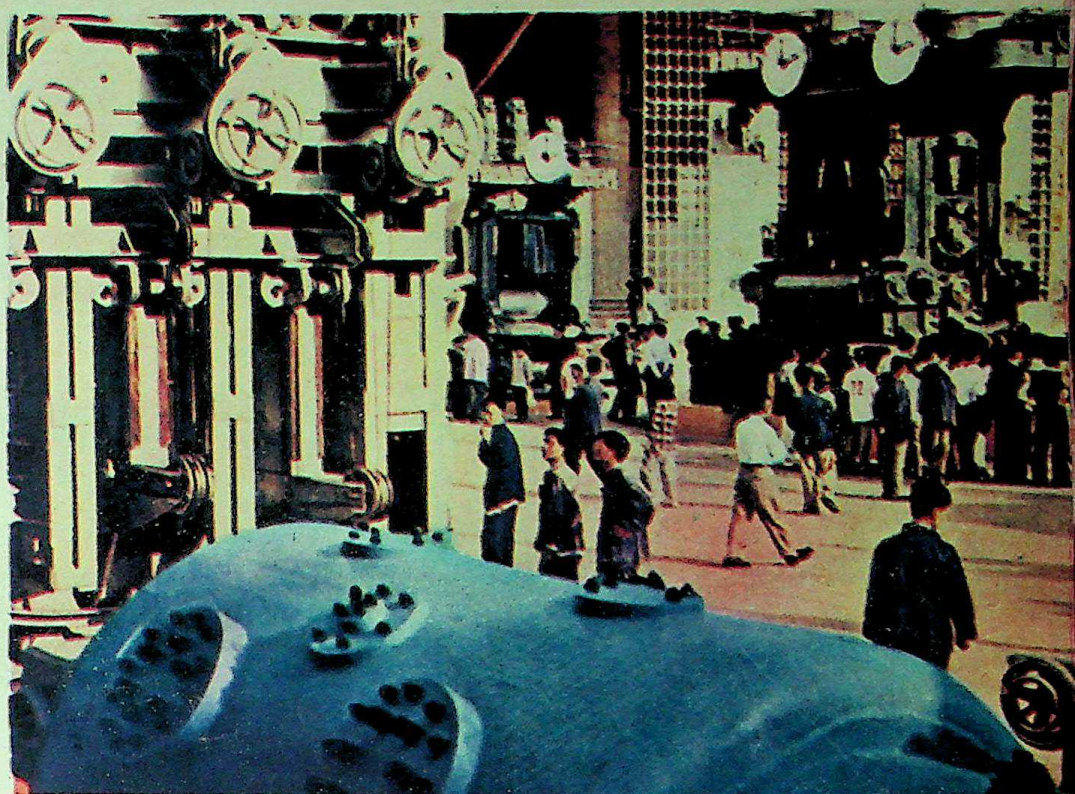
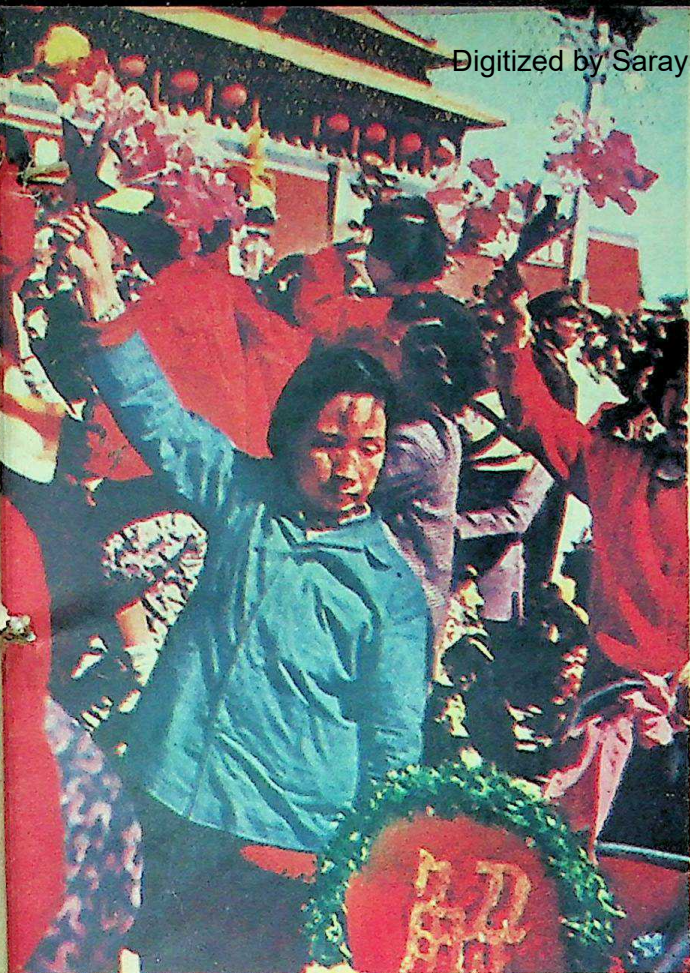
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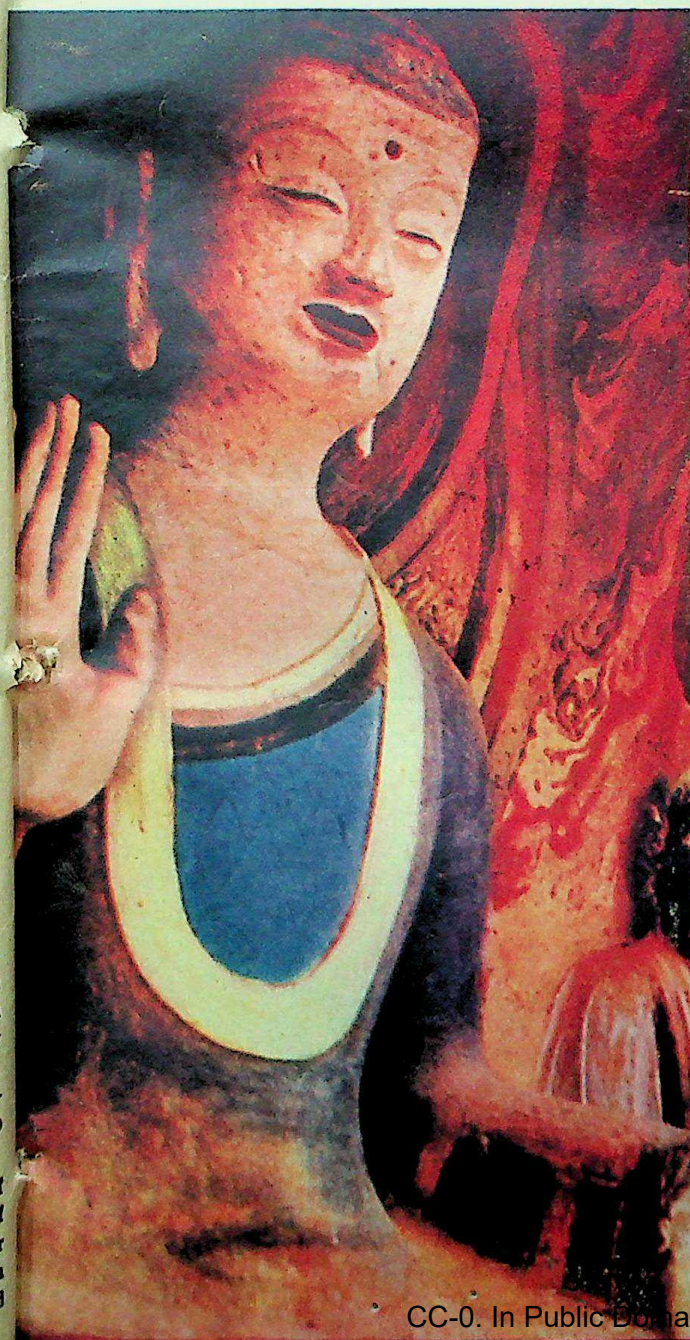
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MODERN MACHINERY draws crowds at an Industrial Exhibition in Peking. One of the aims of the Chinese Revolution is to transform backward agrarian China into a modern industrial and military power. Left: Crowds at a pageant celebrating the anniversary of the People's Republic. The Chinese "character" on the baby carriage in the foreground means "liberation".



THE EMBROIDERY INSTITUTE AT SOOCHOW. Left: The benign Buddha in the grotto at Tunhuang (5th century AD). Although Buddhism is no longer a vital force in China, the Buddhist Association organised by the Communists claims to represent 100 million followers of the Sakyamuni. By restoring historic shrines and temples, the Government has won the confidence of the religious-minded.



DURING THE DAYS OF PANCHSHEEL. Jawaharlal Nehru welcomes Chou En-lai at Palam Airport in 1954. Looking on are Mr Morarji Desai and Sardar Swaran Singh. To Nehru's left is Mr Chen Yi, then Chinese Foreign Minister.

these countries. Jawaharlal Nehru saw the profit of it, politically and as an exercise in public relations, when he organised the celebrations of the 2,500th Buddha Jayanti in 1956, despite the grumblings of contemporary "Hindu India". Sri Lanka has an ambivalent attitude of resentment of the Dravidians, whose Hindu South Indian rulers frequently invaded the island and ravaged its Buddhist shrines and desecrated Buddha images for loot. But it has a lambent affection for the "Aryan" north of India in which the Sakyamuni was born and preached. Cambodia, Vietnam and Laos acknowledge warmly the Indian and Buddhist streak in Indo-Chinese culture. But China suffers from amnesia on what it owes to Indian civilisation.

In the long run of Chinese history Buddhism, which came from India draped in the scanty robes of asceticism and speaking of the need to abjure the world and its "vain pleasures", collided with the older indigenous earth-bound values of China.

The Buddhist canon, as it first reached China, had ideas which were not palatable to the worldly Chinese. The Buddhist ideal of leaving the world to live the life of a monk was one point of conflict but the most outrageous, from the point of view of Confucian ethics, was the rule that a monk must leave his own family. It collided with the concept of filial piety. The Buddhist abhorrence of sex was incompatible with the Chinese delight in sex and its acceptance as a natural element of life. Its pleasures were reinforced by the ethical obligation for a Chinese to raise successors to perpetuate the family. Nor could the Chinese take easily to the concept that the world is unreal—*maya*, an illusion. It was inevitable, accordingly, that whatever Buddhism survived in

China should have been drastically modified from its pristine purity.

As Edwin O. Reischauer remarks in *East Asia: Tradition and Transformation*, "Indian Buddhism was based on a series of premises that the ancient Chinese would never have understood. It assumed that life was essentially painful. It also assumed that life was unending, since one existence was tied to the next by *karma*..." Buddhism survived in China—in its form of Mahayanism and after making compromises with Taoism and Confucianism.

This modified Mahayana has remained a living force in the Chinese world. Yet the basic divergence between the fundamental Indian spiritual, transcendental values and the Sinic "earthiness" and precepts for the life here and now explains to a very great extent why a Sino-Indian rapport has rarely existed in an intellectual sense. *Chini-Hindi Bhai-Bhai* of the 1950s was almost exclusively Indian exuberance. For the Chinese it had—for a brief time only—a political content till it was fractured in controversies over the Sino-Indian border and the Sino-Indian war of 1962.

Dr Kotnis and his medical mission of mercy in China's war of national liberation is only a fragmentary memory. Nor is Maoism a bond that significantly induces the Chinese to love the Indian "Marxist-Leninists" who pledge their loyalty primarily to Peking. It may flatter the Chinese and confirm them in their sense that China is the "centre of the world" to which the "barbarians" must pay tribute. But the Chinese have a strong sense of patriotism which, in its turn, inclines them to despise all of those outsiders who denigrate their own motherland. Indeed, the "expatriates" in Peking who serve the Chinese Ministry of Culture

and other agencies of propaganda are by no means admired by the Chinese. The notion that a man can be a "quisling" even if it is for a higher cause is incomprehensible to the Chinese.

However, although Buddhism exported from India is not now an emotional link between India and China, at the time it reached China it was a force that invigorated what was then an anaemic Chinese society. It also enriched Chinese art and political thought. Despite the lack of acknowledgement by the Chinese of their indebtedness to India, Buddhism, which was "India's contribution to China", had, as the historian J. LeRoy Davidson observes in *A Cultural History of India*, "such shocking and seminal effects on the religion, philosophy and arts of the adoptive country that it penetrated the entire fabric of Chinese culture".

According to Chinese legend, Buddhism came to China in AD 64. The Emperor Ming Ti had dreamed of a man 16 feet tall, with a bright halo round his head. As the vision was in the west the emperor sent messengers in this direction and they returned with an image of the Buddha and Buddhist scriptures. This was the legendary beginning of a catalytic Indian impact on China. Buddhism spread in China at a time and because the Han political system had collapsed. The synthesis the Hans had effected of Confucianism, pseudo-scientific superstition and authoritarian practices of the Legalists was not spiritually satisfying to the Chinese elites. The entire social order was collapsing. The Central Government's authority had weakened, great landowners were emerging. The peasants were impoverished and the exploitation of Government tax collectors was excessively oppressive.

As Buddhism spread throughout China over the years it appealed initially to the elites and then to the oppressed. It went through several phases in its impact—first as a revolutionary leveller of social distinctions and then as a reactionary rationalised which sought to reconcile the oppressed to their disabilities.

Initial Impact of Buddhism

Reischauer, assessing the initial impact of Buddhism, says: "...to the educated (it was a stimulating set of ideas. It was the first organised universal faith the Chinese had encountered. It had behind it the fruits of another great culture—the metaphysics and early science of India, a noble literature, a beautiful religious art, aesthetically satisfying ceremonials, the appeal of a peaceful monastic life in a troubled age and the promise of personal salvation when there seemed to be no solution to man's worldly problems". Up to then the Chinese had never been accustomed to philosophical and metaphysical speculation on concepts such as *nirvana*, *samsara* and *karma*.

Like contemporary Indian Harijans who take refuge in Buddhism to escape the humiliations of the caste Hindu system, the oppressed Chinese masses found solace in the egalitarian concepts of Buddhism. Yet later the doctrine of *karma*—the sense that a man's present disabilities are caused by the misdeeds of an earlier incarnation—was perverted by the rich and the landed gentry to keep the poor and the peasants reconciled to their misfortunes.

Buddhism influenced Chinese music. Indian canons of Buddhist iconography in-

fluenced Chinese sculpture. Anthropomorphic sculptures were rare in pre-Buddhist Chinese art. By the end of the fifth century AD the Indian idiom in sculpture was being given a Chinese intonation. The most visible evidence of the Indian impact on Chinese art is contained in the rock temples of Yunkang, Lung-men and Tun-huang, in the modifications of the Indian stupas in the forms of pagodas and the paintings of Buddhist deities in Tun-huang.

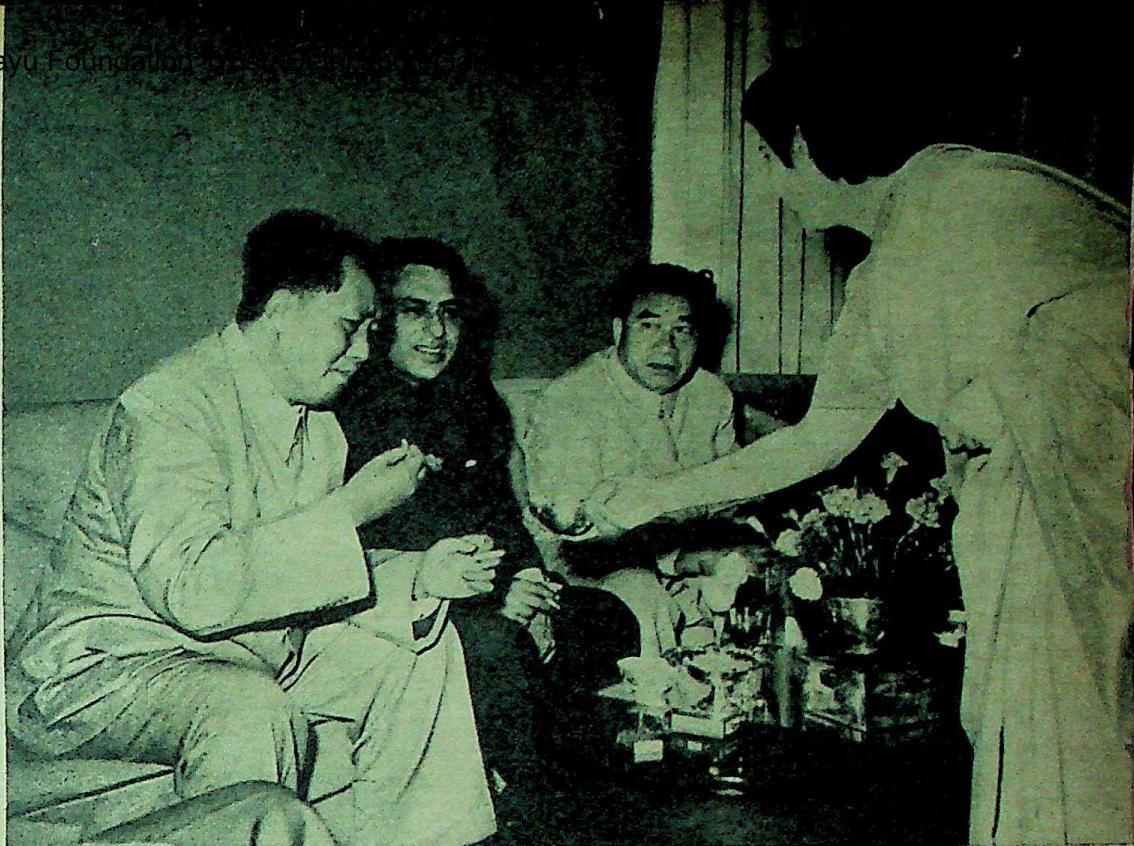
Eventually Confucianism reasserted itself and the Chinese civil service established its authority reinforcing this with a neo-Confucianism that was an amalgam of the Yin-Yang cosmology of the Taoists and Mahayana Buddhism. Buddhism was overwhelmed by the Confucian official control. The Indian nexus was inevitably obliterated from the tablets of the Chinese memory. The other-worldliness of the Indian legacy to China could not prevail over Chinese pragmatism.

Geopolitics, on the other hand, could not be ignored by the Chinese in the long record of Sino-Indian relations. And in this area Tibet has been a critical region. Early evidence of China's concern with Tibet and its bearing on Chinese vulnerability to foreign invasions is a pillar which Chinese armies erected in the eighth century in Lhasa. It marked an agreement to avoid fighting. Following successive Mongol invasions of Tibet and fearing Mongol control of Tibetan Lamas, the Chinese Emperor K'ang Hsi invaded Lhasa in 1720. Competition between Imperial Russia and Britain induced the British to make Tibet a buffer for India's northern frontier. The concept of Chinese suzerainty over Tibet served both Britain and Russia well.

The Way Nehru Saw It

Tibet intruded into China's relations with India after independence when the Chinese moved into the country. Sardar K. M. Pannikar argues that Nehru "in general agreed with his conviction that the British Indian policy of claiming special political interest in Tibet could not be continued by independent India. However, though India has accepted the fact of life that China's sovereignty has been established over Tibet, Chinese suspicions persist that India is set on 'destabilising' China in Tibet. Indeed, the war on the Himalayan heights of 1962 as well as the latent tensions on the North-East Frontier stem from this fear."

Nehru revised his earlier assessment of China, as indicated in his broadcast over All India Radio on November 5, 1959, when border disputes with Peking were simmering. He then remarked: "China's attitudes on our border have nothing to do with the world strategy of Communism or Communism itself or Chinese Communism. It has to do with Chinese expansionism... it is essentially an element which China has exhibited many times in its past history." Nehru's view of China in the early fifties and immediately after the total liberation of the country by the Chinese Communist Party was through the prism of resurgent Chinese nationalism. He saw China as having reasserted its freedom from colonial rule. The Chinese were part of the Asian resurgence and Nehru wished to accommodate them within the Asian and African solidarity he was then forging and brought to accomplishment at Bandung in 1955.



IS THE SINO-INDIAN PROBLEM STILL A HARD NUT TO CRACK? A picture of the fifties: Chairman Mao Tse-tung and Vice-Chairman Chu Teh with our Ambassador, R. K. Nehru, and his wife at a dinner in the Indian Embassy, Peking. Mr Nehru was envoy to China from 1955 to 1958.

Nehru remarked in that earlier phase in a speech to Parliament: "Now we must realise that this revolution that came in China is the biggest thing that has taken place in the world at present... In a period of only a few years a country the size of China has moved and arisen from slumber and for the first time in several hundred years of history China now has a strong central government."

Operating within the focus, therefore, Nehru and Krishna Menon were more concerned with Afro-Asian solidarity and were keen not to be caught up in the frigidities of the cold war of John Foster Dulles or entangled in any anti-Soviet and Chinese crusade, rather than with any dangers latent to India in a Chinese presence in what was under the British the "buffer state" of Tibet. Indeed, Sardar K. M. Pannikar records in his *In Two Chinas* that he was apprehensive that India would "take some hasty step" hostile to China.

Nehru emphasised common interests rather than conflicting national interests that could disrupt the wider solidarity—the solidarity Nehru thought was necessary in India's national interest—to prevent an outbreak of global war that could have ravaged India's own plans of development and progress. With this perspective India climbed to Panchsheel, the summit of Indo-Chinese good relations, on April 29, 1954.

However, the Chinese leadership had reservations about India's ambitions in Tibet, notwithstanding Nehru's abjuration of British policy for that area. Chinese scepticism was fed on the views of C. Rajagopalachari and Sardar Patel. Sardar Pannikar reports: "There was support in the External Affairs Ministry for the view that India should act vigorously to protect Tibet—even Sardar Patel... felt called upon to make an unfriendly speech..." Nehru, however, persisted with the view that the British legacy to India should not be allowed to foul up

Sino-Indian relations. He told Parliament: "As to the treaties and maps which Dr Satya Narayan Sinha has presented, let me tell him, 'after all, these treaties and maps were all prepared by British imperialists'."

The Controversial Buffer State

Tibet continues to be the raw nerve in China's behaviour towards India. In late August 1977 the Chinese reproached India publicly for "interference in China's internal affairs". The provocation was the visit paid by the Dalai Lama to Foreign Minister Vajpayee and the Dalai Lama's meetings with several other Janata Party leaders. China suspects that many in the Janata Government are not reconciled to the Chinese rule in Tibet and that they are still committed to the restoration of the Dalai Lama. These forebodings are founded in the earlier attitudes, particularly, of the Socialist fraction in the new Indian Government. China recalls Acharya J.B. Kripalani's intervention as Opposition Deputy Leader, denouncing the Panchsheel agreement, on May 15, 1954. Kripalani said:

"China has demolished a buffer state; in international politics, when a buffer state is abolished by a powerful neighbour, that nation is considered to have aggressive designs on its neighbours... I do not say we should have gone to war but this does not mean we should recognise the claims of China on Tibet... It (the 1954 treaty) was born in sin because it was enunciated to put the seal of our approval upon the destruction of an ancient nation which was associated with us spiritually and culturally."

The Praja-Socialist Party asked in its newspaper *Janata* on May 30, 1954, why India, then committed to a plebiscite on Kashmir, should not ask for one in Tibet to decide whether China's presence there had the approval of its people.

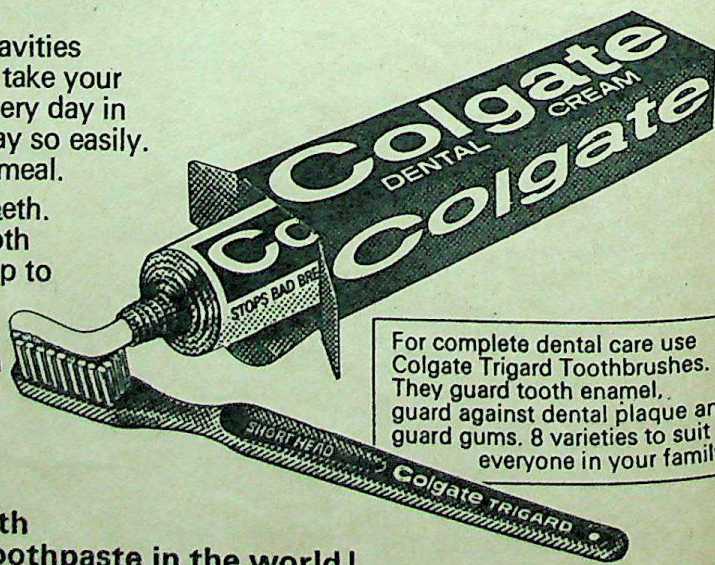
There is also another reason for the August 1977 censure of India. China is troubled by civil dissension in Tibet. Faction



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Children in the age group of 5 to 15 can get cavities very easily. These are the cavity prone years. So take your child to a dentist regularly for check-ups. But every day in your own home you can help prevent tooth decay so easily. By brushing your teeth with Colgate after every meal.

Bacteria grow in food particles left between teeth. These can cause bad odour and later, painful tooth decay. Colgate's unique active foam reaches deep to remove dangerous food particles and bacteria. So teach your child to brush with Colgate after every meal. Children love to brush regularly with Colgate. Because it has a fresh, minty taste.



For complete dental care use Colgate Trigard Toothbrushes. They guard tooth enamel, guard against dental plaque and guard gums. 8 varieties to suit everyone in your family.

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fight have erupted among the political cadres between the "sworn followers of the Gang of Four" (Mao's widow Chiang Ching and her three allies) and those opposed to them. Sabotage and disruption of production are occurring. All of this could be an appropriate opportunity for the restoration of the Dalai Lama. Accordingly, the August statement was a warning shot to India rather than a relapse to the tensions which had followed the 1962 war. These tensions seem to have recently relaxed with the return of Ambassadors.

At the time China moved its troops into Tibet, it had clubbed India with imperialist aggressors who were meddling in what was a Chinese domestic problem. Peking's protest then was: "The Indian Government has regarded a domestic problem of the Chinese Government—the exercise of its sovereign rights in Tibet—as an international dispute calculated to increase the present deplorable tension in the world... The entry into Tibet of the Chinese People's Liberation Army is an important measure to maintain Chinese independence..."

China is highly nervous of unrest and dissidence among its minorities who inhabit its frontiers, especially those in the territories strung along the frontiers from Sinkiang to Tibet, areas vulnerable to Soviet attack. These anxieties are a chronically irritating ingredient to Sino-Indian relations, now and in the foreseeable future.

India In The "Imperialist Camp"

The undertow of Chinese suspicions about India are rooted in assessments of India much more fundamental than those derived from the potential collision of two giant neighbours with no buffer between them. The wider, and the hostile, view of India in Chinese eyes comes from the place Peking has assigned India in global political alignments. Despite Nehru and non-alignment, China sees India in the "imperialist camp"—either as a partner of the United States or of the "social-imperialist" Soviet Union and, sometimes, of both jointly. Jointly or severally, in these alliances, India is regarded as a link in the encirclement of China.

Accordingly, from 1949-50, China openly denounced Nehru as a "running dog of imperialism". Nehru was linked with Bao Dai (the former Emperor of Vietnam), Syngman Rhee of South Korea and Chiang Kai-shek as being "the dregs of mankind". In that framework Krishna Menon's proposals for the prisoners-of-war problem in the Korean war were denounced as "an illegal resolution which has as its basic content the United States' principle of voluntary repatriation under an Indian cloak". The *Communist of Bombay* in its issue of January 1950 indicated that India was not then free in the view of Mao Tse-tung, who pledged that, "like free China, a free India will one day emerge in the socialist and people's democratic family".

As late as February 1966, the *Peking Review* saw, in the meeting the then US Vice-President, Hubert Humphrey, had with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, in New Delhi, evidence of a Soviet-US-Indian united front against China. China believes that the US-Soviet relationship was sometimes one of collusion. One of the assumptions of Chinese policy on India is the view that India is incapable of preventing it be-

ing used as a launching-pad for an attack on China. China also is apprehensive of a linkage between the Soviet Union and India in the Pamirs to flank both Sinkiang and Tibet. China's *rapprochement* with the US has not altered its worries about encirclement.

Chinese suspicions of India are rationalised in ideological terms and the class interests the dominant political elites of India serve. A *People's Daily* editorial of May 1959 titled *Revolution in Tibet and Nehru's Philosophy* argued: "...the big bourgeoisie of India maintains innumerable links with imperialism and is, to a certain extent, dependent on foreign capital. Moreover, by its class nature, the big bourgeoisie has a certain urge for outward expansion. This is why, while it opposes the imperialist policy of intervention, it more or less reflects consciously or unconsciously certain influences of imperialist policy of intervention". The doctrine of "bourgeois expansion" combined with the Chinese thesis that India is a link in the "imperialist encirclement" of China explains Chinese resentments of Indian policies in Sikkim, Bhutan and Nepal—all three latent areas of crisis in Sino-Indian relations.

Peking's Charge

India's "subtle" alignment with US imperialism is explained by Peking's charge that US investment in India has expanded considerably and that India's economy is increasingly more dependent on the US.

The thesis of "encirclement" provides a rationale for China's links with Pakistan, its denunciation of "Indian aggression" in Bangladesh in 1971 and the support China gave Pakistan in the 1965 war with India. Mao himself appealed to Maulana Bhashani not to embarrass the regime of Field Marshal Ayub Khan which had helped China to breach the systems of alliances the US had built to contain Chinese Communism.

There has been Sino-US collaboration in Pakistan with the triumph of the late Premier Chou En-lai's thesis that China should tackle the more menacing Soviet "socialist-imperialism" rather than take on both imperialisms—Soviet as well as US—as advocated by the "Maoist" Wang-Hung-wen. Alastair Lamb, reviewing Anwar Hussein Syed's *China and Pakistan: Diplomacy of an Entente Cordiale* in the *China Quarterly*, says: "It would be very interesting to know more about the Chinese role and the degree of Sino-American collaboration involved in the final phases of the 1971 Indo-Pakistani war. ...The rather fragmentary documents which have been leaked from Washington, however, do suggest that something rather spectacular would have been on the agenda had a cease-fire not been secured rapidly as in fact occurred."

The predictable view is that Pakistan will be a high priority in Chinese calculations, notwithstanding the seeming thaw with India. Indeed, if remarks the Chinese leadership have made to visiting Sri Lanka delegations are clues, the Chinese have yet to abandon their suspicion of India. They see India's continuing commitment to the Soviet Treaty, reinforced by Premier Morarji Desai's October 1977 visit to Moscow, as aligning India firmly with the Soviet Union which is implacably hostile to China.

The other dimension to Sino-Indian relations is the varying equations between the Chinese Communist Party and the Indian



—R. B. Bedi

OUR MAN IN PEKING. Mr K. R. Narayanan, our present Ambassador to China, with his Burmese-born wife. Speaking to a visiting Indian Press delegation in Peking recently, the Vice-President of the Chinese National People's Congress, Mr Ulan Fu, said that the Sino-Indian border problem "will have to be solved and it will be solved".

Communist movements. As any "outlaw" regime does when it first enters the international scene, the Chinese were loud in their commitments to and involvement with Indian revolutionaries. But as their regime acquired respectability the party-to-party relationship has been downgraded. In the case of Mao's China, there has been doctrinal foundation for this. Mao never highly regarded the prospects for an Indian "revolution". Mao believed that India's total subjugation to colonialism, unlike China, militated against the growth of a revolutionary movement that could seize power. Answering the question why there has not been a revolution in India, Mao wrote: "The common characteristics of Russia and China are that both had a comparatively numerous proletariat, both had a great mass of oppressed and suffering peasantry and both were large countries. In these respects India was also very similar. In that case, why could not India secure the victory of the revolution just as Lenin and Stalin said would happen when revolution broke through the weakest links of imperialism? The answer is that India belonged to one imperialist country, England, as a colony and in this respect was different from China. China was a semi-colonialist country under diverse imperialist rule."

Chinese prognosis for the revolution in India is poor. In the circumstances, party-to-party relations in the foreseeable future are likely to be limited to low-level support for insurgencies among India's border tribes and peoples. The main determining element in Sino-Indian relations is likely to be Chinese perceptions of the Indo-Soviet equation.



—Vidyavrata

ILLICIT TRADE IN GODS AND GODDESSES. Up till the 1950s, most of our temples were left unharm-
ed but, as the prices of Indian art rose, thefts began. In 1971, "idol runners" had succeeded in purloining
more than a hundred sculptures from Khajuraho, most of which were smuggled out of the country. Pic-
ture shows a Khajuraho panel.

More than any other
single factor, the steep
rise in art prices is res-
ponsible for the whole
sale theft, mutilation
and plunder of cultural
treasures everywhere in
the world.

by DINA MEHTA

ART is big business. The in-
ternational market has an
annual turnover of at least one
thousand million dollars and its
growth in the last two decades
has outpaced that of almost every
other field for risk capital.

The post-war art boom began
with an auction in Paris in 1950.
Cezanne's *Pommes et Biscuits*
was knocked down for an equi-
valent of Rs 848,500 today, which
caused a flurry in those present
and prompted an American to
remark that that sure was "a lot
of money for 14 apples".

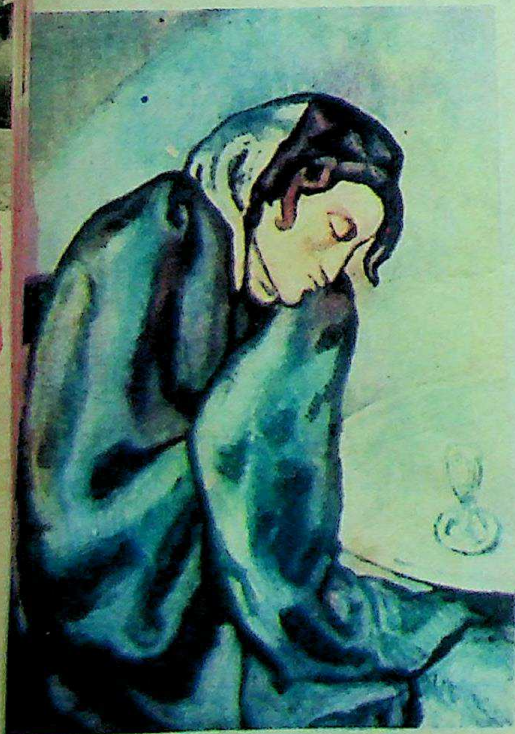
In the next few years, more
records were broken in public
sales in London and New York.
These prodigious auctions are still
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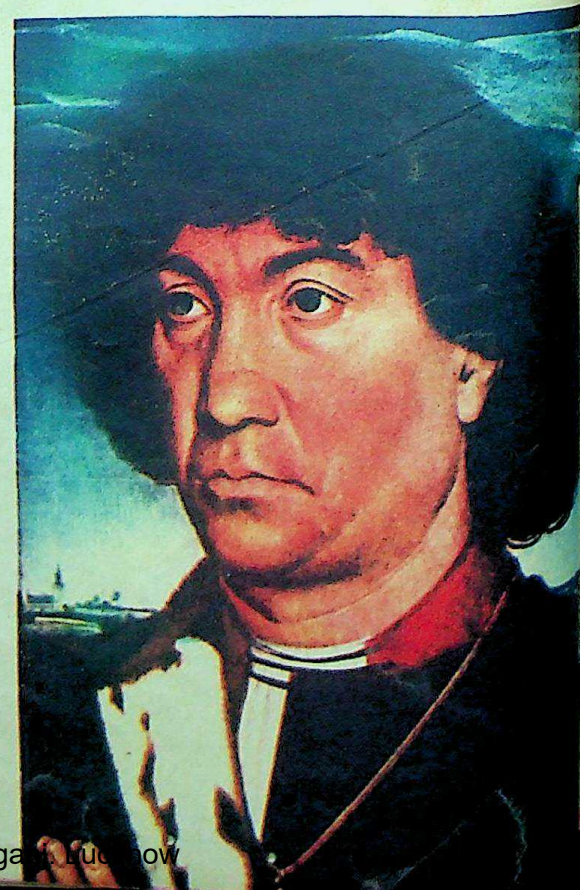
World Traffic In Stolen Art



THE DREGS OF DESPAIR. The
Absinthe Drinker epitomises
Picasso's Blue Period. Picasso's
works are as highly prized by art
thieves as they are by dealers and
collectors. His Tete d'Harlequin
was stolen from Galerie Knoed-
ler, Paris, in 1971. Fortunately, it
was recovered and the offenders
were arrested.



THIEVES BROKE IN to steal Masaccio's *Virgin
and Child* (left), originally the central panel of
the polytych in S. Caria del Carmine, Pisa,
and Memling's *Portrait of a Gentleman* (below),
from the Palazzo Vecchio, in Florence, in March
1971. Both the paintings were recovered in July
1973 in the same city. The German thieves were
sentenced in absentia to seven years in jail.



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and nostalgia by those in the trade. But the biggest breakthrough came in 1961 with the purchase by New York's Metropolitan Museum of Arts of Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* for a cool 2.3 million dollars.

That Rembrandt or Velazquez should perform so spectacularly does seem, on the face of it, a laudable comment on the civilised world, yet there is a confusion of values here. For, while the boom market bears witness to the power of art, only the simple-minded will believe that a painting is bought today for purely aesthetic reasons. Indeed, art for art's sake is a scorned value or at least an irrelevancy in the art market, where a fabulous canvas is an item for speculation, an investment that can bring great capital gains—and even a measure of security in times of

political or fiscal crises, during which its price is less adversely affected than that of almost any other commodity. So the motive is often avarice, usually self-interest, but rarely aesthetics. Stated in plainer terms, it is three things: money, money, money.

Aside from the question of values, the bull market in art poses serious security problems. More than any other single factor, the steep rise in prices is responsible for the wholesale theft, mutilation and plunder of art treasures everywhere in the world.

An International Fact

Take the matter of thefts.

No more is the stealing of art a delectable love-and-larceny fantasy replete with cop-and-robber chases and spitting firearms played out on the Hollywood

screen (and clumsily plagiarised on the Hindi screen) but an international fact. The cops are real, the brigands are real and so is the gunfire. (Only the love is fatuous.)

In 1963, three desperadoes, led a *Topkapi*-style caper into the Izmir Fair Archaeological Museum in Turkey, pilfered a collection of antique jewellery, vases and marbles and bludgeoned a watchman insensible with a stolen statue when he tried to stop them. He died of a broken skull. The thieves were later caught and convicted.

In 1972, thieves entered the Art Museum in Worcester, Massachusetts, and took a potshot at an unarmed guard who tried to block their escape. Paintings valued at more than one million dollars were abducted—including works by Rembrandt, Gauguin

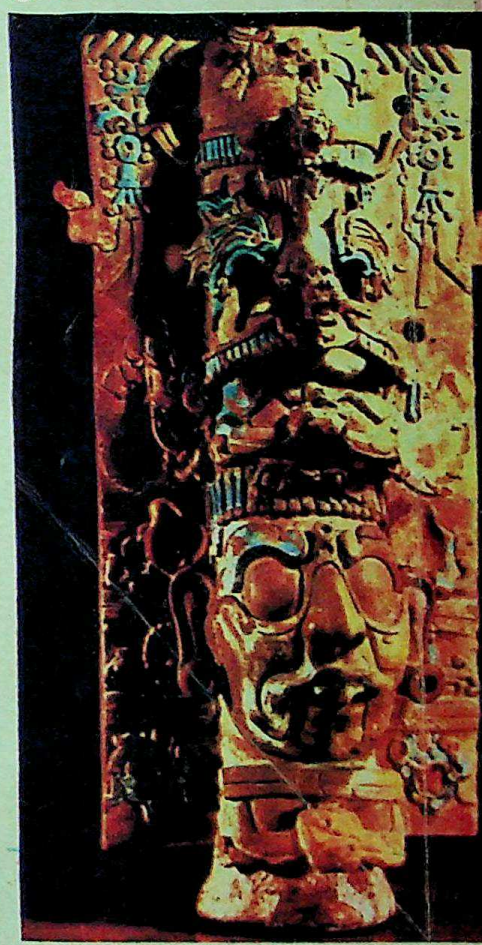
and Picasso. The cache was recovered later by the police. The guard survived, the miscreants were arrested and the case is still pending before the courts.

Often enough, the stolen works are sold to unsuspecting dealers and collectors. Sometimes a bit of doctoring is necessary—by unscrupulous "restorers"—for tracts of painted surface to pass muster. In other cases, the thieves extort ransom for the missing art, which then turns up in an abandoned car or locker. Sometimes the painting is cloistered in a vault while the sagacious thief waits out the statute of limitation on the sale of stolen goods (e.g. in Italy it is a ten-year wait) before he markets his ill-gotten wares.

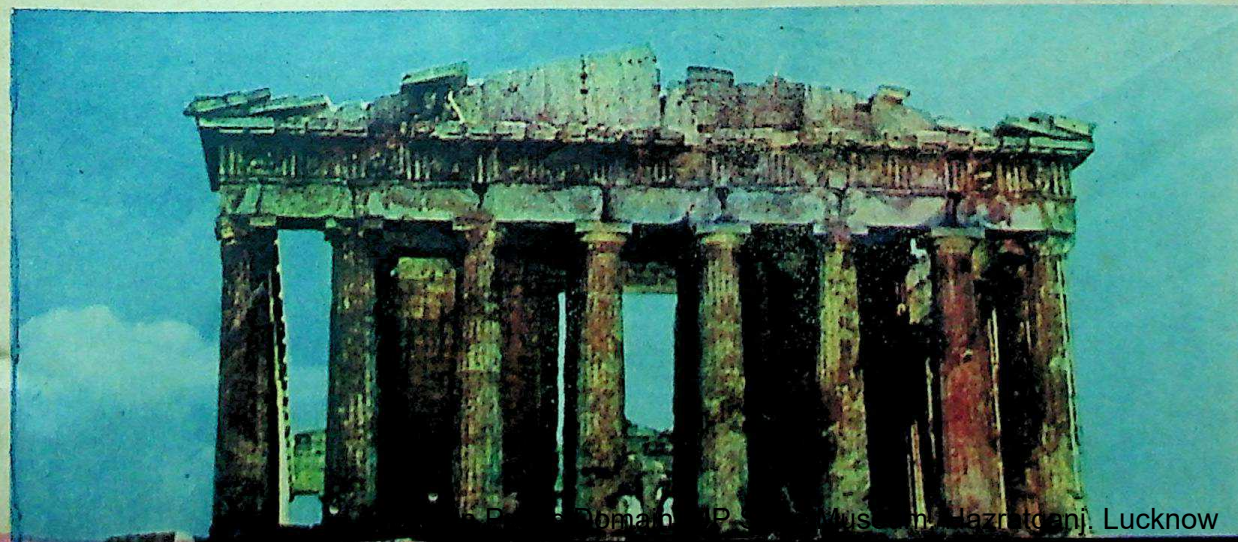
One Consolation

In the case of stolen paintings, there is one consolation: very few of them are destroyed. They may go into hibernation for years, but they do eventually survive to embellish the world again.

THE TOMB OF PHARAOH TUTANKHAMEN, XVIII dynasty, 1362-1253 BC, shows the mummy of the King resting on a bier beneath a golden mask inlaid with jewels and enamel—a feast for tomb robbers and antique diggers. The tomb robber can claim his "profession" to be the second oldest in the world.



A PRIZE FOR ANY THIEF is this flanged cylindrical vessel for offering to the Sun God, a work of Maya art, AD 600-900. The Parthenon (left), one of the temples of the Acropolis, was stripped of its carvings which were then shipped by Lord Elgin, a Scottish peer, to England to instruct the English in sculpture—an impossible feat according to Lord Byron, who thought his countrymen as capable of sculpture "as the Egyptians are of skating".



Parthenon, Acropolis, Athens, Greece. Photo by Hazratganj, Lucknow

More serious are the consequences of the rape of unprotected archaeological sites, which are vulnerable to assaults by looters armed with picks, shovels, sledgehammers, bulldozers and even dynamite. Such vandalism results in the total loss, among other things, of unrecorded evidence. For, wrenched free from its context, the mutilated statue, the sliced frieze or the fragmented tablet is an orphan without pedigree, its very legitimacy under a cloud.

But this kind of dismembering of temples and ancient ceremonial sites into portable, marketable segments is a common enough occurrence from the Maya areas of Latin America to the Khmer ruins of Cambodia.

A particularly sad instance of man's inhumanity to his past was the devastation of Bangladesh during its 1971 war of independence. After the fighting, a survey conducted by Enamul Haque, Director of the Dacca Museum, brought to light the fact that military action accounted for a very small part of the destruction of cultural properties: most of the damage was the result of deliberate plunder by local thugs encouraged in their predations by acquisitive aid officials from abroad working with international relief agencies.

At least 2,000 temples were substantially damaged and some 6,000 pieces of sculpture removed or destroyed. 35 bronze sculptures disappeared from the Archaeological Museum at Mainamati and the entire collection of Dinajpur Museum was looted. Doubtless much of the art has been smuggled out of the country and will eventually find its

way to Western museums and private collectors.

Hunger and privation can be termed extenuating factors in Bangladesh, but not in the United States, where "pot-hunting" is the week-end indulgence of the more affluent. The rise in price for American Indian art in the early sixties triggered off fresh assaults on Indian burial sites whether on Federal, state-owned or private land. Bulldozers went into voracious action to unearth rare and beautiful objects from the soil, so that the churned-up sites resemble nothing so much as shell-pocked battlefields: all in the name of a hobby which also results in jingling pockets.

Educated Savages

Apart from the menace of "pot-hunters", the danger to our past from industrial and real estate development is also grave—though few city fathers appear to be alive to it or have it in mind to stand sentinel with drawn swords (or writs and petitions) to defend their heritage. Thus archaeological zones can be obliterated by the expansion of civilisation—by drilling pads built for oil and gas wells, by reservoirs which flood out ancient cities, by road-building which cement and level out sites. Another enemy is the polluted air emitted by home and industrial smoke-stacks which cause incalculable damage to the outdoor stone carvings and monuments of the world. Taken together, all these factors add up to a formidable task force against the past. Paradoxically then, the greatest treasures of civilisation are being destroyed by educated savages and by civilisation itself.

"Given the present tempo of destruction," writes Karl E. Meyer, "by the end of the century, all unexplored major archaeological sites may be irrevocably disfigured or ravaged. We are witnessing the equivalent of the burning of the library at Alexandria by the Romans, the catastrophic bonfire in which much of the wisdom of antiquity was consumed in flames."

But, just when our past is threatened with obliteration, the traffic in antiquities is brisker today than ever before. Most of the dealer's stock, however, has been acquired—at one point or another—through a violation of law. In other words, the great majority of antiques offered for sale is smuggled goods and the falsification of papers is a routine business method, accepted by seller and buyer alike.

"It's public knowledge," the bearded old Muslim said to us gravely from behind the counter as we gazed before us in awe at the exquisite stone *apsara* certified as 2,000 years old, "that 90 per cent of the certificates of origin accompanying such works of art is faked." This candid admission did not deter my friend, who is building a home in Brussels, from buying the bewitching creature.

Most of the best antique pieces go to a few thousand collectors and a few scores of museums and they are sold by a few hundred dealers. Far larger is the army of workers engaged in getting the material out of

* **THE PLUNDERED PAST** by Karl E. Meyer, Pelican Books, £ 1.50.

LAY NOT YOUR TREASURES ON EARTH. The post-war art boom began with a series of auctions in Paris, London and New York. The biggest breakthrough came in 1961 with the purchase by New York's Metropolitan Museum of Arts of Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* (below) for 2.3 million dollars. Right: A 10th-century *Nataraja* was found by chance in 1952 by a villager in Thanjavur district. In 1969, it was discovered that the statue was a copy and the original was in New York. A dealer had sold it to a wealthy industrialist, Norton Simon, for a reported one million dollars.



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the earth—perhaps several hundred thousand people strong. All of these—together with the middlemen who are the indispensable links in the chain of such commerce—form the fascinating (and seldom explored) subculture that is the art market.

Over this hierarchy, the dealer presides as the godfather. When dedicated to the pursuit of excellence in art, his specialised scholarship can play a creative role in guiding uninformed public opinion into the intimacies of taste. He is a potent force for good if he can suffuse even one individual with the spirit of art: make him feel the spell of it. For the perception of riches in, say, a Goya or a Sher-Gil is an empowerment which enables him to find them in himself as well. More. Carried away by the momentum of his astonishing discovery, he may be impelled towards expression himself... And so it goes on.

Jungle Law

But, alas, often enough the gifted dealer finds himself competing with ruthless and even unscrupulous rivals in a secretive business where the stakes are very high. He lives in a Darwinian jungle beset with carnivores. To survive in it he must lend himself to camouflage and cunning, to sharp practices and meanness. He must be adroit in his double dealings, watch his step lest he be fooled by a fake, be nimble enough not to be caught in a police net. Moreover, he has to depend on the whims of the rich, a serfdom which forbids conscience as well as creativity and from which the Lord alone can deliver him.

This brings us to the collector. When he is big enough and wealthy enough, he can transform the art market. The Pittsburgh multimillionaire, Paul Mellon, is said to have spent, for the past decade or so, several hundred thousand dollars a year on buying up English masters. The impact of this on the art market is to increase tenfold the price of lesser-known English painters.

The big collector, then, wields power. Not only does he create a private unique world of objects over which he reigns supreme, he is also a force to be reckoned with in public life.

How To Steal A Masterpiece

MacTaint is a "thief, a rogue and a con with a fine sense of scatologu" in Trevanian's spy novel, *The Loo Sanction*. MacTaint is also England's most active and imaginative dealer in the international market of stolen art.

He has a diabolically clever trick of stealing pictures without being detected—he just has a good forgery made of the picture he wishes to steal, then mutilates it with a knife. The next step is to break into the gallery and replace the original with the damaged fake. The alarms go off, and so does MacTaint with his prize.

The surveillance systems in the gallery show the authorities which picture has been tampered with. Naturally it never occurs to them to give the painting a professional scrutiny because everyone assumes this to be an act of vandalism—not a theft.

The fake is repaired with great care and "restored" in the gallery. And, if anyone notices a blemish, it is put down to the repair job!

V. N.



RAPE OF ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITES. Unprotected shrines and ancient ceremonial sites are vulnerable to assaults by looters armed with picks, shovels and even bulldozers and dynamite. Such vandalism results in the total loss, among other things, of unrecorded evidence. Wrenched free from its context, the mutilated statue is an orphan without pedigree, its very legitimacy under a cloud. But this kind of dismembering is a common enough occurrence from the Maya areas of Latin America to the Khmer ruins of Cambodia. Picture shows a site in Angkor, Cambodia, its giant Bodhisattva overrun by vegetation.

Big or small, the collector is a distinctive breed. Often he is a man obsessed. Just what is it that makes him tick? Perhaps he is only a reincarnated magpie with his penchant for secreting away bits of this and also of that?

Special Breed

According to Dr Henri Codet, who wrote a psychiatric thesis on the subject in 1921, this species is driven by four underlying motives: the need for possession, the need for self-directed activity, the impulse to self-advancement and the urge to classify things. To these motives the French analyst, Rene Brimo, added the love of beauty, thus elevating the collector into an artist of sorts. And Princess Marie Bonaparte linked collectors to anal eroticism—but then she was Freud's disciple.

Whatever that may be, the collecting syndrome has not yet been fully explained. How can you account for the man who prizes trash like cigar bands or jam labels, keys to hotel rooms or plaster casts of the phalluses of movie stars? And what has he in common with the man who covets possession of Tipu Sultan's sword or Homer's lyre, Shah Jahan's peacock throne or Cleopatra's asp?

Perhaps what all collectors have in common is a neurosis induced by an over-active accumulative instinct. But, while the

serious collector develops a scholarly interest and expertise in his chosen field and selects his pieces with love and discernment, the merely mercenary ones rely on the acumen of hired experts to grab enviable bargains which they can part with at a handsome profit. Or you have the *nouveau riche* who selfishly prizes a possession because of its rarity, or as a conversation piece at his opulent table, or as upmanship over the Joneses next door.

The patronage of a serious collector, on the other hand, is wholly disinterested, because he looks upon himself as the temporary custodian of the *objets d'art*, which are eventually bequeathed to a museum. But to satisfy the less fastidious appetites of the rank and file of this acquisitive tribe, hundreds of thousands of robbers armed with hacksaws and chisels set off on their surreptitious expeditions. Thus, from the dealer at the apex, we drop down to the base of the pyramid where brigands scabble in the earth for buried treasures.

What is the second-oldest profession in the world? Surely it is that of the tomb robbers, called *tymborychoi* in Greece, *tombaroli* in Italy, *idol runners* in India, *esteletros* in Guatemala and *huaqueros* in Peru. For, like the courtesan, the tomb violator knows there is profit in beauty and never a shortage of customers.

Indeed, according to the Greeks, art originated as an act of larceny. In his dialogue, *Protagoras* Plato asserts that, in order to succour the newly created and helpless creature called man, Prometheus stole not only fire from the gods but also the gift of expression in the arts.

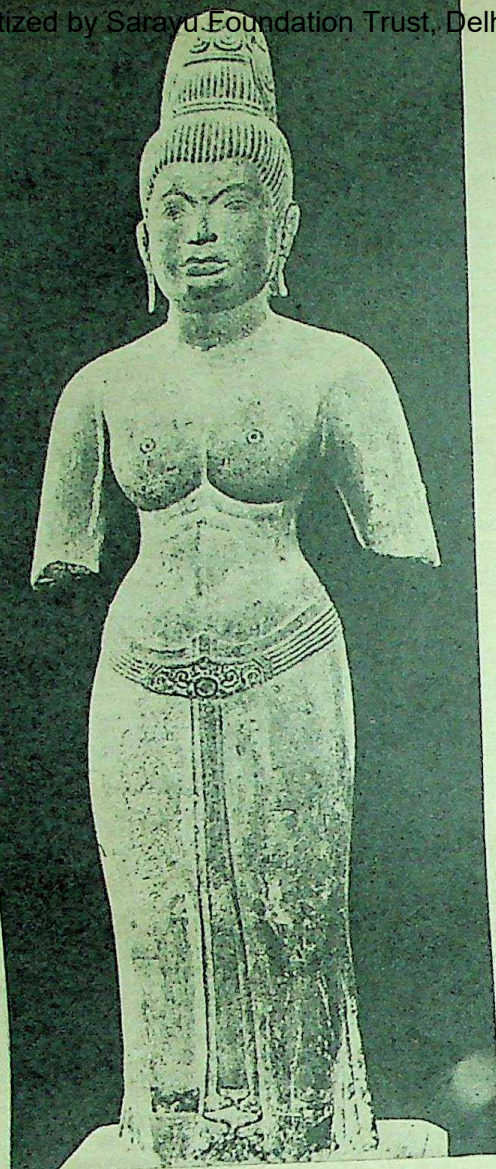
What began with pilferage continued in the same tradition. One of the earliest Egyptian documents, first published in 1873 as the Amherst Papyrus, charges the Mayor of Thebes with being involved with tomb robbery in the reign of Ramses IX, about 1134-1117 BC. And this ancient manuscript crackles with the murky deeds and intrigues recorded on it.

Unguarded Temples

For the robber the unguarded temple has always been an open sesame. This is true all over the world, but specially so in India, teeming with temples as she does, many of them riddled with rare carvings and adorned with resplendent idols.

Until the 1950s, most of these were left unharmed but, as the prices of Indian art rose, a new vocation evolved—and many were found to heed its call. In 1971, the "idol runners" had succeeded in purloining more than 100 sculptures from Khajuraho temples; a seventh-century bronze of great historical significance was stripped from a temple in Himachal Pradesh; the Chandigarh Museum was robbed at gunpoint; and an antique dealer was kidnapped for ransom in Gwalior!

The problem is not that India has no laws to protect her heritage but that there is no effective machinery to enforce them. Corruption is rampant. Guards at Indian temples are poorly paid. Customs officials offer little resistance to the smuggling of stolen art.



LAKSHMI from Cambodia—Khmer art, Sambor style, 17th century (National Museum, Phnom Penh).

SOME MAJOR ART THEFTS

A few of these examples are taken from the two lists of "most wanted" art circulated by the International Criminal Police Organisation or Interpol. Many of the stolen works were eventually recovered, others are still untraced.

In 1953: A Rodin bronze, from the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. Stolen and returned by a student who wanted to "live with it".

In August 1961: Bronze Buddhist statues, stolen from the Archaeological Museum in Nalanda, India. Still figures in the Interpol list as one of the "most wanted" objects.

In 1964: Head of a Negro by Rubens, stolen from the Fine Arts Museum, Brussels. Recovered after an anonymous call.

In December 1968: Marcelle by Toulouse-Lautrec, stolen from the Museum of Modern Art, Kyoto, Japan, on loan from a museum in Albi, France. Only the frame was recovered in Kyoto.

In October 1969: *Nativity* by Caravaggio, stolen during the night from the Church of S. Lorenzo, Palermo, Sicily. Unrecovered.

In July 1970: 102 rare antique Indian miniatures, stolen from the Chandigarh Museum. Returned anonymously to the Curator in August 1972.

In August 1970: *Young Girl Reading* by Renoir, valued at \$80,000, stolen from a jewellery shop in Phoenix, Arizona, USA. Unrecovered.

In November 1970: five modern and Impressionist paintings, stolen from O'Hara Museum, Okayama, Japan. Not recovered.

In March 1971: *Virgin and Child* by Masaccio and *Portrait of a Gentleman* by Memling, stolen from Palazzo Vecchio, Florence. Recovered in July 1973 in Florence. The German thieves were sentenced in absentia to seven years in jail.

In August 1971: *Holy Conversation* by Titian, stolen from *Pieve di Cadove*, near Padua, Italy. Recovered after dramatic car chase in Padua.

In September 1972: 18 oil paintings (including Rembrandt, Corot, Courbet) valued at 2 million dollars, plus antique jewellery, stolen from the Museum of Fine Arts, Montreal, Canada. Masked and armed thieves broke in through skylight; guards bound and gagged. Items unrecovered.

In April 1974: Picasso etching worth \$4,000, stolen from Rice University, Houston, Texas, USA. Returned by mail by thief who signed his name: "R. Egret".

D.M.

A case in point is that of the 4 feet 6 inches-tall bronze statue of Nataraja for which the Californian collector, Norton Simon, paid a reported million dollars in 1972.

This idol of the Lord of the Cosmic Dance was discovered by chance in 1952 by a villager in the Thanjavur district of Tamil Nadu. Archaeologists acclaimed the find to be an invaluable work of the tenth-century AD and the Government was anxious to place it in the Madras Museum.

But the villagers protested. A district court decree enabled them to keep it for worship in the unguarded Temple of Sivagurunathswamy—despite the warnings of the director of the Madras Museum that thieves would get at it and smuggle it abroad.

In 1969, it came to light that the dancing Siva in the temple was but a copy of the original one which had made its way to New York! There it came into the hands of a dealer, Ben Heller, who eventually found a buyer in the wealthy industrialist, Norton Simon.

When this story became public, US Customs began an inquiry into possible irregularities, the Metropolitan Museum of Art got on its ethical high horse and refused to display the Nataraja, because it was stolen property, and the Indian Government pressed for restitution of the piece. As this is written, negotiations are under way for the god to return home.

Mr Simon's comments to the *New York Times* on the whole transaction are interesting. "Often countries encourage smuggling," he is reported to have said. "They make a lot of noise over it. They often scream a lot and yet allow the thievery to go on. They should start enforcing the law."

Elsewhere in Asia, in the Philippines, in Thailand (where army protection is needed for the excavation of Buddhist monuments because of the twofold threat—plunder for export as well as for the heavy internal demand for Buddhist reliquaries) and in Cambodia, the situation is the same: the Governments may be on the side of the angels, but no stringent steps are taken to abate the illicit trade.

Middlemen

If at the apex of the pyramid the dealers lord it over all and at the base are the tomb robbers, the twain cannot meet without the services of the middlemen. The robber has access to the buried art treasures, but rarely to the ultimate customer. He sells his find to the middleman, who may have a stall in the bazaar, operate from his home or conduct some innocuous business under cover of which he pursues his backdoor trade. It is he who knows which police and politicians have to be bribed, how to smuggle out art and what international dealers are interested in which kind of work. His own identity is a well-kept secret.

The illicit trade in antiquities then is unique in that it counts among its protagonists the illiterate peasant as well as the wealthy collector, the wily middleman as well as the scholarly dealer, the artist as well as the thief; and one can with reason speak of the profession as a democratic *demi-monde*, since the rich and the poor, the highbrow (who looks at a sausage and thinks of Picasso) and the lowbrow (who looks at a Picasso and thinks of a sausage) are all voting citizens within it.

With all these people Digitized by Sarayu Foundation Trust, Delhi and eGangotri But, if Byron's viewpoint anticipated the emotions of nationalists everywhere about what they came to regard as European or American exploitation, it can be argued even today that, had the marbles not been shipped to England by the Scottish Lord Elgin, they might conceivably have been lost to humanity. They could have been destroyed in the Greek War of Independence. Or they could have succumbed to internal structural decay caused by a number of uncontrollable factors: by inclement weather, by the vibrations of jet aircraft, by the ceaseless shuffle of shoes, by the calcification of marble aggravated by industrial and automotive fumes... and so on.

Clearly, such laws as exist for its protection are not enforced. They can be, and are, circumvented. What is particularly deplorable is that there is no concerted international effort to clamp down on the offenders, so that often we have a situation in which one nation's loss is another's gain. We have, for instance, a bronze Nataraja living in expatriate plight in the United States and the Elgin marbles (fragments of the Parthenon sculptures) in exile in Great Britain, with the bereaved countries, India and Greece, clamouring for the return of these priceless treasures.

This brings us to the fundamental question: Who owns the past? The country which birthed it? The individual collector who bought it? The museum which preserved the treasure—even if acquired by doubtful means—for the enrichment of national sensibility?

In this impassioned debate the voice of the nationalist is the loudest of all and his outlook is epitomised by Lord Byron who, in his day, vigorously opposed "the robbery of ruins from Athens" and the incarceration of the Parthenon carvings in Britain even for the laudable purpose of instructing the English in sculpture—"who", added the contemptuous Lord, "are as capable of sculpture as the Egyptians are of skating".

Common Heritage

Here we collide with the curatorial view of the past which does not care to inquire how or why the carvings reached England, but is deeply concerned with their preservation and display for a mass audience. The curator's commitment is to the public, his public, and to the institution for which he often works with competitive and self-righteous zeal; and, when he courts the civic bigwigs and wealthy philanthropists (with perhaps little time to spare for the artists and the indigent), he feels that he is working in the cause of art.

For obvious reasons, the museum has to work in close association with the collector. He is a potential donor. More than 80 per cent of the works owned by the Metropolitan Museum, for example, have come to it by way of gifts or bequests and it is up to the curator to pry loose from clutching fingers those treasures he deems worthy of public gaze.

The nationalist, the collector and the curator all have a claim to the treasures of the past and each, in his own way, has made a contribution. But each looks upon the past as a piece of property.

Is another approach possible?

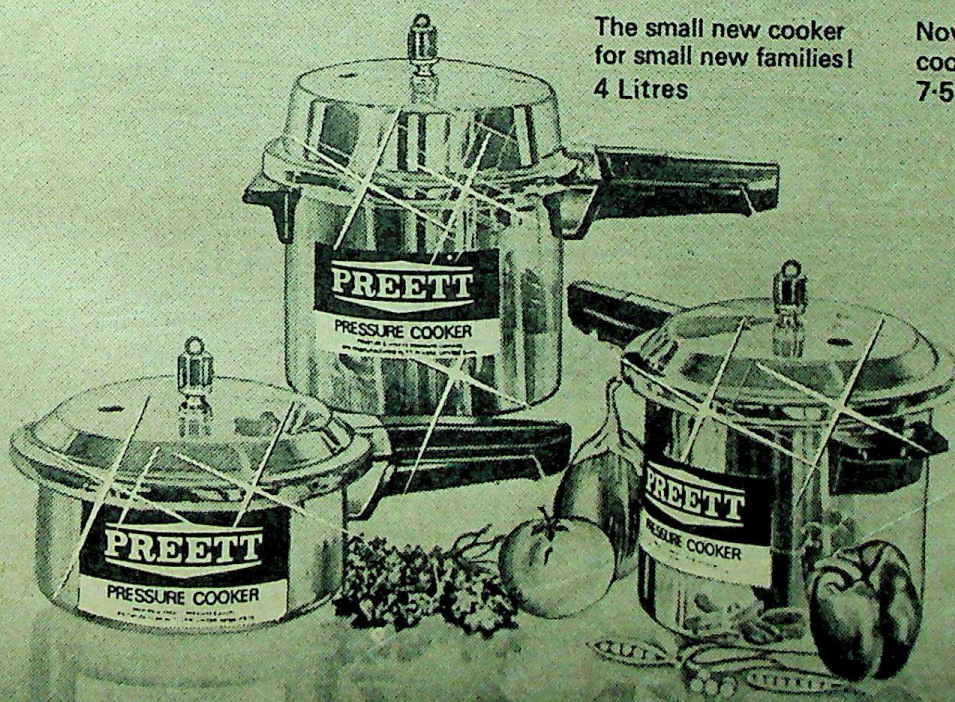
It is, according to Karl Meyer. Our collective cultural remains are a resource whose title is vested in all humanity. And it is a non-renewable resource which must be guarded against depredations and decay: for, once exhausted, it is lost for ever.

Unfortunately, there is no evidence of any real willingness among the inheritors to counter the depredations internationally. Not a single European country has ratified the UNESCO Convention that sought to abate the world traffic in stolen art. In the US the Congress has failed to enact the necessary implementing legislation. In countries most affected by the pillage, we have the usual demagoguery, blaming the predatory Westerners for all the ills and leaving it at that.

There is, however, a greater awareness of the magnitude of the problem. Museums of repute have become more scrupulous about buying antiquities acquired by dubious means. The International Foundation for Art Research, based in New York, has received a \$100,000 grant to compile the first comprehensive archive of stolen art. The BBC has broadcast a fascinating two-part documentary, *The Plunderers*, disclosing the mechanics of the illicit trade in India, Italy, Turkey and Egypt.

But by far and large, where our common imperilled art heritage is concerned, we all still live in glass houses.

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This Week's



CAN THEY PUT INDIRA IN THE DOCK?

The Home Ministry has denied as "highly speculative" the report that Mrs Gandhi is to be tried by a specially appointed court in pursuance of the two interim reports of the Shah Commission and that her son, Sanjay, and some of her former Cabinet colleagues and officials may also be brought to trial. Morarji Desai has made it clear that a prosecution will be launched only if a foolproof case is made out. He does not wish to circumvent legal procedures nor does he want the fiasco following Mrs Gandhi's arrest last October to be repeated.

THE ALL-EMBRACING CONGRESS? The two Maharashtra leaders, Chief Minister Vasant Rao Patil and MPCC President N.M. Tidke, confirmed what Y.B. Chavan (who is totally against his party's merger with the Congress-I) had said—that they were conducting unity talks in their individual, not official, capacities. Earlier, Mr Patil had rejected the idea of "unity in compartments". It would have to be "on the national level", he said. The Chief Minister (left) is seen with his Deputy CM, Nasikrao Tirpude, of the Congress-I. Congress and Congress-I leaders were to meet in Bombay to decide on the unity move.

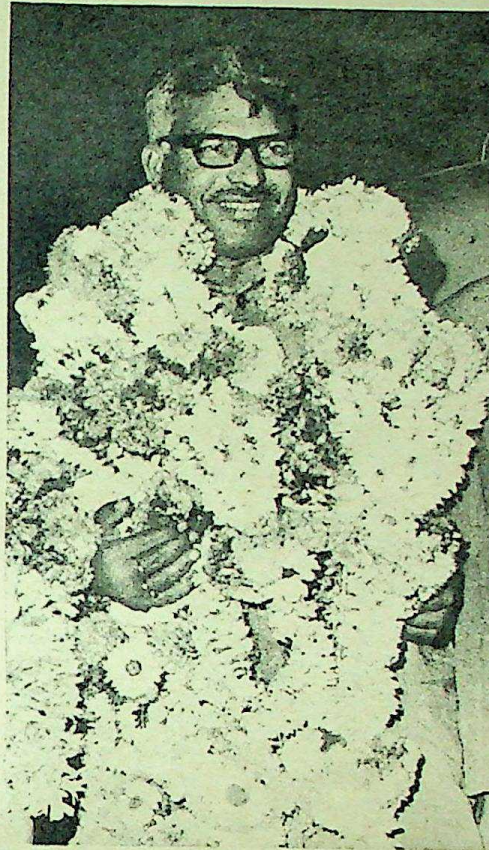


STILL NURSING THEIR DIFFERENCES. The factional struggle in the Janata Party deepened further with Charan Singh's statement that the only reason for the party's poor performance was the fact that the levers of power had been captured by the proponents of heavy industry for whom Gandhiji had become irrelevant. Replying to the charge, Party President Chandra Shekhar said that, if this was so, it was up to the Home Minister and the Prime Minister to do something about it. Mr Desai has had a meeting with President Sanjiva Reddy who is reportedly concerned about the Government's lack of cohesion at the top. This picture was taken when Morarjibhai visited Charan Singh in hospital.

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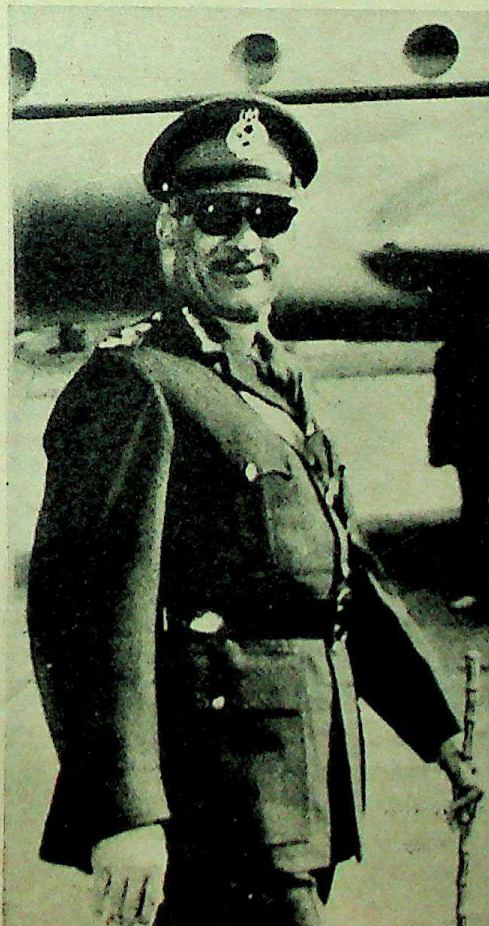
Headlines



TRY DISLODGING US! Bihar's Chief Minister, Karpoori Thakur (left), and UP's Ram Naresh Yadav (right) continue to be plagued by recalcitrant partymen. The Bihar dissidents told Party President Chandra Shekhar that they would boycott the JLP meeting called by Mr Thakur to seek a vote of confidence unless it was convened by the Central Parliamentary Party and supervised by a Central observer. They said Mr Thakur should seek the vote under such supervision by secret ballot. In UP, a confident Mr Y a d a v said: "I am here to stay"—and impressively won the vote of confidence.

"WHEREVER WE ARE WE'LL SPEAK OUR TONGUE. Tamil will be elevated to a national language on a par with Sinhala after the Sri Lanka Parliament approves this proposed constitutional change. Tamil is spoken by over three million people in the island. Sinhala, which is the mother tongue of the other 11 million, will remain the official language. The two-language formula hopes to redress one of the problems of Sri Lanka's Tamil minority.

GENERAL TIKKA KHAN, former head of the Pakistani Army and labelled in 1971 the "Butcher of Bangladesh", is to be tried by a military court on charges which include murder and rioting. He had been arrested after leading a huge demonstration protesting against the death sentence imposed on Mr Bhutto.



ISRAEL'S NEW PRESIDENT. M. K. Yitzhak Navon (57) was elected the fifth President of Israel. He started as a teacher and then joined the civil service where he held a number of prestigious posts. He is a prize-winning author and a successful composer. His father's family has lived in Jerusalem for 300 years.



Temple To Adi Sankara

It cost Rs 17 lakhs and was consecrated by the Sankaracharya of Dwaraka.

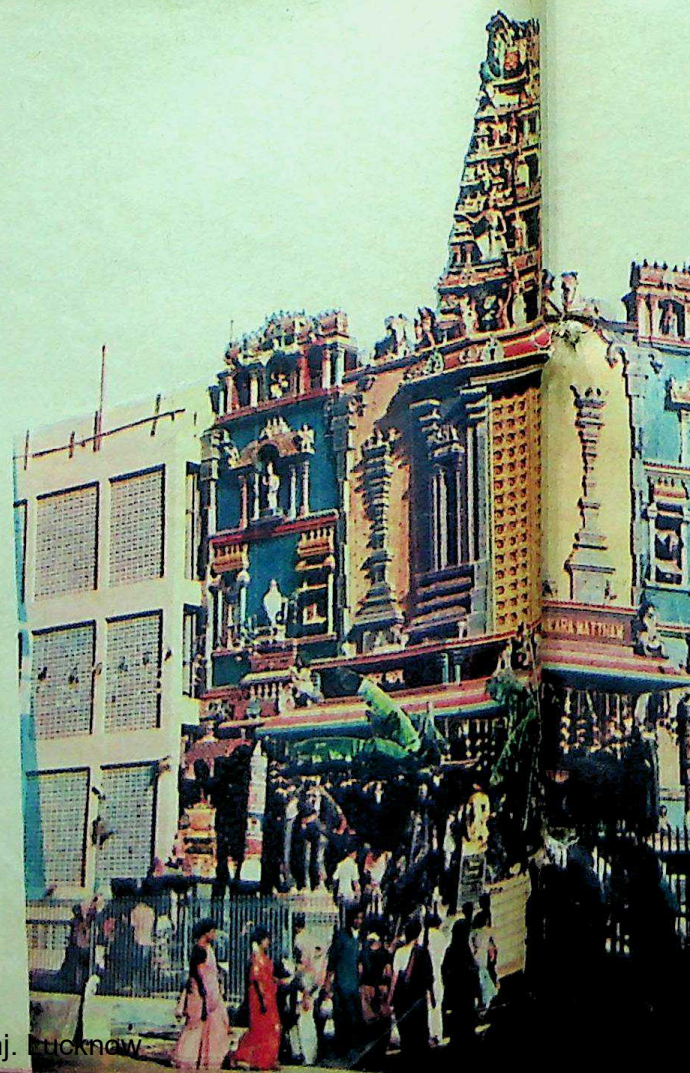
A SECTION of Madras—Mylapore, perhaps—was transplanted to Bombay when the Sankara Matham performed the consecration of its Sankara temple on May 10. Ayyar *mamis* in nine-yard *kanchipurams* and *mamas* in *panchakacham veshtis* were gathered by the thousand for the occasion. The homely sound of *Pattanam* (Madras)—and Palghat—Tamil was heard on every side. Even the scouts and guides called in to help maintain order were students of Matunga's South Indian schools and spoke Tamil.

Nearly 40 years ago, a marble image of Adi Sankara, the 9th-century guru from Kerala who expounded the Advaita philosophy, was gifted to the Sankara Matham of Bombay. The building of a temple to house the image was conceived nearly as many years ago, was often stalled and was finally completed last month.

Coming upon the temple, the main impression is one of pink and blue, both colours striking one as being a little too harsh and excessive. Rising above the entrance, the *rajagopuram* (the gopuram above the main gate) is covered with images of Siva, Vishnu, Brahma and other deities. The few steps leading up to the entrance are flanked by stone images of two of the eight elephants (*diggajas*) which guard the four quarters and the four corners in between. On the wall facing the entrance is painted the scene of Krishna imparting the Gita to



SANCTIFYING THE PLACE OF WORSHIP. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Dwaraka performs the consecration of the temple to Sankara from the platform built around the vimana (dome of the sanctum). Top: The helicopter showering petals. Right: Front view of the temple.



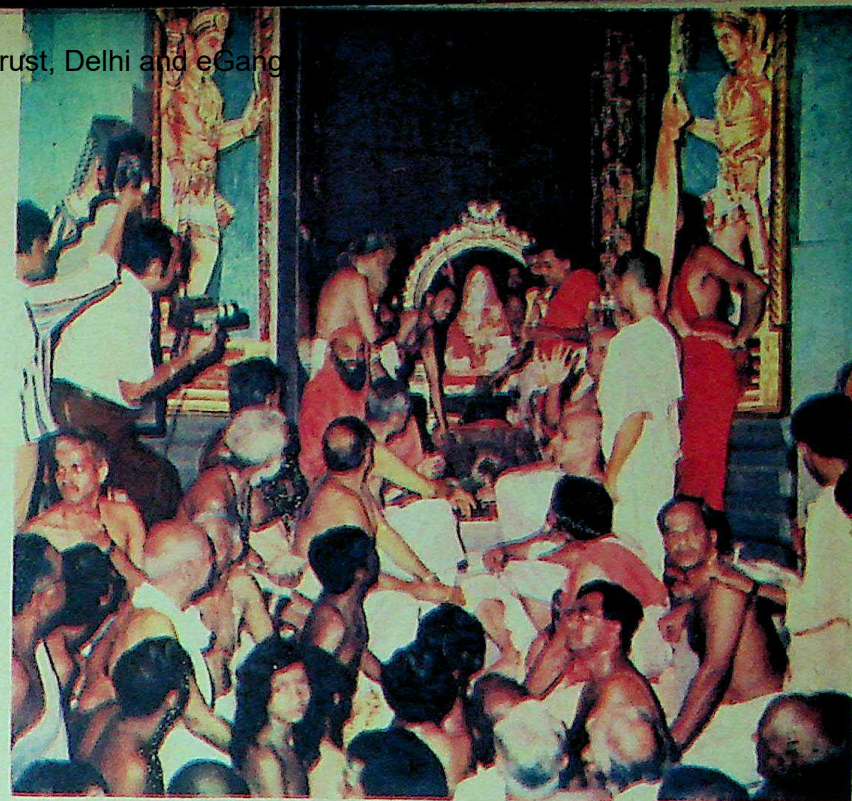
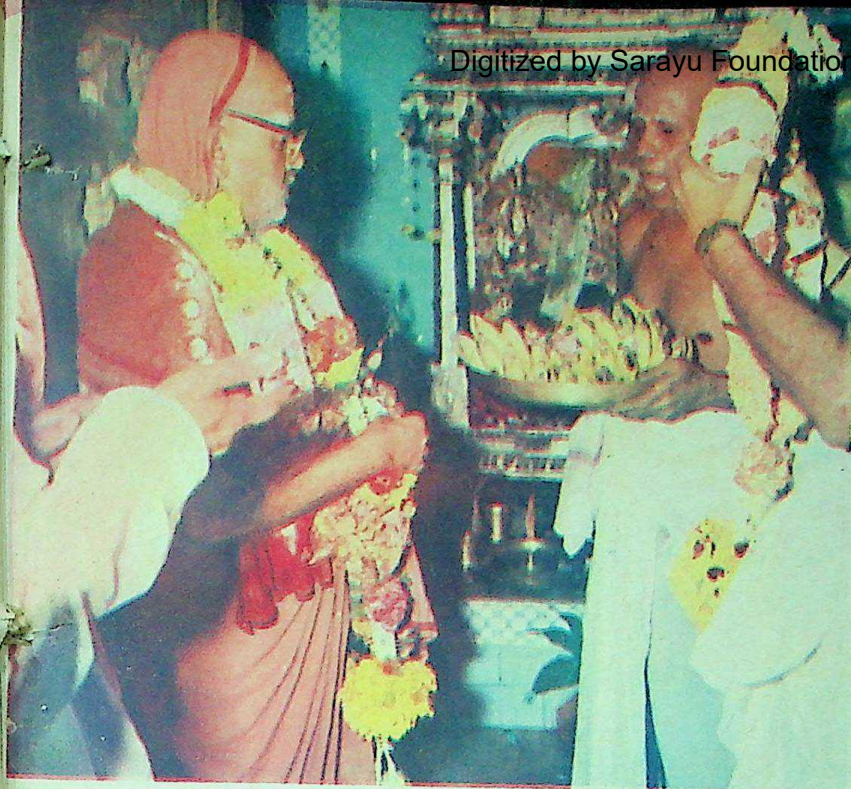
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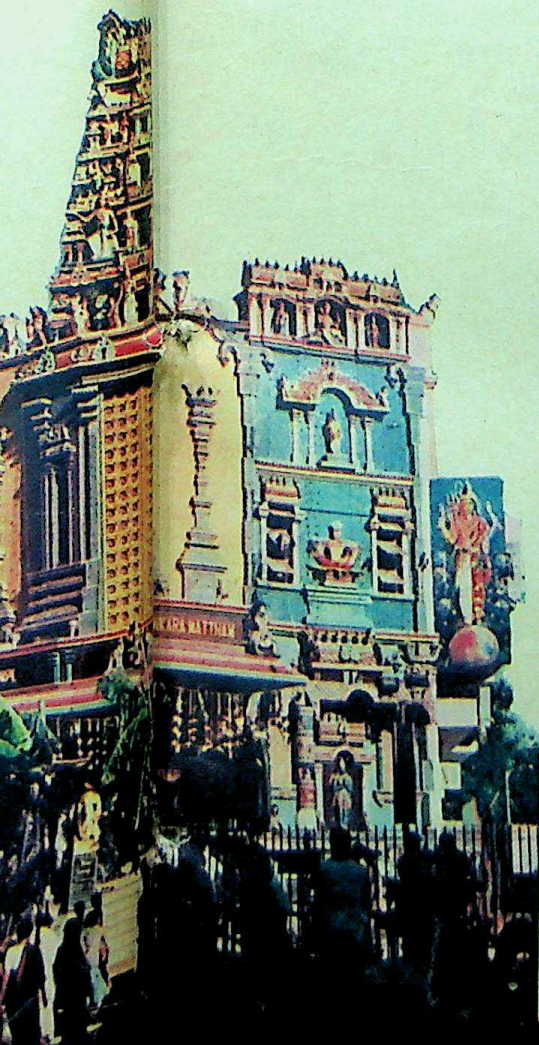
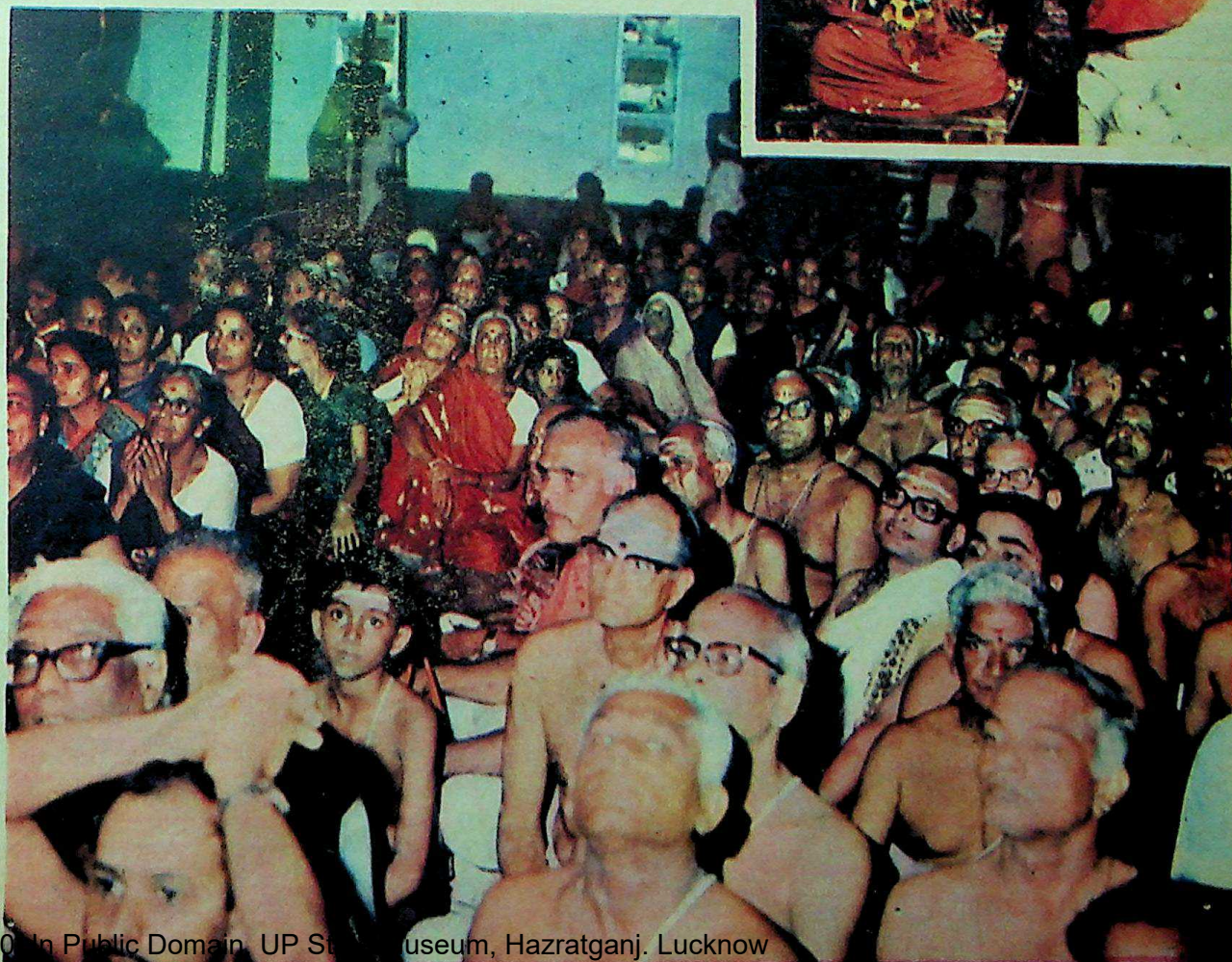
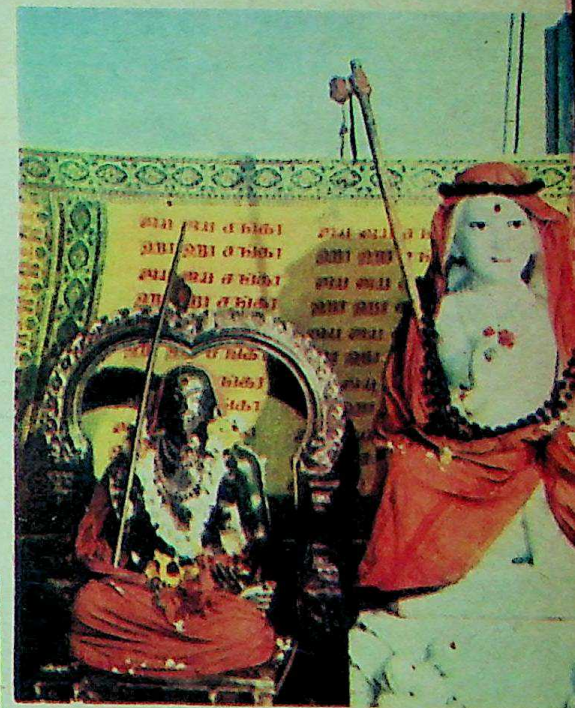
Arjuna. Climbing up the staircase to reach the main *mandapam*, one is surrounded by pictures depicting events from the life of Adi Sankara.

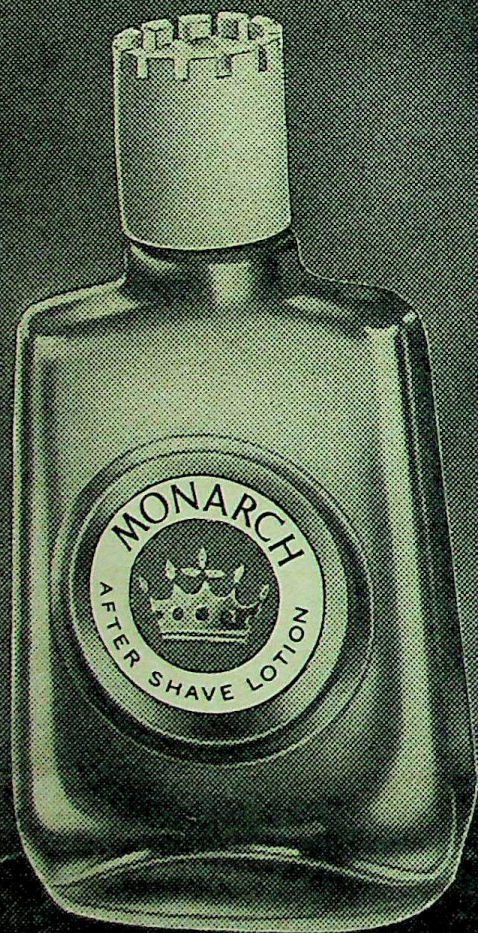
The *mahamandapam* or the great *mandapam* is a spacious hall, 51 ft by 72 ft. Along the length of it on either side are five pillars with figures representing the *guruparampara* of Adi Sankara. Panels on the wall depict his disciples. Some of these have an edging which makes them look framed—a contemporary effect oddly at variance with the subject of the paintings. In the middle of the ceiling is the lotus with 1,008 petals with the *Bindukona*—the abode of Adi Parasakti—in the centre. Surrounding this are painted figures of Parvati in her various forms—for example, as Annapurni. In style, colour

GREETING THE ACHARYA (above left) at the *sanctum*. Above right and below: Devotees. Right: The marble image of Adi Sankara.

and mode of dress, these figures are perfect examples of popular calendar art. In between are small paintings of some of the most famous temples in India. Among all these, a strange note is struck by two very contemporary vases overflowing with richly artificial flowers which are also painted on the ceiling.

The *sanctum sanctorum* provides a pleasing contrast to the *kitsch* which dominates most of the temple decorations. The front is in severe grey, shaped in geometrical planes and angles. The usual carved





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doors are flanked by the traditional *dwarapalakas* (guardians of the gate).

On the outer faces of the sanctum are niches for the six principal deities according to the *shanmata* established by Sankara. Moving clockwise these are Ganapati, Sakti, Surya, Vishnu, Dakshinamurti and Kartikeya. The stones from which these images were carved had been selected carefully from various places in the South. At the far end of the hall, opposite the sanctum, the temple bell is hung from a frame. On the wall behind is a map purporting to show the various places visited by Sankara. It was incomplete at the time of the *kumbhabhishekam*. The Acharya's visit to Kashmir was not noted while Calcutta—which surely did not exist then—was clearly marked. The building also has spacious halls for Veda classes and a library.

Two days before the *kumbhabhishekam*, on May 8, the images were ceremonially installed. Beginning with Ganapati, as each deity was installed ritually by the priests, members of the *sthapati's* (builder's) team with plumb line and cement followed to centre the idol in its niche and fix it in place. Before the image of Adi Sankara—the main deity—was installed, the base was filled with gold and other precious metals and stones—these had been offered by devotees. In front of the image a stone *lingam* was placed. Also in the sanctum is a small metal image of Adi Sankara, the *utsava murti* or processional deity.

The *sthapati* of the temple, S. Devalingam of Valavanur in Tamil Nadu's South Arcot district, had come to Bombay with 40 workers and apprentices. During the months of building and sculpting, they had to live a

celibate life and could not even see their wives and children. Devalingam comes of a family of Virasaivas. He had learnt his hereditary art from his father. He claimed that, 32 generations ago, his ancestor had been *sthapati* at Belur in Karnataka, famed for its Hoysala temple. When I commented on the fact that the temple's style, especially in its paintings and decorations, seemed to cater for contemporary popular taste, he said he would have preferred to build wholly in stone. But he had to compromise because no one nowadays was willing to bear the expense a stone temple would entail. It would have amounted to more than twice the Rs 17 lakhs spent on the existing structure.

Shakti Through Silk

Before the actual *kumbhabhishekam*, sacrificial rites for each of the deities were conducted in a *yagasala* behind the temple. Strands of silk connected the wrists of the deities to symbols in the *yagasala*. These were supposed to conduct the *shakti* (energy or power) of the *mantras* to the idols and to have a power equivalent to 1,000 volts.

On the morning of May 10, thousands of devotees thronged the temple and the rooftops and balconies in the neighbourhood while a privileged few hundred watched the rites from the terrace of the shrine itself.

His Holiness Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya Sri Abhinava Satchidananda Tirtha Swamiji Maharaj of the Sharada Peetham, Dwaraka, ascended a wooden stairway to a platform surrounding the *vimana* (the dome above the sanctum). During the preliminary puja, devotees were startled by a helicopter noisily swooping down over the ter-

race. At the third such sortie, a few cold drops on face and arms made one realise that holy water or *tirtham* was being sprinkled on the gathering. Water from the seven holy rivers of India had been brought for the *kumbhabhishekam*.

As the Sankaracharya and the priests made ready for the most important rite, one of the organisers standing on the platform held his *angavastram* spread out above his head and flapped it at the helicopter hovering in the distance. The machine came roaring overhead again and, at the moment of the *abhishekam*, showered flower petals on the *vimana*.

Closed-circuit television, with six screens at various strategic spots in and around the temple, had been set up so that those who did not have passes for the terrace could watch the proceedings.


A running commentary, alternately in Tamil and English, was also provided, both on the terrace and during the consecration of the deities inside the temple after the *kumbhabhishekam*. On the terrace, the very loud and flowery commentary, together with the intermittent roar of the helicopter, sufficed to drown the chanting of *mantras* and the music of the *nadaswaram*.

There were a few moments that morning when one was touched by the thought that this was an occasion of faith and that there is much beauty in Hindu ritual. But what should have been a solemn event too often had its serenity shattered by modern gadgetry and publicity-mindedness. But the enormous crowds were regulated with an efficiency that prevented chaos.

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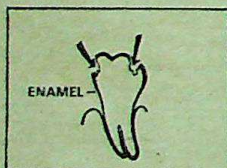
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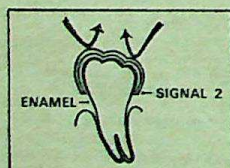
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Bangladesh Votes

Maj-Gen Zia-ur Rahman won the Presidential election with an overwhelming majority. The Opposition group alleged that the poll was rigged and that anti-Government "scrutineers" were driven out of polling booths at gun-point.

THE issue in Bangladesh elections was not only who was to be President but also whether the country was to have a parliamentary or presidential form of government. Zia-ur Rahman favoured the presidential system. His rival, General (Retired) M. A. G. Osmani, and the Democratic Unity Front, which he led, were pledged to the restoration of parliamentary government. The Front also promised to hold parliamentary elections before the end of the year.

The 35 million voters had a choice of nine candidates. In actual fact, the battle was between the two Generals, Zia and Osmani. Both candidates led fronts formed of widely disparate parties. President Zia's six-party National Political Front was spearheaded by the recently formed Jagodal (Jatiyatabadi Ganatantrik Dal) Party headed by Vice-President Abdus Sattar. The other five constituents were the pro-Peking National Awami Party, the Bangladesh Muslim League, the leftist United People's Party, the rightist Labour Party and the Tapshili Federation.

The five Opposition parties which formed the Democratic Unity Front were General Ataul Ghani Osmani's own Jatiya Janata Party, the Awami League, the pro-Moscow National Awami Party, the Gonoazadi League and the People's League.

Ever since General Zia took over the presidency in April last year from Justice A. M. Sayem, he had been trying to arrive at a national consensus to restore a democratically elected government. Late in April, he announced that presidential elections would be held on June 3 and open politics were allowed from May 1.

The Awami League, which is the largest political party in the country, had attacked the Government for calling the election at such short notice. The Opposition Front, of which the League was a part, had earlier demanded that Zia resign as Army Chief of Staff and Chief Martial Law Administrator, withdraw martial law and extend the date of the election by at least 90 days.

General Osmani had alleged that the election, "which cannot, in the circumstances, be either free or fair", was an attempt to impose a presidential system "on people against their wishes". The Government had repeatedly offered assurances that the election would be "absolutely fair".

What probably clinched Zia's victory was the improvement in the country's eco-

THE CONTEST, one of personality rather than policy, was between Gen M. A. G. Osmani (left) and Gen Zia-ur-Rahman—seen with his wife and Emperor Hirohito of Japan.

nomy. His election campaign emphasised his 19-point programme of development and that such programmes are best implemented by a powerful executive.

What may be held against Zia is that he did not give up his posts of Army Chief and Chief Martial Law Administrator, nor revoke martial law. His supporters said in his defence that it was not Zia who declared martial law but Khondakar Mushtaq Ahmed who was later overthrown. The proclamation was signed by Osmani who was Defence Adviser to Mushtaq Ahmed.

General Osmani has excellent credentials as a champion of parliamentary democracy. He was the only Awami League MP who resigned from the party in protest against Mujib turning Bangladesh into a one-party country in 1975. He was also com-

mander of the Bangladesh Liberation forces in 1971 when Zia, then a Major, was a sector commander under him. This lent Osmani stature in a country where, except for Mujib, national heroes have been soldiers.

The election battle in Bangladesh was one of personalities rather than policies. The two opposing fronts were equally mixed and incongruous in their constituents. As Denzil Peiris remarked: "The threads holding together these bizarre patchwork quilts are not coherent, agreed programmes of action but prospect of power and its accompanying patronage. Given the social origins of the elites who constitute the power structure in Bangladesh, it is unlikely that any perceptible impact will be made on (the country's) poverty by either Zia or Osmani."

G. N.

The Unwanted Biharis Of Bangladesh

There are almost 300,000 men, women and children still languishing in 17 camps spread out over Bangladesh. Looked after for some years by the International Red Cross and now the Bangladesh Red Cross, all they get today is 3½ kg of foodgrains. No jobs in the Government or the private sector. All they do to keep alive is drive pedicabs, work on daily wages, sell chana and groundnuts or paan on footpaths. They are the erstwhile Urdu-speaking Biharis who, after the liberation of Bangladesh, opted for Pakistan.

By the second agreement of 1973, to which India is a signatory, Pakistan had agreed to take them in exchange for Pakistanis stranded in Bangladesh and release of



Pakistan prisoners-of-war. Those "Biharis" who were in the Pakistan Central Government service and whose families were divided were taken by Pakistan. 300,000 remain—unwanted, uncared for and in desperate plight. They are described as "non-locals". The Non-Local Repatriation Committee knocks in vain on doors of Pakistani embassies to honour their Government's commitment.



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"Democracy Demands Self-Discipline" — Indira Gandhi

INDIAN voters have on the whole shown an understanding of what goes on around them. If some are misled by false propaganda or diverted by irrelevant factors, their number is not larger than those of their literate, even educated, counterparts in other countries. The Indian voter tries to find where his interests lie and exercises his right to vote with political sophistication in spite of the competitive platforms of numerous parties even in the face of threat and violence.

Our laws and customs, even our thinking, are heavily weighted in favour of the status quo. Our people face problems of gigantic proportions and the system must have the flexibility to allow for changes in the socio-economic set-up. Our democracy must be dedicated to planned economic development, the peaceful transformation of an old social order and the uplifting of millions of people from conditions of social, economic and technological underdevelopment. We must cater for the genuine needs of ordinary people without neglecting the long-term development of the country. Thus what we have to attempt is not a mere imitation of the Westminster system but a creative application of a meaningful democracy to the vastly different economic and social problems of India. Democracy even in the West is of different kinds. How can India bind herself to a two-party system or any other very specific formula?

Our people have tolerated disparities for centuries but today no one regards poverty as the will of God and there is sharper resentment of and resistance to any injustice. People will support a system only so long as they believe it serves their interests. If the poor feel that democracy is not solving the problems of poverty they may drift towards, or more likely precipitate, a change.

If the privileged are afraid of democracy giving too much importance to the underprivileged, they will employ their considerable power to prevent this happening and, if necessary, go to the extent of upsetting or modifying the system. The use of money power during and even after elections is a matter of grave concern. And where is democracy if there is rigging or bogus voting or preventing some sections from casting their votes? Another matter for consideration is the growing importance of the party machine which inhibits individual choice.

In modern society, freedom cannot be the unrestricted play of individualism nor the apotheosis of private interests and private enterprises as against social interest and the public good. Freedom should not be interpreted as licence. It is a delicate and continuous balancing of the rights of the individual with the rights of society. For instance the right of property should not stand in the way of progressive and necessary social legislation to lessen glaring inequalities of wealth and to bring the reality of economic freedom to larger sections of the population.

Shouldering Responsibilities

Democracy assures certain privileges but it also enjoins certain responsibilities on the citizen. If the privileges are limited to certain classes or sections, there is no democracy. Likewise, if the responsibilities are not shouldered, democracy cannot endure. Unfortunately this aspect does not seem to interest many people.

Democracy demands self-discipline and a certain moderation and accommodation in behaviour. Yet the very competitiveness of democracy encourages the opposite. This is relevant not to India alone but to all countries which have different races, religions or other such groupings.

"We Have To Make It Workable"

— Y. B. Chavan

"I have no doubt that democracy will survive in this country. I have faith in the people's wisdom, their capacity to face problems."—Y. B. Chavan

—P. Dayal



WELL, as far as the theme is concerned, I do not like the way it is worded: "Are We Fit For Democracy?" Personally I think if smacks of an autocratic approach. It is not a question whether India is fit for democracy or not but how we make democracy workable. But, when you say that political parties are cracking up, the interpretation is wrong. The only party which is cracking at the present moment is the ruling party which claims itself to be a party. It was never one—it was essentially a party alliance.

The Congress also has split in the last two months and it has split before too. It was particularly identified with the evolution of the party system in this country. In a democratic system, there are bound to be differences of opinion for the polarisation and realignment of forces. So the splitting of a party is not something which is very unhealthy, I would say. It is an inevitable process and it is quite natural at this stage in our country during the process of evolution of democracy.



—Jaywant Ullal, "STERN"

"The use of money power during and even after elections is a matter of grave concern. And where is democracy if there is rigging or bogus voting?"—Indira Gandhi

The type of squabbling that we see today is not a healthy sign, for it is based on certain issues arising out of the personal ambitions of individuals.

I personally feel democracy has a real meaning for the common people. Democracy cannot be separated from the freedom of this country. At least they appear to be synonymous. Ours is a complex country—the social and economic problems that we have to contend with are numerous. No other system can lead to the transition of this system.

I do not think people favour autocratic rule—some may, out of fear and disgust, say that the authoritarian system is good. But the majority will not favour authoritarianism. The 1977 elections are ample proof of it—the manner in which they rejected the authoritarian regime. Of course the Janata Party that presides over our country has caused disappointment and disillusionment. I personally do not think that it is going to be very easy for Mrs Gandhi to come back. These by-elections are given too much importance. Normally by-elections go against the ruling party.

Defections: An Odious Development

Today parties are getting conditioned to be prepared for new programmes. The Congress Party itself is in the process of a split even now. It takes time to build an organisation, build cadres. From the long-term point of view these developments appear favourable.

I have never approved of political defections. But what could be called a defection is a matter of argument.

About such parallels in democratic systems abroad, floor-crossing is a common occurrence. It is also quite an old institution. But the defection in the Indian sense is the changing of parties for "offices of power". That situation is peculiar to India. I once chaired a committee appointed by Parliament in 1968. I was entirely in agreement with the recommendations made by this committee, where some sort of legislative measures were considered essential to prevent

defections but it is difficult to define defection.

I won't express any view about the Congress (I) functioning in Parliament—it would be contempt of the House. But this system of blocking the proceedings is not conducive to developing democracy.

Violence Is Undemocratic

Well, when we talk of violence in a democracy, we are entering into the theoretical part. I personally disapprove of any form of violence and believe it is unhealthy for democracy. Violence is not necessary for toppling authoritarian systems. That can be done in a democratic way. Regarding "police violence" I would certainly call an ideal police force one which does not resort to firing and lathi-charge. But it is a question of proper training.

It is quite possible that such police forces can be built up and, as we know, such police forces do exist in other parts of the world. Certainly workers have the right to organise demonstrations. But you have to ensure that they don't become violent. Demonstrations are a part of the democratic way of life.

I do not think communal riots are inevitable. Once you take that position—that they are inevitable—then there is a tendency to justify it. They are not inevitable at all. As a matter of fact, some of these are arising out of the process of social transformation.

I have no doubt that democracy will survive in this country. I have faith in the people's wisdom, their capacity to face problems. It is suited only to the genius of the people. This is my own experience and my conviction.

"Destroy Capitalists, Preserve Democracy" — E. M. S.

THERE is no question of India or any other country, for that matter, being unfit for democracy. A political democracy is the essential prerequisite for the modernisation of all backward socio-economic systems.

In working a democracy, innumerable difficulties naturally arise, as they have arisen in India. But to say that these difficulties are so insurmountable that it is better to go back to some sort of despotic rule goes against the lessons of history. Most of India's neighbours like Pakistan, Sri Lanka, etc. have had a parliamentary democratic set-up replaced either temporarily—as in Sri Lanka—or for a longer time—as in Pakistan. That, however, did not solve their problems, which were intended to be resolved through the despotic rule. Even under martial law reforms, there have been successive changes in the nature of the despotism, which shows that despotism has no better record than democracy in solving the national problems.



"We have to firmly resist the foreign monopolies in the employ of the rich nations which try to penetrate our national economy."—E. M. S. Namboodiripad

What we have to see is the nature of the socio-economic transformations required in all these countries and the problems arising therefrom. In spite of the multiplicity of concrete forms, India and all her neighbours share among them the common feature that they have rapidly to overcome the legacies of one or another form of pre-capitalist social institutions and modernise the societies. The methods to be adopted for achieving this common objective are those more or less copied from the experience of the present-day advanced capitalist countries. We however are attempting to develop ourselves along the capitalist pattern. In an epoch of human history where capitalism has reached a very advanced stage of its crisis, the methods adopted here, therefore, not only do not solve the problems but, on the other hand, generate more and more crises—economic, political and ideological.

People's Programme

To be more specific, the task in India is, on the one hand, to destroy such antiquated institutions as caste and practices arising therefrom and, on the other, to so develop the economy or to modernise it without strengthening the hands of big landlords and monopoly capitalists. At the same time, the foreign monopolies in the employ of the rich nations do try to penetrate our national economy and this has to be firmly resisted.

The CPI(M), along with other left and democratic parties, is placing before the people a programme of preserving and strengthening democracy and using the democratic institutions to make greater and greater inroads into the power and property of big landlords including monopolists and foreign capitalists. It goes without saying that they require the widest public mobilisation of the working people. Here is the essence of democracy.

Unless all political parties and mass organisations adopt their approach what is called the crisis of democracy in India will not be solved.

"Too Much Politics, Too Little Citizenship" — Minoo Masani

PUT this way, no country really is, including ours. With our massive population, tremendous distances, illiteracy and the communication gap, the absence of a nonconformist conscience, the absence of grassroots vigilance and activity and chronic indiscipline in every walk of life, it would really be surprising if we should be fit for democracy.

But, then, who is? Fitness for democracy is essentially relative. We may not be as fit for it as the people around the Atlantic or in Japan, Australia and New Zealand. On the other hand, we probably are more fit for it than those in Africa.

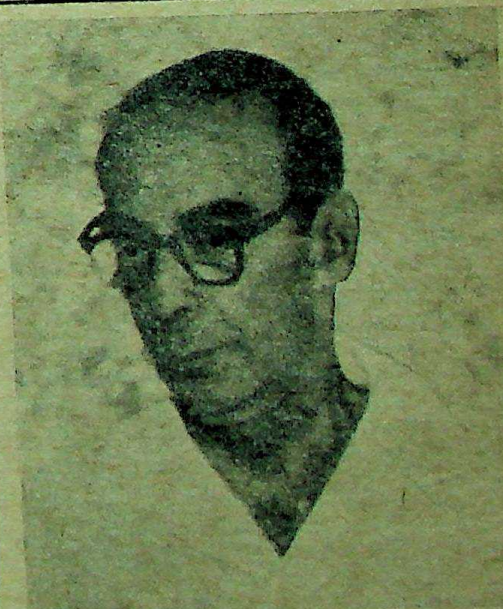
So what? Is it suggested that, in the absence of such fitness, we settle for an authoritarian if not a totalitarian regime? Is it suggested that we fall prey to the

false dichotomy of "Bread vs Freedom" which the Marxists are only too ready to sell us?

Would it really help if we did? The answer, judging by experience, is in the negative. Such an attitude of defeatism would only lead to permanent stagnation and the permanent stunting of our people.

Through Trial And Error

Fitness for democracy can only be developed by the practice of freedom, even though it may take a little time, as it did in Britain from the days of the Magna Carta onwards. It is in fact a continuing process where a people progress towards the ideal conditions of democracy through trial and error.



"Is it suggested that we fall prey to the false dichotomy of 'Bread vs Freedom' which the Marxists are only too ready to sell us?"

—Minoo Masani



THE LAW IN ACTION. Says Minoo Masani: "We must revert to the liberal idea of limited government. Gandhiji, who knew our people, understood this very well and that is why he repeatedly said 'that government is best which governs the least'. Picture shows policemen dispersing demonstrators in Delhi.

The last word on the subject was said by Winston Churchill, both a great democrat and a strong leader: "Of all the known systems of government, democracy is undoubtedly the worst—except all the others!"

If we are to develop fitness for democracy, there are two basic preconditions. The first is the development of voluntary grass-roots activity. We suffer from too much politics and too little citizenship and this imbalance has to be rectified. As a British statesman once said: "We must educate our masters."

The second precondition is that we do not ask too much of the democratic system and that we do not burden this tender plant

with all the junk that we have acquired as a result of what is called socialism but is in practice state capitalism and bureaucratic statism. That was the path along which India was led by Jawaharlal Nehru and, unless we undertake a 'U-turn' and get away from it, there is little hope. Democracy and state socialism cannot co-exist for very long.

We have to push back the frontiers of government if our young democracy has to survive. In other words, we must revert to the liberal idea of limited government.

Gandhiji, who knew our people, understood this very well and that is why he repeatedly said: "That government is best which governs the least".

"History Alone Can Tell" — Girilal Jain

I KNOW of no yardstick which I can use to measure India's or, for that matter, any other country's fitness or otherwise to promote and sustain democratic institutions. For instance, on the strength of what I had read of the German and Japanese "character" in the late 'thirties and 'forties, I used to be quite sceptical about the prospects of democracy in those countries. But West Germany is today one of the most stable democracies in the world and despite occasional alarms I know of no one who seriously believes that democratic institutions are about to collapse in Japan.

As would be evident to the readers of this journal from the article I wrote in its July 30 issue I am deeply concerned that the Janata is not displaying the capacity to play the role the Congress played from the time of independence till March 1977. But it does not follow that democracy will go under. The governments at the Centre and in the States may not be as stable, purposeful and effective as the Congress ones were in much

of the previous 30 years. This could doubtless create serious problems. But France lived with frequent changes of government and ineffectual governments for decades in the past. It, of course, finally discarded the parliamentary form of government in favour of the presidential one. But so can India if it is clearly established in the coming years that the present system does not answer to its needs.

India is passing through a highly turbulent period. The atrocities on the Harijans, the growing militancy among them, the violent Maratha-Mahar clashes in Maharashtra over so small an issue as the renaming of a university, the new aggressiveness of the so-called backward communities, the electoral victories of the CPM in West Bengal and Tripura, and the renewed controversy on the language issue are all expressions of this turbulence. No one need, therefore, be surprised if more and more people come to hanker after stability and order which Mrs Indira Gandhi claims to have brought to the country

during the Emergency. But that, too, need not spell the end of democracy, though there is likely to be a clamour for putting the lid on social turbulence and Mrs Gandhi, if once again in power, is likely to be tempted to do so not only in her personal and family's interest but also in what she regards as the larger national interest.

The temptation to opt for a strong leader and government can be greatly strengthened if the economy stagnates and consequently unemployment increases, if a couple of bad monsoons drastically reduce the food output and send prices skyrocketing as in the mid-'sixties and the early 'seventies, if the threat to national integrity is seen to have become acute as a result of the growth of regional parties or anything else, if the law and order situation deteriorates markedly on a long-term basis and if the moral and political authority of those in office in New Delhi declines sharply. But none of this is unavoidable. Certainly none of this is inherent either in the Indian "character" or in the Indian situation and cannot, therefore, be the basis of the conclusion that we are not fit for being a democracy.

Committed Intelligentsia

Personally I have never been impressed by the claim that we were familiar with democratic institutions long before the Greeks because I have regarded it, whether justified or not, as irrelevant. To manage small tribes dependent on primitive agriculture is one thing and to manage a country of 630 million people in ferment is quite another. But it is pertinent that the present-day Indian intelligentsia is by and large committed to democracy. Indeed, in the absence of a strong indigenous political culture and tradition, it has nothing else to fall back upon. It, therefore, is not an accident that while Pakistan in 1947 took to what has appropriately been called the viceregal form of government, India owned up the other aspect of the common inheritance from the British—the parliamentary system of government. Nothing that has happened since has shaken this commitment. This, of course, does not clinch the issue. But nothing else does either.

Thus, in the final analysis, we have to accept the Hegelian view that "the real is rational". India will have proved itself fit for democracy if it is able to sustain democratic institutions in the stormy period ahead and unfit if it fails to do so. To put it differently, history alone can answer the question and that, too, temporarily.

"The temptation to opt for a strong leader and government can be greatly strengthened if the economy stagnates and consequently unemployment increases".

—Girilal Jain
Editor, "The Times of India"



"It Is Relevant And Enduring"

—Nikhil Chakravartty

THE maxim that a country gets the Government it deserves is not infallible. We were supremely self-satisfied about our claim to be a democratic country, enjoying a superiority complex as democracies began to be snuffed out in our neighbouring countries.

But when Indira Gandhi imposed the Emergency in 1975, we were made to realise how brittle was our democracy and, almost overnight, many amongst us—politicians, academics, jurists, journalists and many others claiming to be educated—started seeing virtues in absolute rule. Some began spinning out theories—and these too are not indigenous but imported—that the democratic system does not suit our conditions.

Self-Acclaimed Guardians

Honest self-introspection is not a matter of habit for most of our educated elite. Had we raised that commodity in adequate quantity, they would have been candid enough to confess that, after all the kowtowing that they had enthusiastically demonstrated during the Emergency, they at least should have no business to pose as the guardians of our democracy. And, when the Emergency was defeated at the polls, the very same tribe—at least most of them—began to claim with amazing felicity how troubled they were at the blackout of democracy under the Emergency and how silently but heroically they were trying to keep the lamp of liberty burning even in that darkness. Time-servers know their job but they are surely not the best sentinels of democracy.

Committed Democrats

What we are witnessing today under the Janata Raj is the rebound from the Emergency. It is not that a whole host of committed democrats have suddenly come to power. In fact, some of those who hold the reins of power today are congenitally allergic to democratic functioning. They would have revelled under any Emergency if they were in the ruling clique at the time.

It is this which makes many of the present rulers different from Nehru who consciously imbibed the culture of a liberal democrat. This helped him in a large measure in introducing on the formal plane certain norms of political democracy. The powerful democratic traditions of our struggle for independence provided Nehru with the objective basis on which to build our structure of parliamentary democracy.

The Promised Pie

At the same time, the edifice that Nehru built had all the weaknesses of a liberal democracy. It gave the right to vote to the millions in our villages and cities, but not the right to drive out poverty and social



"The powerful democratic traditions of our struggle for independence provided Nehru with the objective basis on which to build our structure of parliamentary democracy. At the same time, the edifice that Nehru built had all the weaknesses of a liberal democracy."—Nikhil Chakravartty, Editor, "Mainstream"

degradation. The peasant has become aware of the fact that those who want to rule will have to get his consent but he himself is not invested with the power to change his condition of life and living. Inevitably the politician has been promising the peasant the pie in the sky from year to year, from decade to decade. A vadi to Bhubaneswar, Ten Points to Twenty Points—and now the Janata's omnibus programme and Charan Singh's tears for the kisan—all these are variants of the same technique by which politicians have been trying to reap the harvest of votes: while he moves from power to corruption, he does precious little for the little man who has installed him on the throne.

Need For Social Justice

If our democracy is fragile and has the danger of becoming irrelevant to millions of the underprivileged, it is not that we as a nation are not fit for democracy. All over the world the realisation has been spreading fast that, without enforcing social justice, democracy cannot be sustained. This is more true of our country than in many other parts of the world. Democracy to be real for the overwhelming mass of our people must ensure social justice. From defence of the Harijan to abolition of caste ostracism, from reducing economic disparities to ensuring a decent living standard, from right to work to right to education, health and housing—all these have to be established before we can claim that democracy for seven hundred million of our people is not only relevant but enduring as well.

(To Be Continued)

DEMOCRACY AT WORK? Nikhil Chakravartty notes: "If our democracy is fragile and has the danger of becoming irrelevant to millions of the underprivileged, it is not that we as a nation are not fit for democracy. All over the world the realisation has been spreading fast that, without enforcing social justice, democracy cannot be sustained." Picture shows fisherwomen queuing before a polling booth in Bombay in March 1977.

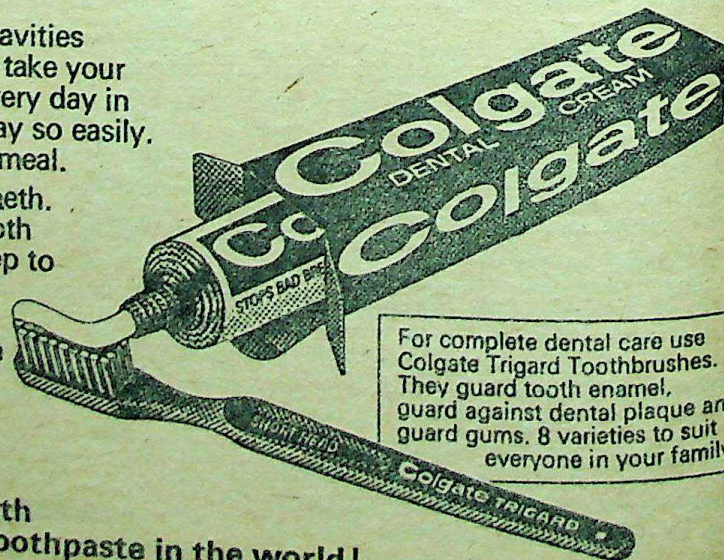




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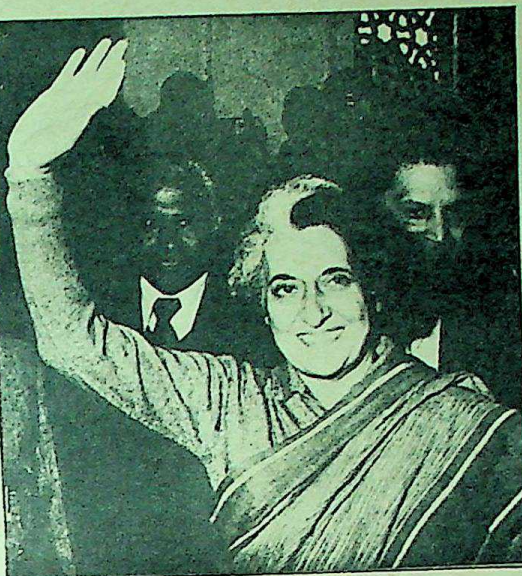
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To Try Or Not To Try?



Last week Frank Anthony presented the defence of Mrs Gandhi. This week the author, who is Counsel for the Central Government at the Shah Commission, shows how "there is no constitutional or legal bar against prosecuting her".

by P. N. LEKHI

THE question whether Indira Gandhi should be tried or not can be answered in two ways. She should not be tried for the mere fun of it but, if there is any offence for which she can be proceeded against in a court, she should not be spared.

Like any other person who commits any offence, Indira Gandhi is also answerable to the courts established by law. No immunity under the law is attached to the person named Indira Gandhi. No such immunity is attached to any person who holds or has held the office of Prime Minister.

Of course an attempt was made by Indira Gandhi when she was Prime Minister to create a "special class of criminals" from amongst persons who held or had held office as Speaker, Prime Minister, etc, but fortunately her plan aborted.

There is no constitutional or legal bar against prosecuting Indira Gandhi.

Emergency Hangover

Indira Gandhi refused to take part in the proceedings of the Shah Commission. She and her advisers advanced novel legal propositions—some of them, to put it politely, insisted that the cart always be before the horse.

I do not blame Indira Gandhi or her advisers for what they said or did—the hangover of the Emergency was much too evident in their mannerisms, performance and the contempt they showed for the rule of law.

But Indira Gandhi had other good reasons also to avoid appearing before the Commission. Firstly, she was required to take oath when she had a bitter experience of oaths and judges. Judges write judgments in

which they comment on the veracity or otherwise of what is said under oath in court. This process is not to the liking of Indira Gandhi who is adept only in one-way traffic in conversation.

Justice Sinha of the Allahabad High Court, referring to the sworn testimony of Indira Gandhi, disbelieved her on 27 counts. She was in his court for exactly 6 hours and 45 minutes—one untruth after every 15 minutes was the average. She would not take oath again. How could she be sure that the speed may not increase?

Secondly, Indira Gandhi strongly disapproves of anyone questioning her on what she has said. And lawyers have the habit of cross-examination. Such examination crosses Indira Gandhi. She thinks she is the unquestioned one and the Commission thought otherwise.

Thirdly, there were so many pitfalls in her way, especially the stray documents which somehow remained in the files and ultimately reached the hands of the Shah Commission. These documents incapacitated her vast capacity to weave yarns.

Smart Move

In my view Indira Gandhi has reaped good dividends by deliberately avoiding the Shah Commission—the exposures in her cross-examination would have tied her into knots. But I do not think she can avoid those disclosures for long.

In view of Indira Gandhi's attitude, Justice Shah was left with but one alternative—to draw inferences on the basis of legal presumptions.

If the promulgation of internal emergency was all that essential, as Indira Gandhi and her henchmen tried to make out after June 25, 1975, she missed a wonderful opportunity to prove that it was in fact a necessity and the prevailing circumstances warranted that step.

The Commission held Indira Gandhi as the person responsible for misuse of authority and abuse of power (the case of the two judges of the High Courts), subverting established administrative procedure and conventions (when appointing K. R. Puri Governor of the Reserve Bank), abuse of

her position and misuse of the powers of the Prime Minister (in ordering the arrest of Bhimsen Sachar and seven others). Her role in ordering the wholesale arrests and detentions on June 25, 1975, and misuse of Government machinery for personal ends also came in for comment.

So far, only three FIRs have been registered against Indira Gandhi. The first seeks to make out conspiracy hatched by her and six others leading to detention of leaders under MISA and misuse of Government machinery for organising rallies in her support. The second relates to the illegal arrests of Mr Sachar and seven others and the third holds her responsible for institution of criminal proceedings against Mr Krishnaswamy, Deputy Secretary, Heavy Industries, and three other officers merely because, much against her desire, they sought to collect information relating to Maruti to prepare the answers to be given to Parliament.

Emergency excesses stemmed from a criminal conspiracy designed and hatched by Indira Gandhi to keep herself in power. This was not an ordinary conspiracy by an ordinary person put into operation in the ordinary way. The apparatus of the state was utilised to carry it out—the kingpin being the person then holding the office of Prime Minister.

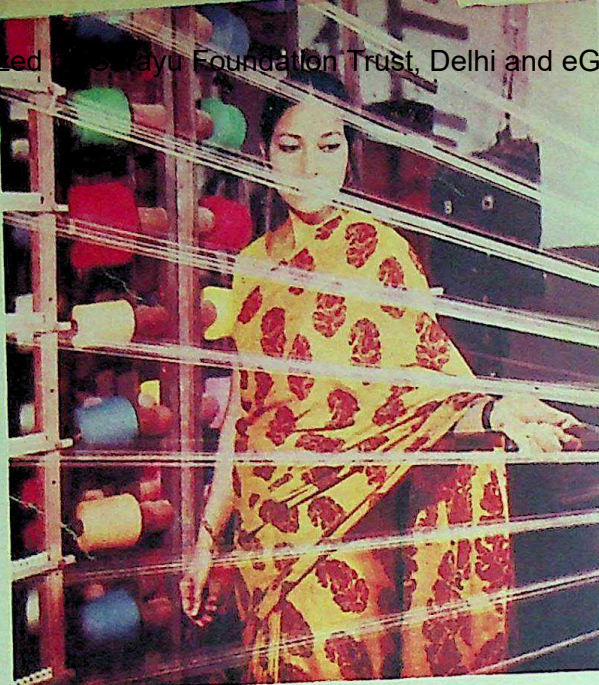
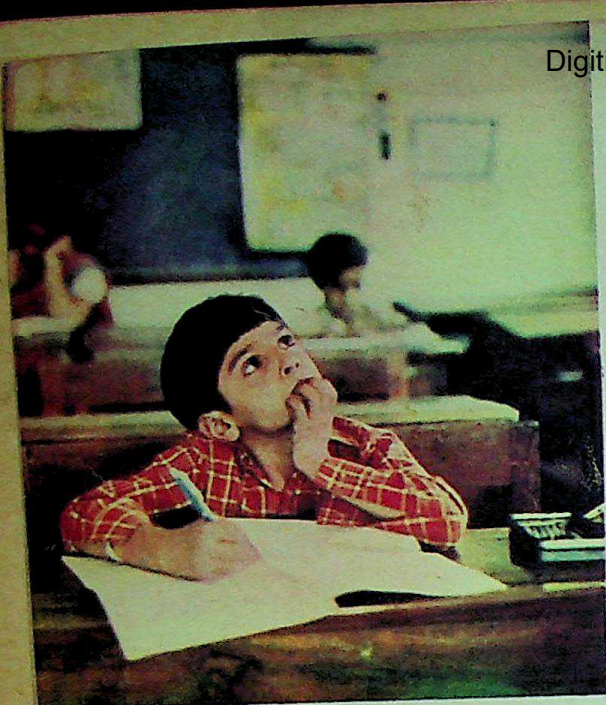
As Prime Minister she was already clothed with vast powers, powers which increased manifold on procuring the Presidential proclamations suspending fundamental rights.

Extraordinary Situation

Here lies the rationale for a departure from ordinary procedure known to law. The ordinary procedure followed by the courts applies to the common course of human conduct and established procedure for transacting official business. When a situation arises where such established procedure itself is subverted, the ordinary procedure for criminal trials becomes irrelevant and defeats the very purpose it is designed to serve.

The Shah Commission had conclusive evidence that most of the orders at the root of the emergency excesses were oral—whether Indira Gandhi issued them to the State Chief Ministers or her minions did the same at their respective levels. This is not the established procedure for transacting official business. To render full justice the procedure for the trial of the emergency excesses has to change in a manner that on one set of facts being proved the other set of facts may be presumed unless Indira Gandhi and other accused prove the contrary. There is nothing novel or new in it. It is already followed in the trial of offences dealing with smugglers, gold control, corruption, etc. Nobody has a vested right in procedure and she cannot make any grievance.

This basic fact alone makes it necessary that a special tribunal or court following a special procedure should try Indira Gandhi and others. Because of the wholesale subversion of the official machinery, the presumption that official acts were regularly performed no longer holds good and ordinary procedure rests on the foundation of such a presumption.



INDIA

1947

1978

POPULATION

1941-51

Population (million)	359
Birth Rate (per '000)	39.9
Death Rate (per 1,000)	27.4

Expectation of Life at Birth (years)

Males	19.4
Females	20.9

NATIONAL INCOME

1950-51

National Income (Rs crores)	9,078
Per Capita Income (Rs)	253

EDUCATION

Literacy	16.6%
Primary Schools ('000s)	210
Universities	30

HEALTH

Hospital Beds ('000s)	113
Doctors ('000s)	56

POWER

1950-51

Electricity Capacity (million kw)	2.3
Electricity Generation (billion kwh)	5.3

POPULATION

1976-81

Population (million)	623
Birth Rate (per '000)	29.6
Death Rate (per '000)	12.8

Expectation of Life at Birth (years)

Males	53.8
Females	52.6

NATIONAL INCOME

1977-78

National Income (Rs crores)	(23,400)
Per capita income (Rs)	(375)

EDUCATION

Literacy	29.5%
Primary Schools ('000s)	404
Universities	86

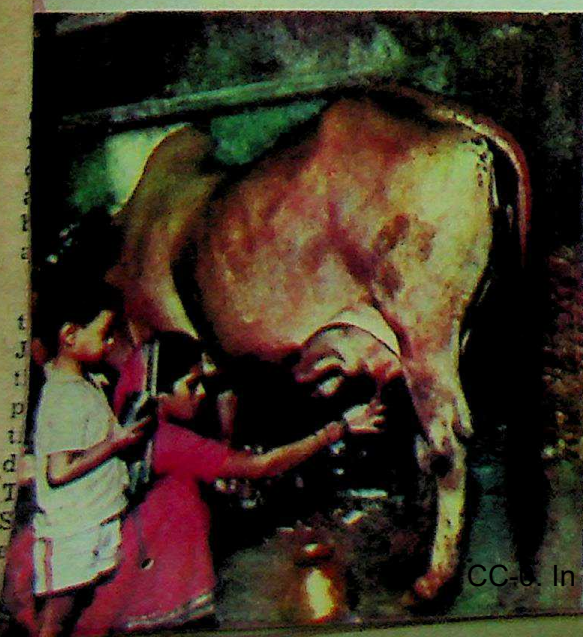
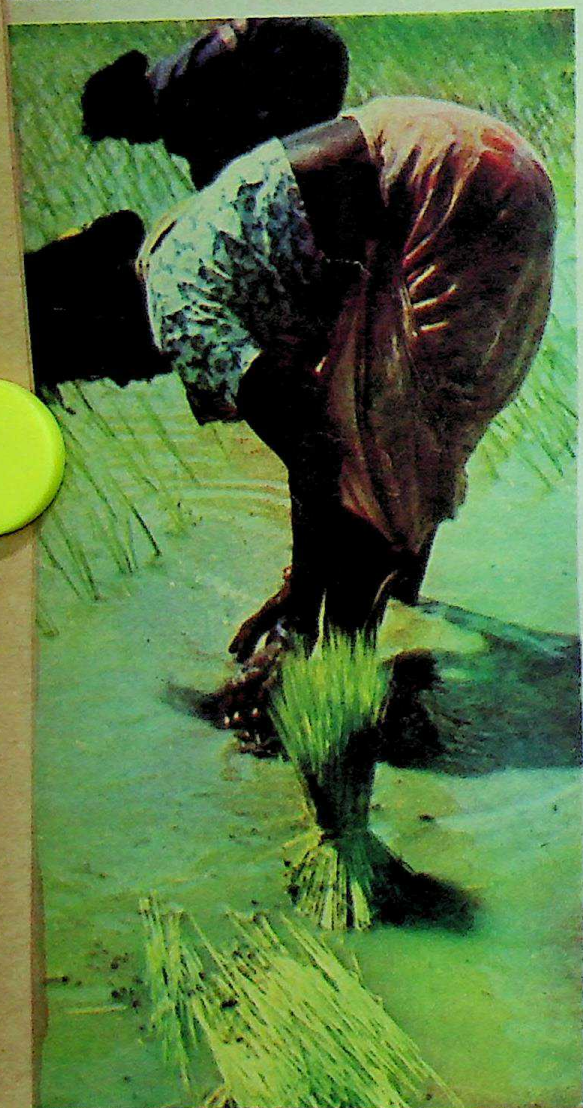
HEALTH

Hospital Beds ('000s)	287
Doctors ('000s)	154

POWER

1977-78

Electricity Capacity (million kw)	(26.0)
Electricity Generation (billion kwh)	(99.0)



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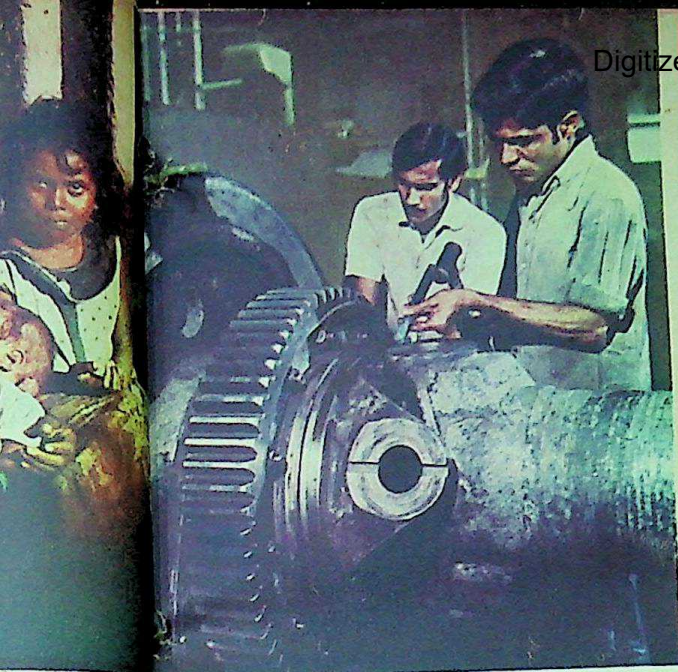
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We originally planned to make this feature a chart of our progress since Independence. However, figures are not available for 1947 as also for 1978. The non-availability of reliable and up-to-date statistics is a basic flaw in the management of our economy.

1947

1978

AGRICULTURE

1950-51 (1959-62=100)

Agricultural Production Index	68.9
Agricultural Productivity Index	83.2
Foodgrains Production (million tonnes)	55.0
Irrigated Area, Gross (million hectares)	22.6
Fertiliser Consumption ('000 tonnes of nutrients)	56
1. Nitrogenous	7
2. Phosphatic	

INDUSTRY 1950-51

Industrial Production Index	33.6
Steel Ingots (million tonnes)	1.5
Cotton Cloth (billion metres)	4.2
	('000 tonnes)
Coal	32,843
Cement	2,732
Paper and Paperboard	134
Cotton and Other Textiles	3,43,014
	(lakh metres)

TRANSPORT 1950-51

Surfaced Roads ('000 km)	157
Shipping Tonnage ('000 GRT)	391
Railway Freight (million tonnes)	93

AGRICULTURE

1977-78 (1959-62=100)

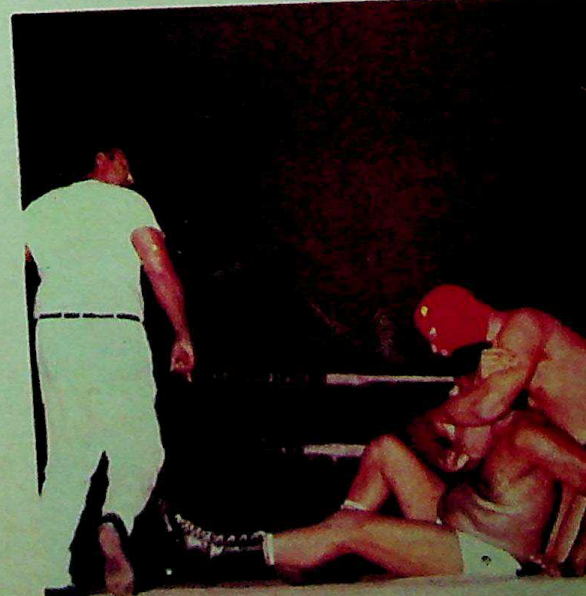
Agricultural Production Index	(149.0)
Agricultural Productivity Index	not available
Foodgrain Production (million tonnes)	(120.0)
Irrigated Area, Gross (million hectares)	49.0
Fertiliser Consumption ('000 tonnes of nutrients)	
1. Nitrogenous	2,830
2. Phosphatic	(750)

INDUSTRY

1976-77	
Industrial Production Index (1970=100)	132.4
Steel Ingot Production (million tonnes)	8.4
Cotton cloth production (billion metres)	8.0
Coal	104.9 million tonnes
Cement	18.8 million tonnes
Paper and Paperboard	8.8 lakh tons
Cotton and Other Textiles	8,399 million metres

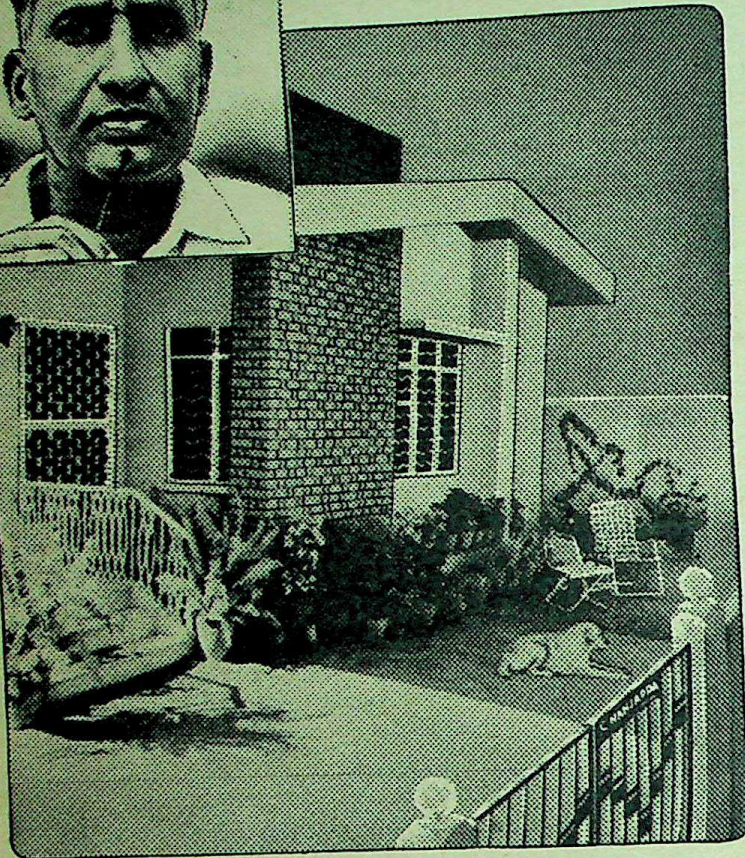
TRANSPORT

1976-77	
Surfaced Roads ('000km)	529
Shipping Tonnage ('000 GRT)	5,036
Railway Freight (million tonnes)	(236)



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The Andhra Bank Ltd.

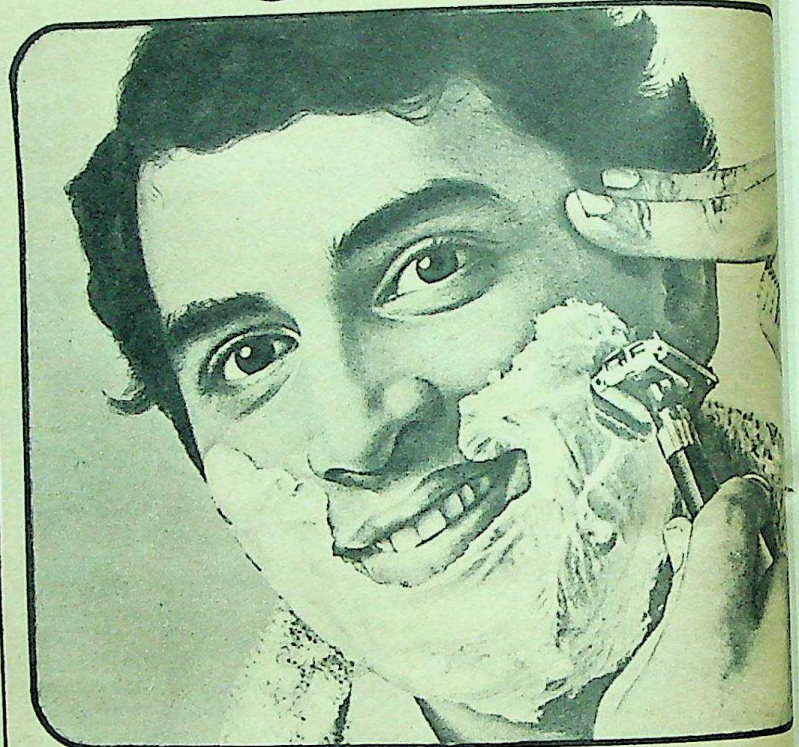
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The Editor's Page

All Things Considered

I HAVE been reading—if that is the right word to use to describe perusal of a pictorial magazine—*The Illustrated Weekly of India* since I was that high, which takes me back to the late twenties and early thirties, an admission that might as well be made to establish, if that is at all necessary, that I am no stranger to India's most prestigious journal.

In the district town where I was born and raised, the WEEKLY was almost the only reading available and I was brought up first on the WEEKLY with its beautiful, if cliché-ridden, covers and later, as my reading habits improved with the years and with parental prodding, on the *Prabuddha Bharata* and the *Modern Review*, the latter edited by the venerable Ramananda Chatterjee. All I remember of the *Prabuddha Bharata* now is its famous logo line: *Uttishthata, jagrata, prapya varannibodhata* (Arise, Awake and Stop Not Till the Goal is Reached), a quote from the *Katha Upanishad*; and of the *Modern Review* its small print and lengthy, if scholarly, articles. When the *Review* died, a part of me died with it. As for *Uttishthata*, etc, I am afraid that while my fellow countrymen may have arisen, I am doubtful that they are awake, though I am positively certain that they have no ideas what their goals should be, despite occasional somnambulant calls for *garibi hatao*, total revolution and *nava nirman*.



It is amazing how one's boyhood memories linger. The family looked forward to the arrival of the WEEKLY with much the same enthusiasm as is reserved for a newborn baby and I am sure, in the districts, it is as true today as it was fifty years ago. The WEEKLY is essentially a family magazine. The reading matter, I must admit, was not much to talk about. But pictorially and certainly for a child, the WEEKLY was a treasure house. One skipped the skippable, one sought to be a member of the Young Folks' League and Aunt Wendy, bless her heart, was a dear. Aunt, I have since learnt, has had several transmigrations of the soul.

My introduction to art, again, was solely through the WEEKLY and I am told that some of its earliest artists and many of its photographers are still among the living, a situation I rejoice in. In fact, the WEEKLY was something of an educational institution. We did not read it for political commentary; there wasn't any of it, anyway. We looked at the wedding pictures and sometimes made rude remarks about the bride and the groom.

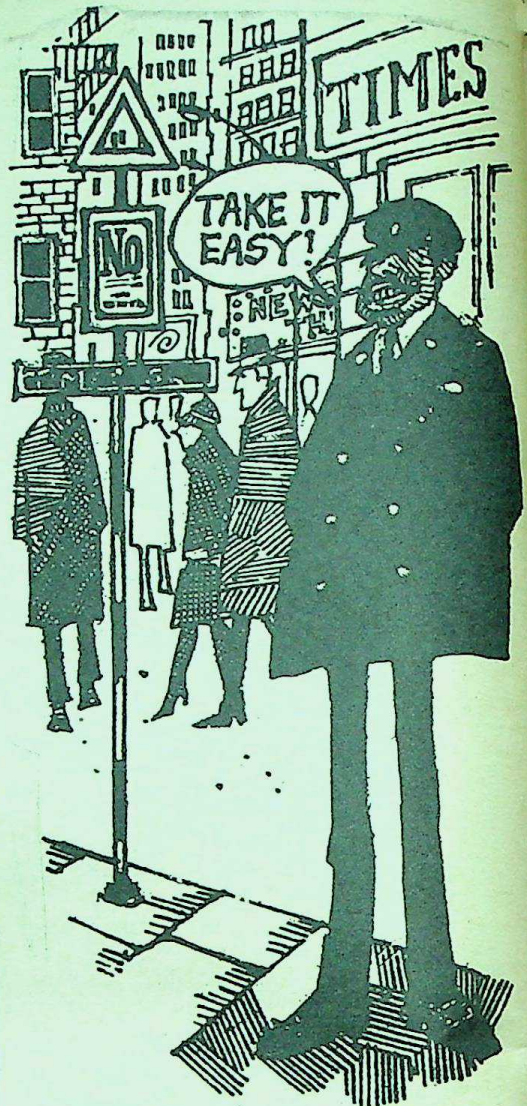
From the plethora of magazines that stare at me from news-stands I understand that things have changed in the publishing world; their message is clear: what sells is an explosive mix of politics and sex. It is a message that has the force of revelation. Like the poor, I suppose, politics will always be with us. Indeed, take away politics from Indian life and what remains? A large cosmic void, that's what. But sex?

I had always been told by my elders and betters that sex should be enjoyed in private and not displayed in public and that politics should be enjoyed in public but shunned like the devil in private. Elders, unfortunately, do not always get a hearing in these days of *Playboy* and *Penthouse* magazines and their pale imitations. And sometimes, I do realise, we can get our lines hopelessly crossed, which is likely what is happening.

The point, I suppose, is to know where politics ends and sex begins, but for that we obviously need to be better educated in the subtleties of the one and the pitfalls of the other. One thing is clear to me: a reader needs to be informed, even enlightened, entertained but not titillated. Between entertainment and titillation falls the shadow.

However, it is by no means clear to me that the fine distinction between entertainment and titillation is often understood in many quarters or, if understood, appreciated. Sometimes I have the eerie feeling that politics is only sex by other means.

A NEW EDITOR has a problem on how to maintain continuity while indicating change, which, in the best of times, is a tricky affair. I really ought to bone up on philosophy and reread Martin Buber's *Being and Becoming* which is like saying that to know how to ride a Honda you must read *Zen and the Art of Motor Cycle Repairs*, but there is a point there. A journal is an organic thing, with a predictable life of its own, and you tamper with it at your own peril. The WEEKLY's format, its essential style, its elan, so to speak, will remain as before under a distinguished line of editors whose memory I evoke; yet, let it be remembered, change is the law of life and where there is no



change there stagnation prevails. I am reminded of an interview that the distinguished Sovietologist, George Kennan, gave to the *New York Times Magazine* a couple of months ago. Kennan, as readers are undoubtedly aware, is the one who, under the pseudonym X, wrote an article in *Foreign Affairs* in 1947 calling for the containment of Communism. In his interview to Marilyn Berger he was asked whether it was the same Kennan who was now asserting that the Russian leadership was conservative, that the Soviet Union was not expansionist and that the USSR was against war. "Do you really mean that you think it would have been better if in these 30 years I had learned nothing and were saying precisely the same things that I said in 1947?" was his startling reply.

Precisely. Things do change and must. And these will be noticed in the weeks and months ahead. The WEEKLY will change, and yet remain the same. They have a saying: *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. The more things change, the more they remain the same. Readers, I hope, will like the changes. Other cooks other curries, other tongues other tastes, other times other trends.

YOU can say that the United States of America is a nation of fads and you won't be too wrong.

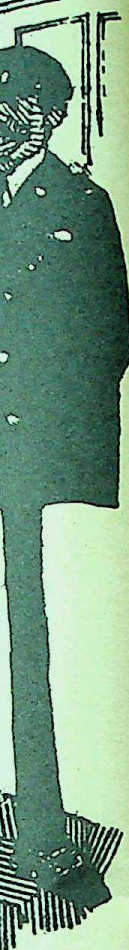
In the mid-fifties, when I was reporting for the Press Trust of India from the United Nations in New York, the phrase was: Take it easy.

I would pick up the first edition of the next day's *New York Times* around mid-

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MES



Harijan Women

The Most Downtrodden Of The Downtrodden

It is unfortunate enough to be poor and illiterate. It is worse to be poor, illiterate and a member of the Scheduled Castes. In addition, to be a woman from this underprivileged section is to be the most downtrodden among the downtrodden.

by VIMLA PATIL

IN recent months newspapers have been full of reports of the atrocities committed by caste Hindus against Harijans. Particularly Bihar, Andhra, Tamil Nadu and Uttar Pradesh have been in the glare of publicity on account of the alarming spread of violence and the general climate of hatred and fear among caste Hindus and Scheduled Castes. For instance, cases of violence and atrocities have become so common in Bihar, that a study team headed by Ram Dhan and eight other Members of Parliament had to be summoned to tour the State to examine cases of brutality, murder, looting and rape. In Karnataka, landless Harijans have repeatedly suffered loss of property and life at the hands of the economically stronger sections of society. In Andhra, Harijans have been tortured, burnt to death and murdered by groups of landlords because of disputes over land.

Many reformers and analysts have waged opinions as to why the number of incidents and the ensuing tension have increased sharply in the past year. One analyst says that the policy of the Government, under which privileges are sought to be provided to the Scheduled Castes in education as well as employment, is in itself a limited view of the situation. It has in-built problems due to which the objectives of the policy cannot be achieved. Privileges, says this analyst, cannot exist in a vacuum. They must be accompanied by positive action and concerted efforts to bring about circumstances and improved conditions in which recipients should finally be fit to compete on an equal basis for the fruits of progress and development.

As a corollary to this thinking comes the theory that such privileges will become an inevitable part of Indian life for the next few decades, giving rise to all kinds of demands for similar privileges by other economically deprived groups. Also, as long as educational and job opportunities are available to Scheduled Caste aspirants even by turning in a very mediocre performance, what incentive will they have to imbibe the standards of excellence expected of the higher echelons of society? Instead of steadily being absorbed into the mainstream of Indian life, will they not remain an isolated section of society which cannot stand without the crutch of such privileges? This self-defeating policy has widened the chasm between the Scheduled Castes and caste Hindus who do not get similar privileges in spite of being equally economically backward.

Another opinion points out that militant forces among the Scheduled Castes are gathering strength and are now in a position to hit back, with the result that an increased number of confrontations are reported.

It is also of interest that in the post-Independence years, the earlier situation in regard to Harijans has been reversed. A few decades ago, a large number of social reformers made it their life's work to become an integral part of the life of Harijans and to work for their emancipation. These pioneers often worked against great odds and without the support of legislation. Today, the position has changed radically. The statute books offer every kind of protective law under which Harijans can seek their rights but there are no workers to translate

As in most such situations where a volcano of suppressed animus is about to erupt, the weakest section of society is the first and foremost victim. Whether violence breaks out due to economic stress, land disputes, educational opportunities or personal vendetta, women from the Scheduled Castes have had to bear the brunt of the malevolence and aggression of the higher castes. Already regarded as chattels by their own kith and kin, these women have been exploited and humiliated by their own communities as well as by caste Hindus. Again and again, running like a thread of continuity, we see cases in which Harijan women are assaulted, raped and humiliated and, to top this, we also read reports which indicate that, for fear of reprisals and further torture, neither the women nor their families resort to police complaints or retaliation. Even the police are reported to be a party to several crimes in which Harijan women are raped or sold as prostitutes.

For example, last year, two young girls of the Kahar caste in Bhojpur, Bihar, were attacked while they slept in the courtyard of their home. In an attempt to rape them, the young, high-caste miscreants ended up chopping off their arms and wounding them almost fatally. Tragically, although the girls knew the names of the culprits, they were expected not to demand justice for fear of further punishment. In Uttar Pradesh recently, a Harijan bride was kidnapped and offered for sale by a high-caste contractor. Even in metropolitan Bombay, where neither appearance nor attire can identify caste, four Harijan girls were tortured by a group of men who cut off their hair, beat them

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mercilessly and unlawfully detained them for over 24 hours. In a report from Madhya Pradesh, the police, the so-called guardians of law and order, themselves were cited as perpetrators of heinous crimes against Harijan women. Less than a year ago, a constable was arrested for raping a backward caste girl. In several cases of police misbehaviour, the victims have been helpless since their cases cannot be substantiated due to the reluctance of even eyewitnesses to come forward to give evidence. Often, mock inquiries are conducted till the publicity and public anger die a natural death and then cases are shelved for ever.

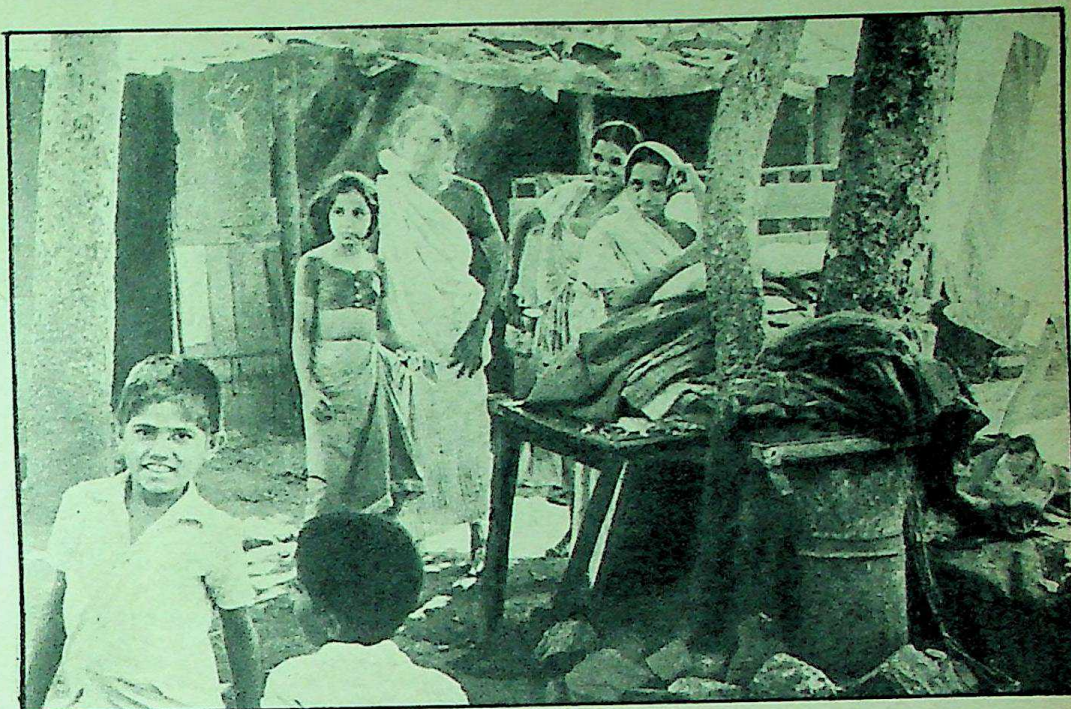
Objective Analysis

Coming at a time like this, when the subject of Harijans and their place in Indian society have acquired a great deal of political sensitivity, Harshad R. Trivedi's book, *Scheduled Caste Women: Studies In Exploitation*, is a work of some importance. Trivedi has tried to make an honest and objective analysis of the low status which hampers the lives of Harijan women and the circumstances which continue to make blind faith and ugly superstition the ruling forces of their existence.

In economic and occupational terms, says Trivedi, Scheduled Caste women have been a group exploited by their own community. Their status within their own families depends upon the taboos which rule their lives. Whenever they work outside the home, they are expected to give their earnings to the family. Change in these circumstances is possible only if a Scheduled Caste family receives the benefit of education, or if its standard of life improves on account of a better income or if they move to an urban area where caste distinctions do not matter any more. But in most Harijan families, the level of education is even now so low that the absence of this factor alone can totally prevent any change in the status of Scheduled Caste women. Trivedi observes that in rural areas particularly, though Scheduled Caste women may enjoy considerable freedom when they work outside the home, within the family their status is always governed by the needs of the family and their individual needs are considered the last priority.

The author records the findings of several surveys conducted by sociologists in rural areas and urban centres to establish that Scheduled Caste women have a life of hard work, few rights and little family security. His own findings, made from surveys in three districts—Bijapur in Karnataka, Chhatisgarh in Madhya Pradesh and Uttar Kashi in Uttar Pradesh—show that while Harijan women suffer from economic exploitation like all weaker strata of society, sexual exploitation is often the cause of their ruin and of the perpetuation of their low status.

In these three districts, which according to Trivedi are notorious for the prevalence of prostitution among Scheduled Caste women, the author and his team found three kinds of sexual exploitation. Firstly, in Bijapur district, researchers recorded several cases of girls who had been dedicated as devadasis at the temple of Yellamma. The cult which results from blind fear of the goddess' wrath, decrees that the devadasi



"HARIJAN WOMEN have a life of hard work, few rights and very little family security." They are exploited by their own community as well as by caste Hindus.

should not marry, should earn from begging or from prostitution. Since her single status and guiltless prostitution suits the pragmatic needs of her poverty-stricken family, her own brothers and parents are found to take a young girl to the temple to dedicate her as a devadasi and even to invite a local high-caste young man to deflower her on the night of the dedication after paying the due sum. Even the poorest Scheduled Caste families, Trivedi found, spent considerable sums of money at such ceremonies for offering fruit and gifts to the deity and a feast to the villagers.

Raipur in Chhatisgarh district presents another view of prostitution. Trivedi's re-



NOT SO UNTOUCHABLE. Many Scheduled Caste women are encouraged to earn money by prostitution. Others are victims of assault and rape, according to the book under review.

search here proves that Scheduled Caste women of this area indulge in clandestine prostitution to earn money for their families. Among the Sutnamis, who mostly comprise the erstwhile caste of *chamars*, he says extra-marital sex is not uncommon. Most such women travel to nearby industrial complexes like Bhilai to find clients and bring home money.

The Uttar Kashi district consists of mountain terrain and most Scheduled Castes in this area are engaged in manual labour. The men are lazy, fond of drinking and under heavy debt to the higher-caste families and the women therefore resort to commercial prostitution to support their families. Superstition and custom also push them towards a life of easy virtue. Folk festivals, religious gatherings and fair grounds are traditionally the places where the women hunt for clients, and it seems to be accepted among families that their women will earn money from prostitution.

New Awareness

In some instances, Trivedi observes a new awareness of rights and higher expectations of life. Legislation such as the Suppression of Immoral Traffic Act has had a beneficial impact on their life-style and prevented open prostitution. Educational and rehabilitation efforts have persuaded them to quit their old life and opt for cottage industries for earning a livelihood. Their mediocre skills of singing or dancing do not attract a clientele any more, and often they are harassed by local policemen if they live in clandestine brothels. Trivedi discovered that many Scheduled Caste women, themselves illiterate and ignorant, nevertheless worked actively to improve the status and future of their children by educating them.

Several tables, recommendations, field study findings and conclusions drawn from research provide a plethora of facts and figures. However, the book is written in the rather dull and drab manner of a research paper and the reader has to plod determinedly on to find the more interesting information.

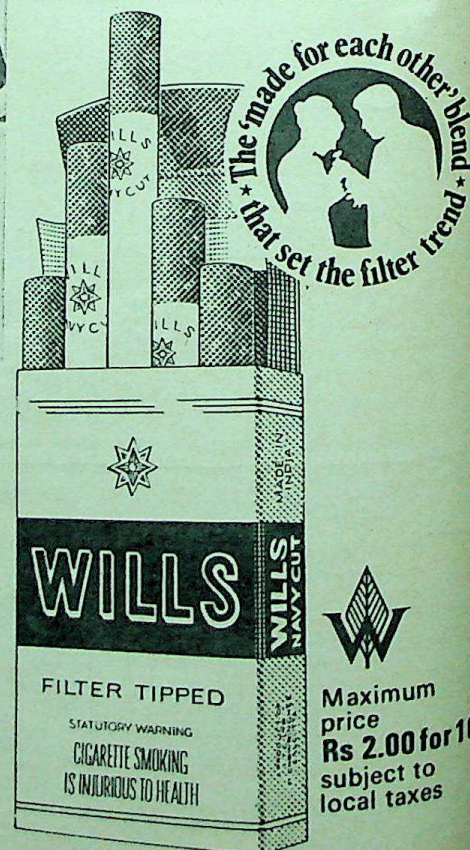
* "Scheduled Caste Women: Studies in Exploitation" by Harshad R. Trivedi; Concept Publishing, Rs 60

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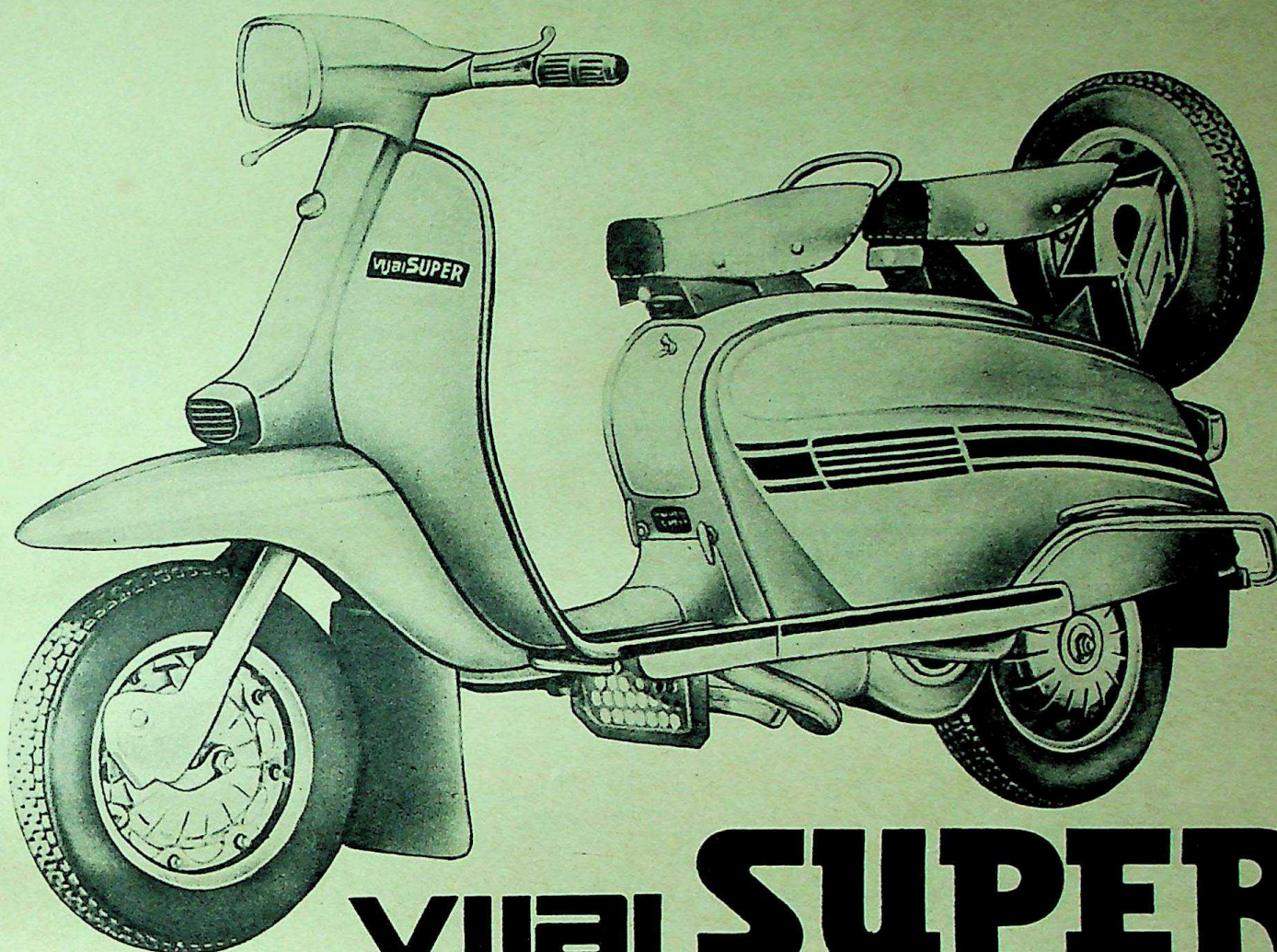


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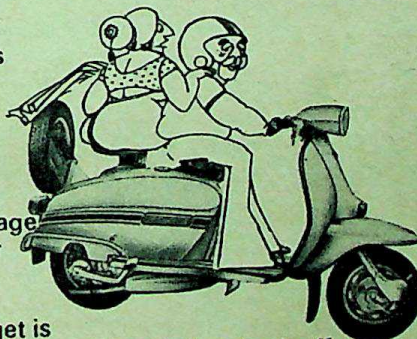
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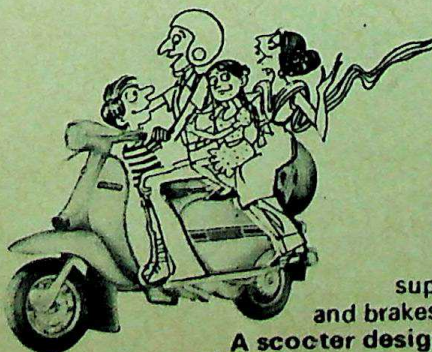
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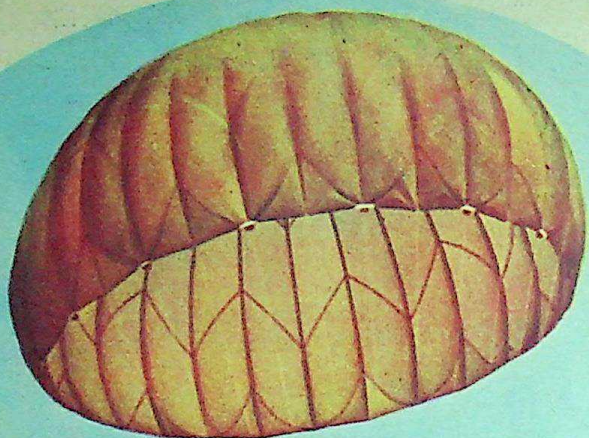
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How Powerful Are We Today?

India cannot possibly compete with super powers. And yet it must take its rightful place in Asia's power structure. While our neighbours are building up highly sophisticated navies, the Indian fleet is showing signs of age. Besides, can we forswear atomic weapons with nuclear China breathing down our necks?

by **INDER MALHOTRA**

Colour Photographs: **BALKRISHAN**

IT happened at the beginning of the fifties. Winston Churchill had just become Prime Minister of Britain for the last time. And although a young Lieutenant-Colonel named Gamal Abdel Nasser had yet to ascend the stage, the Egyptians were twisting the British Lion's tail successfully enough. The Americans had by that time become the most powerful nation and very much the senior partner in the Western alliance. Then, as now, they did not like colonialism except their own and were therefore advising Churchill to come to terms with Egyptian nationalism. As Dean Acheson has recorded it, at one of the top-secret confabulations with Truman, Churchill exploded and exclaimed: "Everyone seems able to push me around in the Middle East simply because I no longer have the Indian Army to back me."





To recall this is not to justify the use the British imperialists made of the fine fighting machine they helped build up here. Nor can there be the slightest doubt about India's unstinted support to forces of nationalism and freedom the world over. The short point is that others have always had a clearer awareness of our potential than we in this country. Regrettably, the situation remains largely unchanged though a quarter of a century has elapsed since Churchill so ruefully lamented the loss of the Indian Army and we have had to fight during this period four major and six minor wars.

Indeed, in no other field are the various contradictions in the national psyche reflected so sharply as in the prevailing confusion over the power game in which India, like any country worth the name, must take part. It is no mere coincidence that even those who stridently demand that not an inch of the sacred Indian soil should be surrendered even temporarily to an invader and not a single infiltrator allowed to cross the Indian frontiers continue to regard military spending as something sinful. On the other hand, there is the strange notion that military power is all and exists by itself as if in a vacuum. The truth is that despite its undoubted, indeed overwhelming, importance, military might is only one of the several ingredients of national power. Others include a strong economic and industrial base, technological advance and sophistication, diplomatic skill and influence and, above all, national elan.

Less surprising but by no means more excusable is the debate over Defence versus Development. The notion that defence is the enemy of development is as naive as it is undying, which should explain why there is no dearth of well-meaning souls who pop up periodically to proclaim that a pruning of the defence expenditure would immediately usher in an era of plenty without pain.

The military men themselves have made a not inconsiderable contribution to the prevailing confusion. Prone to thinking on conventional lines, they usually talk only in terms of foreseeable threats and the feasible measures to meet them. This is a simplistic and one-dimensional view of power which is, in fact, more complex and comprehensive. Even when there may be absolutely no danger of war, supreme national interests, other than the protection of frontiers, can suffer for want of adequate power.

Attack On Our Sovereignty

Any number of instances can be cited—from the consequences of our failure to produce enough food in the sixties to those of our inability to develop our own sources of nuclear fuel. But something even greater is at stake and this painful problem needs to be faced squarely.

For three decades and more, powerful elements, led by the United States, have wilfully upset the natural balance of power in South Asia and thus prevented India from playing its rightful role in the region, almost at every step, never mind the use of US arms by Pakistan against us in the wars of 1965 and 1971. If this is not an intolerable attack on Indian sovereignty, what else is it?



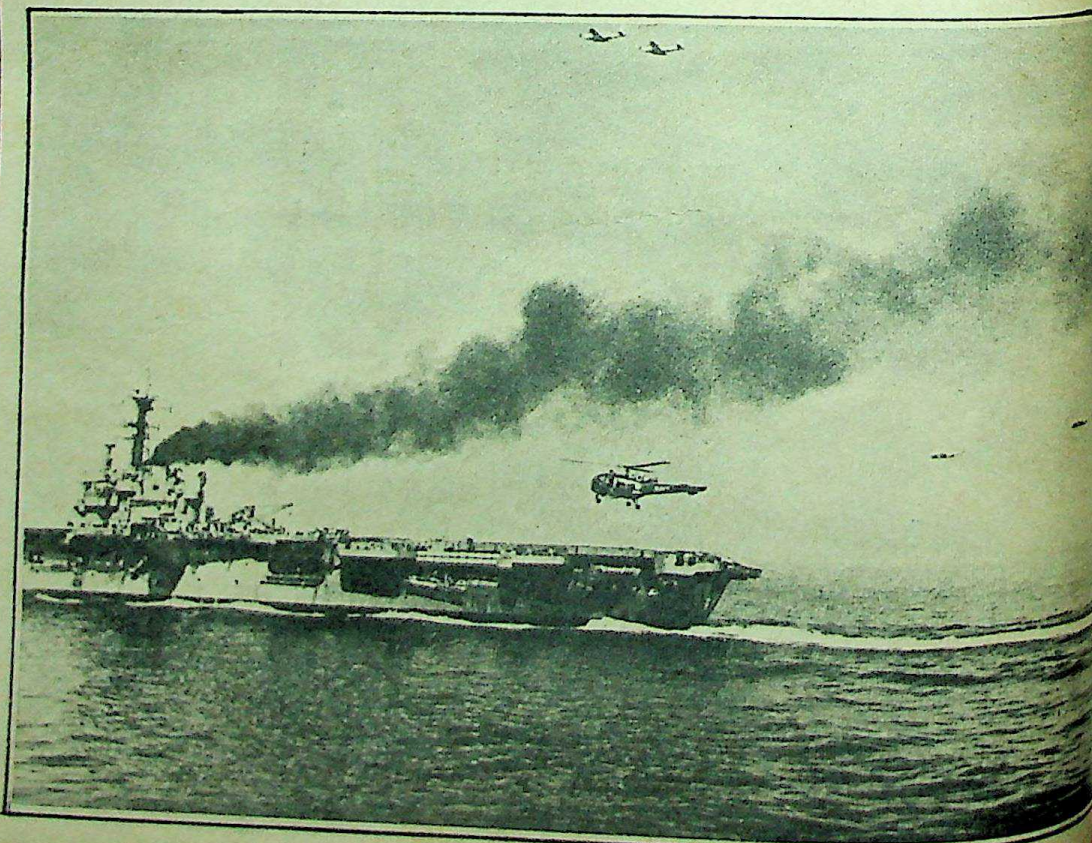
It is also notable that the American policy of building up Pakistan, along with its allies, into a counterweight against India, with a view to containing and limiting Indian power, did not begin with John Foster Dulles and his mania for military pacts in his crusade against Communism. We have to go back again to Dean Acheson. Thanks to the declassification of the State Department's Secret Papers of 1950, we know what the American policy-makers were up to then. They simply did not want free India to be strong and effective because—as they said so crudely and maliciously—they feared that India might become the inheritor of pre-war Japan's imperialist mantle.

Nefarious Designs

The tragedy is that in their nefarious designs the Americans succeeded well beyond their expectation. Can there be anything more ridiculous than that a whole generation of Indians has wasted its time wailing about "Pakistan's military threat"? Only after the Bangladesh war was there some change in this psychology. But once again the concept of Indian power in the region which Indira Gandhi wisely fostered is being abandoned, when not being actually denigrated. The thought that the role of Indian power is much wider than merely to forestall any Pakistani attempt to seize some territory in Kashmir for possible use as a bargaining counter enters into the discussion but rarely.

This is indeed the nub of the dispute between those who believe that power is

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something with which to defend India's supreme national interests as much in peace as in war and others who have convinced themselves that power is some kind of a necessary evil required to combat military threats of limited duration. It is against this backdrop, and not in the limited context of the unlikelihood of war with either China or Pakistan, that the Indian power today needs to be evaluated.

India cannot possibly compete with super powers. But in Asia's power balance it must take its rightful place. And if that is conceded, all talk of Indian power being excessive falls into place as ridiculous rot and even the notion that the existing power is adequate becomes subject to serious doubt. For, unless India is anxious to relapse into a position of insignificance vis-a-vis China, it simply cannot allow a serious power gap to develop between itself and the People's Republic. Apart from China, the only other Asian country in the same league as India is Japan. And in relation to it, India has a lot of leeway to make up as far as technological virtuosity, to say nothing of economic prowess, is concerned.

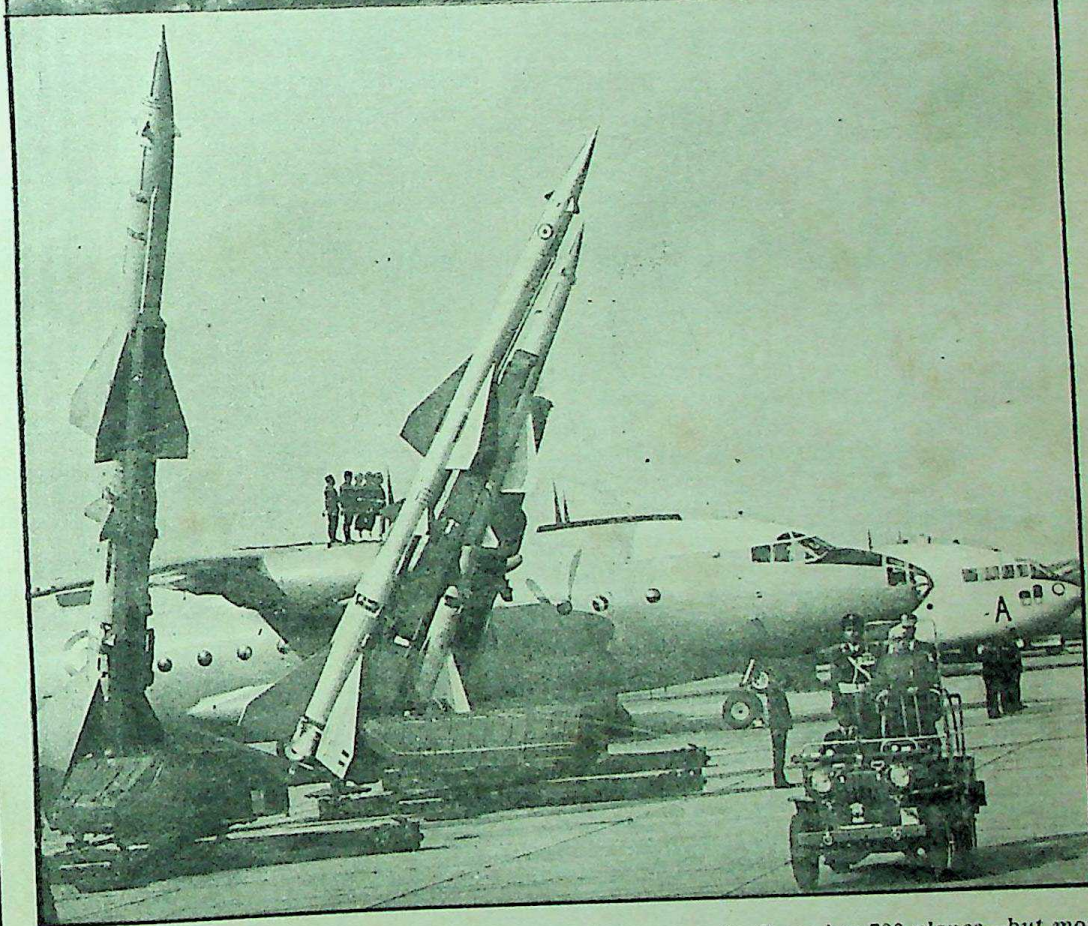
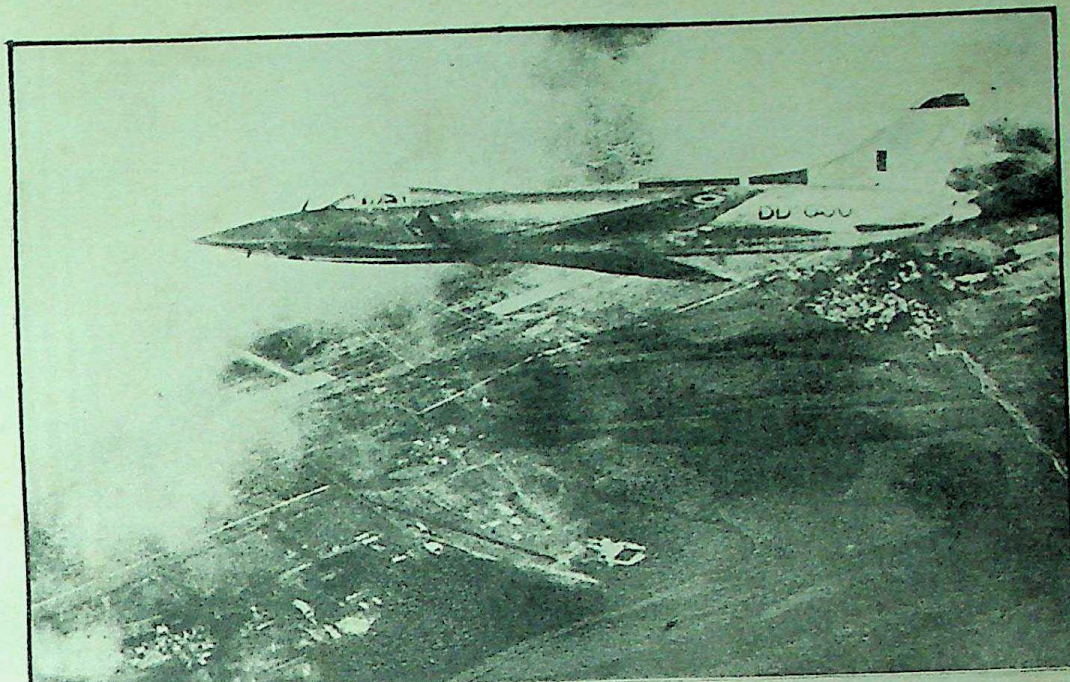
Size Not Always Main Criterion

Viewed in this context, the maintenance by the second most populous nation of the fourth largest standing army, the fifth largest air force and the seventh largest navy falls into perspective. Furthermore, size is not necessarily the main criterion of effectiveness. Many aircraft in service in the IAF are crying out for replacement. The position about naval vessels is even more serious. We are, thank the Lord, still the largest naval power on the Indian Ocean littoral, as we should be, by virtue of being the largest littoral state with a long coastline and vast underwater resources to protect. But the Indian fleet is ageing while highly sophisticated and modern navies are being built up in our neighbourhood.

Of course this is not the place to discuss the equipment of the armed forces in detail though it does seem absurd that 600 million Indians should possess no more tanks than do 17 million Rumanians or three million Libyans. The real point is that Indian power should at any given time be enough convincingly to make India the biggest power between Singapore and the Suez, capable of coping with whatever military force China can bring to bear on our frontiers or economic and diplomatic challenges it can pose and able to convince the neighbours from a position of strength that, while this country would never try to establish its hegemony over others, it would also tolerate no nonsense from those who over the years have got used to trifling with essential Indian interests.

Crucial Points

All that needs to be done to attain this goal is too vast a subject. But a few crucial points must be made. Despite abundant food and foreign exchange, the economy is not in good enough shape and this cannot but be detrimental. The new emphasis on small industry and simple technology is all right. But the sophisticated technology needed for defence can be ignored only at our peril. We have no dearth of technological brain power. But almost the entire defence



DO WE HAVE ENOUGH POWER TO STRIKE? The Indian Air Force has 700 planes—but most of them are said to be obsolete. The authorities have decided to buy deep penetration strike aircraft. Surface-to-air missiles are part of the IAF inventory.

production is hopelessly dependent on foreign designs. This state of affairs must end.

Above all, however, there are two vital areas where continuing neglect and dragging of feet will lead to disaster. We have got to grasp the nuclear nettle. With a full-fledged nuclear China breathing down our necks we simply cannot forswear atomic weapons. And a decision to go in for them calls for stupendous effort.

Unlike the nuclear issue, about which a lot of sanctimonious humbug is being

talked by the politicians and a lot of ineptitude displayed by scientists, the great and growing stakes in the sea are getting at least the necessary lip sympathy. But here again, long overdue decisions, such as that on the manufacture of the swadeshi submarine, are still being delayed for no rhyme or reason.

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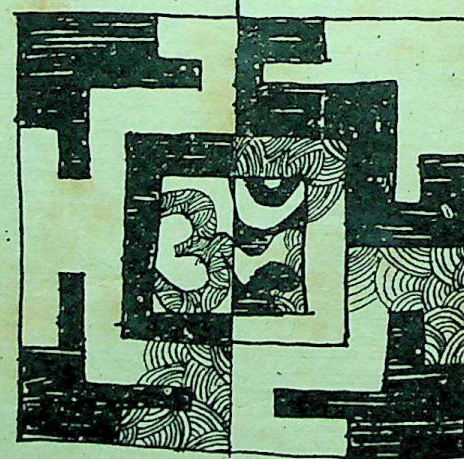
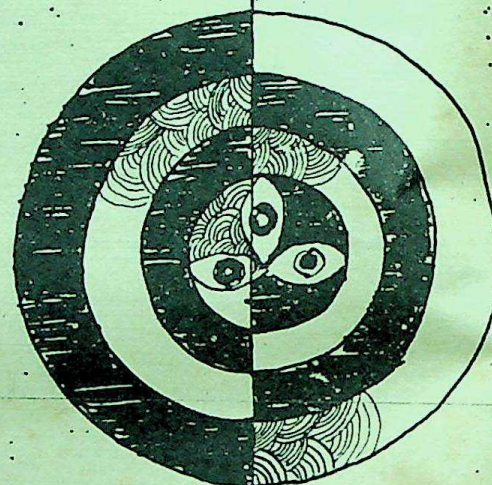
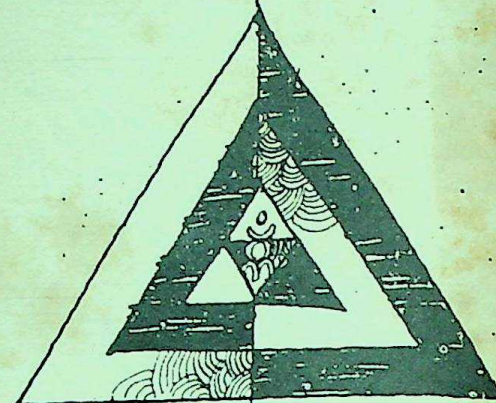
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Luckno

Sir—Mrinal Sen could have avoided the tailpiece in his otherwise interesting article. While appreciating the new-wave film directors emerging in Kannada and Malayalam and giving his own ideas about film-making, Mrinal has lamented the poor state of affairs in Calcutta film studios. But his dragging Satyajit Ray's name into the context in this fashion was not in good taste and quite unbecoming of a great film personality like him. To say that Ray has compromised his film ideologies for the sake of the box-office is too uncharitable a remark. Let us not forget Ray's contribution to modern Indian cinema.

Patna

K. D. BANERJEE

Sir—In a caption in Mrinal Sen's article, the name of a film is given as *Tabbariyu Nenade Maggane* instead of *Tabbariyu Neenade Magane*. Please do not murder the Kannada language.

Bangalore

T. S. RAMASWAMY

Distorted Version

Sir—I was amazed to read Rajinder Puri's "Shades of Janata Discipline" (July 2) in which he has brought in my name, saying that I revealed to the press that I had been discussing with the Prime Minister the question of uniting all ex-Congressmen and forming one party.

The fact is that, when newspapermen asked me as to why Mr K. C. Pant had seen me, I told them that he had done so to enquire about my health. Casually he mentioned to me that he had approached Morarjibhai with the suggestion that all Congressmen should unite and form another party. Mr Pant categorically told me that Morarjibhai had turned down his proposal, saying that the Congress (O) people had merged in the Janata Party and there was no question of reviving it.

After my meeting with the press, representatives of the UNI and several Hindi papers published the gist of my talks correctly, including the talks that I had with Mr Pant. But in certain papers the news was mutilated and a story of a different type was published. This story said that I had given a call to all Congressmen to unite and form a new party and that I had discussed this matter with Morarjibhai. I immediately issued a statement refuting this concocted story. Mr Puri has come out with the article in the WEEKLY supporting the aforesaid story and has based his arguments on the incorrect version published therein, telling the world that the Janata Party has two shades of Janata discipline. He also suggested that action should have been taken against me.

The arguments used by Mr Puri are baseless. Since April 5, when I was discharged from the All-India Institute of Medical Sciences, I met Morarjibhai only once—on July 11—at the session of the National Executive of the Janata Party.

Lucknow

C. B. GUPTA

The Illustrated Weekly of India

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Pushpa Sundar on her grandfather V. V. Mirashi. Page 23

"ROOF OF THE WORLD"

Colour feature on a film made by a Tibetan of his country's rich cultural heritage. Page 25

ARE WE FIT FOR DEMOCRACY?

Sheikh Abdullah, Shamlal and K. A. Malkani conclude the debate. Page 26

NEXT WEEK

SHOULD WE HAVE A PRESIDENTIAL FORM OF GOVERNMENT? Is this now the only way out of the present political chaos? Distinguished judges, lawyers and journalists debate the issue.

COMING HOME: Home is where you belong no matter how many years you've been away. But how do you pack up the memories of twenty years? M. V. Kamath recalls partings and reunions.

THE ECONOMY UNDER THREE PRIME MINISTERS: Nehru, Shastri, Indira Gandhi—what did they achieve? How successful has our planning been? A study by V. A. Pai-Panandikar. Complete with statistics.

BURMESE REFUGEES: Nearly 2,00,000 have fled. Colour photographs tell the tragedy of yet another of history's many uprootings.

ZIA QADRI: Spectacular reproductions of the work of the San Francisco-based photographer.

FIRST "GOLDEN BOY" OF INDIAN BADMINTON: Profile of Prakash Padukone. By Shirish Nadkarni.

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VOL. XCIX 31 SUNDAY AUGUST 20, 1978
ESTD 1880

Regd. No. MH By South-25. Registered as
Newspaper in Sri Lanka

CHITRA DANCES

Portrait of Chitra Visweswaran, the Bharata Natyam dancer. Page 32

THE CASE OF THE STOLEN MINIATURES

Harbans Singh recollects the 1969 Jaipur City Palace burglary. Page 37

WHY MULTINATIONALS?

P. K. Sanyal, Managing Director of a German multinational, counters the virulent propaganda against these firms. Interviewed by Benedict Costa. Page 41

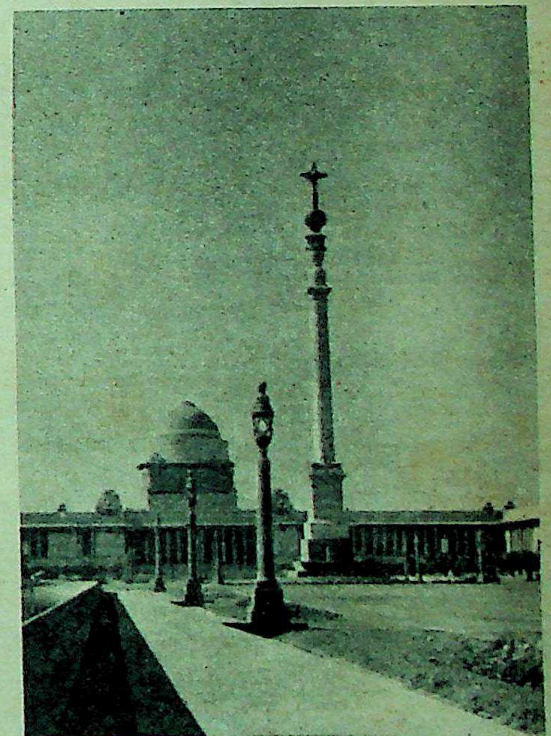
MUHAMMAD ALI

The world's greatest boxer on how he came to act in *Freedom Road*. By Nitin Sethi. Page 49

"SHALIMAR"

Continuing Manohar Malgonkar's novel. Page 52

Cover designed by P. S. Sathe and Dionyzia Fernandes. Photograph of Chitra by Balkrishan.



AFTER MEENA KUMARI WHO? Many actresses have tried to fill this void. Raju Bharatan makes his choice.

SHALIMAR: Continuing Manohar Malgonkar's zesty new novel.

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While our marriage and divorce laws are among the most liberal in the world, the weight of tradition and custom makes it difficult for women to enjoy the rights accorded to them.

by GITA NARAYANAN

ALTHOUGH education and social changes have improved women's status, their functions as wives and mothers and the man's continuing role as the bread-winner tend to perpetrate discrimination against them. India provides a classic example of the conflict between tradition as enshrined in marriage vows and ritual and the emergence of women as equal partners of men in the new society.

The ideal of a Hindu marriage is summed up in the mantras recited at the nuptial ceremony.

Who hath given this to whom? Love hath given unto love; Love (is) giver, Love acceptor; Love entered into the ocean.

Same be your desires and same your hearts. Let your minds be the same so that you shall face the life together... the minds of these are unanimous... Go



—K. M. Mahajan

IN THE PRINCELY TRADITION. A Rajput bride carried in a palanquin, a symbol of the protectiveness of man towards the "weaker" sex. In the North, palkis for bridal processions are still used among the well-to-do. Weddings in most Hindu communities are ostentatious and expensive.

Marriage – Indian Style

*ye two together, know ye two together.
Let your minds know together.*

He am I, she thou, chant am I, verse thou; heaven I, earth thou; let us (two) come together here; let us generate progeny.

United is our soul, united our hearts, united our navel, united our skin. I tie thee with the string of the God of Love, not to be released again.

A Hindu marriage is a sacrament and not a contract. It envisages a permanent and enduring tie. The Christian concept of "holy matrimony" is similar—"to have and to hold... till death do us part" and "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder". But this sacrament has been used to perpetuate an unequal relationship—man's dominion over woman.

The underlying concept is, has always been, that a woman needs protection and must therefore be subservient to her protector: father, brother, husband or son. The Hindu rite of kanyadana—the giving of one's daughter in marriage—is praised in the Smritis as the best of all danas. The father of the

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE? The vida ceremony of Maharashtrians. Such "games" are usually held after the marriage rites and are occasions for much teasing and merriment. There is also an element of competition, as during the nalangu of the Tamil Brahmins when bride and groom, sitting face to face, struggle for possession of a coconut placed between them. The outcome of such contests is supposed to show who will gain the upper hand. Usually the bride gives in.

Ramesh Sanzgiri—



A MATTER (nikah) of been obtain

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COMING movemen Vedic rite non-Vedic



K. M. Mahajan
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stentatious and



—R. S. Chopra

A MATTER FOR MEN. The contract is made between the bridegroom and the bride's father, in the presence of a Mullah, at a Muslim wedding (nikah) of the Dawoodi Bohra community. No women, including the bride, are present at the time. But earlier the bride's consent would have been obtained in the presence of two witnesses. Right: A Muslim bride.

girl gets the same merit as he would by giving away money equal in weight to his own person. The daughter is the property of her father who then hands it over to his son-in-law. Her wish is irrelevant to the transaction.

The question of consent depends on the age of the bride and the groom. In Vedic times, marriage between consenting adults was common. By the time of the Smritis, however, it was considered shameful for the father not to get his daughter married before puberty. Boys were considered ready for marriage only after their education had been

completed. Manu regarded marriage between a man of 24 and a girl of 10 as normal and desirable. With the passing of centuries, child marriages became so prevalent that there was no question of seeking the consent of either bride or groom.

In 1929, the Sarda Act fixed the minimum age for marriage at 14 for girls (amended in 1949 to 15) and 18 for boys. According

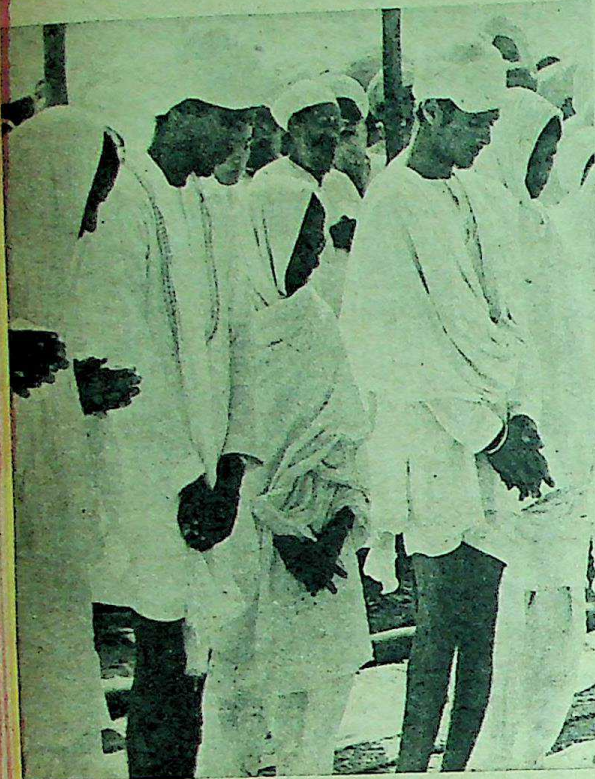
—Yash Mehta



—Ankush Krishan

COMING DOWN TO ESSENTIALS. An Arya Samaj wedding. This reformist movement aimed at a return to Vedic simplicity. In such a marriage, only Vedic rites are performed while elaborations derived from local customs and non-Vedic sources are omitted. Right: A Marwari bride.





SIMPLER AND CHEAPER. Namdhari Sikhs usually marry en masse. In what is probably the least expensive wedding anywhere, each couple is allowed to spend only Rs 13 on the ceremony.



A TOAST TO THE FUTURE? The Punjabi bride wears silver ornaments tied to her wrist by her relations. Most Indian weddings need the presence or participation of particular relatives. In some Southern communities, the maternal uncles carry the bride and the groom on their shoulders during the exchange of garlands.

to the Hindu Marriage Act 1955, 18 is the age of consent. To be married before 18, a girl required her guardian's consent. Under Muslim personal law, a girl who has attained puberty has the right to decide on marriage without reference to her guardian. For Parsis and Christians, the age of consent is 21. While the guardian's consent is required for girls under 21 to marry, it would be difficult, in either case, for a minor girl to be forced into marriage. The Christian ceremony requires the bride's participation—she can always say "I don't" to the question: "Dost thou take this man to be thy lawful wedded husband?" Among Parsis, the bride's consent has to be confirmed by the priest during the *ashirvad* before two witnesses.

The Muslim bride also has this right of having her consent verified at the *nikah* ceremony.

Under the Special Marriage Act 1954, however, any Indian, on attaining majority, can marry without the parents' or the guardian's consent. This Act provides for a civil wedding ceremony.

In May, the Child Marriage Restraint (Amendment) Act 1978 was passed, raising the minimum age for marriage to 18 for women and 21 for men. But why should men be denied the right to marry at 18 when women are allowed to do so? Why should it be illegal for two 19-years-olds to marry? The assumption behind the law seems to be that a man must, necessarily, be at least three years older than his wife.

Even after reaching the age of consent, the bride—sometimes even the groom—has little or no say in the choice of a partner. The most acceptable form of marriage in India is still the arranged one, fixed by parents and other elders on the basis of caste, custom, status and, above all, economic considerations.

The field is, of course, restricted to caste, subcaste and even regional groups. Custom prohibits *sagotra* and *sapinda* relationships but the Hindu Marriage Act 1955 has legalised the former.

The law bows to custom by accepting the prescriptive and prohibitive rules of each community as being binding on those belonging to it. The Special Marriage Act forbids marriage within prohibited degrees of relationship unless it is the custom in the community of at least one partner.

The rules vary widely. In the South, cross cousin marriages (between children of a brother and a sister) are common—even desirable—while they are avoided in the North. A man can also marry his elder sister's daughter in many castes in the South. In some matrilineal communities, marriages are allowed between descendants of brothers but not between those of sisters.

Caste Taboos

Muslims and Christians also observe the caste taboos of their Hindu forbears. A "Brahmin" Muslim or Christian will only marry into a family which was also Brahmin before conversion. A Syrian Protestant will not only not marry a Syrian Roman Catholic but will also not consider marriage with another Protestant who is not a Syrian Christian. Muslim communities—like the Moplahs—are equally restrictive.

The Moplahs of Kerala are divided into two communities—patrilineal and matrilineal. Marriage customs among the latter are very similar to those of Kerala's Nayers. In both cases the basic social unit is the matrilineal joint family, *tharavad*. It includes a woman, her brothers and sisters, her and her sister's children and their descendants in the female line. Marriage between members of the same *tharavad* is forbidden: while the children of two sisters cannot marry, those of two brothers or of a brother and a sister

can do so. Traditionally, Nayar and Moplah husbands do not set up house with their wives but only visit them at night while the families themselves live in their mother's *tharavad*. This system is now breaking up but where it is followed it naturally requires that families connected by marriage live in the same place to enable husbands to visit their wives regularly.

Before the Hindu Marriage Act 1955, the Sikh forbade it, polygamy was acceptable but commonly practised. Its rationale was the necessity to beget a son without which a man's soul cannot rest in peace. Strict monogamy is the Christian rule while Muslim law allows polygamy.

Polyandry is much less common. A few Kerala castes—the Nayers among them—practised it until recently. Tribes like the Todas and the Kotas of the Nilgiris, the Khasa of Jaunsar Bawar and a few North Indian castes also practise polyandry. Among the Todas and certain Himalayan tribes, fraternal polyandry is common. In such cases, the eldest brother is the legal father of all the children.

While the more uncommon marriage practices are being abandoned except in remote areas, tradition is still strong with regard to arranged marriages, dowry and the secondary role of woman in the family.

In most Indian communities, the parents of the girl have to make the first move through professional matchmakers or friends. Nowadays, well-to-do urban families sometimes resort to the matrimonial columns in newspapers. After the matching of horoscopes, the "girl-seeing" ceremony takes place. The prospective bride is dressed and exhibited to the groom and his family. She is made to sing or play an instrument and her housewifely talents are enumerated. Through it all, she sits with eyes lowered to the ground. Among Tamil Brahmins, she has to prostrate herself before the guests.



—J.M. Chopra
ed to her wrist
of particular
and the groom
—Gurmeet Singh
THE BRIDE IS EQUALLY DELIGHTED.
The ceremony of receiving the bride into her
husband's house is usually held within a day
two of the wedding. Presenting garlands
money is common in the North.

Nayar and Moplah
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Marriage Act 18
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Brahmins, she
e the guests.

Once the girl is "approved", the fathers
turn to the important question of dowry. The
Dowry Prohibition Act of 1961 is one of our
most ineffectual laws. Some of the communi-
ties in which the dowry has become a curse
are the Nambodiris of Kerala, the Chettiars
and the Brahmins of Tamil Nadu, the Patil-
s of Charotar in Gujarat, the Rajputs, the
ins, the Sikhs and the Syrian Christians.

Financial Security For The Bride
Dowry derives from the Hindu custom
stri dhan which was supposed to ensure
financial security for the bride but was ap-
propriated by the groom's family. Muslim law
provides for the husband to give a *mehr*—in
money or property—to his wife, to be settled
in her in absolute ownership before the mar-
riage can be legally recognised or consum-
mated. It is an example of the insidious in-
fluence of Hindu custom on the more equali-
tarian Muslim law that *mehr* nowadays is
declared and announced—to make the marriage
legal—but seldom given. Instead, many Mus-
lim communities have adopted the custom of
dowry from the bride's parents to the
groom's.

Among some tribal people, the groom
is required to pay a bride-price to his
father-in-law. Says the *Baudhayana Dharma*
stra of this custom: "The woman purchased
with money is not a lawfully wedded wife. She
must not to accompany her husband either in
sacrifice to the gods or in the rites performed
for the forefathers. Selling one's own daugh-
ter is a great sin and leads to terrible hell.
It destroys seven families."

Most of the expenses of the wedding are
borne by the bride's family which acts as the
host. Where dowry is common, it is also
the custom for the groom's family to expect
to be waited upon hand and foot during
these days. They are entitled to make
orbitant demands and create a scene

over the most insignificant details. The bride's
family lives in tense apprehension of offend-
ing them so much that they may walk out
and break up the wedding. If this should hap-
pen, it is the bride's family which stands dis-
graced and it will be next to impossible to
find another match for her. So the groom and
his parents must be appeased at all costs.
The bride sees her father humiliated but, al-
ready, she is expected to value loyalty to her
husband's family more than affection for her
own.

The essential rites of Vedic marriage
are five: *Panigrahana* or *Hastagrabha*, the
grasping of hands; *Asmarohana*, stepping on
the stone; *Agniparinayana*, going round the
fire; *Lajahoma*, offering of puffed rice; and
Saptapadi, seven steps. The last is the bind-
ing rite. The *mantra* chanted at the time in-
vokes various blessings for each step, ending
with: "The seven steps are for friendship. I
shall not leave thy friendship, Thou shalt not
leave mine."

Extraneous Rites

The Hindu marriage ceremony has been
added to and elaborated so much that it ex-
tends for several days and is extremely ex-
pensive. There is now a tendency towards
simplifying it but it still contains many ex-
traneous rites which most Hindus would not
care to abandon.

Even the *thali* or the *mangalsutra* on
which so much value is placed is not essen-
tial to the Vedic rite. While it is most inaus-
picious for a woman to remove her *thali*, the
groom does not need to wear any sign of
marriage. Among the higher castes, the
strands of the holy thread are increased but
this is not a very visible sign of marriage.
The Hindu bride's role is passive. The groom
repeats the *mantras* and takes all vows.
There are frequent indications of the
woman's submissive role in marriage, like
the bride prostrating herself at the groom's
feet. In some communities the bride washes
the groom's feet. In others, her parents per-
form this task.

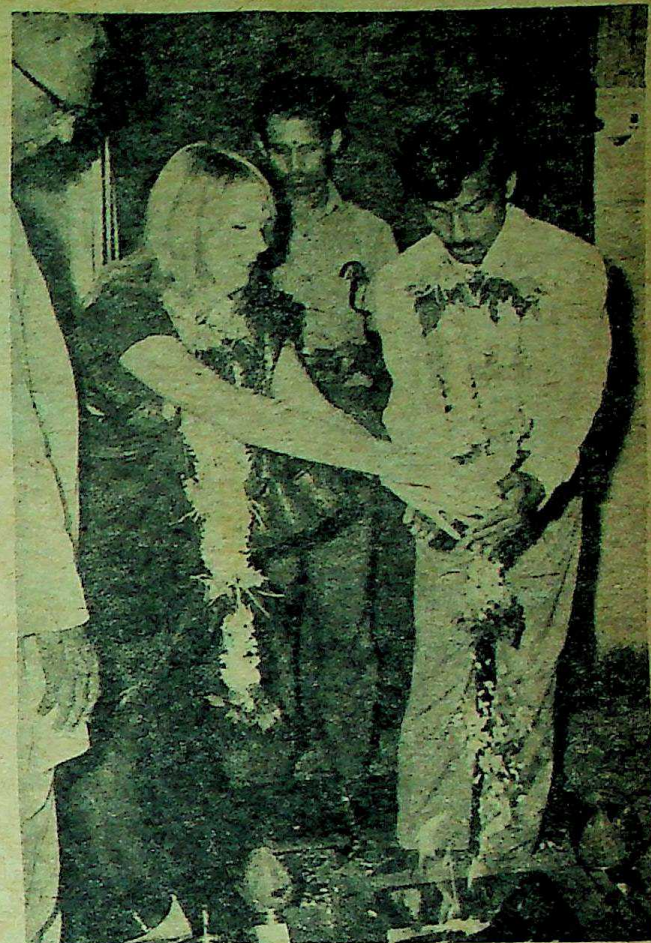
In the Christian wedding, the bride pro-
mises to "love, honour and obey" her hus-
band. Among sections of Muslims, the bride
is not even present during the ceremony and
is represented by a male relative.

Unlike Hindu and Christian marriages,
the Muslim wedding is a social contract
rather than a sacrament. But many Hindu
customs have now been incorporated into it.
In some parts of the South, it is common for
both Muslims and Christians to match horo-
scopes and consult a Brahmin to fix an aus-
picious time for the wedding. Some of them
even have a Hindu ceremony as well as a
Christian or Muslim one.

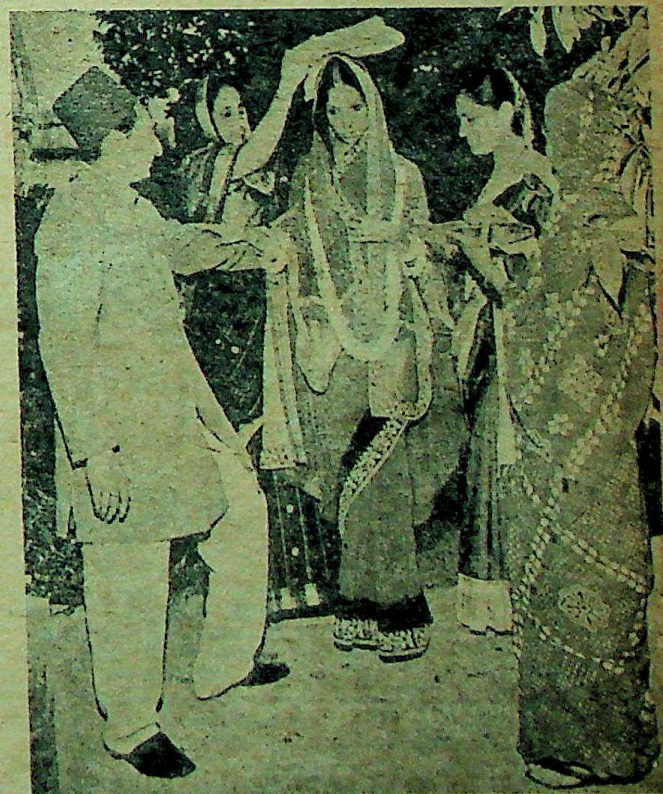
A unique form of marriage recognised
among Muslims of the Shia sect is the *muta*
or temporary marriage. Its duration is fixed
by agreement. The marriage is then automa-
tically dissolved at the end of that period.
Children conceived during the period of a
muta marriage are legitimate and are legal
heirs to the father's property.

"Over thy husband's father and thy
husband's mother bear full sway. Over the
sister of thy Lord, over his brothers rule
supreme." (*Rigveda*).

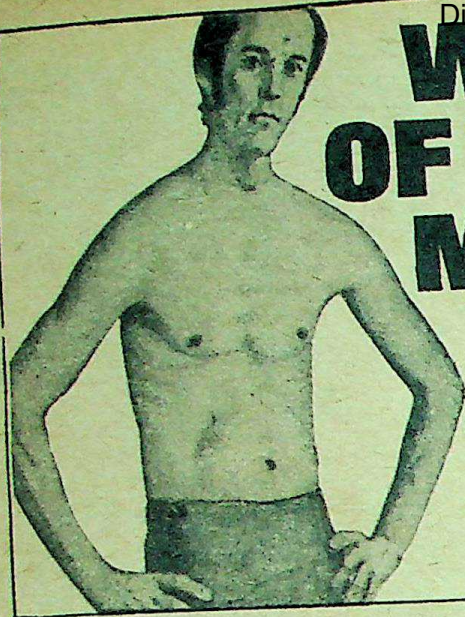
According to the Vedas, the wife is the
dharma-patni, the *sahadharmini* of her



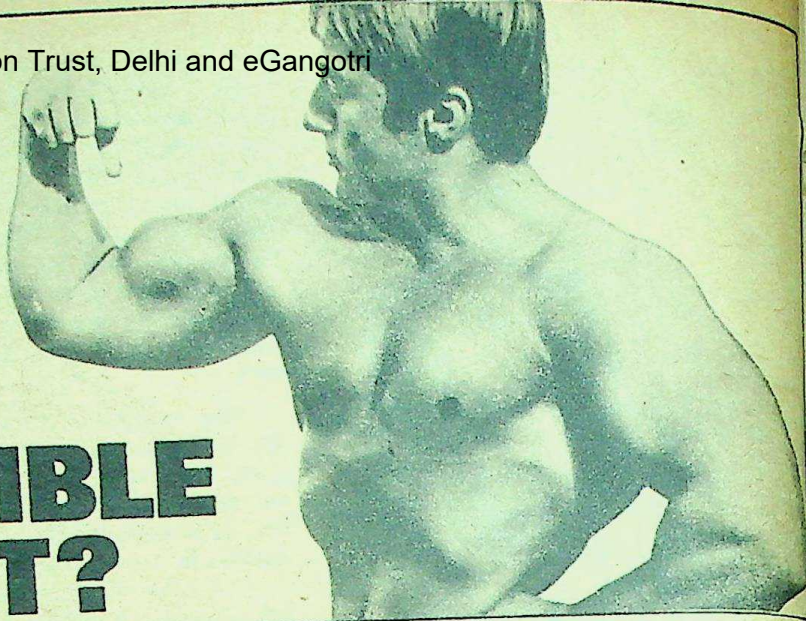
FLOUTING TRADITION. Marriage between
Indians and foreigners as well as between
Indians of different religions are on the in-
crease. But parents contrive to frown upon
these and often frustrate their offspring's
designs.



HER NEW FAMILY COMES FIRST. A Kut-
chi Memon bride takes leave of her father
after her marriage. Among Muslims, Kutchi
Memons and Moplahs are closest to the cus-
toms and rites of the Hindus.



WHICH OF THESE MEN DO YOU RESEMBLE MOST?



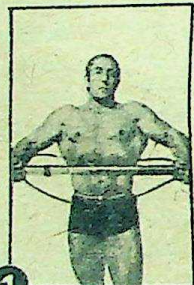
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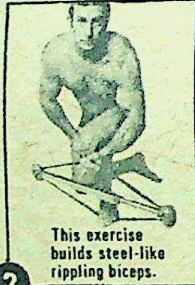
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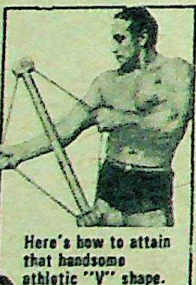


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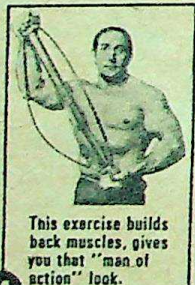
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This exercise builds steel-like rippling biceps.



3

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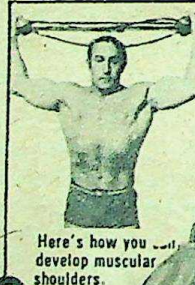
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This exercise builds back muscles, gives you that "man of action" look.



5

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7

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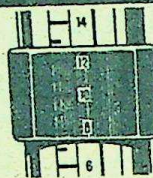
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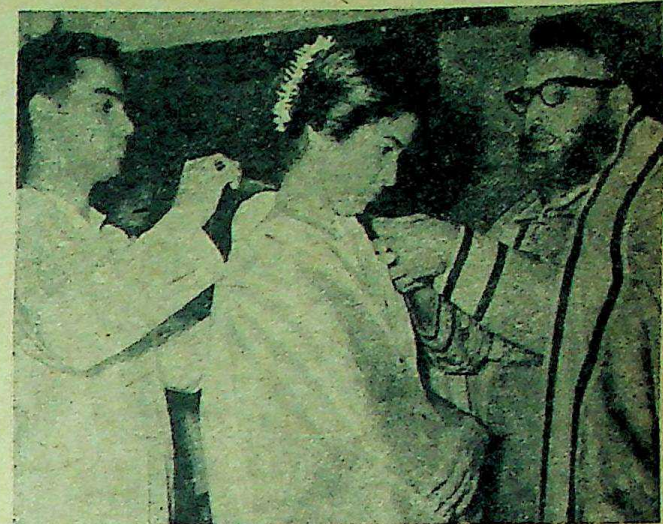
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HER THALI will give him a long life. This common Hindu belief places a moral responsibility on the wife which naturally leads to her humiliation if widowed. Syrian Christians (above) still follow the custom of tying the thali round the bride's neck. Left: A Koli Christian bride leads the traditional procession before her church wedding.

—B. F. Ferreira

Among the mantras prescribed by the Kathaka Grhya Sutra for the wedding rite is the groom's prayer: "Let me be one whose wife is living" (i.e. "let me not be a widower"). But it is very much more essential that the bride pray that she may never become a widow. Sati is no longer prevalent; even the shaving of the widow's head is practised only by the more traditional families; but widowhood is still, literally, a fate worse than death. It is perfectly acceptable to console a widower by telling him his wife died a sumangali. There is no consolation for the widow. A Hindu husband would find the idea of his wife's widowhood more distressing than the possibility of her death. Can male egoism stretch further?

All Indian communities permit a widow to remarry. Widow remarriage is allowed among Muslims, Christians and Parsis, while Jain custom varies according to locality. The Hindu Widows Remarriage Act 1956 legalised widow remarriage for all castes. But among high-caste Hindus it is regarded as a scandalous practice and is almost non-existent.

"Lower"-caste widows are allowed by custom to remarry. In fact, most rules

husband. In the fourth century BC. Apastamba said: "The ancient sages declare that a bride is given to the family of her husband and not to the husband alone." In the Hindu joint family, the husband-wife relationship is not of primary importance and the wife is far from being her husband's *sahadharmini*.

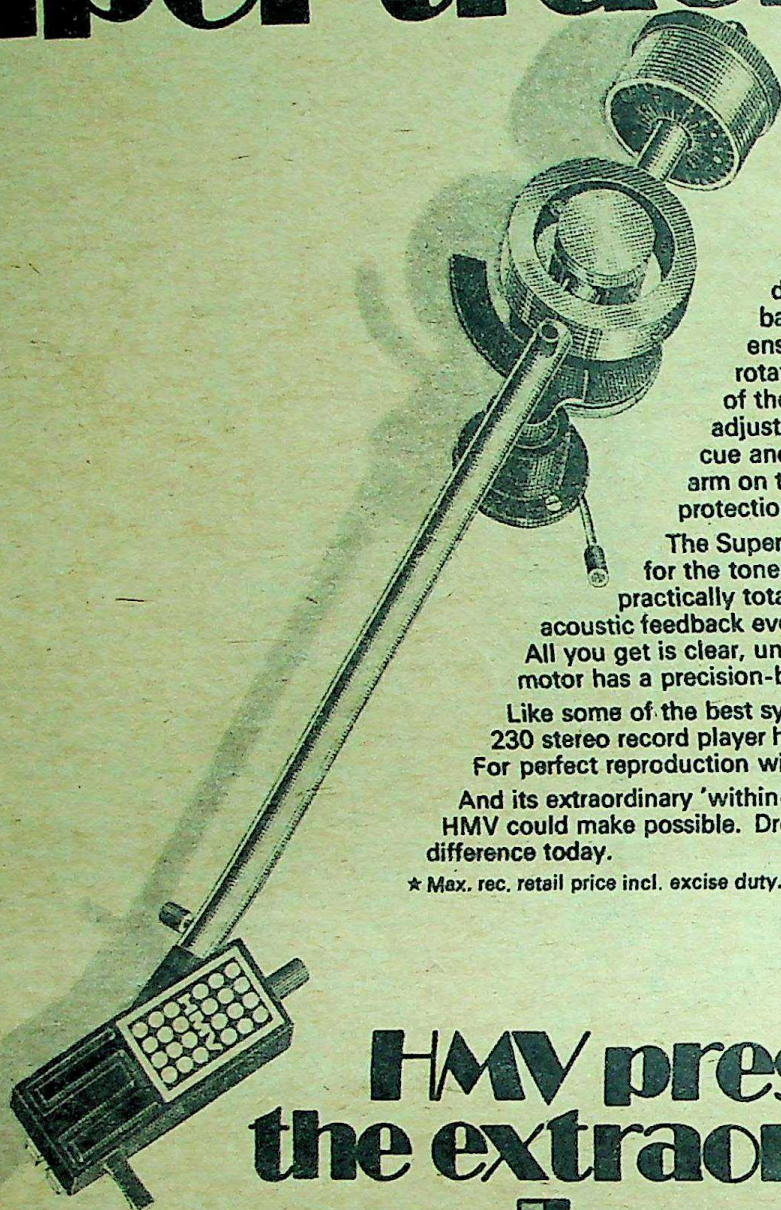
In the West, mother-in-law jokes are related to the man's mother-in-law. In India, it is the woman's mother-in-law who matters and it is no joke at all. In traditional Hindu homes, the wife spends her whole day in the kitchen and at other housework. She is most in the company of her mother-in-law and other women. It is only at night that she sees her husband and their relationship does not go much beyond the physical. Even when she is treated with affection by her in-laws—and such cases are not rare—her status is inferior and her role restricted. Where there is an inclination to tyranny, she is completely at the mercy of her husband's family. Such is the conditioning of centuries that many Indian women would themselves consider it a worse fate to be sent back to their parents in disgrace than to suffer physical and mental hurt in their husbands' house. The woman's status gains a little with the birth of a son.

A woman can be "set aside" for many reasons—or for no reason at all. The two most common are her parents' inability to meet her in-laws' continuous monetary demands or her own inability—never, apparently, her husband's—to have a child, especially a male one. To set aside a wife and marry again was an accepted practice until recently. The law forbidding bigamy now makes this inconvenient.



WEDDING OF THE MAHARAJA OF GWALIOR in 1941. Until two or three generations ago, in the North, a groom from a traditional upper-caste family rarely met his bride face to face until the shawl separating them was removed in the marriage pandal.

Super trackability



The pick-up arm of HMV's new Supertrack 230—it offers advantages that no other can. Like tracking pressures between 0-6 gms. A magnetic cartridge fitted with a spherical diamond stylus to give true hi-fi sound. A thrust ball bearing and gimbal pivot mounting which ensure free lateral and vertical movement. A rotatable head-shell for easy, no-fuss replacement of the stylus. A spherical screw for delicate adjustment of cartridge overhang. Plus a hydraulic cue and pause system which floats the pick-up arm on to any part of the record to provide complete protection to both the record and the stylus.

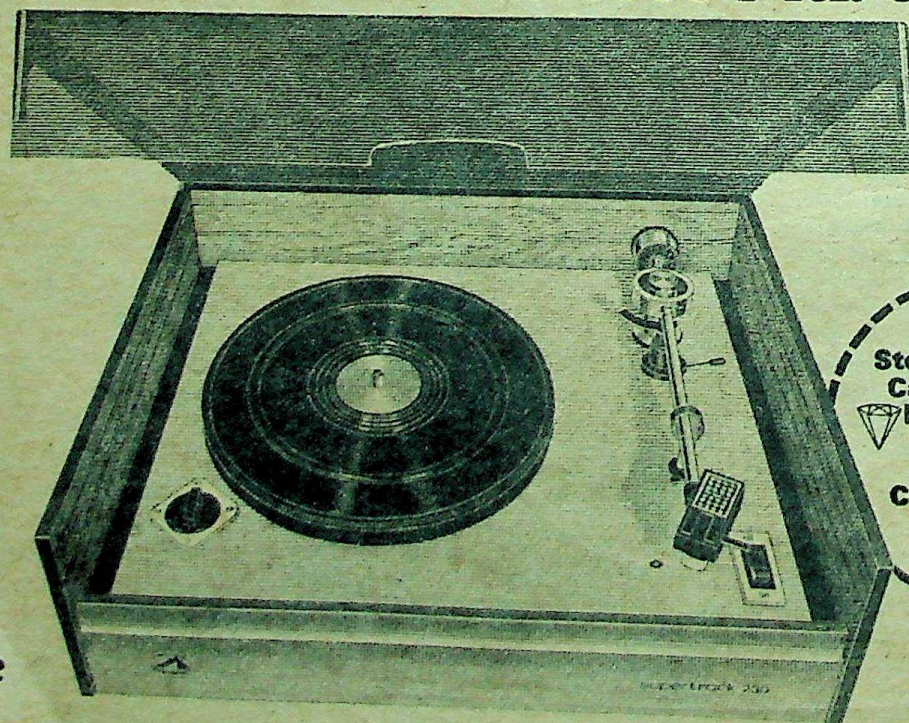
The Supertrack 230 has a floating sub-chassis for the tone arm and the heavy turntable. It means practically total elimination of motor rumble and acoustic feedback even if you're using a high-powered amplifier. All you get is clear, unadulterated reproduction. The Supertrack motor has a precision-balanced rotor for minimum speed variation.

Like some of the best systems in the world, the Supertrack 230 stereo record player has a simple yet sophisticated mechanism. For perfect reproduction with minimum of maintenance worries.

And its extraordinary 'within-reach' price of Rs 998* is something only HMV could make possible. Drop in at your HMV dealer's and hear the difference today.

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HMV presents the extraordinary supertrack 230 The professional stereo player



Stereo Magnetic
Cartridge with
Diamond Stylus

Hydraulic
Cue and Pause
System



His Master's Voice
The future is sound

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regarding women have always been more liberal among lower castes than among the "twice-born". But when a low caste wishes to move up the hierarchy, it adopts all the more restrictive practices of the higher castes like the seclusion of women and ban on widow remarriage and divorce. This manifestation of "superiority" has also appeared among some Muslim communities where widow remarriage is no longer considered "respectable" in well-to-do families.

Divorce is practised by non-dvija castes all over India and was common among matrilineal societies like the Nayars of Kerala. It has been allowed, under specific circumstances, for Muslims, Parsis and Christians. Among the latter, Roman Catholics face the problem of religious injunction against divorce. The Marriage (Amendment) Bill 1976 amended the Hindu Marriage Act and the Special Marriage Act to make divorce easier for those married under these laws. Among other provisions, divorce by mutual consent is now allowed.

Divorce A Disgrace

It has been pointed out that, while other women have had to fight hard for their right to abortion (as in France) or for divorce (as in Italy), Indian women are being offered legislative relief from unhappy marriages almost automatically by a legislature dominated by men.

But what the law allows society still forbids. Divorce is regarded as a disgrace, especially for the woman. This attitude is also prevalent among upper-class Muslims.

The Parsi community has the highest divorce rate—10 per cent—in India. But, though Parsis are among the most Westernis-

ed of Indians, they also have laws which discriminate against women. The guardianship of a Parsi woman passes from father to husband and back to the father if she is divorced. The suppression of women—through practices like child marriage and bigamy—became common among Parsis only after their settlement in India.

Since most Indian women are economically dependent on their husbands, divorce poses the additional threat of economic hardship. If the custody of children is contested, unless they are very young, when they are supposed to need the mother most, the woman loses because she cannot prove her ability to support them. Even when a man is ordered by the court to pay alimony, he can usually ignore the ruling with impunity. Ignorance of the law, lack of moral and financial support from family and friends and fear of further social ostracism prevent many women from taking their ex-husbands to court on this issue. In law, provisions for granting alimony are similar to those in most Western countries where divorce is allowed. The husband's ability to pay maintenance, the wife's ability to support herself and the conduct—or misconduct—of the two parties are all taken into consideration.

Among well-to-do urban families, there is now a tendency towards more liberal marriage practices. In this small section of Indian society, girls are being allowed a voice in the choice of their husbands and young couples themselves are moving towards a more equitable relationship. Inter-marriages, too, are more readily accepted.

But, even here, tradition is rooted deep. The groom who refuses to take a dowry is



PUDOVAKODA. The groom presents the wedding sari to the bride during a Nayar marriage. Even in this matrilineal community, the administration of property and other decision-making lay in male hands—usually a women's brother or maternal uncle.

rare. More common is the "modern" groom who insists on an educated bride, demands a dowry and expects his wife to fit into the role of the submissive *pativrata*. His wife may have been holding a very good job before marriage but will have to abandon it at a word. It is not uncommon for an Indian to regard his wife's economic independence as a slur on his manhood. That he may have bled his father-in-law white before marrying her does not, of course, affect his self-respect.

When a married woman does work, she does not necessarily have the freedom to spend what she earns. Besides which, she is expected to still fulfil her housewifely duties. It is a rare man who will share the burden of housework.

Sita, Savitri and Kannagi

Stability, the much-vaunted virtue of Indian marriages, covers a multitude of faults. Equally deceptive is the idealised picture of woman which the Indian male has used to justify the situation. She is Sita, Savitri and Kannagi. She is the Mother. As wife and daughter-in-law, she will enter her husband's house as Lakshmi "to light the lamp" and bring auspiciousness. The most independent-minded woman would find this concept beautiful. And what woman would care to refuse the blessing: Dirgha Suman-gali bhava?

If the Indian woman is to step out of that cage, is the alternative the Western type of marriage? Must we abandon our close family ties and the warmth of our extended families? Must we assign our aged parents to Old People's Homes and step into the isolation of nuclear families? To think of woman as an equal—an individual in her own right—and still to maintain the closeness of family ties—is that asking to have the cake and eat it too?

TRIBAL MARRIAGE

Some tribals of Madhya Pradesh marry the same woman twice. This is a compromise between the tribal custom of taking two wives and the law which makes bigamy a crime. Despite increasing acceptance of Hindu ritual, tribals retain many ancient non-Vedic rites.

In Lahul (and some agricultural tribes of Punjab and Haryana), polyandry persists in devious forms. The eldest brother's wife is treated as common property by his younger brothers. When the marriage goes on the rocks, the couple sit with a thread tied to a finger of each, declare their intention to separate and then break the thread.

In Spiti, monogamy is the rule. But, if there is no male issue, the woman can get a son by her husband's brother. A widow is usually married to her dead husband's younger brother.

Personal choice prevails among the Bhuiyas of Orissa. They also practise a form of rakshasa (kidnapping) marriage.

If, however, an unwilling girl is kidnapped, the engagement is not binding until she accepts food in the man's house.

Among the hills tribes of NEFA, marriage is a civil contract and can be dissolved at will. There is no special virtue attached to pre-marital chastity. There are no rules about age and, among the Dafla and Miri tribes, a man in his 50s may marry a girl of 16. He can also marry his father's widow if she is not his own mother.

The NEFA tribes have no specific marriage rites. Payment of the bride-price to the girl's parents is binding. The prevalent forms of marriage are by service, capture, purchase and elopement.



The Todas of the Nilgiris practise fraternal polygamy. Marriage is solemnised by the eldest brother performing a ritual with bow and arrow after the girl—who is shared by all the brothers—becomes pregnant.

Among the Adivasis of Kerala, the earliest form of marriage was by capture. It is still prevalent among the Muthuvans and the Mannans of the High Ranges. Marriage by service or purchase is also common. The Uralis, the Ulladans, the Vishavans and the Mala Pandarams exchange sisters in marriage—a man without a sister cannot find a wife in his own community. Among the Mala Pandarams, a simple form of kanyadan is practised. The bride's father joins the hands of bride and groom and says: "I hand over my daughter to you, take care of her." The couple then sit with four balls of rice before them and each gives the other two of them to eat. This completes the marriage ceremony.

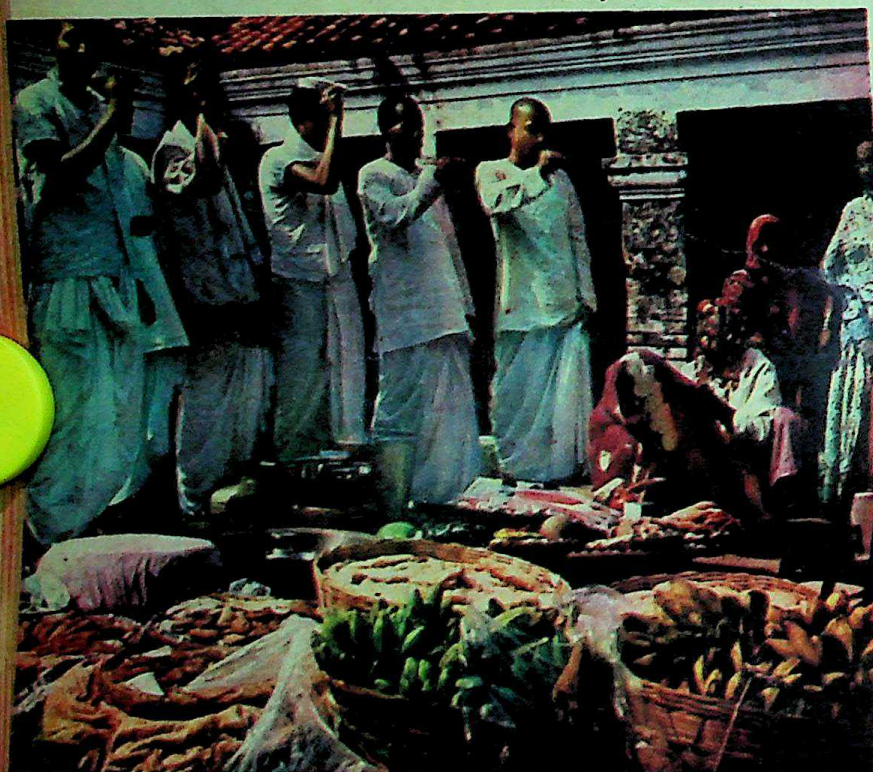
Marriage— Indian Style



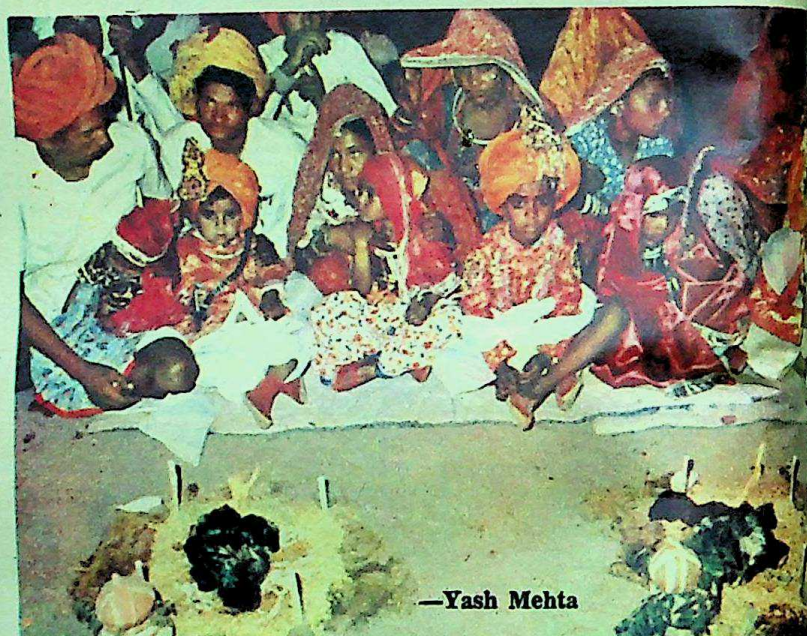
—Yash Mehta

NOT THE HAPPIEST DAY OF THEIR LIVES. An exhausted bride dozes off (left) during a mass child marriage (below). In the days when child marriages were the norm, thousands of child widows were condemned to a life of servitude. Legally the minimum age for marriage is now 18 for girls and 21 for boys, but the law against child marriage is difficult to enforce, especially in remote rural communities.

—Satyadev Narain Sinha



—Balkrishan



—Yash Mehta

WILL THIS ENSURE A WELCOME FOR HER? A Maithil Brahmin bride (left) makes ready to go to her husband's house with all the "gifts" provided by her parents. Below (l to r): Abhor bride and groom from NEFA; and brides from Nagaland and Himachal Pradesh. The Abhors, now known as Adis, are monogamous.



—K. M. Mahajan—



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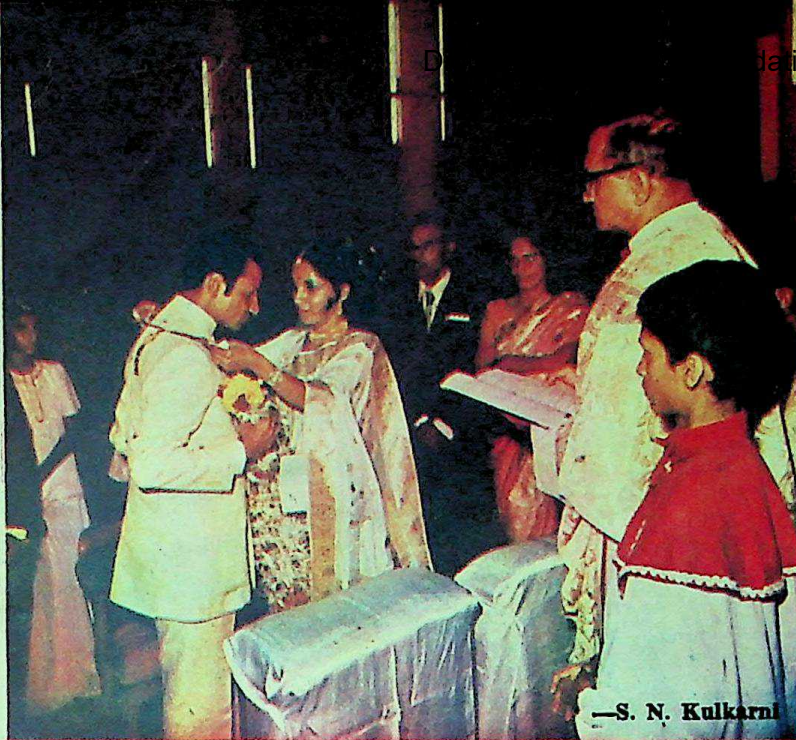
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—S. N. Kulkarni



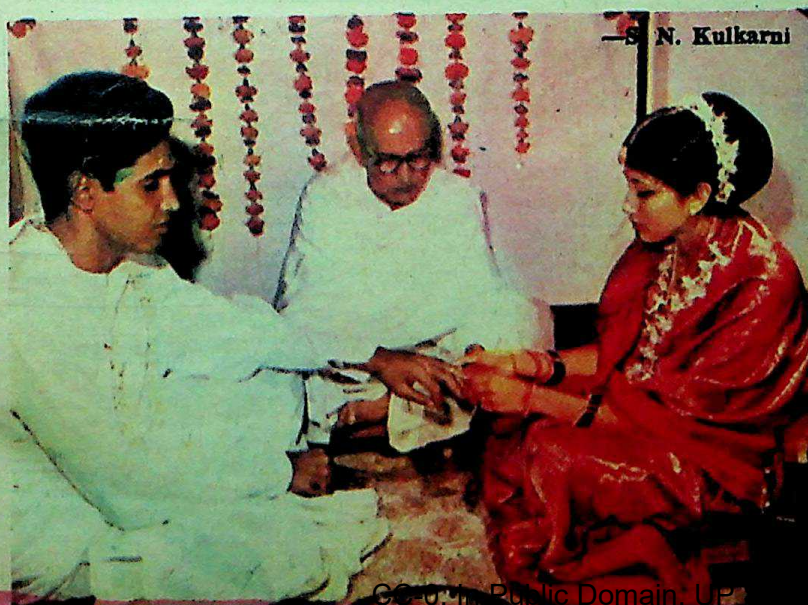
CONVERSION DOES NOT CHANGE ALL CUSTOMS. The exchange of garlands is a Hindu custom followed in many Christian communities. Right: I now pronounce you man and wife. A Western-style Catholic wedding. Among most Protestant communities in India, besides the exchange of rings, the mangalsutra is also blessed in church and tied by the groom round the bride's neck.



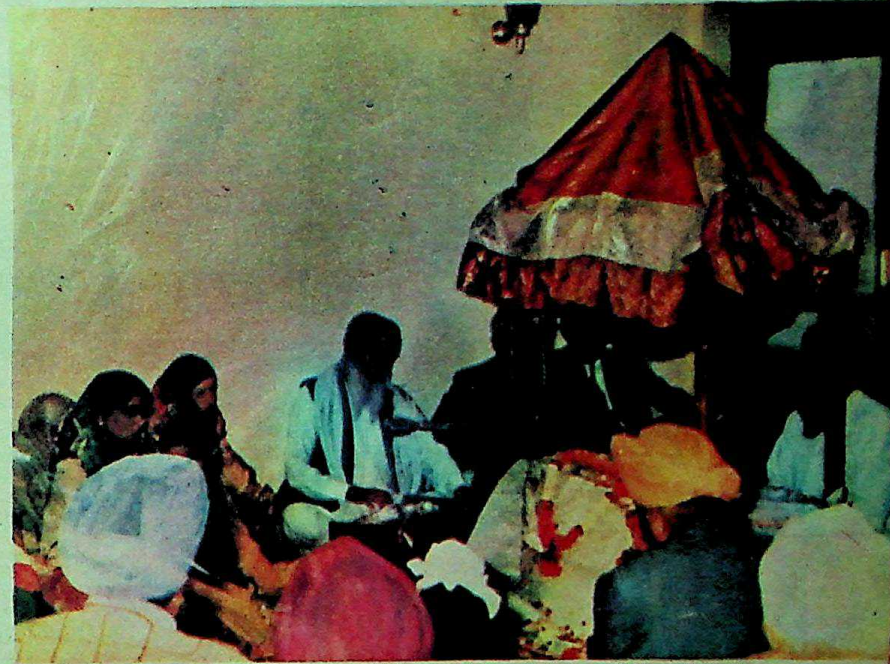
—Balkrishnan

THE ASHIRVAD. The dastur (priest) pronounces the blessing after a Parsi wedding. The Parsi Marriage and Divorce Act of 1936 lays down the law for weddings in this community. In the case of a Parsi marrying a non-Parsi, the children are recognised as Parsi only if the father belongs to the community.

WITHOUT CALLING THE GODS TO WITNESS? A Brahmo Samaj wedding. Founded by the reformer Raja Rammohun Roy, the Samaj discarded the polytheistic elements of Hinduism and advocated a monotheism which was close to Islam and Christianity.



—S. N. Kulkarni

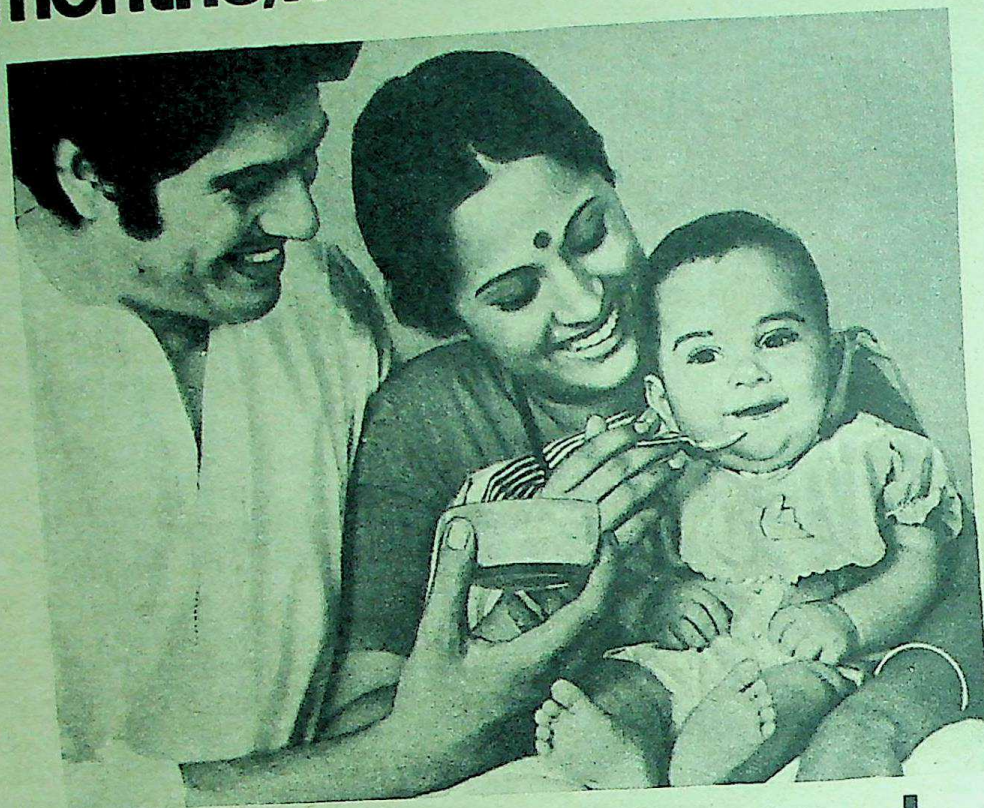


PRE-MARRIAGE RITES at a Sikh wedding. The wedding is solemnised when the groom and the bride complete the lava phere—going round the holy Granth four times. The Book here takes the place of the fire in the Hindu rite of Agniparinayana when the couple go round the fire three times.

PLACING HER FEET ON THE RIGHT PATH? During a Tamil Brahmin wedding, the groom guides the bride's foot by holding her toe. The traditional Hindu marriage is conducted in Sanskrit and the bride and the groom rarely understand the rites and mantras.



After 3 months, milk alone is not enough.



Doctors recommend **FAREX**[®]

Your baby's ideal solid food

Doctors recommend Farex! Why?

Because it's perfectly balanced to supply your baby's needs when he starts on solid food; and it is right for baby's tender digestion.

Why is Farex perfectly balanced for baby's needs?

Let's take your baby's nutritional needs and see how Farex meets them.

Your baby needs protein for the growth of his brain and body: Farex provides the right blend of easy-to-digest protein.

Your baby needs energy: Farex provides carbohydrates to give your baby a reserve supply of energy.

Did you know that, when you brought your baby into this world, you gave him an important gift? Yes, a 3-month supply of iron for his blood. But by the time your baby is 3 months old, he will have exhausted his supply of iron. It's crucial to replenish it. Farex has enough iron to meet your baby's needs fully and keep his blood healthy.

Farex also has enough calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin D to help your baby grow sturdy bones and strong teeth.

Why 3 months onwards?

When your baby is 3 months old, he needs help to develop his chewing habit, otherwise you may find him swallowing the solid food you give him later. That would cause him tummy-aches and also affect his growth. Farex helps your baby learn to chew; and as he learns, you add less and less milk, to make his food more solid.

If you give him Farex now, he will adapt better to 'grown up' food later on—because he has learned how to chew and digest it properly.

Wouldn't mashed potatoes do?

Before you give your baby any solid food, stop a moment to consider your baby's digestion. At 3 months, it is still tender. That's why your baby needs a specially prepared infant solid food—something he can digest *easily*.

Because, traditional foods alone are not always scientifically balanced to give your baby his most important needs: enough iron, calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin D, specially iron.

This is why doctors say that, from 3 months onwards, Farex is a must for your baby.

When should I start him on 'grown up' foods?

When he takes his first todding step. That's when his taste buds have developed and preferences are forming. Now he begins to accept 'grown up' food and that is when you should give him Farex with Malt Extract.

Mix Farex with a little imagination and a lot of love into all the recipes for your baby.

Now the same Farex goodness also comes in the new 200 gm carton pack—It's a big saving...It's a lot of goodness!



Baby's ideal solid food for rapid all-round growth

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All Things Considered

I HAD the pleasure and privilege—and the words mean a great deal to me—of chairing a meeting for the late Rev Martin Luther King Jr at the Bombay Union of Journalists in 1958 when he visited Bombay on his way back from Delhi to New York. In introducing him I had ventured the suggestion that there was more Gandhism practised then in the United States than in India—a statement to which, to the embarrassment later of the Rev King, two of my professional colleagues took umbrage. I wished then that my friends had some visual image of the kind of struggle that Dr King had led and the sheer bravery of his followers. There is a film on his life available and perhaps, some day, the International Communications Agency, USA—the former USIS—will, if it has not already done so, have it shown in India. I saw it on TV in America and it remains one of my most moving experiences.

I recall this because so many these days claim to be the true and only exponents of Gandhism—a claim that not even Dr King, whom I consider one of the truest of Gandhians, would make; their assertion is mind-boggling. Not being a Gandhian, I marvel at the sheer arrogance of politicians who take on themselves the mantle of the Mahatma in one way or another. I note with some sadness that none of these politicians show the slightest charity towards the others. Motives are attributed and judgments passed on each other and character assassination is the order of the day. These, I beg to submit, are not Gandhian virtues. A Gandhian does not leak out stories to the press about the past shenanigans of his opponents, their sons, daughters or relatives. On the other hand, he shows some charity in his dealings with the rest of the world. Gandhiji was not vindictive and those who are should not take his name in

One of Gandhiji's favourite quotes is from the Bible (1 Corinthians, Chapter 13). I quote it in part for the edification of all Gandhians, past, present, pseudo-, ortho-, para-

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all

knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor and though I give my body to be burned and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil...

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things...

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity.

When I hear the shrill cacophony of today's self-anointed Gandhians I wonder how many of them have ever heard of Paul's epistle to the Corinthians. I feel like saying to them: Gentlemen, lower your voices. Don't take Gandhiji's name in vain. No true Gandhian would behave the way you do. And to the Janata Government, I would like to offer a special quote, also from the Bible and also from 1 Corinthians (Chapter XIV-8):

For if the trumpet gives an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?

I AM indebted to Judith M. Brown's recently published book, *Gandhi and Civil Disobedience*, for the information that the sale of Bibles to Ahmedabad Hindus shot up after Gandhiji's disciples started quoting the Gospels during his epic Dandi March.

We all know that the Mahatma himself was very familiar with the New Testament, but his disciples apparently used it to such good effect in likening Gandhiji to Christ setting his face to go to Jerusalem and certain capture that the Collector of Ahmedabad took note of it.

The Mahatma's disciples, it is needless to say, were not the only ones to liken Gandhiji to Christ. During the famous Gandhi-Irwin talks, when Srinivasa Sastri, M.R. Jayakar and Tej Bahadur Sapru were making prior endeavours to soften up the encounter of the Viceroy with India's arch rebel, so that it could appear to both as a meeting of spiritual men rather than a confrontation of political opponents, Sastri wrote: "This afternoon 'the two uncrucified Christs' meet. Sapru, Jayakar and I have prepared each for the other."

I find Ms Brown's book, sub-titled *The Mahatma In Indian Politics 1928-1934*, a gold mine of information of that period. The research that has gone into it is enormous. The book merits a full-length study that is not possible here. It is not—and I repeat NOT—given to merchandising trivia, but even Ms Brown, I am happy to see, could not resist the temptation to report that when Gandhiji

was in Yeravda, he started learning Marathi and the Gita—the last, by heart—using time on the toilet for that purpose, "a combination of activities", writes the author, "he realised might shock people at the ashram!"

I cannot help but wonder what Gandhiji would have thought of the Marathwada disturbances, were he in our midst today. For Gandhiji was deeply linked with Dr B. R. Ambedkar in ways that may sound academic now, but were not then, especially after the British Government announced the Communal Award. How Gandhiji resisted the Communal Award and how the Poona Pact ultimately came to be signed is now ancient history. According to Ms Brown "the terms of the Pact showed that Ambedkar, although pushed into a tight corner by the Mahatma's imminent death, Hindu pressure and divisions among the Untouchables symbolised by Rajah's presence, had driven a hard bargain" and the Hindu Mahasabha leader, Dr B. S. Moonje, had written in his diary of that period that "those who had kept their reason intact could see that Mahatma ji has climbed down and accepted Separate Electorates to save his life, though they would not like to say so openly", which knowledgeable men would say is an uncharitable assessment.

Dr Ambedkar certainly was a tough bargainer and a tough politician and he is the only Indian leader who, I remember, came down very hard on me for being a persistent reporter. I had been sent to elicit his views on a Temple Entry Bill that the then Bombay Government had on its anvil but Dr Ambedkar clearly had little or no use for temples, gods or the Bill and much less for the Congress Party in power and when I persisted in asking for a clarification his annoyance was very vocal.

Many years later I was a dinner guest at the home of the late Mr A. B. Nair at Juhu and present were Dr and Mrs Ambedkar. I identified myself as the reporter who had called on him many years ago, but Babasaheb had forgotten the incident which was understandable enough. When I reminded him of it he said he had no recollection of being harsh with me but that—and here he smiled mischievously—if he ever threatened to throw me out, he surely must have had good reason! Afterwards he was most courteous and accommodating and answered all my questions with grace and good humour, not to say tremendous scholarship. To understand him one must appreciate the times in which he lived and the insults from caste Hindus he so patiently and courageously bore. He loved his people with a passion that calls for admiration. It is not for nothing that he is revered and worshipped by his followers.

I CANNOT refrain from quoting the advice—quoted by Ms Brown—given by Jawaharlal Nehru to Syed Mahmud on learning that the AICC office did not seem to be functioning.

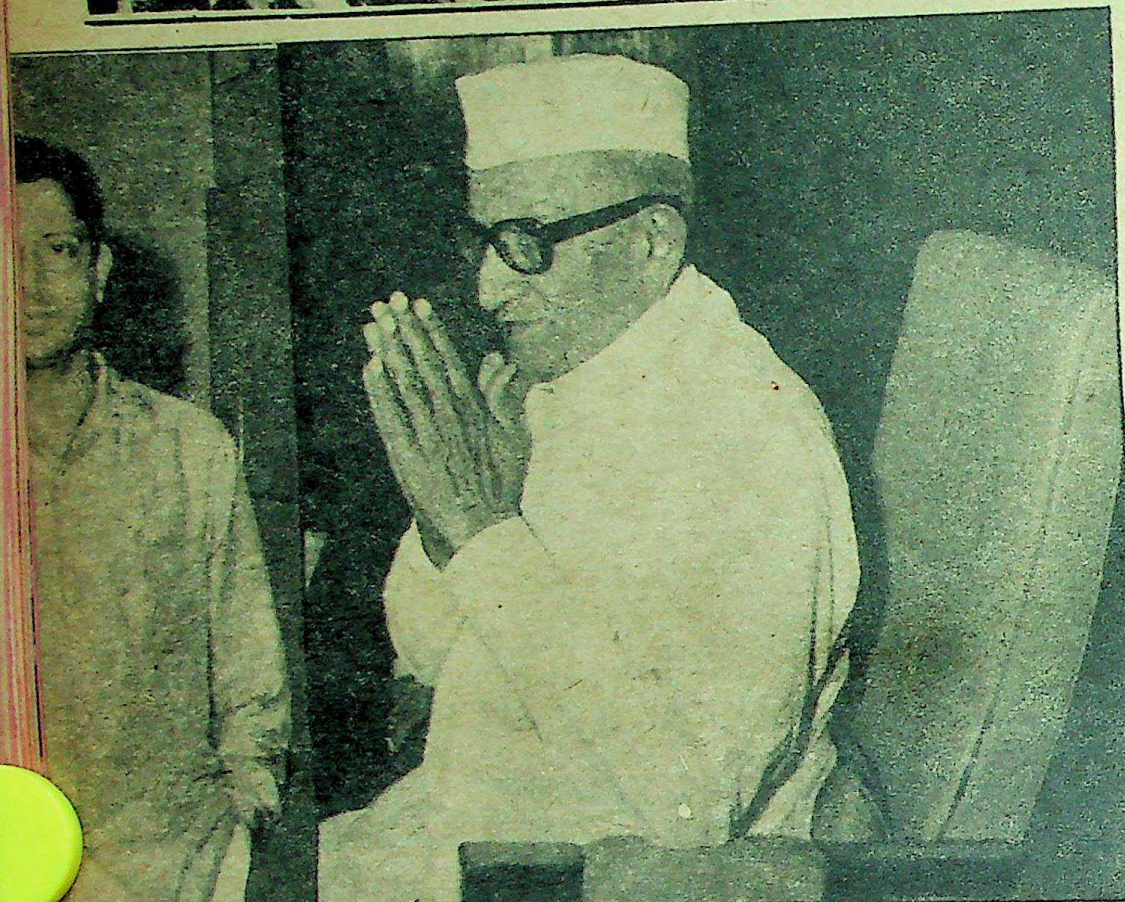
"Make the place hum," wrote Jawaharlal. "If there is not enough work, make the staff stand on their heads. Anything to keep them working."

It is obvious that Panditji himself often followed his own advice on his own person.

M. V. K.



This Week's



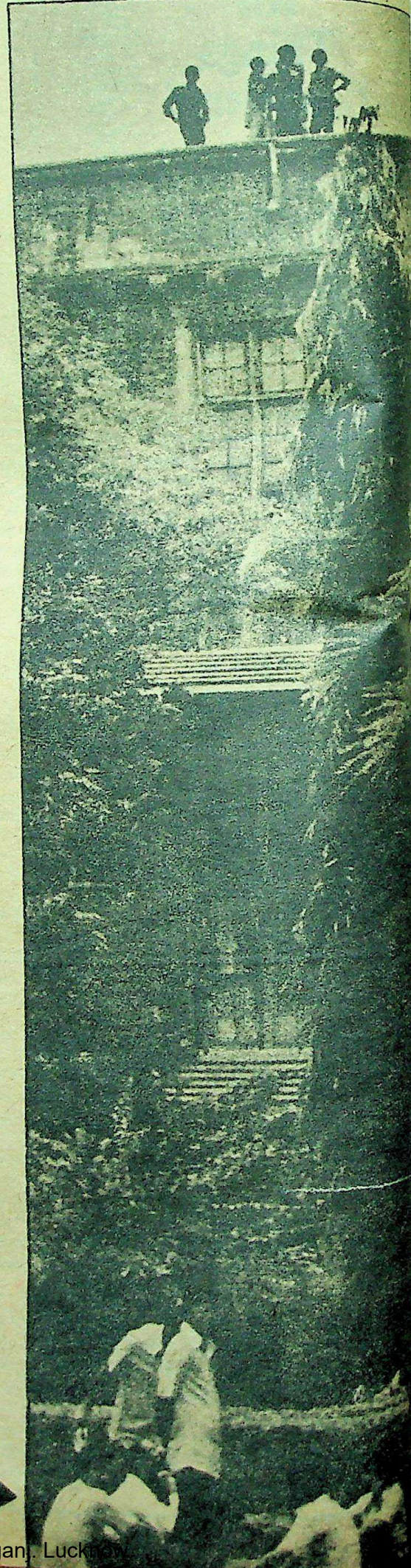
MY SON, MY SON. The Kanti Probe Demand gained momentum with the Rajya Sabha adopting a resolution to go into allegations against the family members of both Morarji Desai and Charan Singh. The controversial confidential correspondence between the two Janata leaders had reportedly alleged corruption on both sides. The Janata is in a minority in the Upper House. The two Congresses and the CPI voted for the resolution. The CPM, the DMK and the AIADMK supported the Janata by opposing the move. Kanti Desai is seen above left. Meanwhile, in the Lok Sabha, the issue ended in an anticlimax as Vasant Sathe (Cong-I) dropped the idea of moving his resolution on the subject.

—Pramod Pushkarna

UPROOTED LIVES. The rains are playing their annual havoc. In Uttar Pradesh, over 150 people have perished and nearly 3 million have been hit. In Jalalpur Tehsil, food was airdropped to 360 villages. In Bihar, surging rivers have affected 4 million people in nearly 2,500 villages. The Brahmaputra too is in spate, threatening large tracts of Assam. Rajasthan has had unprecedented rainfall—30 people died in the so-called desert of Thar.

A TEXTBOOK COUP? In a "bloodless coup", 150 students belonging to the anti-fee-rise action committee "took over" the Bombay University for one day, locked themselves in and appointed their own Vice-Chancellor and Registrar. This photograph was taken as they declared the coup. The fee rise was scrapped the following day. The students had a week earlier protested against the proposed 33 per cent fee rise and been lathi-charged by the police, which led to further agitations.

R. N. Vernekar



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PORTRAIT OF AN INDOLOGIST

A granddaughter recounts the career of a distinguished Sanskrit scholar and historian.

by PUSHPA SUNDAR

TO a child of eight, studies in Indology seem utterly incomprehensible and boring. "Why don't you write stories we can all understand?" I would plead with my grandfather, Vasudev Vishnu Mirashi, one of India's foremost Indologists. And he would laugh his deep sonorous laugh and say: "There are many people to write stories. One must attempt to do something which needs doing but which few are interested in attempting."

When I was older, my argument changed to: "What's the use of digging into the past when there are so many problems requiring to be tackled in the present?" And he would patiently answer: "Every work of value need not have material consequences. The mind is as important as the body. Research into history makes you aware of your heritage, that intangible something which contributes to continuity and stability in life."

Honoured at Home and Abroad

Today, at 85, he is hailed nationally and internationally as a leading historian, Sanskrit scholar, epigraphist and numismatist. For his Sanskrit learning, the title of *Mahamahopadhyaya* was conferred on him by the Viceroy in 1942. In 1956, Dr Rajendra Prasad, as President of India, presented him a copper plate recounting his services to the cause of learning. For his researches in numismatics, he was awarded the Nelson Wright Medal in 1942 and was elected an honorary Fellow of the Numismatic Society of India in 1959, their inscribed medal being presented by President Radhakrishnan. He has been honoured by a number of universities and was awarded the Padma Bhushan in 1965.

But he carries his achievements lightly living, as he has always done, a life of utter simplicity, doing all his own work, including his own typing. He can with justification feel satisfied at having played each role—student, householder, teacher and scholar—to his best.

Born on March 13, 1893, in village Kuvale, Ratnagiri district, Dr Mirashi is a product of an age and an environment which bred men typified by Tilak, Gokhale, Ranade, Bhandarkar and Kane, men of principle, devoted to duty and to scholarship. Soon after he was born, the family moved to Kolhapur where he studied up to Intermediate. Later he joined the Deccan College, Poona, and took his BA and MA in Sanskrit and became a Fellow of that institution.

Mirashi joined Elphinstone College, Bombay, as Assistant Professor of Sanskrit in 1917. In 1919 came the break which was to prove a decisive influence in the direction his work took. He was appointed a Lecturer in Sanskrit in Morris College, Nagpur (now Nagpur Mahavidyalaya), of which he later became Principal from 1942 to 1947. This shift to Nagpur led to his settling down in

Vidarbha and his interest in the history and the culture of that region.

Nagpur was a well-recognised centre of Vedic learning and *Darsanic* studies in pre-British days. But the old race of Sanskrit pandits was on the point of extinction. Mirashi took up the torch of ancient learning and carried it to the University. For many years Head of the Department of Sanskrit, Pali and Prakrit and for some time Dean of the Faculty of Arts at Nagpur University, the credit for developing the Indological section of the University Library and the University's Department of Ancient Indian History and Culture and the Department of Post-Graduate Teaching in Humanities goes largely to him.

His love of Sanskrit naturally led him to researches in this field first. In 1934, he published a book on *Kalidasa: His Date, His Life and Works*. Written originally in Marathi, the book was subsequently translated into Hindi, Gujarati, Oriya and English and is now accepted as a standard work on the subject. He also wrote on the poet Bhavabhuti and his times and two books in Sanskrit on Bana's *Harshacharita* and the *Laghu Kaumudi*.

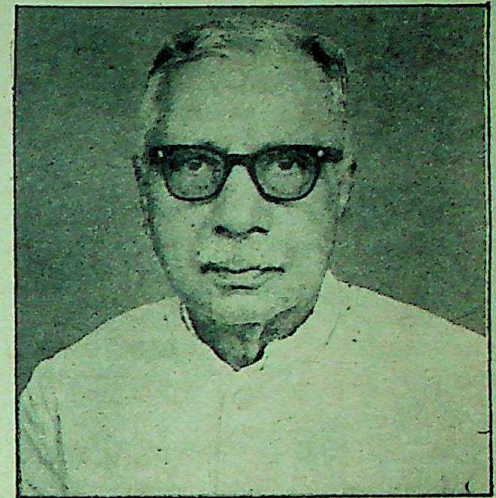
But now he is equally or perhaps better known for his monumental work in epigraphy, numismatics and history. It is mainly due to his researches that new light has been shed on the history of the Vakataka, Kalachuri, Silahara and Chedi dynasties of Central India.

Second Turning-Point

This second turning-point in his career towards the direction of historical studies Mirashi traces to the influence of Rao Bahadur K. N. Dikshit, then Deputy Director-General of Archaeology. In 1931 Dr Dikshit met Mirashi. He suggested to him that, as a Professor of Sanskrit, he should devote his leisure to the deciphering and the publication of newly found copper plates and stone inscriptions. He sent him undeciphered inscriptions from the Department of Archaeology. It was not long before Mirashi established his reputation as a palaeographer.

Through inscriptions, through coins and individual records, he reconstructed the history of the Vakatakas of Vidarbha, the Ganges epoch and the Kalachuri dynasty of Tripura. His prolific output in Sanskrit, Marathi, Hindi and English covers over 200 research papers, four volumes of studies in Indology in English, two books in Sanskrit, five volumes of *Samashodhan Muktaavali* in Marathi and histories of the Kalachuri and the Vakataka dynasties in Marathi and Hindi, apart from the monumental *Inscriptions of the Kalachuri-Chedi Era* and *Inscriptions of the Vakatakas* published by the Archaeological Department of India. The sixth volume of this series is in the press and at 85, overcoming physical disabilities, he is at work on the seventh volume! He is the only Indian scholar so far to have the honour of contributing to the world-famous series.

His clear thinking, precise judgement, critical attitude and unbiased approach to any problem are the qualities that have made



Dr V. V. MIRASHI

his writings so valuable. In the course of his studies, he has been engaged in many controversies but has never been subjective, never imposing his conclusions on readers.

Towering Personality

He has been as dedicated a teacher as he has been a researcher. He left Morris College in 1947 to become Principal of King Edward College, Amaravati, and retired from Government service in 1950. Throughout his career, he kept himself aloof from non-academic activities. As in his research, so in his teaching, he set and held up to others the very highest standards.

While his booming voice and towering personality made generations of students regard him with awe and reverence, his love of inscriptions and epigraphy made him the butt of gentle humour. One of our favourite stories about him concerns the occasion when, at the Annual College Day of King Edward College, he was ceremoniously presented a slab of stone with some nonsense inscribed on it. Mirashi, taking this light-hearted teasing in his stride, said: "I am glad you have given me this stone as a symbol of my work. After all, as a teacher, it has been my constant endeavour to inscribe some learning on blank stones!"

Not the least of his achievements is that he has succeeded in inspiring many generations of researchers to follow in his footsteps. Gathering round him a band of research scholars, he established, and has since been the guiding spirit behind, a research institute called the Vidarbha Samshodhan Mandal, a pioneer centre for Oriental research work in Vidarbha.

But the man is more than his achievements. His intellect is equally well matched by a large heart. Worshipping Saraswati as a scholar, he did not neglect Lakshmi as a householder, living a self-reliant and prudent life. Never forgetting a debt, he has more than compensated all those who had extended a helping hand to him in his need. Remembering his own poverty-stricken student days, he has ever been generous to poor students, educating many of them with his own money.

"My Eenglish," she said, "is imperfecto. But your V.I.P. bagaglio is vero functionale. Vero beautiful. No?"



There she was, Signora Simonetta Silvana Stanzani-Spagnoletti*. A woman of business, donna d'affaire, if you say it as the Romans do. "A woman in a man's world," we said, with respect.

Our smiling Mona Lisa changed, and how! All the fire of the Latin temperamento raged.

"It is all the faults of the Italiano womano," she said. "She lets the mans thinkare he rule the mondo. Now see. The idea travel to the Indiano peoples."

"Did you travel to India with V.I.P. suitcases?" we asked, trying to steer the conversation away gently.

"Why, is it only a man's suitcase?" was the prompt retort.

Suddenly, her mercurial temperamento was all sunshine again. "Sometimes," she said, "I gets little angry. But I likes your V.I.P. vero mucha. The combinazione locks is vero functionale. It always work. Except on una occasiona."

"What happened?" we asked, in alarm. "I forgets the numbers,"

she said, "totalie." "Then what?" we asked, aghast.

With a barely perceptible shrug, the elegante signora said, "When you carrys una 10 carata diamonda on una platino necklace, you remembers. You remembers!"

Don't you find the V.I.P. bella, beautiful, and stronga too?" we asked, striving very hard to avoid any interviewer bias.

"Si, si," she said. "It is like a womano, no?"

Seeing our puzzled look, she explained, "A womano look vero delicato but she is made of..." "Stern stuff," we obligingly suggested. "Grazie," said she, with the graceful air of one who has grown up on compliments.

Magnanimously, she returned the favour. "Even in Italia you don't always get bagaglio as splendide as your V.I.P. See Giovanni, he leave Roma with one Italiano suitcase. He reach Milano in two pieces!"

Always ready to spot a prospective V.I.P. customer, we were immediately alert. "Your husband..." we started. "Perhaps," was the enigmatic reply. "But now he carry your V.I.P.," she added with a smile.

"Your brocado lining is excellent. And your V.I.P. colore, I like all... red, blue, green and golden..." "And brown, gray and black," we added.

"For my Giovanni, yes. I prefera the brillante colore," she said. "Womano," she finally conceded, "are differente."

Getting our French and Italian hopelessly tangled, we said, "Viva la differente!"

*To protect the privacy of our V.I.P. customers, it has been necessary to conceal their actual identities.

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WEDDING
face cover
a long dial
ceremony.

Ro



WEDDING DANCE—a scene from Gungthang Tsultrim's *Roof of The World*. The bride, her face covered with a white scarf, is led to the groom's house which is locked and barred. After a long dialogue, the doors are thrown open and the parents-in-law receive her with proper ceremony.

Since 1959, when the Chinese occupied their land, more than a lakh of Tibetans have taken refuge in India. They are now in danger of forfeiting for ever their centuries-old tradition, culture and art. To preserve their rich heritage on celluloid a Tibetan film-maker, the late Gungthang Tsultrim from Dehra Dun, produced a documentary called *Roof of the World*, from which a few scenes are reproduced.

Roof Of The World



"MAN UNTO WIFE". After scarves (khataks) are exchanged (left), marriage celebrations begin with copious servings of chhang, the traditional Tibetan brew.

AS A BEAST of burden, as a means of transport and as a source of meat, hide, hair, milk and butter, the yak is one of the principal resources of the land. Wild yaks are usually captured with salt as bait.



A RELIGIOUS dance (right) in which artists wearing yakskin perform to the beat of drums.



Are We Fit For Democracy?

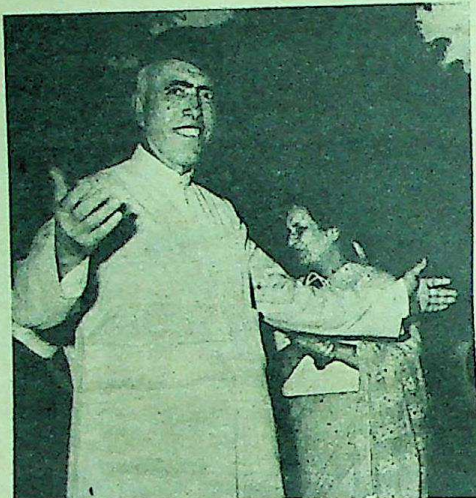
This week we conclude our debate on the above subject.

"Our People Are Not Mere Loaf-Seekers" — Sheikh Abdullah

ARE we fit for democracy? It will require a pessimist or a cynic to say "No". Which nation has sacrificed, fought and struggled more than ours for the equality and liberty of man? The basic objective of our movement led by Mahatma Gandhi has all along been to uphold the dignity and honour of man and it was not a mere part of a political strategy but the expression of a belief that is so deeply entrenched in our people. And that is why after independence we had no difficulty in choosing, rather adopting (for we had already chosen it), a democratic constitution for ourselves.

The decision to go in for democracy was a national consensus which has been a rarity in developing countries. It is more significant in view of the size and the population of our country and the diversity in political outlook that has prevailed here. The one thing on which none disagreed was adopting the system we did.

We have experienced three decades of self-rule. This is perhaps the period when all other developing countries have been unshackled from foreign domination. The spurt in the decolonisation process in the late forties unleashed a long chain of experiments with various political philosophies. Democracy became a favourite of these newly liberated nations and, for a while, it seemed that it had come to rule universally. But it



"We succeeded in preserving our country like an island in the rough ocean of despotism, in one form or the other, that surrounded us."—Sheikh Abdullah

vanished and failure of democracy became the rule. In this an exception was India.

Steadfast in its belief, our nation refused to be influenced or overawed by any other form of government. (Many at that time, temporarily though, seemed to be doing better.) We succeeded in preserving our country like an island in the rough ocean of despotism, in one form or another, that sur-

rounded us. That this we could do—and in the face of all the stresses and strains, pulls and pressures—is perhaps enough to dispel the fears about the suitability of democracy for our people.

People here have demonstrated in no uncertain terms their dedication to democratic values and expressed their preferences in unequivocal terms. They have through a simple democratic exercise reversed a trend and brought about a revolution. They made it clear that they are all for personal liberty and democracy. In the massive turnout in elections that followed the Emergency, the Indian voter provided sufficient testimony of his political maturity, consciousness and sagacity, vindicating his dedication to democracy and unshakable faith in non-violence. Our people proved it to the world that they are not to be taken as mere loaf-seekers, without any need or liking for anything else. Our people have proved more than once that they have really inculcated the democratic temper.

Greater Goal

Our secular tradition and centuries of peaceful co-existence in spite of the religious diversity also speak of our democratic thinking. In fact the two are interdependent and can't go without each other.

This, however, is not all. Democracy has to be strengthened further in order to achieve the greater goals that are ahead of us and realisation of the objectives that guided us through our freedom struggle. We have adopted the system with a purpose. It is not an end but only a means. Our goal is the socio-economic emancipation and the measure of the correctness of our decision to have democracy will ultimately be the degree of achievement of this goal.

President of the Republic, had grave reservations about adult franchise. But in the climate of opinion prevailing at the time the Constitution was framed, such scepticism was shared only by a few. In any case a limited franchise by itself would not have helped contain the pressures and demands on the system, which could not but increase dramatically as a result of the twin processes of growing politicisation, on the one hand, and development, involving a feverish competition for funds injected into the rural areas and for new jobs and opportunities in the cities, on the other. The country has already reached the point where the system just cannot meet the demands that are being made on it.

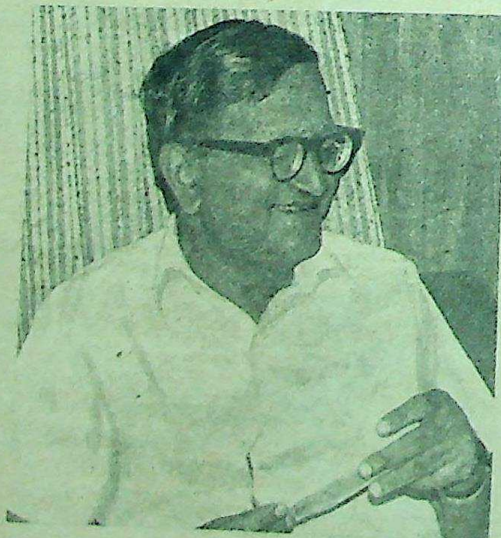
To some extent, a more cohesive and more competent Government leadership could perhaps contain the demands, achieve better economic results and thus narrow the gap between promise and performance. But the very process of getting into power for a party, which needs to mobilise over 40 per cent of the national vote and more, forces it to woo different, and often conflicting, interests, and in effect turns it into a loose coalition of groups representing these interests.

"We Have To Give It A Fairer Chance" — Shamlal

ARE we fit for democracy? The question is rather tricky. For if one says, "Yes, we are", it will imply that the people in this country have passed certain tests to qualify for democracy when, really speaking, they have not, and when the future of democracy here is far from being secure. On the other hand, if one says we are not fit for democracy, it will mean that they deserve an authoritarian regime, which is an absurd proposition since they voted decisively against it last year.

The pertinent question therefore is not whether the Indian people are fit or unfit for democracy—were the German people unfit for democracy in the early 'thirties when the Nazis came to power and became fully qualified for democracy by 1945?—but what chance of survival the kind of parliamentary system this country is trying to work has in the present conditions.

It is no secret that some sincere democrats like Dr Rajendra Prasad, the first Pre-



"The root of the disease lies in the woefully small size of the national cake—far too small to meet the demands made by it."—Shamlal, former Editor-in-Chief, 'The Times of India'

Whatever the system, the creation of five million new jobs in the economy year after year, the formulation and enforcement of a more just incomes policy and the dispensation of a better deal to the poorest sections of the people will call for a much higher degree of integrity and discipline than the present parliamentary set-up has been able to produce so far. As things are today, a lengthening shadow falls between what the parliamentary system needs to do to survive and prosper and what it is able to do.

The growing threat to the democratic system does not, however, mean that an authoritarian system can cope better with the frightening problems facing the country. The experience of twenty months of the Emergency is a grim warning that a lack of proper safeguards against abuse of executive power encourages tyranny and can choke political life without any compensating economic gains.

The question really is not whether the Indian people are fit for this or that system but whether they have the will to master their problems or, as has happened too often in this country, will allow events to overwhelm them and resign themselves to fate.

Whatever they do, they ought to know that the choice is not between democracy and

dictatorship but between allowing things to drift and doing things much better than they have been done so far.

The question the people here should be debating is not whether they are fit or unfit for democracy but what kind of new disciplines they need in political, economic and social spheres to give democracy a fairer chance.

Since in a caste-ridden society conflicts between these interests take a casteist colour, the ruling party or coalition has to strive extremely hard to keep an incipient caste war under control. It is here that the Janata has failed miserably. Nothing has done more to weaken its position and tarnish its image than the way in which, far from controlling the caste conflicts, it has intensified them.

The growing intensity of these conflicts is, however, only the most obvious symptom of the disease that afflicts the body politic. The root of the disease lies in the woefully small size of the national cake—far too small to meet the demands made by it. Whatever the rhetoric of public life, there is little to show that the system as it is being run today can either achieve the rate of growth needed to ensure a steady increase in investment in agriculture, industry and social services as well as in the standard of living of the common man.

"We Have To Make Democracy Meaningful" — K. R. Malkani

ARE we fit for democracy? I don't know whether that is a question or an insult. Bernard Shaw once wrote that people ask: Is a shop assistant fit to marry? His answer was a counter-question: Is shop assisting good enough for a husband?

The question is not whether we are fit for democracy. The question, rather, is: Don't we deserve more and better democracy? For, as I understand Indian history, we have always been democratic people.

More than Lincoln's trite definition of democracy, the two essential elements of democracy are: a recognition of the moral worth of an individual and the right to be wrong—that is to dissent. And, on both these counts, India stands supreme.

Every Man A 'Devata'?

According to Indian philosophy, every individual is a spark of the Divine. In ancient Indian folklore, there are "thirty-three crore devatas". Obviously this was meant to convey that every man is a *devata*. Perhaps we can update this folklore to make 500 crore *devatas*.

As for dissent, it was the very breath of Indian life. You could say there is one God or ten thousand gods or no God, without inviting anybody's displeasure on your head.

Just as there was no slavery in India, there never was any inquisition or the stake in India.

Constitutional monarchy and sovereignty of the law were established in England

only in the 17th century. But it was an established fact in ancient India. A tyrannical king, said the Mahabharat, could be killed as "a mad dog".

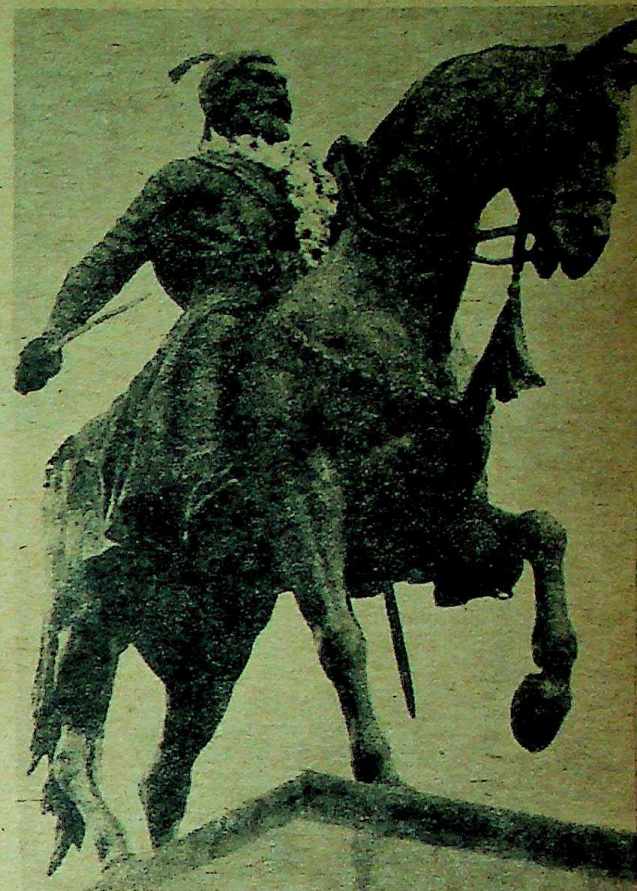
At the ancient coronation ceremony, when the *purohit* asked the king who was sovereign and he said *Ahamdyosmi* (I am sovereign), the former hit him on the head—I'm sure gently—with his *dharmadanda* and said *Dharmadyosmi* (Dharm is sovereign). It was only when, after the third hit, the king acknowledged that *Dharmadyosmi* (Dharma, or the moral law, is sovereign) that he was crowned king!

A Free Society

Nobody is happy about Rama's expulsion of Sita, but one can only admire a society in which even a washerman felt free to criticise the queen without any fear of official displeasure.

Here was a society that not only had the *sabha* and the *samiti*, voting and quorum, but also *swayamvar* and *Kamasutra*. Here was a free society thoroughly enjoying its freedom.

The uprisings of Shivaji, Rana Pratap and Guru Gobind Singh were not Hindu-Muslim fights. They were the democratic upsurges of the people against tyranny. It is significant that Shivaji in his letter to Jai Singh, Aurangzeb's commander, wrote that, had Dara Shikoh become King of India, he would not have needed to rise against the Delhi Sultanate.



"The uprisings of Shivaji, Rana Pratap and Guru Gobind Singh were not Hindu-Muslim fights. They were democratic upsurges of the people against tyranny," says K. R. Malkani, Chief Editor, Organiser.

It was this culture of the East that further revived Europe after it was first awakened from the Dark Ages by the Renaissance. All good things, wrote Schopenhauer, could be traced to "the holy banks of the Ganges".

And it was this reawakened and revived England that further reinforced the democratic traditions of India. India took to parliamentary democracy as fish takes to water. And, when India became free, we had no hesitation in introducing universal adult franchise. Today the demand is to lower the age of voting to 18.

Thrown Out Like An Old Broom

And the Indian electorate has exercised this right with great wisdom and sophistication. For three decades, when stability was necessary for the consolidation of freedom, the people voted overwhelmingly for the Congress. But, when the Congress cheated the country of its democratic freedoms, it was thrown out like an old broom. Nothing quite like this had been witnessed in world history before. It was truly a glorious revolution. Today even the author of the Emergency thinks that another emergency cannot be declared even in a thousand years! Such is the triumph of the democratic spirit of the people.

Today the situation is not whether we are fit for democracy. The question rather is how to make democracy more meaningful by giving it a socio-economic content. That is the challenge of the Second Janata Revolution that is now in the womb of time.

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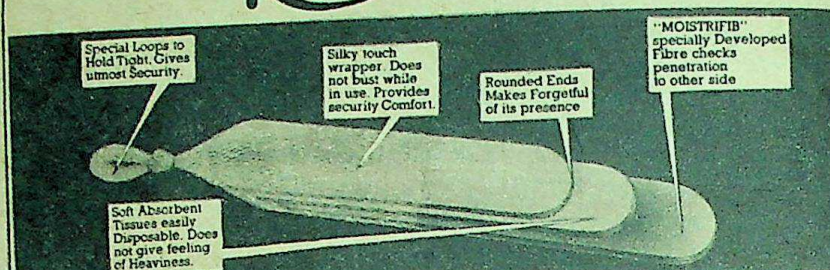


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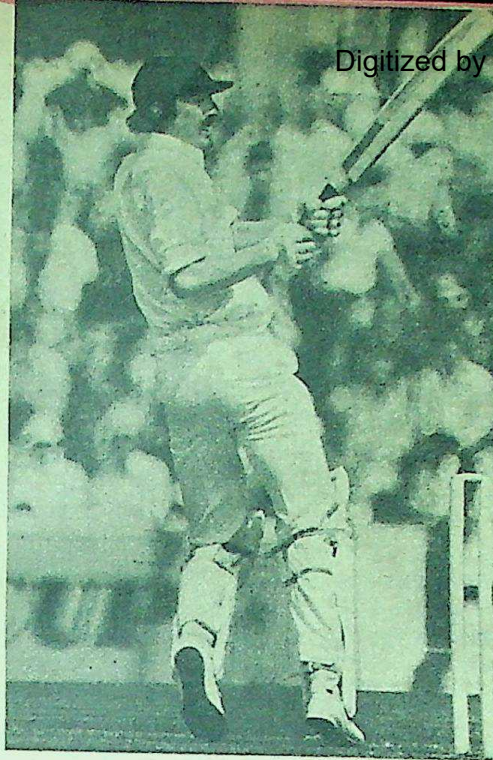


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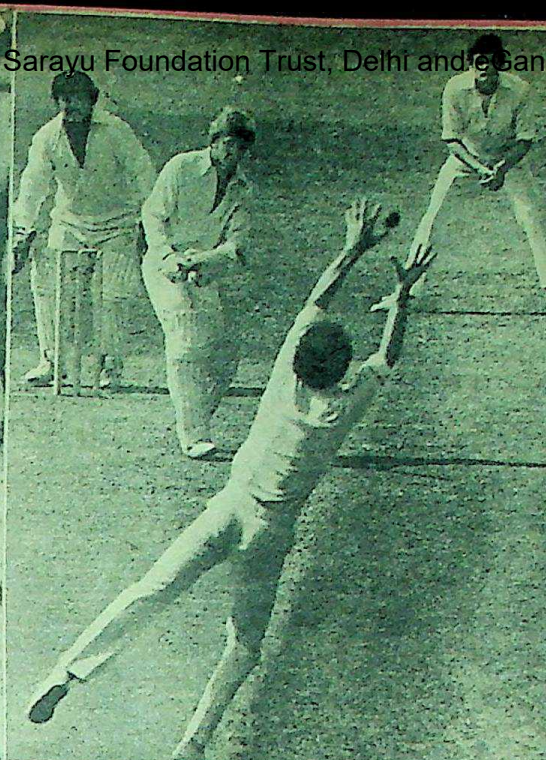
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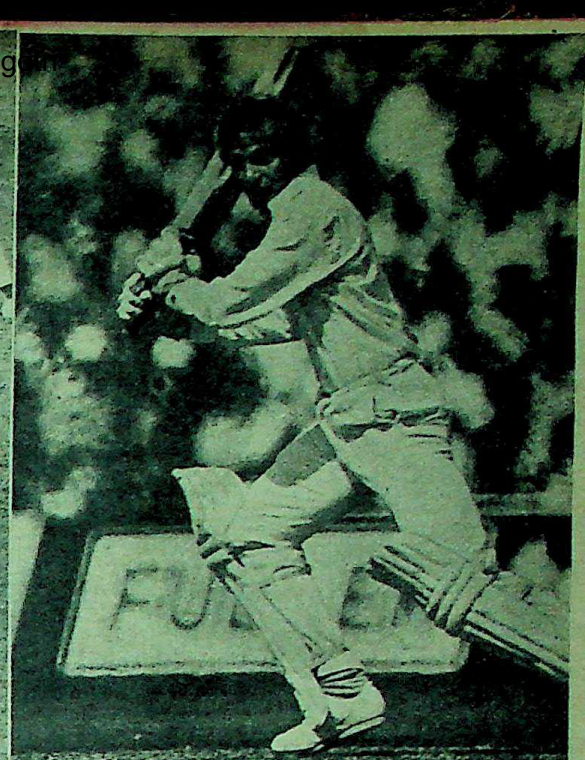
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THE WRIGHT WAY OF HITTING A FOUR. Kiwi opener John Wright got his side off to a good start, scoring 62.



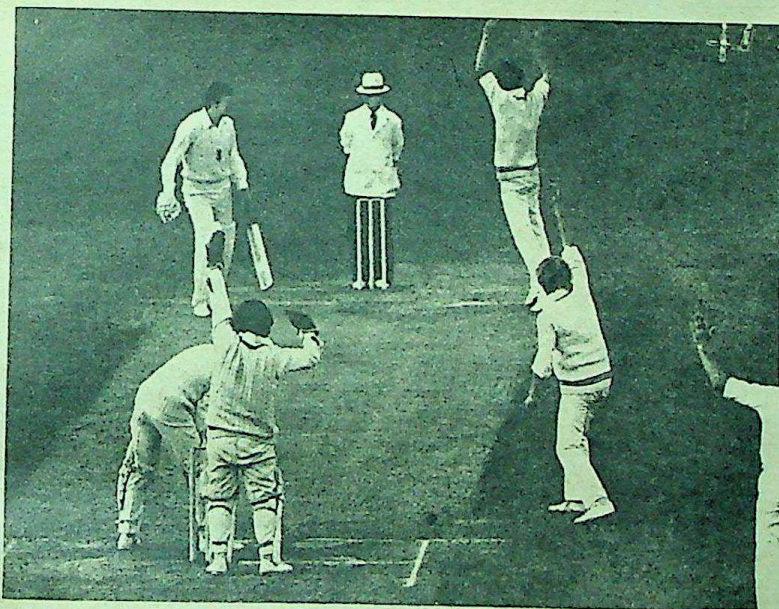
HANDS UP! England's David Gower drives New Zealand's Boock for four on the way to his century.



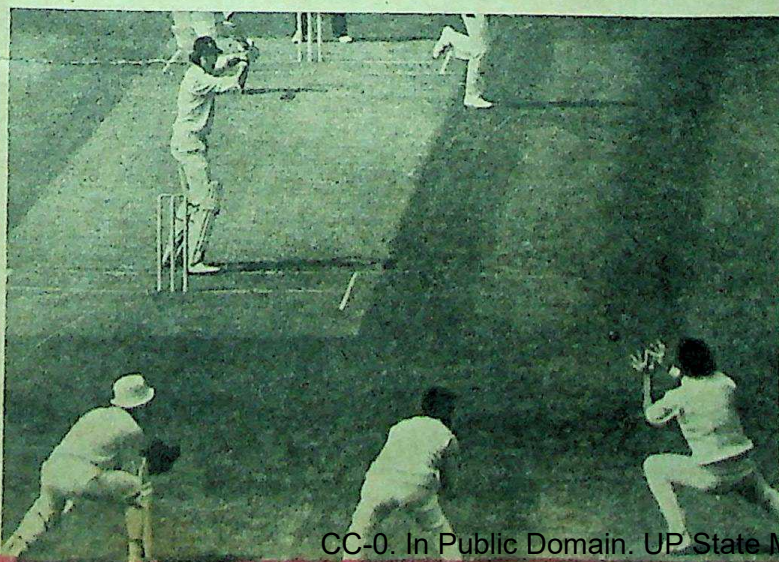
ALL SQUARE—another study of David Gower. His 111 won Gower the "man-of-the-match" award.

New Zealand In England

The New Zealanders failed, in the First Test against England, to break their 37-year-old jinx of not having won a single Test on English soil. They conceded an easy seven-wicket win to the home team.

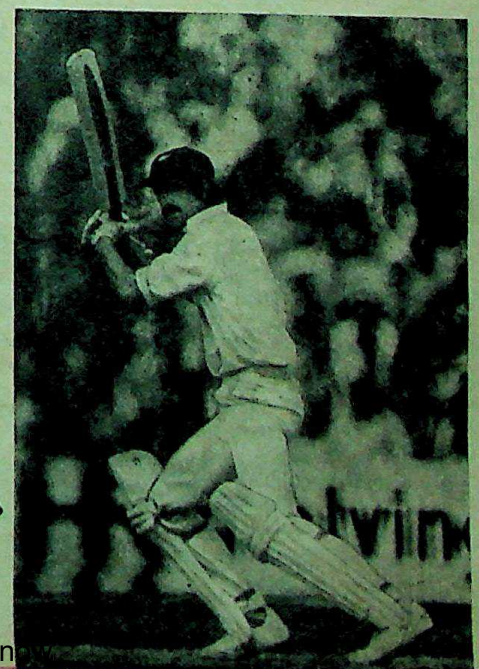
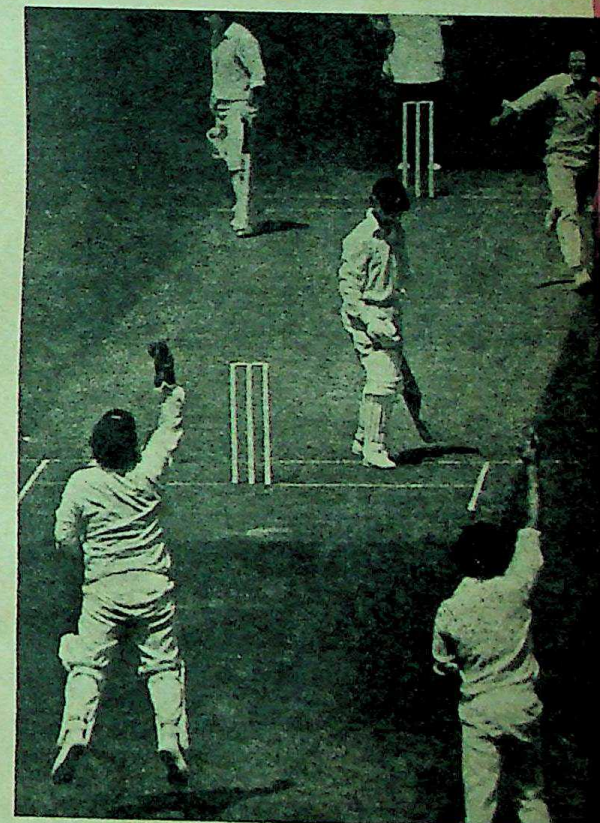


BRACING BREAKTHROUGH. Brendan Bracewell (right) claims his second Test wicket in his first Test. The victim is England Captain Mike Brearley, out for a mere 2. Left: Brearley again, this time lbw to Boock for 11. Brearley has certainly given a new tone to the England team with his qualities of leadership, but his batting form has been poor, so much so that Boycott had to be recalled for the Second Test.

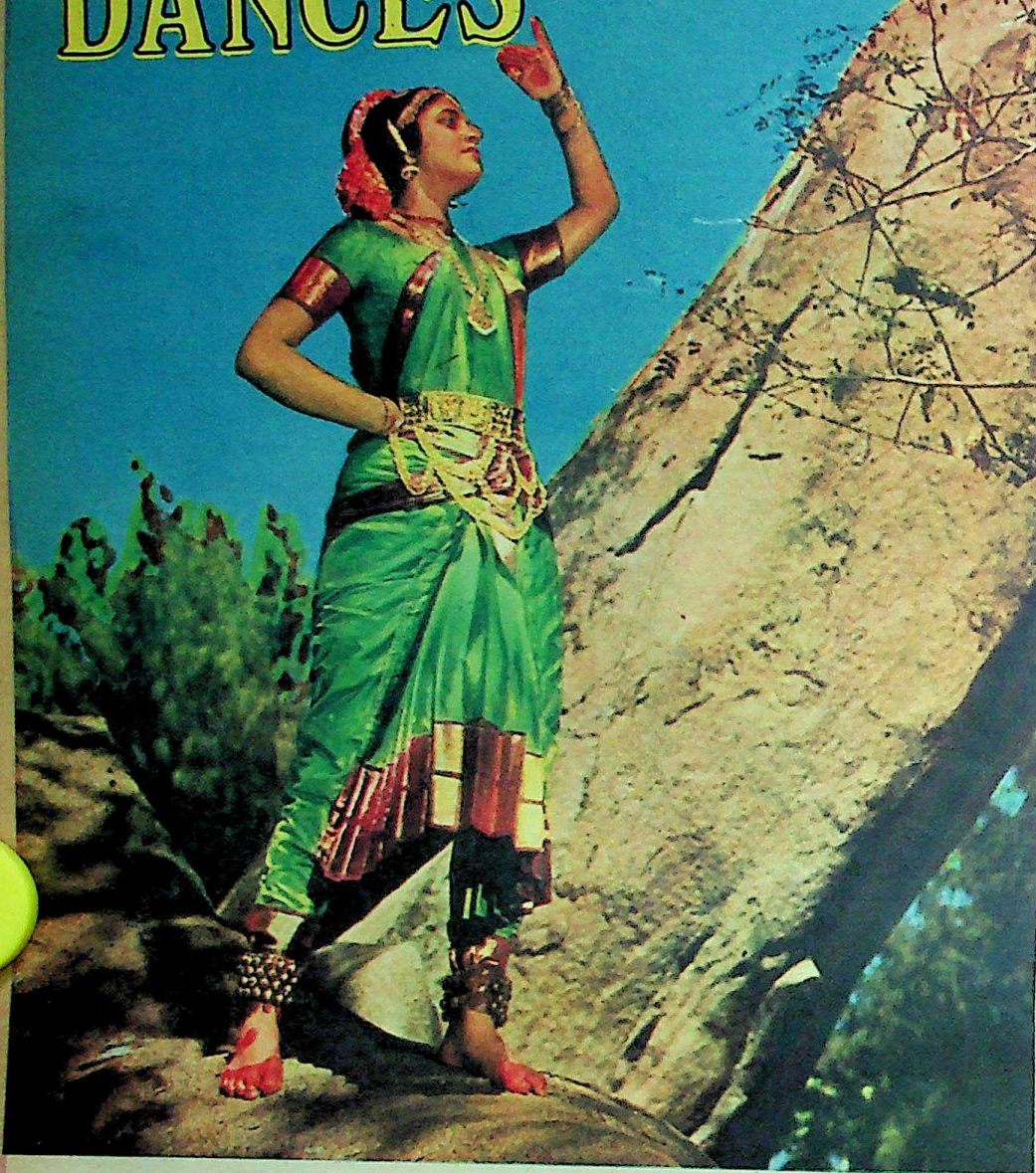


THE ONE THAT SLIPPED AWAY. Graham Roope in the slips drops Geoff Howarth off the bowling of Ian Botham. Howarth went on to hit 94.

ONE FOR THE ALBUM. New Zealand's Edgar, who replaced the injured Parker, scored 38 in the second innings.



CHITRA DANCES



Chitra Visweswaran is among the leading exponents of Bharata Natyam.

WHEN Chitra dances at Mamallapuram one is carried back 1,500 years to the reign of the Pallavas. The rock-cut temples blackened by time become vivid again under the harsh sun as she performs to the music of the sea. The great panel depicting the descent of the Ganga ceases to be frozen sculpture. The multitude of creatures portrayed in it with gusto, in celebration of life itself, waken to the dancer's steps. All the magic of the Coromandel descends on Mamallapuram and Chitra summons up those *nayika* roles enacted centuries ago before Mahendrarvarman and Narasimhavarman and their queens.

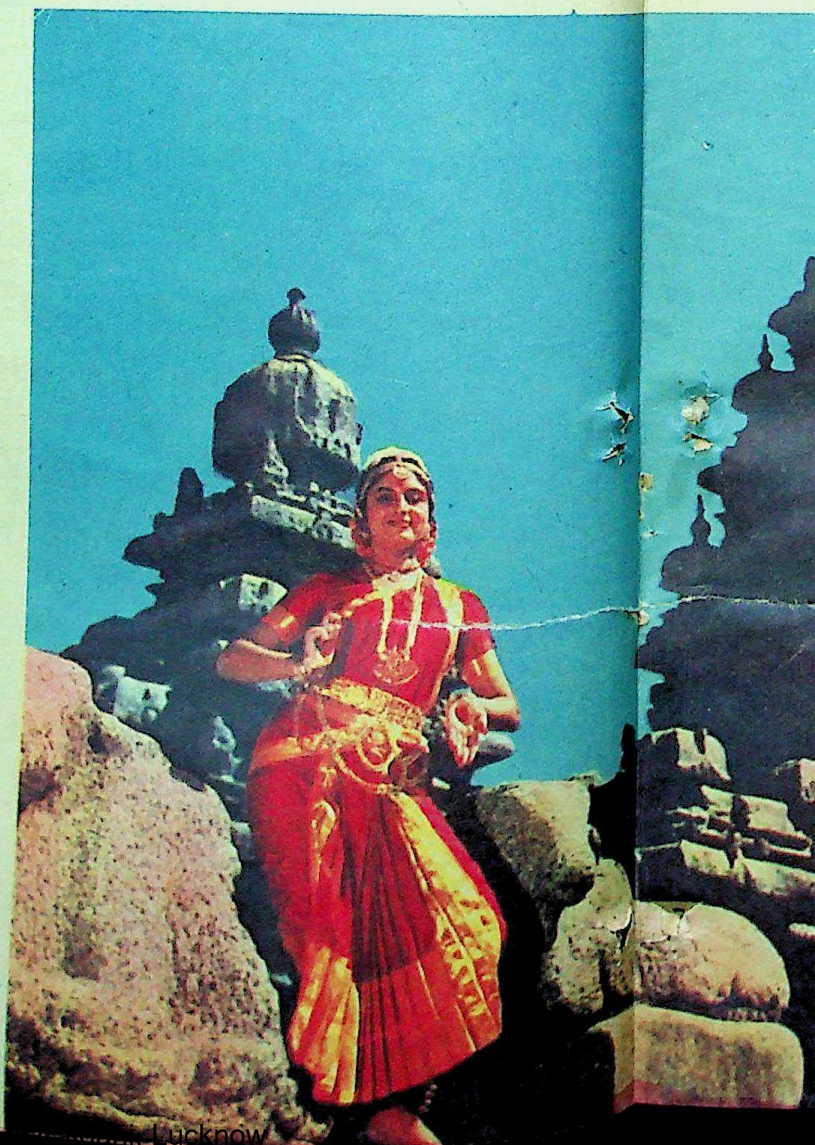
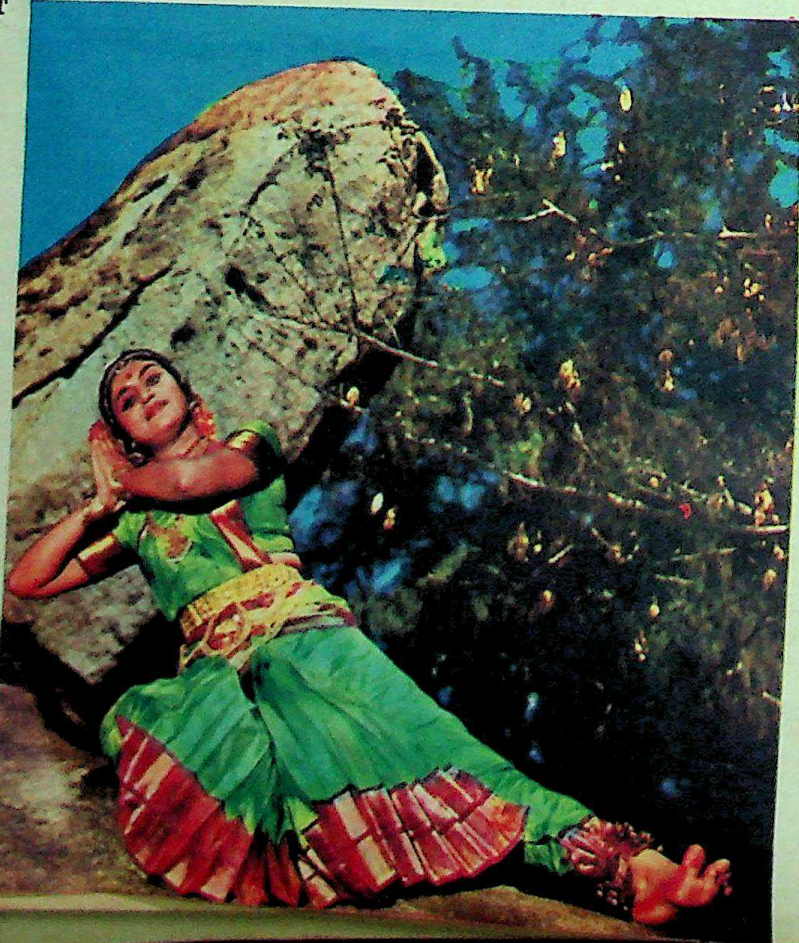
The Mamallapuram setting can however become a distraction. For Chitra needs no props and her art goes beyond the merely picturesque. There are Bharata Natyam dancers who are true to tradition, but there are few with a mind of their own. Chitra's adherence to tradition does not restrict her style; it gives her the confidence to invent and improvise without offending the demands of classicism.

She has the *lavanya*, the elegance and grace that textbooks on dance demand of an artiste. But she is not vulgarly statuesque: hers is the beauty of a Chola Sivakami. Let there be no doubt about it: there is no Bharata Natyam without *sringara*. And how can any dancer without an attractive presence portray the erotic? But the *sringara* of what Tamilians call *Bharatam* is not meant to titil-

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LOOKING OUT

SAYANA
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late but to exalt. And beauty without a mind, without understanding, can only titillate.

At the age of four Chitra took lessons in ballet and gymnastics in London where her family was settled for a brief spell. Three years later she was put through a course of Kathak and Manipuri in Calcutta. It was in the same city that she was initiated into Bharata Natyam. Her teacher was T. A. Rajalakshmi, a student of Kuppiyah Pillai and one of the finest representatives of the Thanjavur style. In 1970 Chitra received a Government of India scholarship for advanced study in Bharata Natyam and for three years was trained by that famous master, Vazhuvur Ramayya Pillai. As a full-fledged dancer today she combines in herself the best in all the three schools—Thanjavur, Vazhuvur and Pandanallur.

Chitra has earned a place for herself in the forefront of Bharata Natyam exponents. Her recitals are always flawless and yet free from the rigidity that technical perfection sometimes imposes on one's art. Her sense of rhythm is unerring—very few dancers have her accuracy of *tirmanams* (a difficult term to translate). *Bhava* (feeling or the portrayal of a mood), *raga* and *tala* are the prime considerations for a successful dance performance and Chitra excels in all three. As a matter of fact *bhava*, *raga* and *tala* should not seem as three different departments but parts of one inseparable artistic entity. Only dancers of Chitra's stature are capable of maintaining, creating or imparting this experience—I was on the verge of saying "totality of experience", but that is a term which one is afraid of using nowadays.

Chitra's *nritya* is joyous: it is as natural to her as mango blossoms to a mango tree in

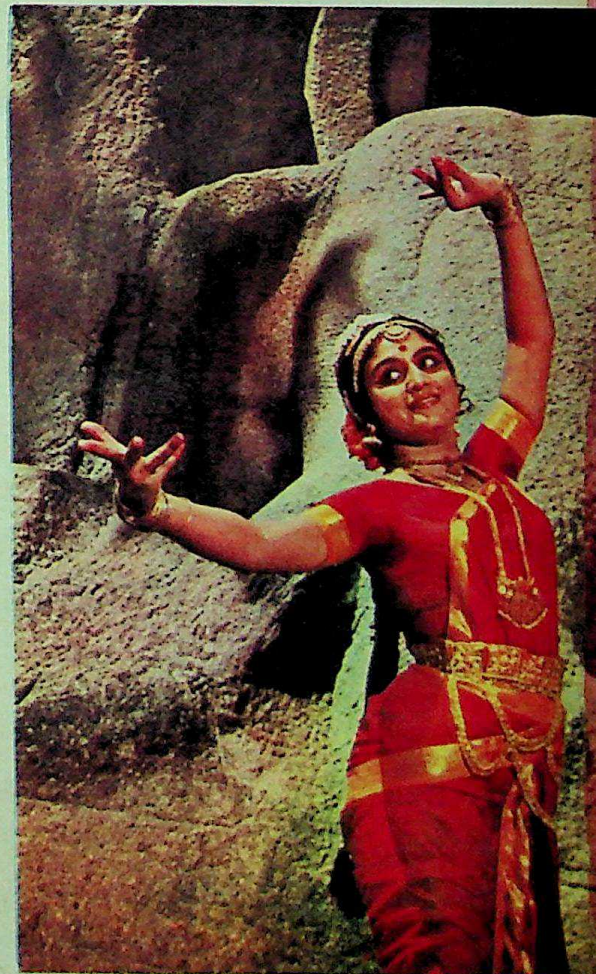
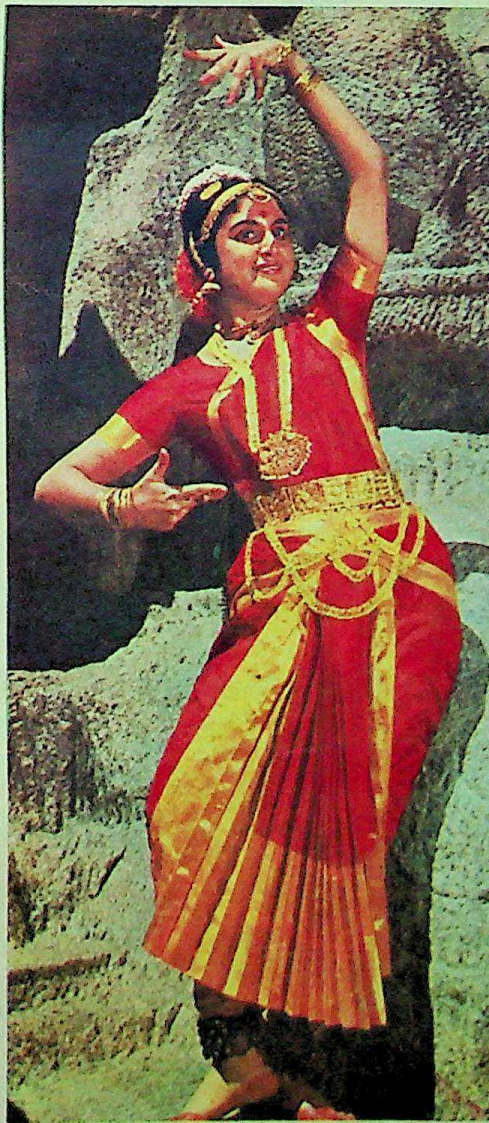


TALKING TO A KOEL

Photographs taken by Balkrishan at Mamallapuram

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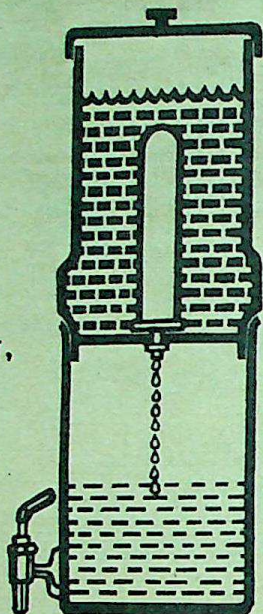
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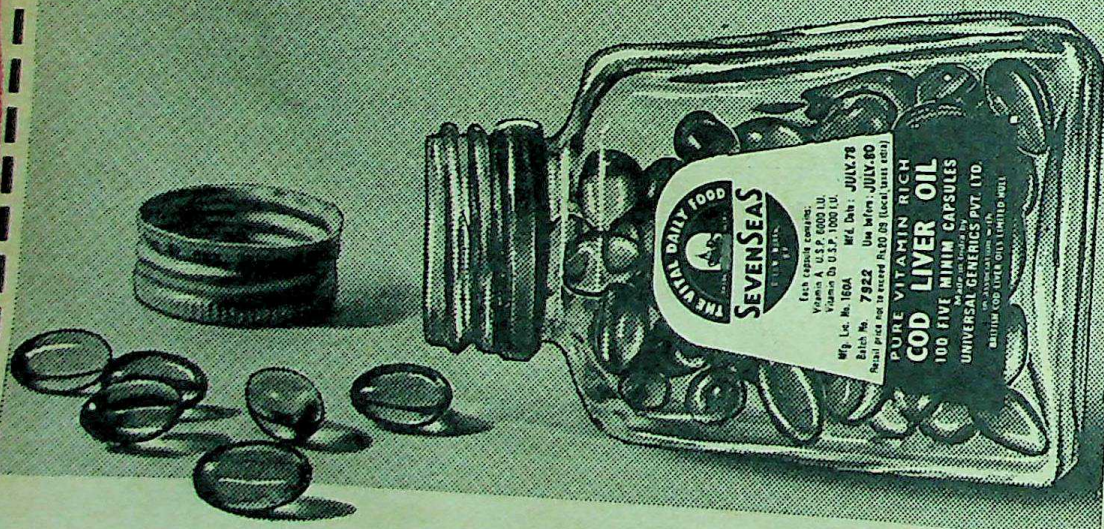
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CHITRA DANCES

—CONTINUED

spring. It is something like laughter in action, a surge of rhythm. Her face and eye movements have a perfection worthy of Kathakali dancers. There is not one awkward flexion. Very few of her contemporaries realise the importance of the *griva* or neck in a performance.

In her *abhinaya* Chitra becomes a different personality. Now she is leisurely and expansive, exploiting to the full the lyrical and emotional content of a *padam*. All her inventiveness and ability to mime are at play. However, she seldom carries anything to excess—restraint and a sense of balance contribute to her artistic success.

As an artiste gains in experience and becomes thoughtful, her *abhinaya* matures into an expression of her own personality. *Sattvikabhinaya* is the test of every dancer, every actress. It means living the role of the character portrayed for establishing identity with it—in other words it means losing one's own identity, or empathy. Paradoxically, only a dancer with a strong artistic personality can forsake her own identity to live the role of another and it is precisely this ability to be another that is the expression of oneself. Chitra, I have no doubt, has qualified to join that small band of dancers in the South who keep alive all that is best in *natyadharmi*. Her present quest takes her beyond technical excellence to the realm of aesthetic rapture.

Chitra, who has given recitals abroad (in France and America), is a BA (Hons) of Calcutta University. Her husband Visweswaran, a nephew of the late G. N. Balasubramaniam, the famed Carnatic musician, is a guitar (Western classical) and *vina* player and is learning the *santur* from Pandit Shiv Sharma. Chitra runs a dance school in Madras—it is aptly called Chidambaram.

R. G. K.



Photographs by Uthra Balakrishnan



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The Case Of The Stolen Miniatures

In 1969, nearly 2,500 rare miniatures, valued at about Rs 66 lakhs, were stolen from the City Palace, Jaipur. The author, a former CBI officer, gives a first-hand account of the investigations made to recover the paintings.

by Harbans Singh

ON January 11, 1969, was reported the theft of Mughal and Rajasthani miniatures from the City Palace, Jaipur. An estimate made later placed the value of the paintings stolen at Rs 65.58 lakhs.

The *surat-khana*, where the paintings had been kept, was situated on an upper floor of the palace. Entry had been effected by removing the bars of a ventilator which was only 5 ft above the roof of the adjoining building. A stool had been placed below the ventilator. A few *bidi*-butts were also found nearby.

Information was received from the Director of the Art School, Rambagh Palace, Jaipur, that a Ford Foundation visiting professor from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (then working at the Birla Institute of Technology and Science at Pilani in Rajasthan) had recently bought 37 paintings, suspected to be among those stolen, from someone in Jaipur.

The American was contacted and, as a result, the police recovered the paintings from a packet in transit with BOAC, New Delhi. The American said that he had purchased them for Rs 26,600 from the Director, City Palace Museum, Jaipur. The director

was arrested and, at his instance and that of one of his brokers, 415 more paintings were recovered from art dealers in Delhi, Bombay and Ahmedabad. Further investigation of the case was entrusted to the Central Bureau of Investigation.

CBI Takes Over

The senior fingerprint and photography expert, Central Fingerprint Bureau, Calcutta, carried out a detailed examination of the wooden *almirah* from which the paintings had been stolen. He was unable to discover any finger impressions on it. The *almirah* had female figures painted on it (which the director had made known to the burglars) by which it had been easily distinguishable from the other *almirahs* in the room.

Following a practice from older times the *almirahs* were not locked. The culprits, therefore, had no difficulty in opening the *almirah*. The theft was discovered only when the room was opened for cleaning.

The total loss was fixed at 60 albums containing 2,492 paintings. A list of the unrecovered stolen paintings was prepared and circulated to all State CIDs, enclosing a list

of prominent art dealers in the country. The list was also sent to the Secretary-General, ICPO, Interpol, Paris, for publication and circulation among member-countries. Sotheby of London and some other leading international auctioneers of art objects were alerted as well.

For a successful conclusion of the case, it was necessary to establish the identity and



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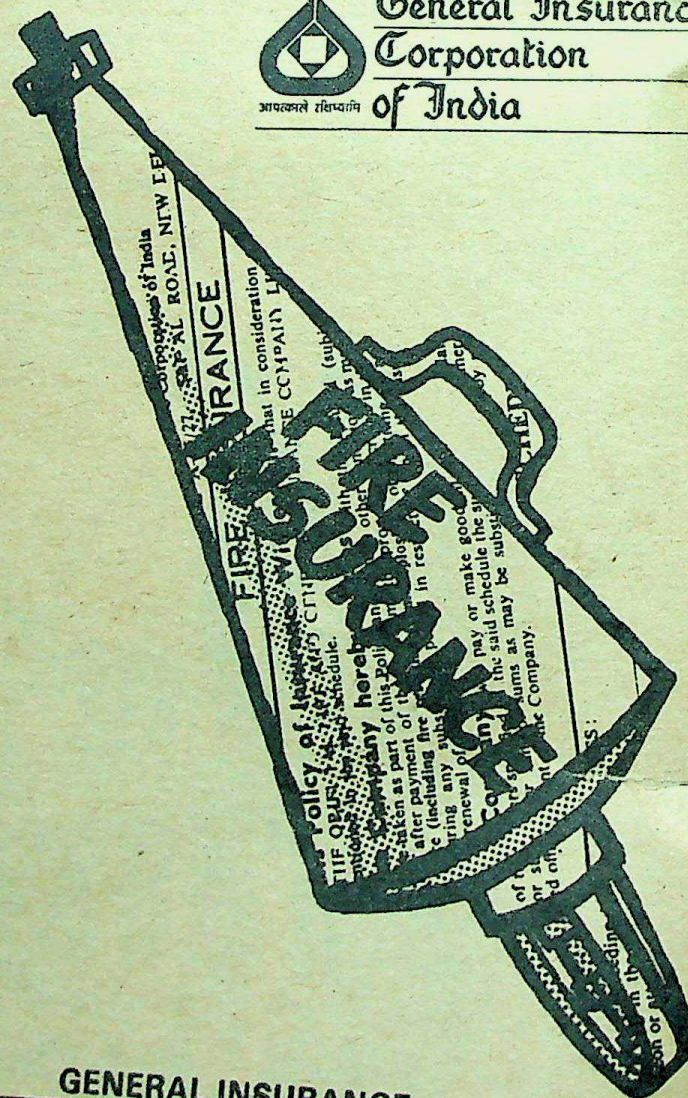
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The Case Of The Stolen Miniatures

Continued

the ownership of the paintings already recovered and those likely to be recovered. It was found that the records of the erstwhile Jaipur State were kept in the Rajasthan State Archives, Bikaner. With the cooperation of its director it was possible to trace and prepare microfilm copies of 1,051 of the *tojis* (vouchers) relating to the *surat-khana* for Samvat 1813, 1814, 1815 and 1816 (corresponding to AD 1755, 1756, 1757 and 1758). The microfilms were later deciphered with the help of a reader in the National Archives, New Delhi. This record proved very valuable in establishing ownership of the miniatures during the trial.

After further information about the remaining stolen paintings was collected, simultaneous searches of 16 premises situated in Delhi, Bikaner and Calcutta were carried out and some more paintings and manuscripts were recovered. Some of the dealers were persuaded to return the paintings which had been sold.

One of the firms disclosed that it had sold some of the paintings to a Mrs Dorris Wiener, a New York art dealer. She and her husband had visited Bikaner during January

1969 and it was alleged that she had bought some more of these miniatures from other sources as well. The catalogue of the Fifth Annual Exhibition of Indian Miniature Paintings, March-April 1969, issued by Dorris Wiener Gallery, had reproductions of four of the stolen paintings. Some others described in it also tallied with those stolen. A request made to Mrs Wiener by the Delhi firm to return these paintings drew a blank.

The Director of the CBI announced a reward of Rs 5,000 for information leading to the arrest of the accused persons and/or recovery of the remaining stolen paintings.

Following further interrogation of the ex-director of the museum, two of the burglars, Madan Singh and Ayodhya Singh, were identified. Both of them had a criminal record.

After working continuously for five months, the first break came when, on information gathered, one Laxmi Narain Laxman of Udaipur was arrested. He confessed to the theft and named Madan Singh and Ayodhya Singh as his accomplices. He said that the theft had been committed at the instance and under the guidance of the museum's director. A verification of his statement revealed that Madan Singh had kept some of the paintings with a relative, Bhanwar Singh, of Jhunjunu district in Rajasthan.

Bhanwar Singh admitted to possession of the paintings. He led the police to a spot on the outskirts of his village from where

a steel trunk was dug out. The box was found covered with an inverted empty coal-tar drum. A few bricks had been placed at the bottom to avoid damage to the contents. There were 217 Mughal and Rajasthani paintings in the trunk. 204 of them were intact in five albums, with seals of the Mughal Court and Jaipur State stamped on many.

Madan Singh was finally arrested in Mathura district, UP. He corroborated Laxmi Narain Laxman's statement. According to him, he had been asked by the director of the museum to commit the burglary. The paintings were to be sold through the director alone—he was to receive 10% extra for his work, besides 25% of the value of the paintings as his share.

The Recovery

Madan Singh enlisted the help of Ayodhya Singh and Laxmi Narain for carrying out the job. Some of the stolen paintings had been disposed of through the director of the museum before his arrest. Immediately after this, Madan Singh and Ayodhya Singh had absconded. Madan Singh's interrogation led to the recovery of 606 more paintings from different places.

Thus, altogether, 1,341 stolen paintings were recovered as a result of the investigation. Adding to it the 452 initially recovered by the Jaipur City Police, the tally came to 1,793 paintings—the bulk of the stolen treasure.



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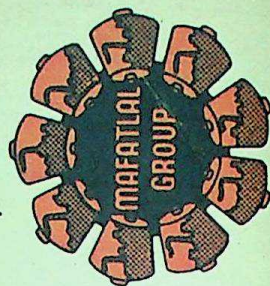
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Why Multinationals?

Multinationals, managed by highly qualified professionals and backed by the latest in research and technology, can do a lot of good and very little harm to a large country like ours, says the chief executive of BASF, a German firm. Despite the daily pronouncements of Ministers, the present Government has been helpful to multinationals.

by BENEDICT COSTA

IS there a feeling of panic among the multinationals over the new industrial policy and the recent pronouncements of senior Ministers?"

The Managing Director of a German multinational, BASF, Mr P. K. Sanyal, did not mince words: "This is not a new experience, multinationals have got used to platform speeches by politicians. We also realise that many observations of politicians are meant for the gallery, because they also know what is good for the country. Unfortunately, once again virulent anti-multinational propaganda has been let loose, as if the multinationals are the cause of all evils in the country. People in responsible positions should be more restrained, fair and objective when they assess the role of multinationals. My personal experience is that, despite what Ministers say in public, if proposals made are for the good of the country at large, they are considered in a positive manner—and expeditiously."

The Good And The Bad

Mr Sanyal went on to add: "It's unfair to generalise about multinationals: just as there are good and bad human beings, there are good and bad multinationals. They should not be clubbed together."

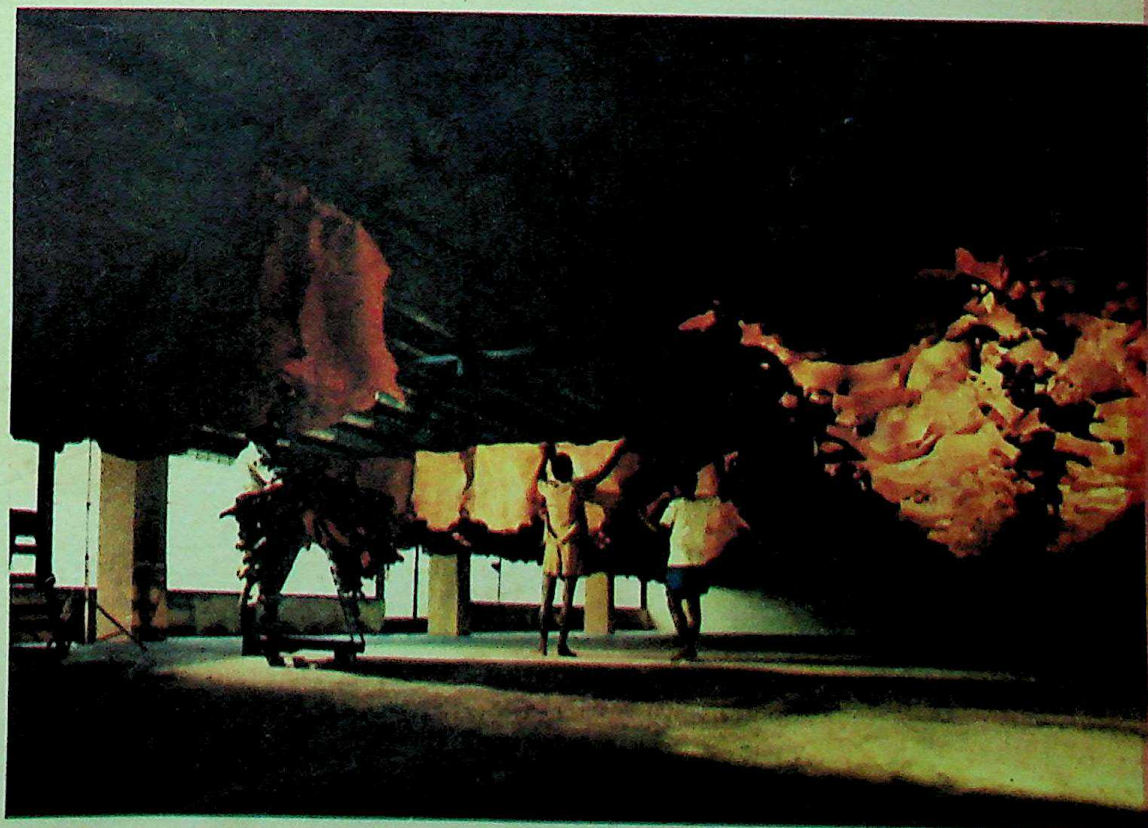
"Only those who carry on their business in a monopolistic way—for example, in minerals or scarce metals—can abuse their power. But those in highly competitive fields, like chemicals, cannot afford to do so. For example, in the total chemical business in India, BASF has a bare 2% of the share. Also, in a large country like ours, multinationals can do very little damage. The Government has laws to keep watch over their activities."

"Does India gain anything at all by its association with multinationals?"

"Yes. There are many gains. I will mention only two. Multinationals spend huge amounts on research directed towards the overall improvement of life and economic conditions. India can be a beneficiary of this research only through association with multinationals. Secondly, it is well recognised that multinationals adopt modern and scientific methods which help streamline costs and ensure the best professional management."



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"What's been your company's experience?"

"Recently, we have noticed a substantial improvement in the way in which applications are handled by the Government. For instance, we have now entered the field of chemicals to protect plants from weeds and pests. We have had a rather quick response from the Government for our project of sophisticated chemicals to process leather. This will benefit a large number of tanneries in the small sector. It should, however, be clearly understood that improvements and simplification of bureaucratic procedures are possible and desirable."

The German Giant

And Mr Sanyal should know. He represents a company which has only about 460 employees but turns out Rs 10 crores' worth of products. It is part of the BASF giant in West Germany which has 316 subsidiaries in 56 countries. The group manufactures 6,000 different products in its 123 factories spread over 31 countries. In India, it is mainly engaged in the production of leather chemicals, agrochemicals and expandable polystyrene which is processed into thermocole (used in insulation and packaging).

"These products are not run-of-the-mill," said Mr H. Bauder, who is Treasurer and the only German attached to the Indian company. "The policy is to allow the locals to run the entire company. The sophistication of our products has earned worldwide acceptance for us. Our strategy planning foresees a tremendous growth for the company. We are not only going in for a second production site (the company has received a letter of intent for Bokaro), but also plan to diversify our range of products."

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RESEARCH IS THE KEY. A single product has to undergo at least 8,000 tests. This can take six to eight years before the product is marketed. In India, this multinational plans to spend Rs 1 crore on research.

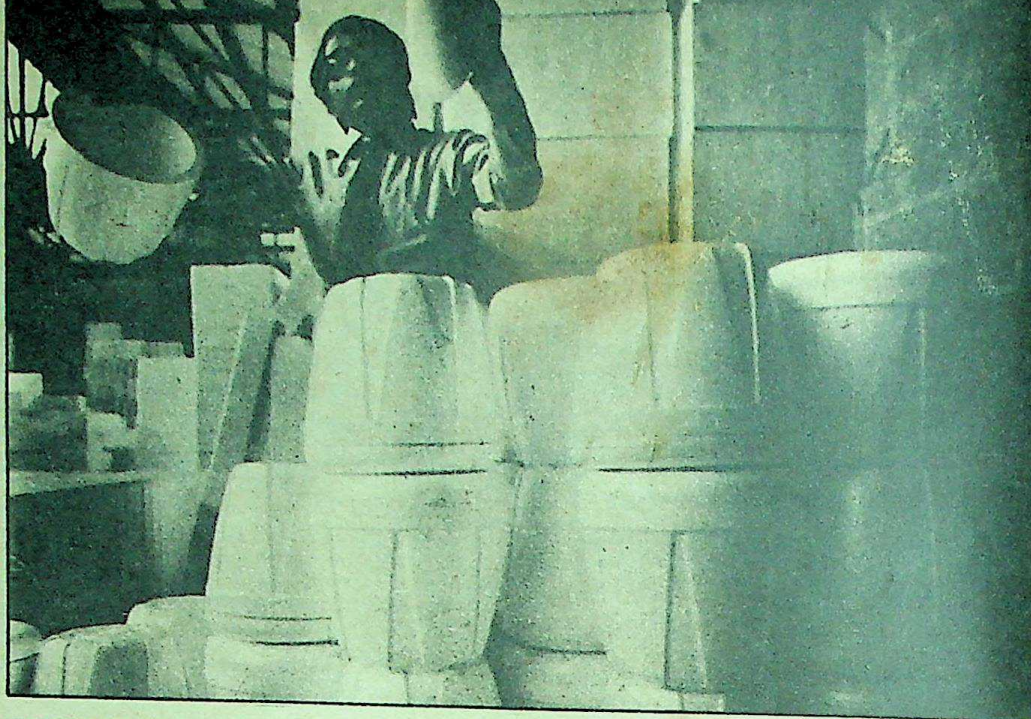
tively cheap and we possess the required technology. Our tanner can, therefore, compete favourably in the world market.

Traditionally, we have been exporting mainly semi-finished leather. But, since 1973, the Government has encouraged, to some extent, even compelled, a gradual shift to finished leather and leather goods. In 1976-77, exports rose to Rs 318 crores.

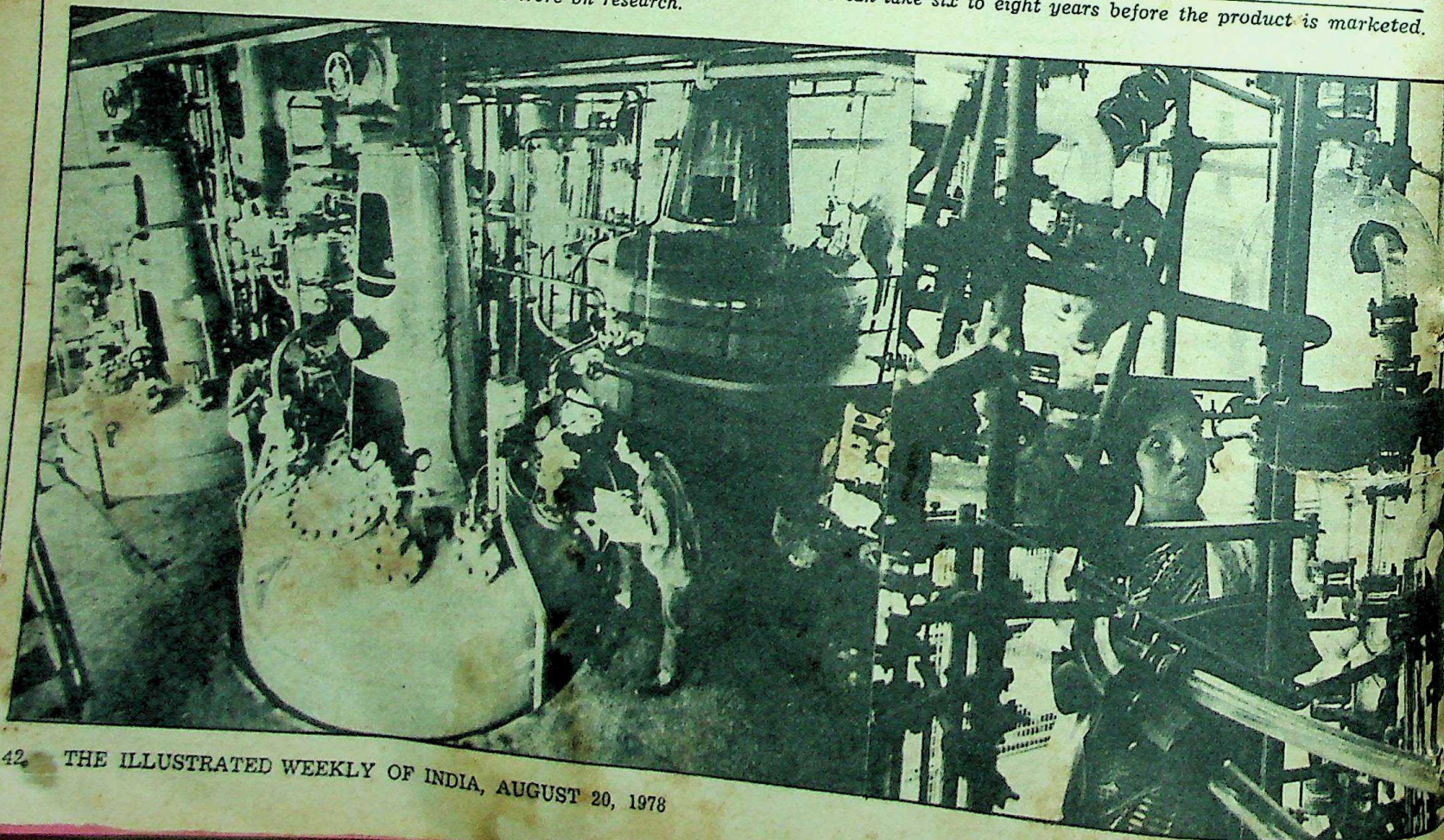
Fifteen years ago, our leather exports totalled a measly Rs 50 crores. These have since grown sixfold and, according to Dr M. Santappa, Director, Central Leather Research Institute, "a target of Rs 1,000 crores is within the realm of possibility".

The Leather Export Promotion Council, on the other hand, has painted a disquieting picture of a "steady decline" in our recent exports. The export of shoes, for instance, has come down by 48%. This may well be a temporary phase and it is attributed to a "change in footwear fashion abroad". Nevertheless, exporters must realise that they cannot compromise with quality.

Mr N. U. Bhatt, an expert in this field, remarked: "The most important process in leather-making is tanning which converts putrescible hides and skins into a substance—leather—which does not rot. Metallic salts and vegetable substances go into the making



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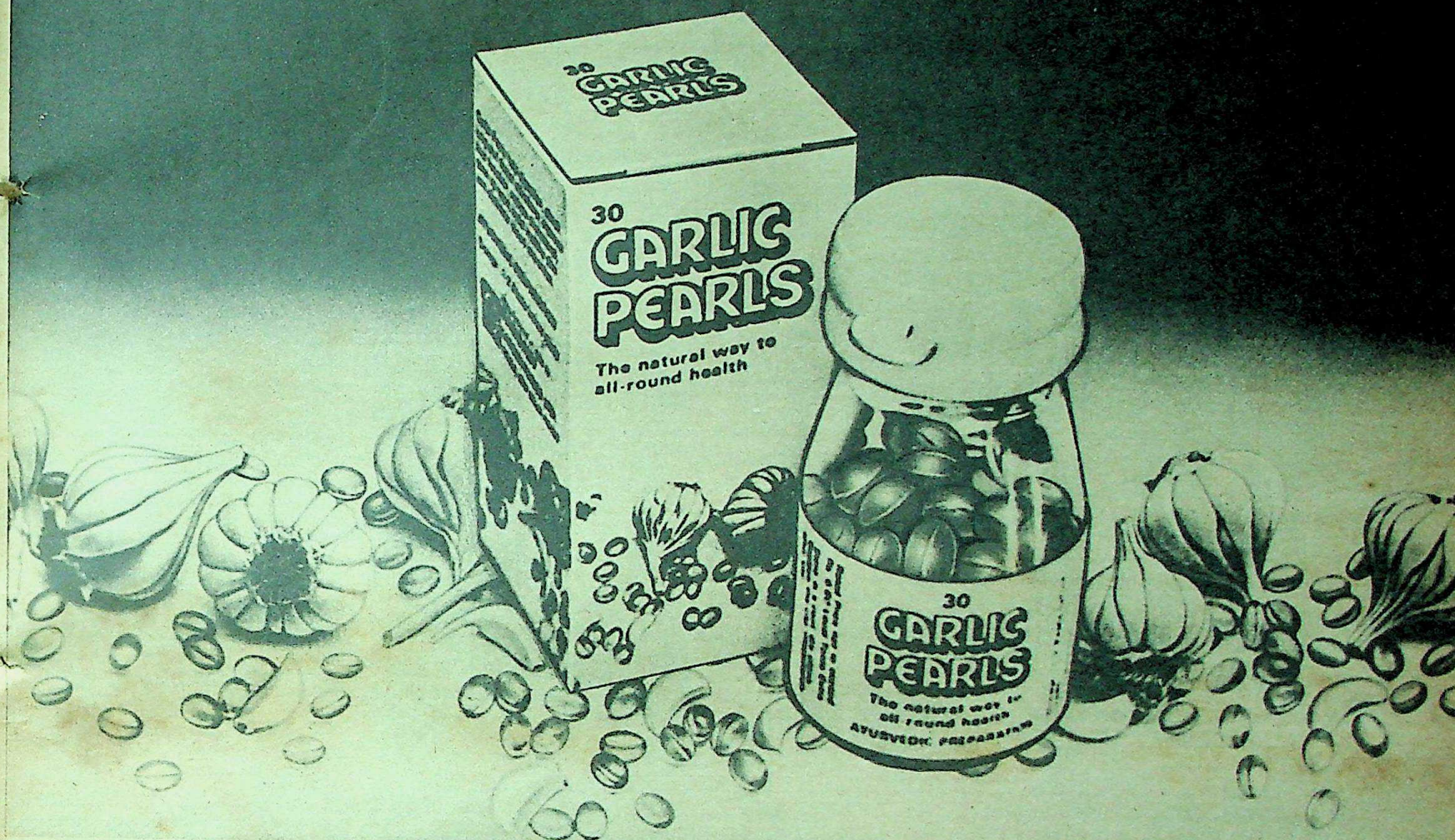


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Gulzar's MEERAA



"My Meeraa will be human, not superhuman. For too long has Meeraa been presented with an *ektara*," says Gulzar.

by RAJU BHARATAN

Gulzar was playing on the sitar when I got through to him. Probably trying to strike the right note for his imminent meeting with Ravi Shankar to finalise the background music of *Meeraa*. The time for this is on hand now that the film is all but complete.

It is nearly two years since Ravi Shankar specially came down from America to compose the music of *Meeraa*. Gulzar had then caused the first stir by casting Hema Malini, and not Raakhee, as *Meeraa*. Lata Mangeshkar dropped the second bombshell by saying she would not sing a 'filmi' *Meeraa*. Laxmikant-Pyarelal, the film's original composers, promptly seconded Lata by walking out of the movie.

Gulzar was in a dilemma, since no composer in our films would entertain the idea of *Meeraa* without Lata. He had a brainwave. He had his script ready and he flew down with it to Ravi Shankar in the States. After the fiasco of *Go-Daan* (1963), Ravi Shankar had sworn he would never do a film in the commercial jungle of Bombay. But the idea of doing *Meeraa* attracted him, as it would any creative composer. Gulzar gently broke the news that Raviji would have to do *Meeraa* without Lata. "Tell her I'm doing the film and see if she refuses," said Ravi Shankar.

But Lata held firm. It was thus a clash of two international egos. Ravi Shankar made a sudden decision. He said he would go ahead regardless. He asked Gulzar to summon Vani Jairam and a new *Meeraa* was born. As Vani set the singing pace for Hema with *Mere to Girdhar Gopal*, old-timers recalled that the last time the idea had succeeded was when M. S. Subbulakshmi played *Meera*, way back in 1947.

Cherished Role

There has been some kind of a jinx on the theme since. Every

"Hema has understood the character in all its shades. She has been able to come up with the exact nuance of expression I required in the most testing of sequences."

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actress worth the name has cherished the idea of playing Meera, knowing it can lift her to the realm of legend. But the theme itself has proved ill starred on the screen. M. S. Subbulakshmi having set the pattern, Meera has traditionally been cast in a mythological mould. And consistently without success. Maybe a break in the pattern was overdue. Gulzar's version marks a clean break.

Seeing the rushes of his *Meeraa*, you sense a healthy new approach. "For too long has Meeraa been presented with an *ektara*," says Gulzar. "But my concept of Meeraa is 'historical' rather than 'mythological'. I've always imagined her with a book in hand—as a poetess rather than as a saint. It's this poetess imagery which made me research extensively on the theme. And I found that what gave Meeraa the 'mythological' stamp was the fact that somehow the common man had come to identify her instinctively with the period of Krishna; whereas in actual fact she had to be 'placed' just four hundred years from today—that is, in the period of Akbar. And these four hundred years are not legend—we know the period as history. Simply because this concrete history somehow got transformed on the screen into mythological fiction is no reason why we should perpetuate the fiction. My endeavour is to turn the fiction part of Meeraa into a fact of history. My Meeraa is not all legend and no reality. My Meeraa is a woman of flesh and blood and bone. The abstract part will be the faith and the devotion—this is not myth, it's a reality even today.

Can She?

"No, I'm not trying to destroy the Meeraa legend. The legend of Meeraa pertains to her poetry, her faith, her devotion, which is very much there in my film and will come through. My quarrel is merely with the 'miraculous' mantle in which Meeraa is mindlessly cast. This is the mantle I've sought to change. As played by Hema, my Meeraa will be human, not superhuman. She will come out as a warm human being who can laugh, who can cry, who can even joke and quarrel. Even while assuming a saintly hue, she will come through as a sturdy specimen of Rajasthani humanity with a vaster patience and tolerance. That is to say, her transformation into a Krishan Diwan will be gradual, not sudden."

Can Hema Malini communicate this transformation? Will she be too much of a 'filmi' Meeraa?

"No, she will not be a 'filmi' Meeraa," says Gulzar. "What's it you first look for in Meeraa? Naturally the physical aspect of a tall, stately Rajasthani lady who carries herself with pride and poise. Take Jaya. There's no better artiste. But, for all her art, Jaya can't look Meeraa. This should also answer your question about why not Raakhee as Meeraa. Raakhee is a beautiful woman. But beauty is not the sole criterion in determining the casting of Meeraa. In any case, the way Raakhee and I were placed in personal life I don't think it would have been possible for us to work together.

"Meeraa in my mind has a certain bearing, a certain carriage. And, when the idea of Hema as Meeraa came to me from producer Premji, I instinctively felt this actress would measure up to the vision I had of Meeraa. I knew Hema's acting potential needed only tapping from my experience of working with her on *Khushboo*, where against all odds she brought off the character of Saratchandra's Kusum. Even then I felt Hema had in her the essence of Meeraa. Now I can say in all honesty that she's played the role to my complete satisfaction.

"She has understood the character in all its shades. She has approached it with great confidence, getting into the spirit of the role. She has been able to come up with the exact nuance of expression I required in the most testing of sequences. She has risen to great heights in the *karvachauth* sequences, which would have been a challenge to the best of artistes. The fact that she had no preconceived notions about how to play Meeraa helped—I was able to shape her just as I wanted. She has thus been able to give just the measured tone of histrionics demanded in the *karvachauth* as in the other crucial passages of the film.

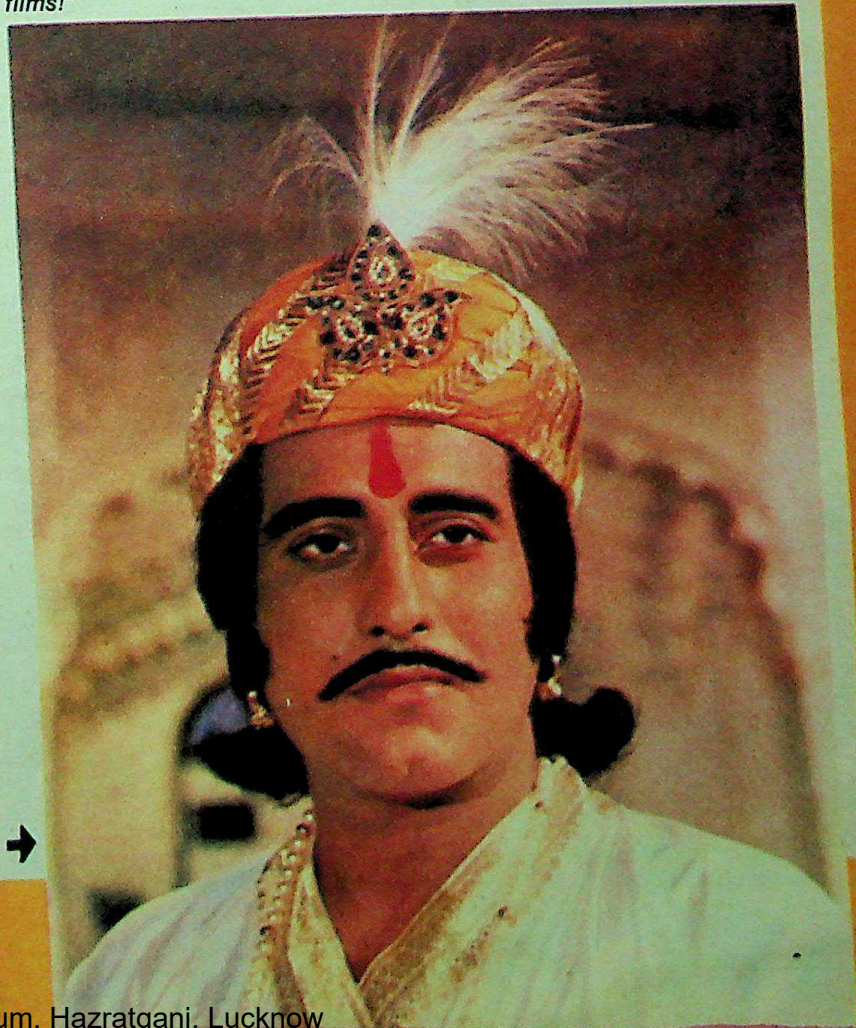
Big 'ifs' of History

"But it's not as if my concentration is all on Meeraa. I've kept in mind the fact that, for Meeraa to acquire the tone and temper visualised by me, the other characters have to contribute to the build-up. These characters are not subservient—they are as vital to the unfolding of Meeraa as Meeraa is herself. →



"I've presented Meeraa in the perspective of her times—in the perspective of history, not legend. That is to say, my concept of Meeraa is 'historical' rather than 'mythological'."

"Take Vinod Khanna as Rana Bhoj. He's done so well that it somehow seems apt that it should be he, and not Meeraa, who is going to renounce films!"





The Weekly Goes To The Movies

Gulzar's MEERAA

(Continued)

Take Vinod Khanna as Rana Bhoj. He's done so well that it somehow seems apt that it should be he, and not Meeraa, who is going to renounce films first! Bhoj's inner turmoil, by which he expects in Meeraa a traditional wife only to find her 'traditional' in a different sort of way, is to be felt all along the line. It's not as though he doesn't have any compassion for Meeraa; it's just that he doesn't agree with her way of life. Probably, if he had known she was going to become a legend, he would have treated her differently. These are the big 'ifs' of history. Vinod's is a delicately shaded performance.

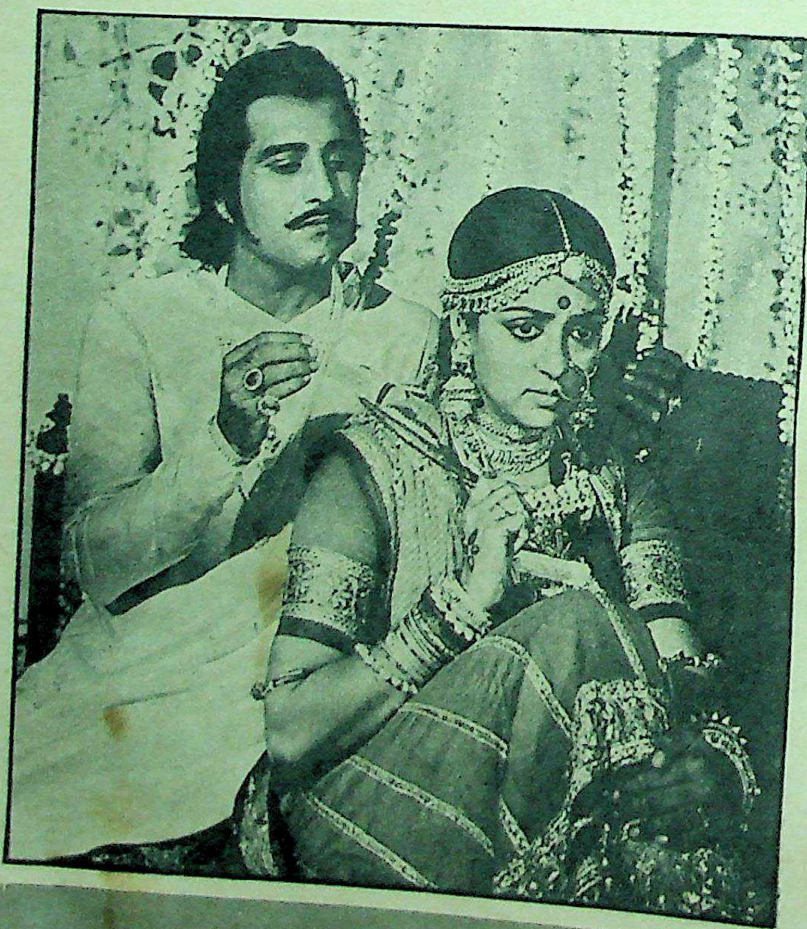
"So too is the performance of Dr. Sriram Lagoo as Meeraa's uncle, Raja Viramdev. Meeraa is such a legendary theme that there can be no hard-and-fast rule about how to approach it. This is the point that Dr. Lagoo effectively drove home to me as he said: 'I'm trying to make my playing of Raja Viramdev something between the real and the historical, between life and the

larger-than-life, which makes up history.' Dr. Lagoo is a tremendous artiste and he's come up with a tremendous performance.

"I mention this just to stress the point that, though the focus is on Meeraa, it's never so at the expense of the other characters. Shammi Kapoor as Rana Vikramjit (Bhoj's elder brother) is another character that comes to poignant life on the screen. Vidya Sinha in the brief role of Meeraa's cousin Krishna also conjures the

MEERAA WITHOUT LATA. At a recording session of Meeraa are (l to r) Gulzar, composer Ravi Shankar, Hema Malini and Vani Jairam (who has sung all the seven songs and the seven 'atmospheric' pieces in the film, ranging from Mere to Girdhar Gopal to Airi main to prem diwani).

"Probably, if Bhoj had known Meeraa was going to become a legend, he would have treated her differently. These are the big 'ifs' of history."



Rajasthani mystique. Dinesh Thakur as her brother Jaimal is no also-ran. A. K. Hangal shows his class as Raidas, so does Om Shivpuri as the Kulguru of Vikramjit's family. Sudha Chopra stands out as Udha. Amjad Khan I found ideal to play a young Akbar. How we are apt to forget that, in the Meeraa era, Akbar was young!

Vocal Empathy

"To sum up, I've presented Meeraa in the perspective of her times—in the perspective of history, not legend. That is to say, she is properly placed among the legendary faces of her times, like Tulsidas, Raidas, Akbar, Tansen... Meeraa and music are synonymous. But the music my Meeraa makes is something more than conventional music. The music she makes is at once evocative and compulsive.

"As Tansen put it, Meeraa's voice is a voice of *mohabbat* and *ibadat*—a voice of love and worship. This voice needed to be brought out in all its vocal empathy. That's why I ultimately turned to Pt Ravi Shankar to score the music. Panditji laid down only one condition—that he would need to see the script. I showed him the complete script and he was immediately enthusiastic. What divine music he's scored for the film! What purity, what authenticity of tone!

"We recorded the entire oral music before going on the sets—seven songs and seven 'atmospheric' pieces, all in the voice of Vani Jairam. Vani has understood and interpreted the theme impressively. I hope I've done the same. I'm flying with a rush print of Meeraa to Panditji tomorrow and am I nervous! Panditji saw bits and pieces of the film very early—this is the first time he'll see it in a *composite* form. Even while we were recording the songs he said the real challenge would come at the background music stage. I've done the visuals as best I can. It's for Panditji now to breathe musical life into the theme.

"I know music is integral to the narration of Meeraa. But I've also tried to dispel the idea that Meeraa's only music. She's something more. It's this 'something more' that has to come out in the personality of Hema as Meeraa. My feeling after doing the film with her is that Hema's reached a stage where she deserves a better class of roles. Her performance is now in front of you. Let it speak for itself."

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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA, SEPTEMBER 10, 1973

The Controversial Saint

Acharya Vinoba Bhave, the much-maligned ascetic who spearheaded the Bhoodan and Gramdan movements in the fifties, today sits in monastic seclusion in his ashram, bestowing spiritual solace to a motley assortment of politicians and other salvation seekers. The Emergency found the Acharya steeped in controversy for his alleged support to Mrs Gandhi. How valid is the criticism levelled against Vinoba? Has his Bhoodan made any impact on the rural poor? An evaluation of the Acharya's life and mission on his 83rd birthday which falls on September 11.

by Ramesh Chandran

It is ironic that, even after the itinerant saint of Paunar had opted for *kshetra sanyas*, controversy persists to hound him inexorably. As the glacial Acharya sits in brooding introspection or leads a pre-dawn incantation of the *Vishnusahasranamam* at his austere Paramdham Ashram, the discordant pitch is created by the visits of politicians like Indira Gandhi or, for that matter, Vasant Sathe. Resolutely, he goes on year-long *maun vrats* or undertakes *sukshma pravesh* (functioning on the "supramental level"), but continues to make unsavoury newspaper headlines or figure in polemical documents (JP's *Prison Diary*). But, despite the benighted disorder the frail, bird-like Acharya creates, despite the shrill stridency of his mocking critics who question the efficacy of the Bhoodan-Gramdan movements, Vinoba Bhave could justifiably look back with pride on his life's work.

Hallam Tennyson, grandson of the poet who walked with Vinoba in the *Bhoodan Yatra*, made this significant observation: "The twentieth century may be rich in jet aeroplanes but it is pretty poor in saints. We need to remember that what we call 'progress' is nothing if it leads to no corresponding inner change and Vinoba gives us this reminder in the one way which has power to move and impress."

What is the philosophy of this "rishi of sublime eminence" (as he was once described by a gushing admirer)? One of the 108 aphorisms which he composed in Sanskrit nearly two decades ago effectively epitomises this. It runs: *Kriya parama veeryavattaram*. Consistent with his spiritual outlook on life, he maintains that it is not "gross action" but the subtle power of pure thoughts of the Vedas "which would deliver the goods".

Today, as the Bhoodan-Gramdan movements slip into comparative oblivion as the country strides forward in the socio-economic sphere, one could take a searching look



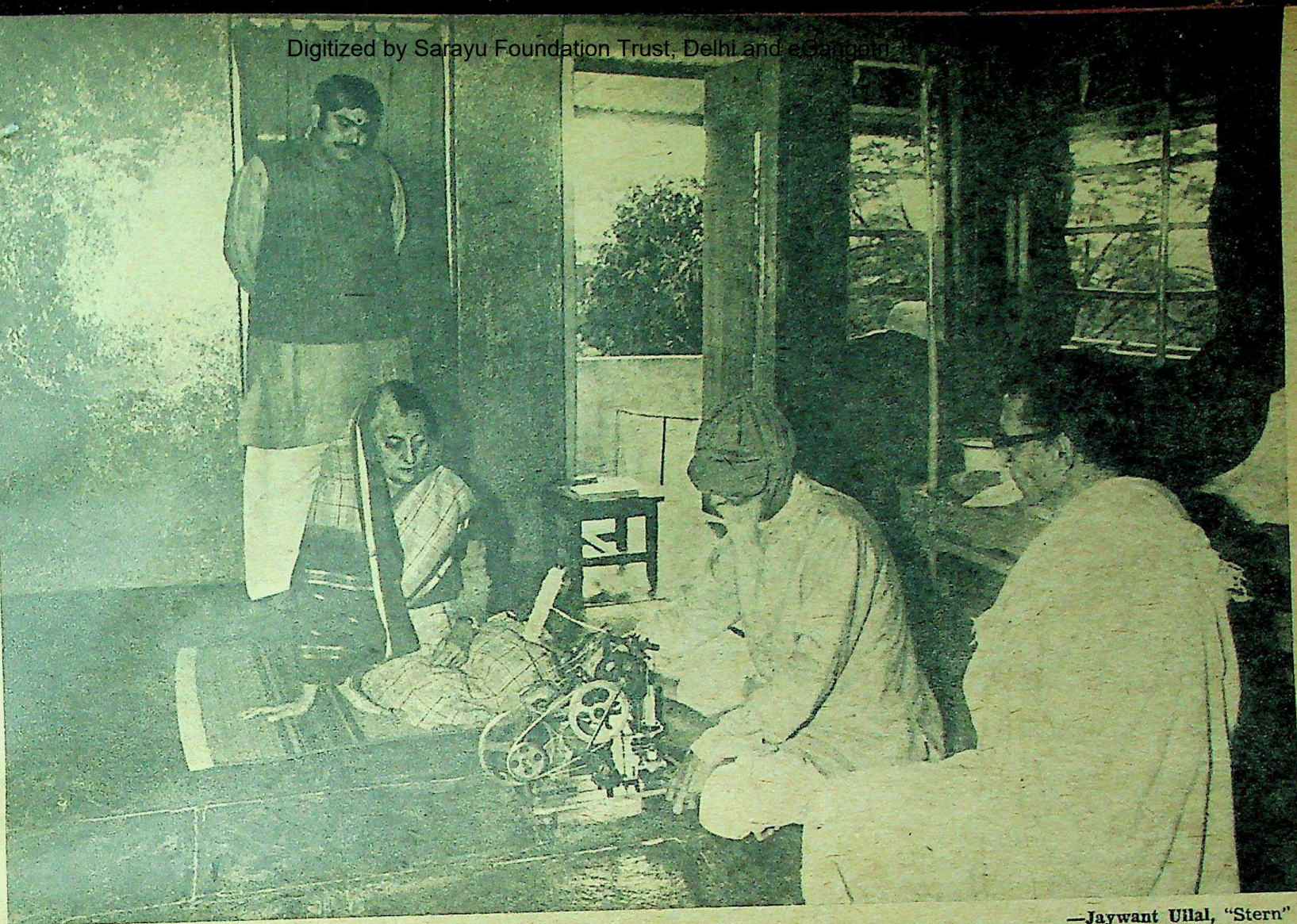
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—Jaywant Ullal, "Stern"

IS SILENCE HIS ANSWER? Indira Gandhi is just one of the many politicians who make periodic forays into the Acharya's sylvan Paramdham Ashram. This has often resulted in involving Vinoba in unhappy controversies. Instead of "spiritual guidance", what the politicians get is sometimes deafening silence—since the Acharya is observing his maun vrat. The remarkable tableau above is of Mrs Gandhi's visit to Paunar in July last year.

at Vinoba Bhave's dedicated commitment to his ideals with admiration.

It was at Banaras University that a wide-eyed Vinoba heard Gandhiji speak, converting him into an instant devotee of the Mahatma. But it was in 1940 that he became known throughout the country when Bapu chose him as the first to offer individual satyagraha preceding Jawaharlal Nehru. All the close associates of the Mahatma, Mashruwala, Kaka Kalelkar, Acharya Kripalani and others, had by this time recognised Vinoba's authority, not merely as a great exponent of Gandhian philosophy, but as a disciple to whom Gandhiji bequeathed his spiritual mantle. The novice at Sabarmati became the chief priest at Wardha.

The historic Bhoodan movement had its birth on April 18, 1951, in the tiny village of Pochampalli, Telengana, when the landowner, Ramachandra Reddy, offered 100 acres to the Acharya to meet the needs of the landless Harijans in the neighbourhood.

Acharya Bhave had stated that gift of land was only the first phase in the revolution to remodel society. He demanded that each landholder give one-sixth of his land which would become the property of the village community. The community would then convert itself into a family unit. Once all the land gifts were completed, they would be distributed to the families according to the number of members in each. The land that

was left over would be farmed on a co-operative basis by the whole community. After 10 or 15 years, there would be scope for redistribution.

Vinobaji explained during his walking tours that the campaign was not meant to distribute poverty but to ensure a richer corporate life for the whole village with the entire land forming a joint pool. He felt that all land was a "free gift of God and God was its owner"

Thus was born the Bhoodan movement which, more than anything else in independent India, came to be identified with Sarvodaya-Gandhian thought in action. Subsequently the Five-Year Plans, the massive investment in heavy industry and Nehru's "temples of modern India" made Gandhian thoughts like Grama Swaraj, decentralisation of power and dislike of industrialisation look incongruous, if not outrageously odd (although today it has become fashionable once again) in the new setting. Bhoodan came to be regarded as the last-ditch stand of Gandhians, "old Bolsheviks" in the emergent India, to reaffirm their relevance to the lives of the mute millions and their capacity for action.

Today, 27 years after the inception of Bhoodan, what measure of success can the movement claim? So far, 4,195,000 acres of land have been received towards Bhoodan.

Of this, 13 lakhs have been distributed among 500,000 landless farm labourers. The number of the landless in the country is of the order of 50 million. In other words, after all those years of travail, after incessant appeals to the rich farmers to come to the rescue of their landless brethren, only the fringe of the problem has been touched. Not even one per cent of the landless have benefited by the movement!

The Acharya's detractors state that nothing has brought out the futility of his movement as eloquently as the massive response of the rural poor to the land occupation movement. Yet perhaps Bhave cannot be judged too harshly for having imbibed only part of the philosophy of the Mahatma. While holding fast to the "change-of-heart" theory, he has not found it in himself to organise non-violent mass resistance to injustice in rural India. Today the thought is inescapable that the steely commitment the Acharya has given it could have been better utilised by his disciples over this long period. But they are unflinching in their support. As Dr Rajendra Prasad once said, "People say that the days of miracles are over, but what the Acharya has believed in his mission of Bhoodan is nothing short of a miracle."

Vinoba Bhave's life is replete with the crusades he has led; in the process he has had his fingers burnt. In 1953 he was assaulted for entering the Baidyanath temple in

The Controversial Saint

—CONTINUED

Deogarh, Bihar, with non-Hindus—an incident which provoked widespread resentment. He refused to visit the Guruvayur temple in Kerala in June 1957, since non-Hindus were not permitted.

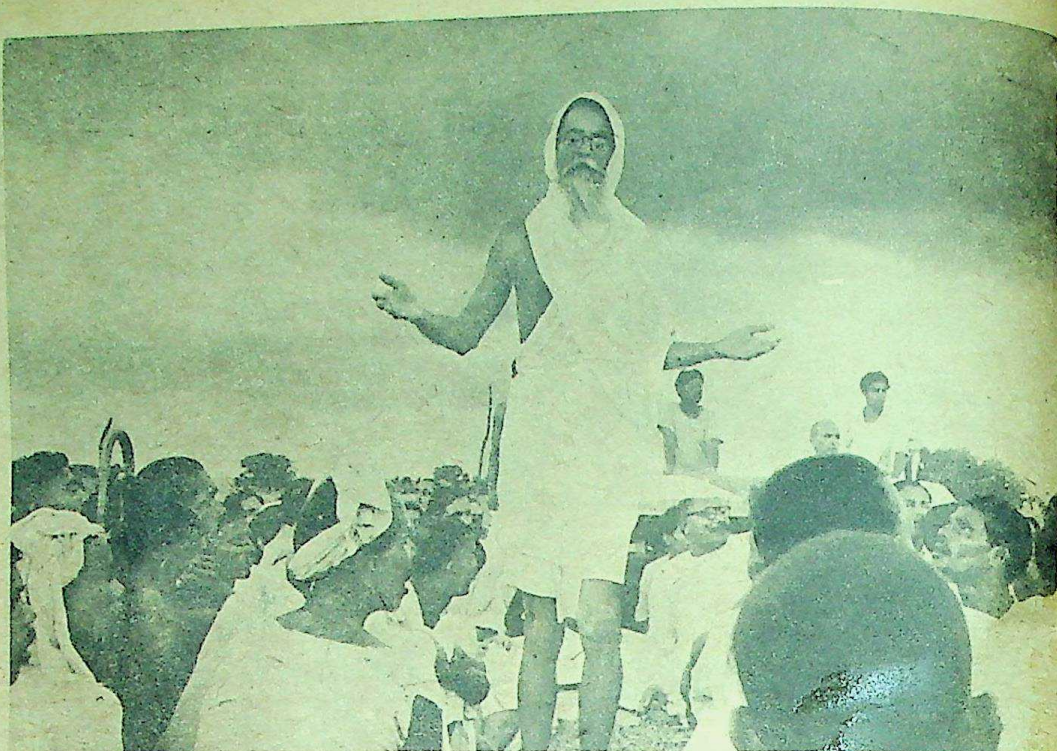
The Acharya undertook a novel peace mission to the dacoit-infested Chambal ravine to bring about a "change of heart" among the bandits. Some of them surrendered to him and he observed that "hearts have melted and the whole atmosphere is surcharged with the presence of God". The peace mission created some controversy in Madhya Pradesh where the Inspector General of Police said it had "delivered a blow to the morale of the police force because it had insulted the courage and devotion to duty of the men who fought the dacoits". The CM, Dr Kailas Nath Katju, supported the IG's statement.

Today Acharya Vinoba is known for his anchorite's lifestyle. He shuns the press, rarely makes a statement and spends most of his time in meditation. He concentrates on four subjects: the Brahma Vidya Mandir (that advocates celibacy among women); propagation of the Devanagari script; setting up a fraternity of teachers or *Acharya kul*; and his favourite theory of a non-violent revolution or the development of the Bhoodan and Gramdan movements. But politicians continue to be his *bete noire* and this has given him an unfavourable press, earning him considerable opprobrium.

It was Indira Gandhi's frequent forays to sequestered Paunar during the Emergency that resulted in unpalatable headlines proclaiming the Acharya's support for the Congress Party's programmes. His description of the Emergency as *Anushasan parva* sounded straight out of the 20-point programme. When questioned about his allegedly "two-faced" correspondence with Indira Gandhi, Vinoba stated that he had burnt the letters. Later his private secretary contradicted him to say that there was never any correspondence in the first place and the Acharya had not written to anyone, especially politicians, since 1966. After all, he was practising *karma mukti*—which meant he discussed only two topics: spirituality and health.

The unrelenting press subjected him to brutal criticism which caught the Acharya in a fix. Was the enigmatic recluse attempting to mislead? In reality, Vinoba Bhawe had been deeply distressed at the "goings-on" during the Emergency and was himself a victim of its malevolent tactics. His ashram was subjected to a swift raid conducted by a junior sub-inspector. It was ostensibly to "cut the Acharya down to size". Four thousand copies of his journal, *Maitri*, which carried an announcement about his decision to undertake a "fast unto death", were confiscated and destroyed. Intelligence men had, at long last, descended on his "hermit's kingdom".

The other major controversy was one that arraigned him of causing strife within the Sarvodaya ranks. His disciples noted



"GIVE ME YOUR LAND SO THAT YOUR BRETHREN MAY LEAD A BETTER LIFE" Vinoba's historic Bhoodan movement has been acknowledged as a "miracle" by many and as a "disaster" by his critics. What the Acharya has achieved is remarkable, but the thought is inescapable that the commitment Vinoba has given to the Bhoodan and Gramdan movements could have been better utilised by his disciples over this long period.

derisively that, of all people, the Acharya should be accused of preventing the efflorescence of the Sarva Seva Sangh! He opposed Sangh workers' participation in the Gujarat and Bihar agitations of 1974. In his *Prison Diary*, Jayaprakash Narayan wrote to say that Vinoba advised him to give up the struggle against the Government on the ground that there was the "danger of war" in such a situation. His advice was in the context of Pakistan's attitude, US supply of arms to Rawalpindi and China's show of friendship towards it. The Acharya felt that the struggle against the Government might weaken the country.

Party Conclaves in Ashram?

These dismal events have now been left behind. But the ascetic continues to be tenaciously pursued. After her defeat, one of Mrs Gandhi's first acts on her return to public life was to call on the once-peripatetic sadhu. Her visit was not exactly for attaining "spiritual guidance". The gathering at cloistered Paunar had every appearance of a small party conclave—alongside the former PM were Devaraj Urs, Dr Chenna Reddy and N. K. Tirpude. Here he was reported to have blessed the "constructive and progressive policies of the Congress (I)". Predictably, the contradiction came a few days later, this time from the Sarva Seva Sangh President Acharya Ramamurthy who said Vinoba had advised Mrs Gandhi to renounce politics! And, a few weeks later, President Sanjiva Reddy himself called on the Bhoodan leader to seek his advice and courage to speak the truth and guide the nation. The Acharya advised him to follow *Sanatana Dharma*. And so it goes on, this quest for instant deliverance.

The Acharya cannot be faulted for blessing politicians who "seek his guidance" and he has steadfastly attempted to keep his movement isolated from politics. But it is the

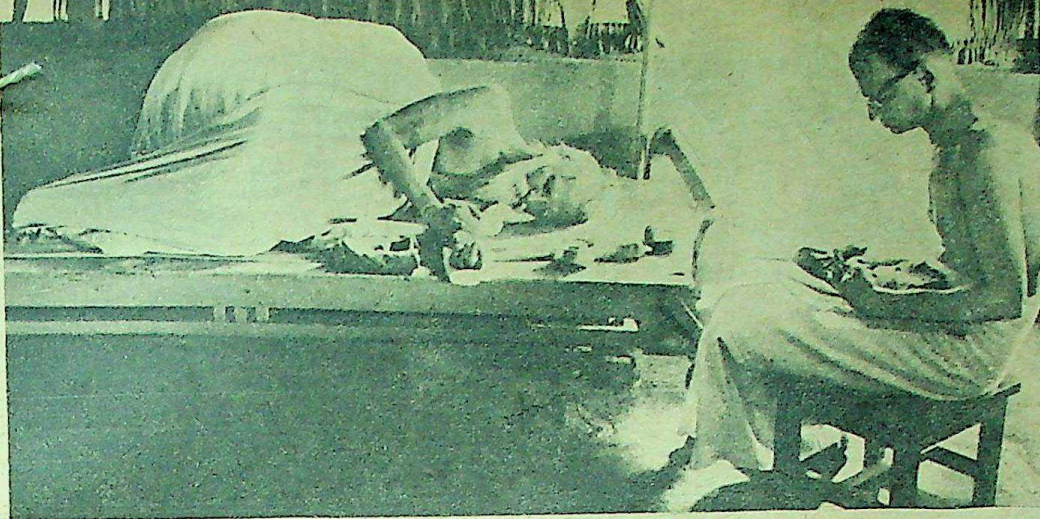
height of naivete to believe that such unremitting support to varying factions can remain apolitical judging from the past record of all the fracas and tangles he has got into.

The tasks Vinoba has achieved are substantial and his percipience is extraordinary. The sweep of his vision covers a wide spectrum, ranging from the nation's ancient cultural heritage to the shape of things to come in the distant future. To him, "science is a great force which is neither moral nor immoral. It is for spirituality to guide science in the right direction". In his view, if "a little knowledge of science has led to centralisation of industry, a fuller knowledge should make for decentralisation in the countryside". As science progresses, man's life should become simpler and more natural.

Vinoba believes that the age of politics and religion is fast dying out; the age of science and spirituality is fast dawning on the world. "There is much common good in all the religions of the world," he says, "but there is plenty of dross as well—formalism, dogma and ritualism. This dross is now dying out and spirituality which is the common essence of all faiths would prevail."

How successful has been the Acharya in his life's mission? This quote from Hallam Tennyson vividly sums up Vinobaji's intellectual attitude to success and failure: "With all his ascetism Vinoba has resisted the pride of poverty—the subtlest temptation of the saints. He has never urged anyone else to follow his way of life. And he goes his own way with a striking serenity. To someone who asked him if his work would succeed, he replied: 'Fire merely burns. It does not care whether anyone puts a pot on it, fills it with water and puts rice in it to make a meal. To burn is the limit of its duty.'"

* VINOBA: HIS LIFE AND WORK by Shriram Narayan



A Day With Vinoba

The author who spent some time with Vinobaji writes about the Acharya's disciplined schedule of work and prayer.

by J. Radhakrishnan

It is way out of the disorderly world crazed for power, personal glorification or pontification. It is a world devoted to prayer, constructive work and quiet resignation.

That is the life of Vinoba Bhave. He leads the life of *Kshetra Sanyas* at his Paunar Ashram on the banks of the river Dham, six miles from Wardha (on the highway to Nagpur).

Rather surprisingly, the sprawling Ashram complex of simple living huts amid vast farmland and vegetable yards has no gate at all. Seeing Vinoba too involves no protocol. In a corner room at the end of a long corridor he sits on a 6 ft-by-4 ft wooden plank, in a bath-attached room with windows all around, and a side room for his secretary, Bal Vijay, a round-the-clock "Vinoba watcher".

Green Dominates

Dark-green colour dominates the Acharya's room. The windows and walls are painted green; the curtains are of green khadi cloth. Vinoba, frail and emaciated in form, wears a green-coloured cape made specially (by himself, of course) to protect his eyes from glare, his ears and throat from exposure. Years of rigorous, austere life with only one meal a day *sans* salt and spice has affected Vinoba with serious vertigo. The result: he is now totally deaf and wears — 9 power spectacles.

For all his delicate health and age, Vinoba begins his day at 3 a.m. For an hour he goes over letters and books. The Ashram bell rings at 4 and, by 4-30, all the 60 ashramites and also visitors, if any, assemble in the verandah facing Vinoba's room for the pre-dawn prayer. Vinoba sits on a plank inside the room itself. After an hour-long prayer session, the inmates (mostly long-time

—J. Radhakrishnan
THE ASCETIC'S LIFE. Vinoba, despite his frail health, sleeps little and begins his day at 3 a.m. This is followed by prayers. He then supervises inmates of his Paramdham Ashram working on its farms and vegetable gardens. He personally inspects each room and toilet, like an army barracks inspector. The Acharya's food consists of a spoonful of fresh butter and gur-honey taken thrice a day (right).

Bhoodan and Sarvodaya workers) disperse to do their allotted manual work on the farm, the vegetable gardens, or cleaning the myriad footpaths of the Ashram complex. "Work" includes cleaning the latrines and bathrooms. In fact, no servants of any type are employed at the Vinoba "household" for any work.

He Personally Inspects

After breakfast at 7-30, Vinoba personally inspects all rooms including the toilet for cleanliness. This is like an army barracks inspection and the inmates are expected to be present to explain shortcomings or slipshod work.

Another daily chore is spinning for about half an hour on the Ambar charkha. A firm believer in sunbathing for health, he sits in an open space with his back turned to the sun. Contrary to the general practice, he has his bath at four in the evening—from water warmed only by sunlight.

On the sessions with Dhirubhai Dikshit, the eminent naturopath of Bombay who stays at Paunar, Vinoba gets a special massage before breakfast. The massage session is livened up with an impromptu *naach* by Dhirubhai—a curious combination of wild Kathakali and Bharata Natyam to the accompaniment of full-throated noises for beat! "Dhirubhai's dance and shouting are all part of a special physical exercise he has devised as naturopath," explains an ashramite.

Women Celibates

Dhirubhai is not the only "colourful" personality at the Paunar Ashram. There are 25 women inmates in the Brahma Vidya Mandir section (A bode of Spiritual Learning). Balubhai Mehta (88), popularly known as the "Dhulia Gandhi", explains it thus: "According to tradition, only men have claimed the right to spiritual attainment. But Vinoba believes that women also have an equal right to this. So he started the Brahma Vidya Mandir in 1959. Only those women who take the vow of celibacy are taken. Women from every part of India and among them the highly educated have joined. Some of them are connected with Sarvodaya work."

Going round the sprawling Ashram complex, one finds it a mixture of Sarvodaya

simplicity with a dose of modern conveniences. What captures the visitor's attention are the ten wall-panels of rare sculptures adorning the Ashram. It is said that, when Vinoba left Sevagram to live at Paunar in 1938 for his *sadhana* (meditation with manual labour), the place was barren, rocky and uninhabited. Bit by bit he reclaimed the land, working eight hours a day, when he quite unexpectedly came across the stone sculptures.

High Point

The high point, of course, is the meeting with Vinoba. This proves a soul-stirring experience. The visitor, if not already known to him, must provide a short introduction about himself. Noticing I hailed from Tamil Nadu, he greeted me in Tamil: *Pallayirathandu vazhga*—may you live for a thousand years! And thoughtfully added that it was a quote from *Tiruvachakam*, a Tamil classic.

This is another endearing aspect of Vinoba. He is proficient in all the Indian languages, in addition to English, French, German and Japanese, as also Arabic, which he learnt specially to read the Quran in the original and to write about it in Hindi.

On Smoking

As Vinoba is stone deaf, one has to write on paper any problems for him to read and reply. Since politics and worldly issues are ruled out, I sought his advice on giving up smoking as a starter. "Resolve before me that you will give up smoking from now," Vinoba suggested. When I pleaded my inability, he asked jokingly: "How many do you smoke?" "Four." "Only four! There came a foreigner here who used to smoke forty a day and he gave up smoking on my advice. Giving up four should be ten times easier!" Everybody laughed, Vinoba having the heartiest laugh.

As night fell and Ashram life came to a quiet halt, I peeped into Vinoba's room. He had cuddled himself like a child in the womb and was sound asleep, wrapped around his dhoti.

The thought naturally occurred: What will happen to Paunar after Vinoba? Will it become a relic like Sevagram after Gandhi?

Come alive with freshness



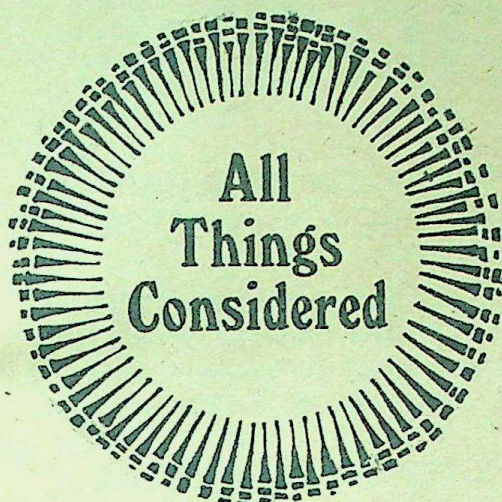
Totally different LIRIL. Rippled green with the exciting freshness of limes. Tangy, tingling LIRIL ... makes a fresh new woman of you.

Liril

THE FRESHNESS SOAP with the exciting freshness of limes

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The Editor's Page



This is a frank admission; and, believe me, it is true: I have fallen in love with the WEEKLY readers. Totally, incontrovertibly and unabashedly. And, may I add, with good reason.

In the last four weeks, I have been praised, blamed, scolded, screeched at, corrected, lectured to, warned, patted on the back—yes, patted on the back for heaven's sake—and dealt with so severely that I am not sure whether I am sitting in my chair or hitting the ceiling.

As a reporter, I hardly felt the baleful eye of the reader. The occasional flak I got was from my news editor, good man that he was, who would thoughtfully cable me a one-liner: "Dunderhead, you have missed a story." The dunderhead then sent an exclusive and added a footnote: "How's I doing?"

This is different. I don't have to wait to answer for my *karma* till Doomsday. The reaction of the reader is swift and merciless. It comes by the next post. And there is no escaping the mail. Take these examples.

Advocate A. V. Kasbekar from Bombay writes: "Since your taking over, the editorials have also become ponderous; their lighter vein and the personal touch appear to be on the wane. It is natural for you to still wear the foreign sheen but in India we only visit our friends; we do not 'visit with' them. Should you still persist with the unnecessary 'withs', I will have to 'meet with' you and remonstrate personally!" As long as you are non-violent, pal, it's okay!

Madhav Deshpande from Calcutta is very brief and to the point. He writes: "So far we had 'wine, women and laughter'. Your first issue (August 13) indicates that we shall have 'sermons, and soda water the day after'. 'Shalimar' may remain the only redeeming feature."

M. Salim, all the way from Abu Dhabi, is very stern. "All Things Considered," he writes, "leaves a bad taste in the reader's mouth." He adds: "One other thing. The In word has changed again. It now goes: Relax. Relax, Mr Kamath."

Not content with that, Mr Salim adds: "Incidentally, for 'cringe' ('I still cringe at

the sight of heaps of garbage thrown helter-skelter'—'We Indians') Chambers gives, 'to bend or crouch with servility, to submit, to fawn, to flatter with mean servility'."

But I thank Mr Salim for his final word. "Best," he concludes. Now who wouldn't like a man who can say that?

M. C. Desai from Bhopal gives a warning: "From your suggestions to the readers at the end of your first editorial, it appears that you have a lot to learn of the social conditions in India. The reader who accepts your advice to wink at a pretty girl or admire a well-turned-out ankle is likely to land in a hospital, if not morgue, for eve-teasing"—a thought, incidentally, that has given me several sleepless nights, as well it should. Thanks, pal.

I note, with great pleasure, that readers are better informed—at least they have a better memory—than I. In an editorial I had spoken of *Zen and the Art of Motor Cycle Repairs*. Not so, at least five readers have hastened to tell me. It should be *Zen and the Art of Motor Cycle Maintenance*. Reader K. G. Kumar from Trivandrum writes: "For one who bemoans our lack of attention to details, you don't appear to be particularly punctilious yourself. You misquote the title of Robert M. Pirsig's classic work... A slip of the pen? Hopefully?"

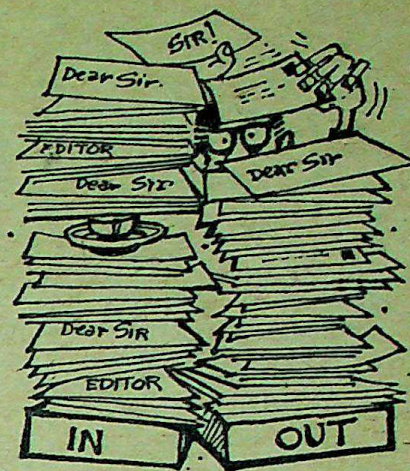
You see? There is no place to hide my face.

V. A. Kamat from Kurla says that my suggestions for August 15 will be acted upon—and I hope he has. "Hopefully," he adds, "some of them should not land me (at 50) in trouble!" At this point I have become so aware of the likely broken jaws and dislodged teeth of faithful readers that I guess I shan't give any more advice on how to celebrate August 15.

Comments on my article, "We Indians", have been no less sharp. V. C. Job of Aligarh writes: "I read with curiosity the leading article, 'We Indians', by M. V. Kamath, Acting Editor of the WEEKLY... Kamath's qualification of being abroad for the last 20 years has itself proved to be the greatest disqualification for the post. He has convincingly proved his ignorance about India's multifarious problems and wide variety of people. He is unable to feel the pulse of even the city of Bombay which houses the WEEKLY itself. (Besides) we Indians clear our throats after dinner and MPs and Ministers are our representatives only and clearing of the throat does not have any bearing on decency and decorum... If the Editor cannot stand the sight of underwear on clotheslines, will he permit them to appear on the pages of the WEEKLY on good-looking men and women?"

To which, of course, I can only ask: "Is there no difference between good-looking men and women and clotheslines?" I had always thought there was.

Or take this, from reader Ramgopal, who comments on my not acting positively in the case of the dying beggar: "You may have been abroad too long and you may or may not realise it, but it shows. You too are an Indian, Mr Kamath, no less than any of the others who also left the poor man to die on the street."



Then he adds, to my delight: "Welcome home!"

The same theme is pursued by S. S. Bhat of Mercara who says he "failed to comprehend as to why the author himself could not take the beggar to the hospital, instead of demonstrating lip-sympathy and accusing others of indifference". "May it be," he adds slyly, "for the reason that the author himself is an Indian?"

And this from Ram Pratap, from Ahmedabad: "Instead of rushing to the reporter's room, he could have just rushed across the circle to a hotel and got a glass of water and solved the problem. Instead of calling the police, he could have called the municipal ambulance. It is this typical urban attitude of passing the buck that is revealed in these actions and Mr Kamath has not changed this trait in him after staying for twenty years in Europe and USA. Mr Kamath, you are not a gone case. You are very much Indian. USA and Europe have not affected you a bit nor do I think they ever will."

I might add that this is only a small sample of the enormous mail that I have been getting—cheering, maddening and wholly satisfying. I might quote one more letter, this one from P. N. Anantha Narayanan from Bhopal:

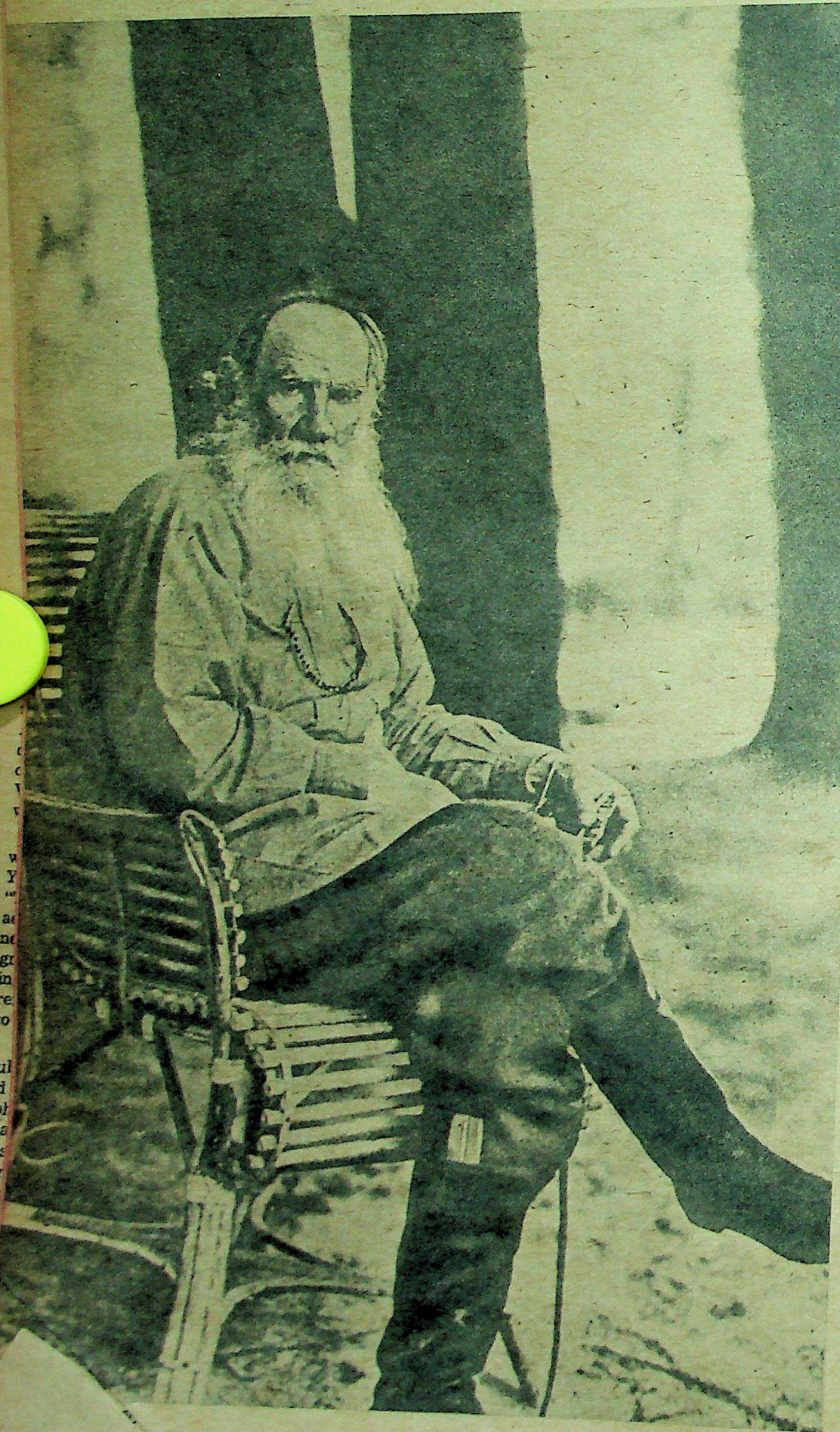
"In 'We Indians' Mr Kamath says: 'It won't hurt to examine our national character.' I didn't know we had one to examine. Mr Kamath's twenty years' stay abroad shows through when he criticises the drying of undergarments in the clotheslines of Malabar Hill apartments. Many Indian families do not have separate WCs, what to talk of separate rooms for drying underclothes. Clothes are clothes, be they undergarments or Dacca muslin. While in Rome do as the Romans do. Indian culture doesn't sunbathe in the nude on public beaches, exposing what essentially are private parts to public gaze. Come on, bud, you ain't no more in Washington. You are gonna edit an Indian mag."

I feel contrite and humble. At least for the time being. What I note with glowing pleasure is the reader's total involvement with the WEEKLY. In more ways than I can imagine, the WEEKLY belongs to him/her. I feel like saying, as that remarkable civil rights lawyer Morris Ernst said of his wife and daughter, that readers would help "keep me straight, if not straighter"

And what more can one ask of a reader?

M. V. K

Tolstoy And Gandhi



Their quest for truth brought these two dissimilar personalities together.

A 150th birthday (September 9) tribute to the Russian savant who was among those who inspired Gandhiji's belief in non-violence.

by K. A. Abbas

Count Leo Nikolayevich Tolstoy (1828-1910) and Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi (1869-1948) were two dissimilar personalities, brought up in dissimilar climates and countries, with completely different backgrounds.

One was born at Yasnaya Polyana, not far from Moscow, the other was born in the sweltering heat of Porbundar in sandy Kathiawar. One was a count of the Czar's glittering court, the other (despite Gandhiji's father's temporary position as the dewan of a minor Indian princely State) was from a middle-class family. One was raised as a Christian and the other was raised as a Hindu.

Tolstoy became a writer by choice. Like Tagore, who was also the son of a rich landlord, he did not have to have any profession. Writing was a hobby, a pastime which became the passion of his life. Gandhiji, on the other hand, was an indigent scholar who made his trip to England to be a lawyer on a limited budget. He became a barrister and, eventually, in that capacity went to South Africa to plead the cases of some Indian immigrants.

Lifelong Search Begins

It was there that his lifelong "search for Truth" began. He sought it in all religions—he read the Hindu scriptures, the Quran, the Bible and the Zoroastrian Avesta. He sought it also in the works of revolutionaries, reformers, historians, writers—Mazzini, Ruskin, Emerson, Thoreau, Carlyle.

Among them he was most impressed by a small book by an unknown Russian name—Count Leo Tolstoy! The name of the book was *The Kingdom Of God Is Within You*. He later wrote: "I was at that time a believer in violence. Its (Kingdom of God Is Within You) reading cured me of my scepticism and made me a firm believer in Ahimsa."

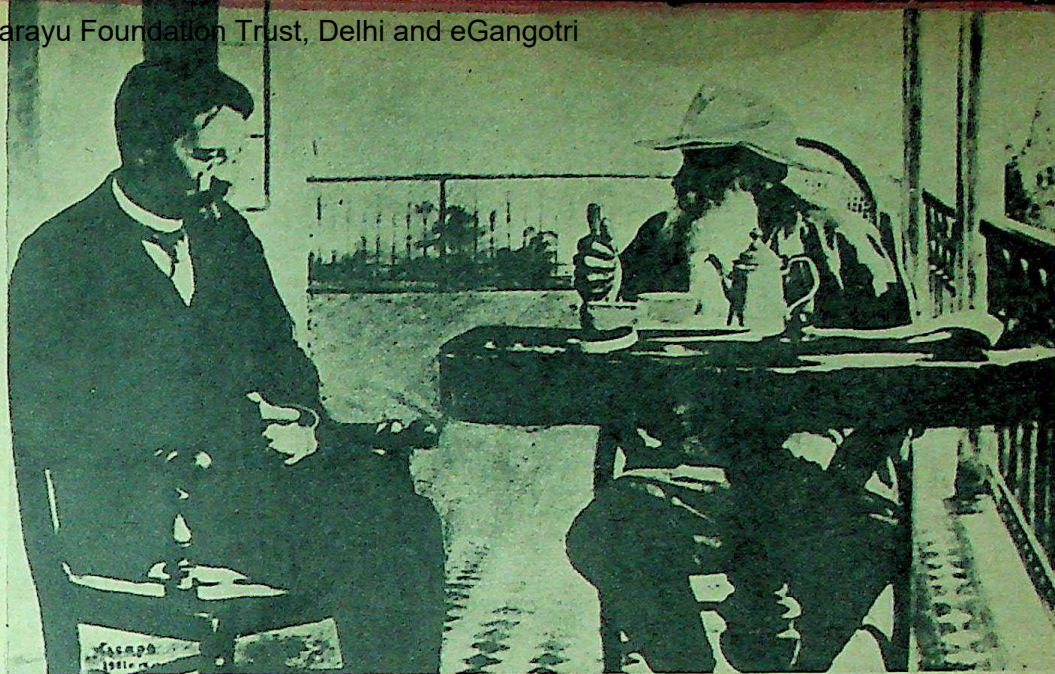
Gandhiji wrote to Tolstoy, for the first time, a year before the novelist's death, in 1909, how he was inspired to read his book and considered himself a "disciple" of the Russian revolutionary count.

In reply the aged Tolstoy wrote: "I have just received your most interesting letter which has given me great pleasure. God help our dear brothers and co-workers in Transvaal, the same struggle of the tender against

the harsh, of meekness and love against pride and violence, is every year making itself more and more felt among us here also, specially in one of the sharpest of the conflicts of the religious law with the worldly laws in refusal to military service. Such refusals are becoming ever more and more frequent. I greet you fraternally and am glad to have correspondence with you."

Tolstoy was then 81 years old. Gandhiji was barely 40. Yet the tone of Tolstoy's letter is not patronising. He accepted the younger Indian as a brother—and comrade—in the common struggle, as he describes it, "of the tender against the harsh, of meekness and love against pride and violence" of men in authority.

Tolstoy had given up his title and divided his estate among the peasants who worked on his land. He dressed like a farmer and ploughed his own field. Much the same change was to take place in Gandhiji who later discarded his barrister's robes and dressed in homespun clothes. The two men, coming from two completely different parts of the earth compelled by events as much as



TOLSTOY WITH CHEKOV (left). Below right: With his wife Sofie. Below: A draft of one of the letters written by Tolstoy to Gandhiji in 1909.

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Dear friend,

I just received your letter and your book: "Indian Home Rule."

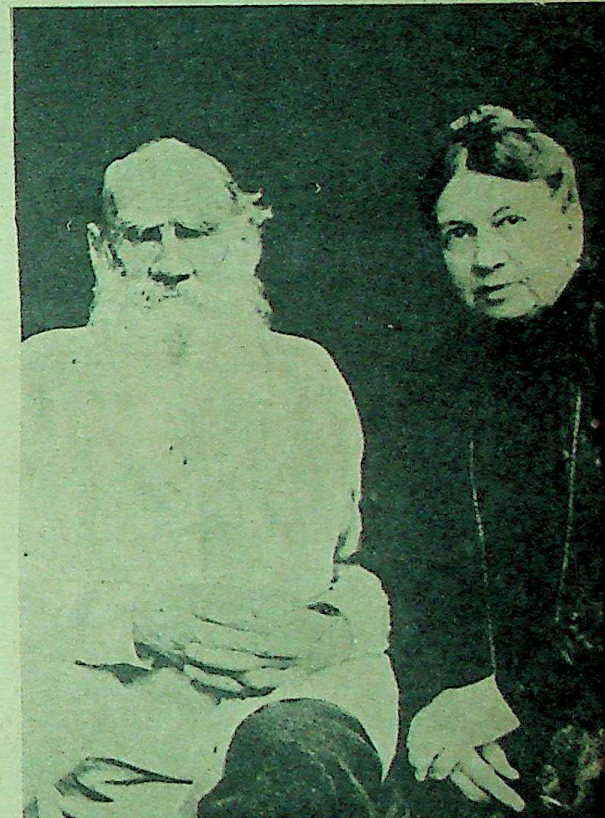
I read your book with great interest because I think that the question you treat in it: the passive resistance— is a question of the greatest importance not only for India but for the whole humanity.

I could not find your former letters, but came

across your biography by J. Doss which too interested me deeply and gave me the possibility to know and understand you better.

I am at present not quite well and therefore abstain from writing to you all what I have to say about your book and all your work which I appreciate very much, but I will do it as soon as I will feel better.

Your friend and brother



by their own inner voice, were following the same path of love and humanism and struggle against evil and violence.

Though Gandhiji modestly described himself as a "disciple" of Tolstoy, and though he was not an intellectual like Tolstoy, he played a much more significant role in history, first in South Africa where he organised passive resistance against imperialist authority, then on a much bigger scale in India where he led an unarmed people to non-violently challenge the mightiest empire in history.

Tolstoy's books, which were already translated into English, French and German, inspired numerous European and American intellectuals who took to the path of Tolstoyan humanism. In Russia, after the Revolution, Tolstoy's books were published in several editions and had their impact on all Russian writers and intellectuals—including Gorky, Chekov, Dostoyevsky and Gogol. During the war Soviet soldiers carried Tolstoy's *War and Peace* in their knapsacks—this was their intellectual and spiritual sustenance during those gruelling years.

When I was in the Soviet Union this year, the latest collected edition of Tolstoy's works had just been announced, and there were long queues in front of Moscow bookstores to register their orders in advance. The plays and films from Tolstoy's stories and novels—like *Anna Karenina*—are still the hot favourites of Russian film-makers, as well as cinegoers and play-goers. At a stupendous cost one of Soviet Union's ablest and most talented directors, Bunderchouk, made a comprehensive four-part film of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*.

Gandhiji Published In Russia

After the narrow-minded fanaticism of the Revolution's early years has died down in the Soviet Union, a sympathetic as well as objective view is being taken of the personality and ideology of Gandhiji. His autobiography has been published in substantial editions. Recently the *Collected Works of Gandhi* have appeared in Russian, also in a large edition. Thus, at last, the message of Gandhiji, which has already travelled to America to inspire the Negroes' non-violent

struggle, has reached the people of the Soviet Union also. That their own Tolstoy had inspired and reinforced Gandhiji's faith in non-violence will be additional inducement for the Russians to read Gandhiji's books.

In 1928, at the time of Tolstoy's birth centenary, Gandhiji was in London from where he sent a message to the memorial meeting that was held there. In this message he said, "What has appealed to me in Tolstoy's life is that he practised what he preached, and reckoned no cost too great in his pursuit of Truth. Take the simplicity of his life. Born and brought up in the midst of the luxury and comfort of a rich, aristocratic family, blessed in an abundant measure with all the stores of the earth that desire can covet, this man who had fully known all the joys and pleasures of life turned his back upon them in the prime of his youth. And, afterwards, never once looked back. He was the most truthful man of this age. His life was a constant endeavour, an unbroken tide of strivings to seek the Truth. He was the greatest apostle of non-violence that the present age has produced."

The Story Of Marathwada

Caste War Over A University?

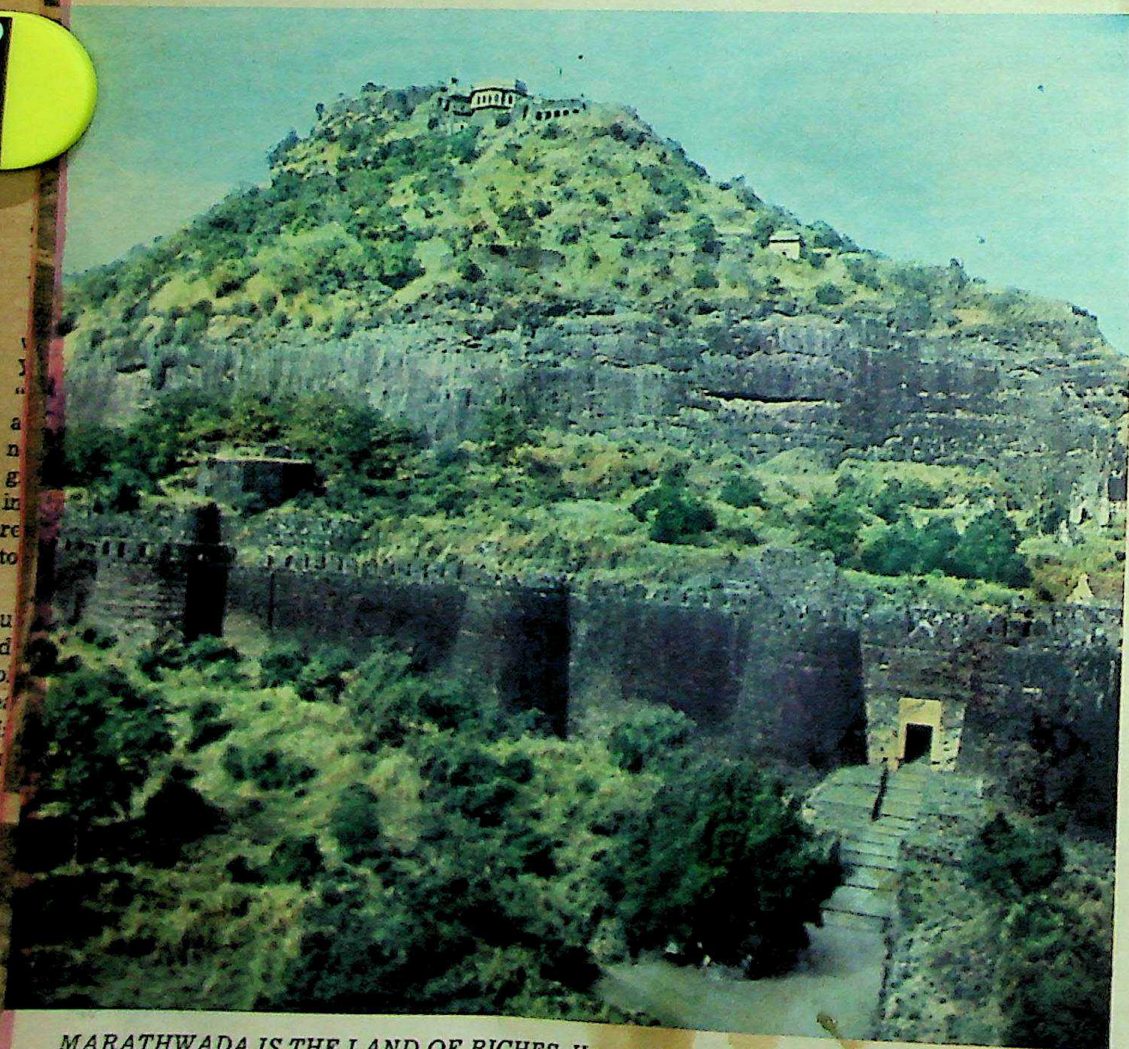
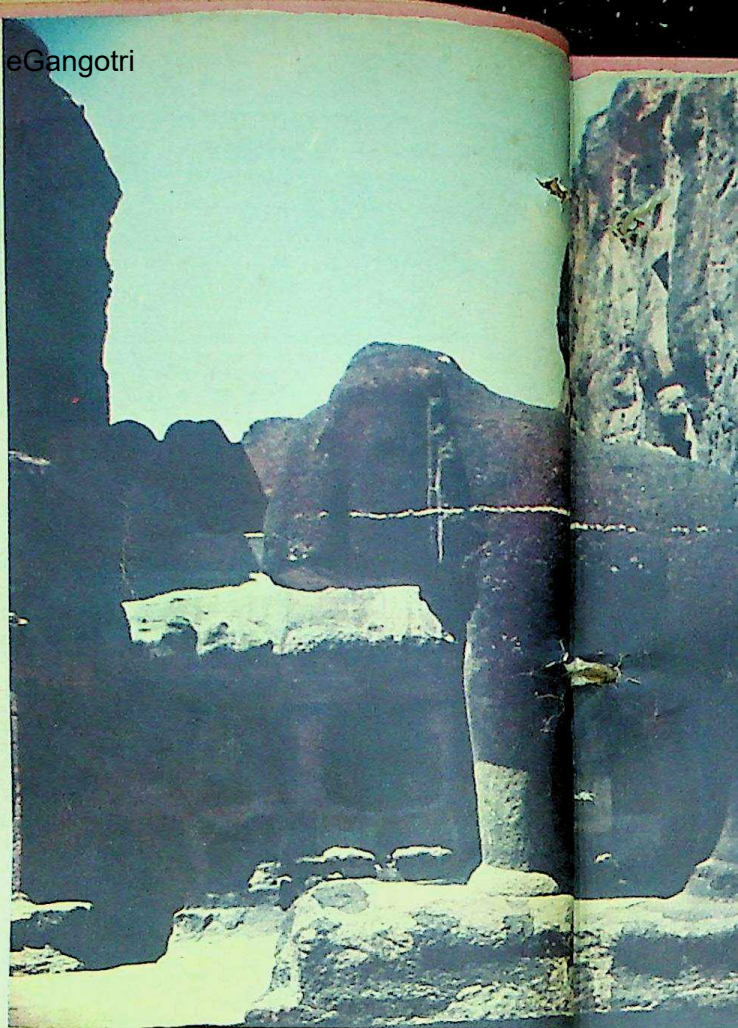
Marathwada has attracted countrywide attention as a result of the violence that engulfed the whole region following the renaming of its University as Dr Ambedkar Marathwada University.

Caste Hindus are agitated over the treatment meted out to them. "People are frightened of opposing any Harijan demand lest they be called reactionaries... Villagers are fed up with the bullying tactics of the Dalits... The PCR Act has become a dangerous weapon in the hands of Dalits..."

The Scheduled Castes leaders are furious. They react violently... "Brahmins have engineered the agitation... Police officers are Caste Hindus; they are anti-Harijan... Caste Hindus want us to live subserviently... they humiliate us... the country will break up."

Leaders of both sides — Caste Hindus and Scheduled Castes — interviewed by the author, speak with candour and passion.

by **FATMA R. ZAKARIA**



MARATHWADA IS THE LAND OF RICHES. Here is Daulatabad known earlier as Deogiri. The fort is believed to have been built by the Yadava kings in the 14th century. Mahamad bin Tughlaq, the Sultan of Delhi, shifted his capital to Deogiri and changed its name to Daulatabad. The elegant Chand Minar or Pillar of Victory (right) stands at its entrance.



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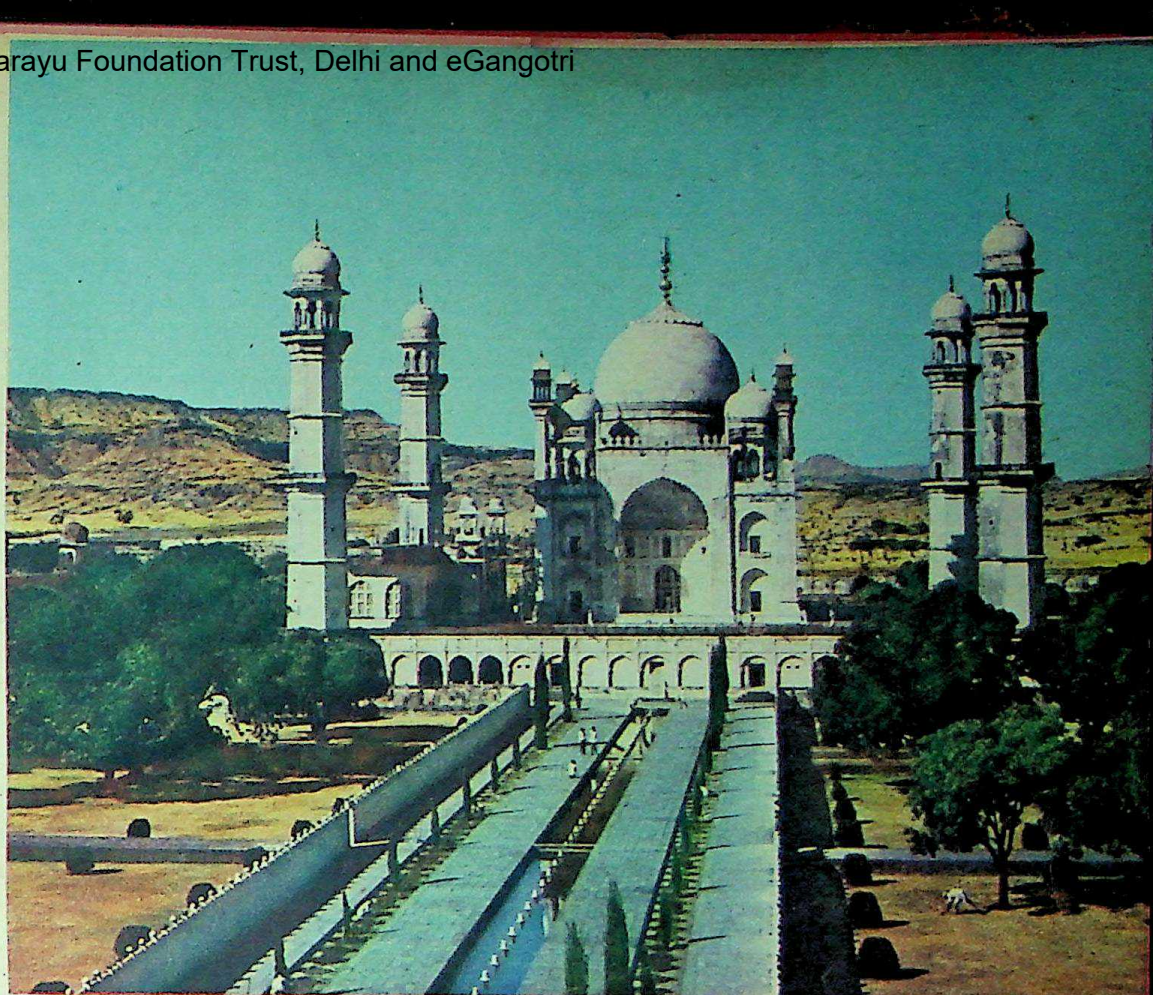
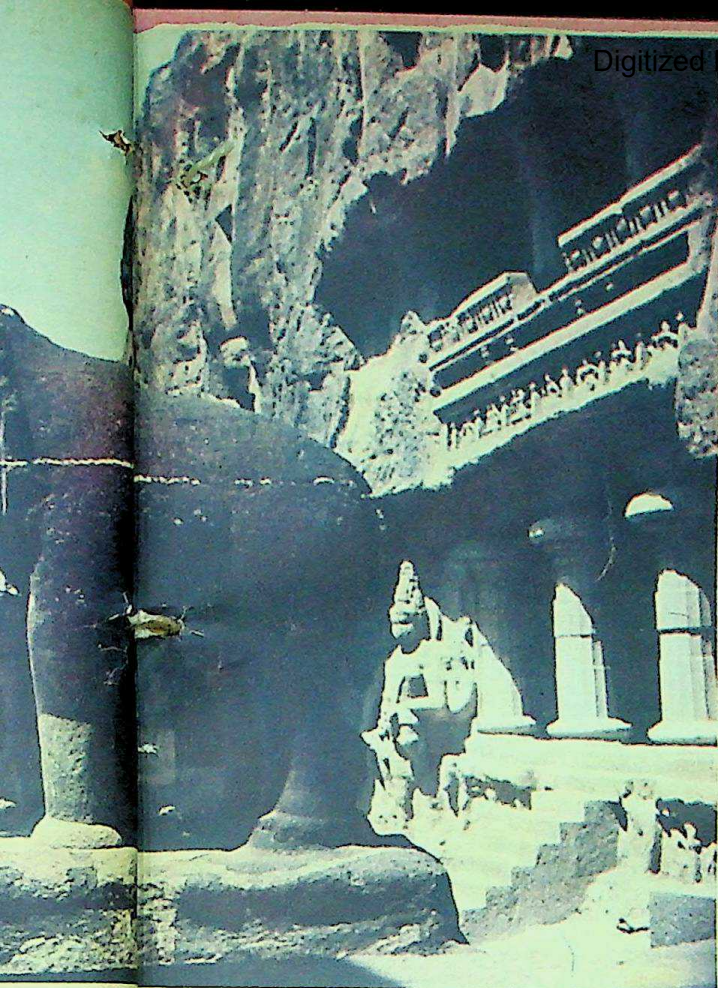
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THE BIBI KA MAQBARA (above), a replica of the Taj, was built in Aurangabad by Aurangzeb's son for his mother Rabia. Left: The caves at Ellora and Ajanta with their world-famous Jain, Buddhist and Hindu sculptures and paintings (200 BC to 9th century AD).

"Peace? No, not yet. But there is a truce," said Mr Sharad Pawar, the young, debonair Maratha Chief Minister of Maharashtra, replying to my query whether normalcy had returned to riot-torn Marathwada.

Yes, there is a lull. An uneasy calm prevails.

"If the decision of renaming the Marathwada University is reversed, the situation will once again get beyond control," assert the angry Dalit leaders.

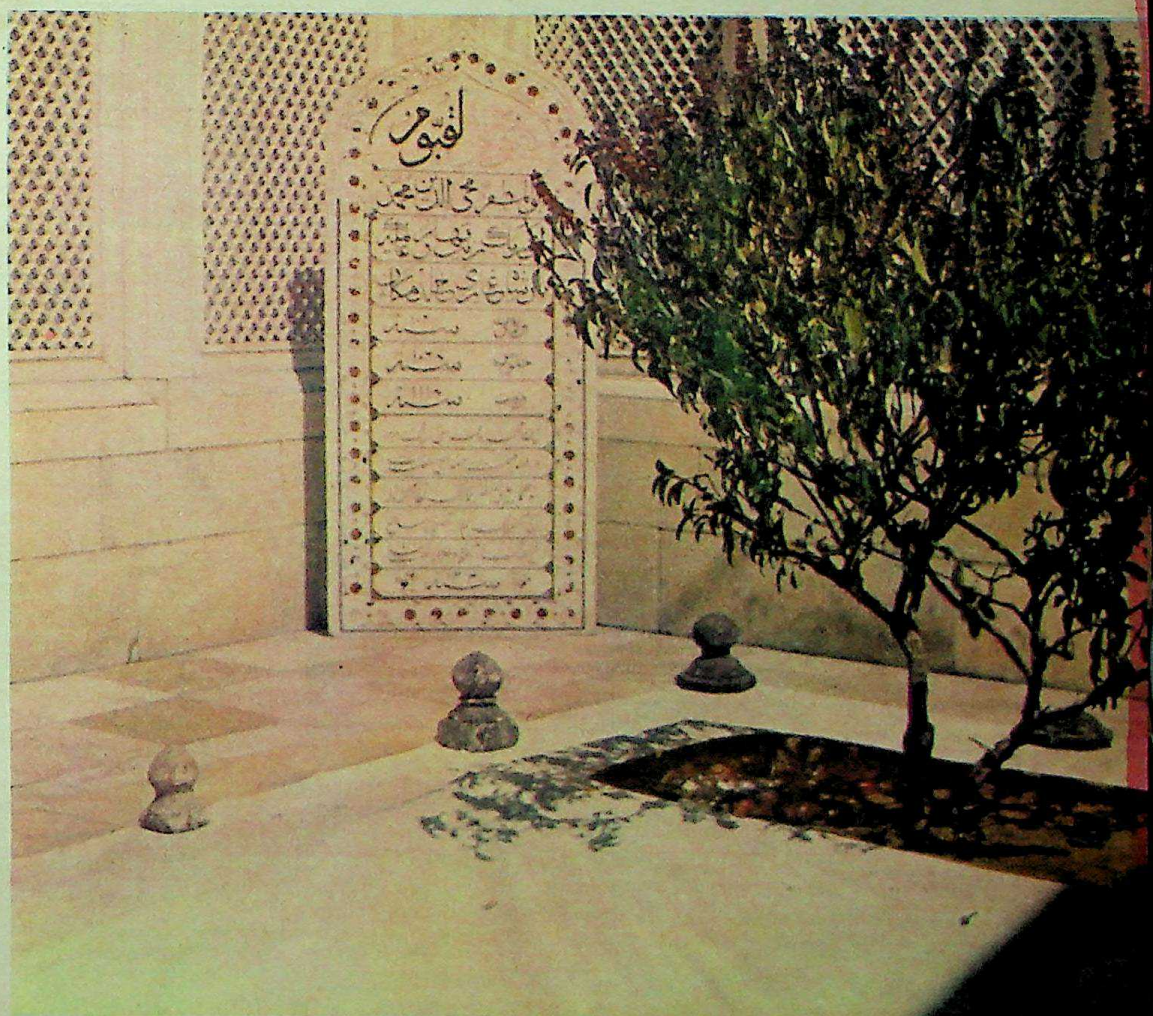
"And, if the decision to rename the University is not changed, neither the student community nor anyone else here will take it lying down," declare the spokesmen of the Caste Hindus equally vehemently.

"The people of this region have an emotional involvement with the name Marathwada. Hence the flare-up," argue Caste Hindu leaders.

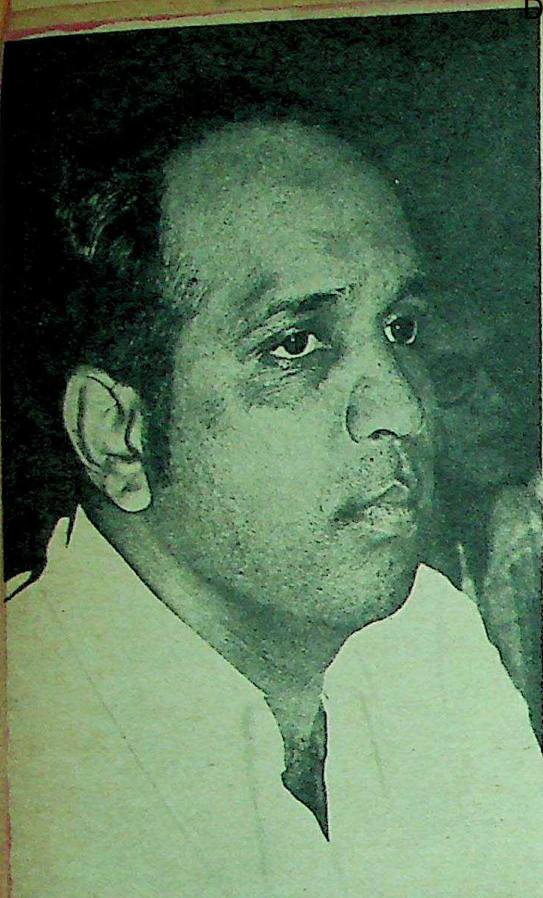
"That's not true," retort the Dalits. "Had it been named after Shivaji or Swami Ramnanda Tirtha or anyone else, there would have been no agitation whatsoever. It is Babasaheb Ambedkar's name that they resent. This is a caste war!"

And so the controversy continues to rage. Newspapers have given wide coverage to gory details of the burning of Harijan huts and the damage caused to public property. Commentaries and analyses have been written on the different facets of the explosive problem. But the answer remains elusive as ever.

Is it in fact the age-old differences of caste that have let loose the inhuman fury on the poor Harijans in the villages who have nothing to do with the University? Or does



"THE RULER OF THE WORLD", Alamgir Aurangzeb, the Mughal Emperor, who spent 25 years of his life in this region. He now rests in a simple grave at Daulatabad.



—Gautam Patole

"We shall not impose any decision on the people," says Sharad Pawar, Chief Minister of Maharashtra. He is faced with a dilemma—whether or not he renames the University, he is bound to face trouble.

The Story Of Marathwada

—CONTINUED

Marathwada have its own distinctive character by virtue of which the entire episode must be viewed from a different angle? Or is all the trouble the result of the resentment of Caste Hindus accumulated over the years due to the privileges and concessions given to the Scheduled Castes?

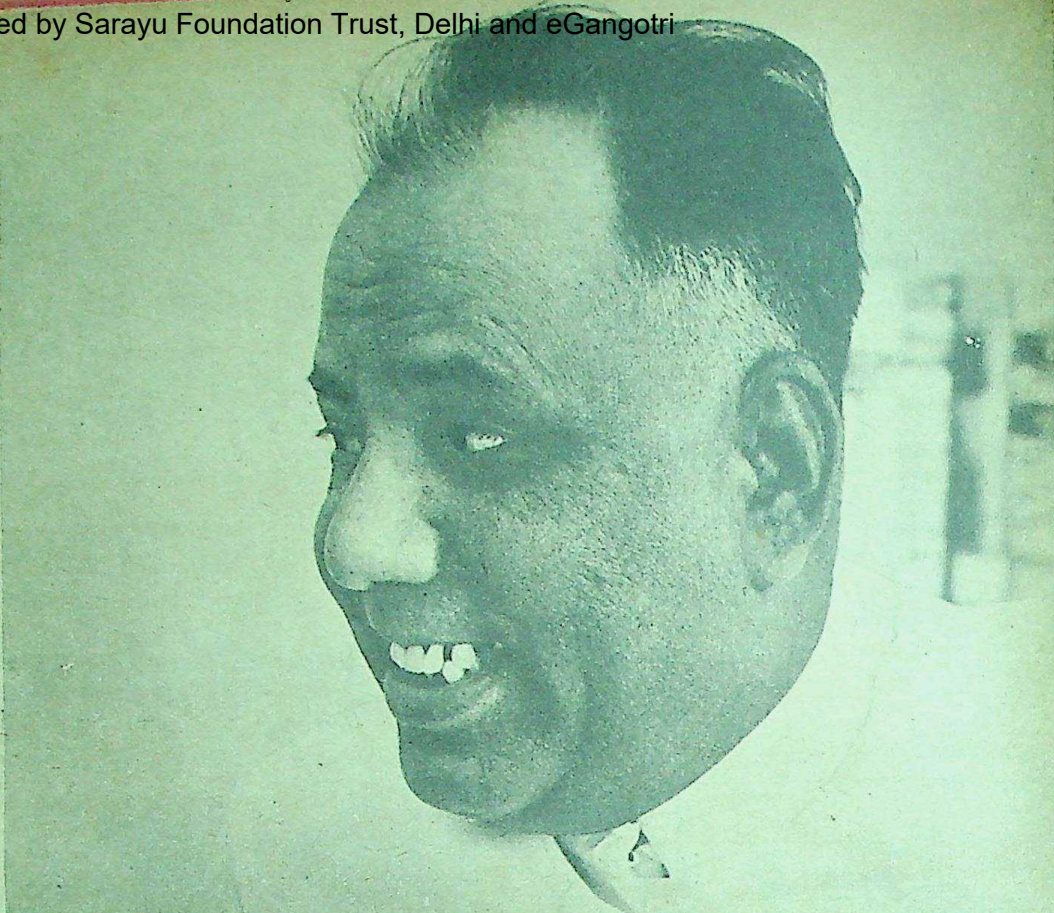
The delicate issues involved in the present crisis, however, cannot be attributed to caste prejudice alone or to mere regional sentiment.

Regional Patriotism

The people of Marathwada are indeed acutely sensitive about their separate identity, their historical heritage, their cultural background and their intense attachment to their region—we may call it regional patriotism. During my close association with Marathwada for almost 20 years, I have sensed—and many a time even shared—their feeling of insecurity and their strong and irrepressible urge to retain their identity and guard against its erosion.

On my recent visit, when I interviewed several political leaders, academicians and ordinary citizens, I found them as always totally involved in their regional fervour. In order to understand their sense of insecurity, it is necessary to know the geographical and historical aspects of their land—how it has developed and the genesis of its peculiar troubles.

Marathwada which literally means land of the Marathi-speaking people, covers one-



—T. S. Satyan

Although Marathwada had only three colleges in 1956, the then Chief Minister of Maharashtra, Yeshwantrao Chavan, established a full-fledged university in the region. "Marathwada has been the cradle of Marathi culture, language and literature," says Y. B. Chavan. "It is the home of the bhakti and jnana cults nurtured by scholar saints like Eknath, Namdev and Dnyaneshwar."

fifth of the present State of Maharashtra. It sprawls over 65,000 sq km (25,000 sq miles) of flat, boulder-strewn plateau ringed by stark, bare, low hills. Lying in the heart of the State, it comprises the five districts of Aurangabad, Parbhani, Nanded, Bhir and Osmanabad with the beautiful, ancient and historic Aurangabad as its capital city.

The Godavari enters Marathwada at Gangapur in the west, passes through the ancient capital of Paithan, cutting the region into two and flowing eastward into Andhra. The Manjra, its tributary, rises in the hills between Bhir and Osmanabad, the Penganga runs through Parbhani, and the Purna flows through Aurangabad district.

This area is the most picturesque in Maharashtra. It also has the most fascinating history to tell. 2,000 years of India's heritage is encapsulated in this small region. Wherever you turn your gaze you see scattered ruins of fortresses, battlements, temples, mosques, gurdwaras, palaces and mausolea, all bearing mute testimony to the forgotten splendour of the dynasties who ruled in these parts. Here flourished Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, Islam and Sikhism and some of the most inspiring examples of their art are to be found in this rugged land.

Glorious Past

The caves at Ellora and Ajanta with their Jain, Buddhist and Hindu sculptures and frescoes (2nd to 9th centuries) are awe-inspiring and unrivalled for their grandeur and beauty.

Daulatabad Fort, a few miles from Aurangabad, was formerly known as Deogiri. It is believed to have been built by the Yadava kings in 1338. Mohammed bin Tughlaq later renamed it Daulatabad (land of

riches) and shifted the capital of India from Delhi to Daulatabad. The fort is a marvel of engineering skill and artistic talent with the elegant Chand Minar or Pillar of Victory standing majestically at the entrance.

On the banks of the Godavari is Paithan, the ancient capital city Pratisthana. Among the list of conquered people in Asoka's inscriptions occurs the name of Pitenikas who inhabited this city. The Satavahanas ruled their kingdom from their capital at Paithan. At Ter has been found one of the earliest ivory carvings, the figure of a woman, dating back to the first century. Of the 12 *tyotirlinga* shrines in the country, there is one at Ghrih-neshwar temple near the Ellora Caves. At Nanded is the imposing Huzur Saheb Sach Khand Gurdwara where Guru Gobind Singh, the 10th and last Guru of the Sikhs, spent his last days. The gurdwara treasures his ashes.

Then there is the walled city of Aurangabad which was named after the Mughal Emperor Aurangzeb who spent 25 years of his life here both as Governor of the Deccan during his father Shah Jehan's reign and later as Emperor of India. He now rests in a simple grave at Khuldabad, 15 km from the city, on the way to the Ellora Caves.

In Aurangabad there are also the rock-cut Buddhist caves (3rd to 11th centuries); there is Panchakki, the water-driven corn mill. This was built by Malik Amber, the Abyssinian slave who was a minister of the Nizamshahi rulers of Ahmednagar. He founded Aurangabad in 1610 and named it Fatehnagar. He also built a fabulous palace and laid an intricate network of canals introducing a unique system of water supply to the city. In this glorious city is the replica of the Taj, the Bibi ka Maqbara, built by Aurangzeb's son for his mother Rabia.

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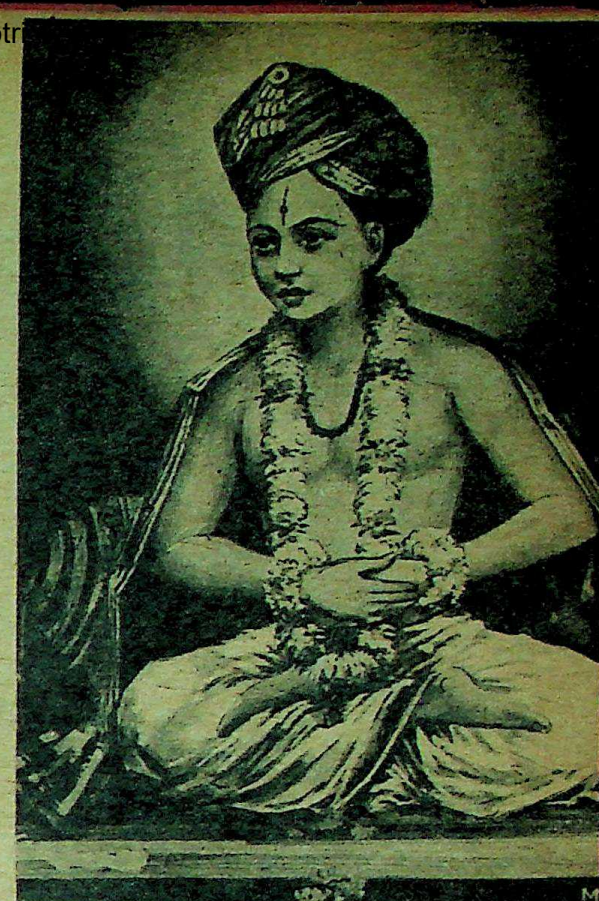
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Shivaji—his family was from Ellora in Marathwada. Even Samarth Ramdas, Shivaji's guru, was a child of Marathwada.



Namdev, a tailor by birth, was one of the foremost exponents of the Warkari Panth, the bhakti cult of Maharashtra.



Dnyaneshwar, the 13th-century mystic poet, is renowned for his incomparable Marathi interpretation of the Bhagavadgita.

"The area has always been rich in more ways than one," said Yeshwantrao Chavan, the foremost leader of Maharashtra. When I met him in his home in Delhi, he was relaxed and as usual exuded charm and friendliness. He spoke of Marathwada with warmth, sympathy and pride. It was in 1956, during his term as Chief Minister of bilingual Bombay, that Marathwada became part of Maharashtra.

"It flourished in the past because of its rich and fertile soil," said Chavan. "It has remained the centre of political power and activity from ancient times. But more important, it has been the cradle of Marathi culture, language and literature," he added. "The first Marathi poet hailed from here. It has been the home of the jnana and bhakti cults nurtured by great scholar-saints like Dnyaneshwar and Eknath. Even Ramdas, the guru of Shivaji, was a child of Marathwada."

Shivaji's family was from the village of Ellora in Marathwada. The origins of the Marathas are not clearly known but they seem to have come from Marathwada and settled around Paithan in the beginning of the Christian era.

Economically Backward Region

For a few hundred years, because of neglect, Marathwada has been an economically backward region. In the ancient past it was a battleground of warring tribes. All along the rule, first of the Sultanates and then of the Mughals, the Marathi-speaking people felt the strain of the domination of a few outsiders over their own large numbers. Then came the 200-year feudal-aristocratic rule of the Nizams of Hyderabad, when it again suffered neglect. Their language Marathi, too, did not get due recognition at the hands of the rulers. The money spent on each region was in proportion to the revenue collected from it and since Marath-

wada had remained economically backward (prone to drought and famine), its condition continued to deteriorate because of poor allocation of funds.

After the Police Action in Hyderabad in 1948, the region became part of the State of Hyderabad. There, once again, the Marathi-speaking people were in a minority, Telangana being the largest and the Kannada-speaking area coming next. The first and Second Five-Year Plans provided only meagre funds for the development of Marathwada, with the result that, when it merged in Maharashtra, there remained an enormous backlog.

In its enthusiasm to be a part of the Marathi-speaking State, Marathwada made no conditions for the merger; this was in sharp contrast to Vidarbha which under the Nagpur Pact made sure of several concessions before joining Maharashtra.

With the years, disillusionment with the Government set in; the people of Marathwada were unhappy with the pace of progress in their region. Although many development works were undertaken including laying of roads and irrigation projects—notably the Rs 200-crore Jayakwadi Dam at Paithan—there was little sign of any appreciable headway being made. Popular agitations were started with the active participation of students. These reached their climax in the massive upsurge for the Chief Ministership of Maharashtra being given to a leader from Marathwada. As a result, Mr Shankarrao Chavan became Chief Minister in 1975.

In Aurangabad I first called on Govinddas Shroff, an acknowledged leader of Marathwada.

Govindbhai was in the forefront of the struggle against the Nizam. Since then he has led many an agitation to uphold the cause of Marathwada. He is urbane and sophisticated.

He was greatly agitated over the present crisis and spoke to me for over three hours.

"Perhaps we made a political mistake in joining Maharashtra unconditionally," he said. "We are in a minority, so we don't carry enough political weight. Besides, we are economically backward. That makes western Maharashtra treat us as inferior to them and as a poor relation of theirs," he added. "They tend to take our problems casually. Hyderabad was classified as a Class B State, so they look down upon us, although our administration in Hyderabad was far better than is theirs."

"But," he continued, "we shall not talk of separation. Why should we? We shall stay within the State and fight for our rights."

The distinguished Editor of the popular local daily *Marathwada*, Anant Bhalerao, is an intellectual with an old-world graciousness. He wins you over to his side even before he begins to spell out his case. "The dominant majority of western Maharashtra have always been unfair to us. They have never given us an adequate share of political or economic power."

"Blue-Blooded Marathas"

"Ours is the land where Maharashtra's composite culture has flourished since ancient times. It is indeed we who are the true inheritors of the Maharashtra ethos. But those from western Maharashtra consider themselves blue-blooded Marathas who are meant to rule over us," said the Maratha Congress leader, Balasaheb Pawar, who is known for his forthrightness.

And so the grievances remained. The sense of being discriminated against has given rise to a grievance complex making these people more conscious of their own region and making their allegiance to it fiercer. It is in this context that their emotional involvement with the naming of the Marathwada University can be understood.



"We have the utmost regard for Dr Ambedkar. But to rename an existing university is not even being fair to his memory," say Caste Hindus. The Dalits charge Caste Hindu leaders with carrying on a mischievous propaganda regarding the University degrees which will be awarded to students. These, they say, will carry the picture of Dr Ambedkar which the graduate will hang on the wall. Will it not be a form of image worship?

The Story Of Marathwada

—CONTINUED

The demand for a university for Marathwada started in 1956 immediately after the region was integrated with the State. When Mr Y. B. Chavan came on his first visit here as Chief Minister, Swami Ramananda Tirtha, who was a Member of Parliament then, along with all MLAs of the region and other prominent leaders, met him and demanded the establishment of a medical college and a separate university for Marathwada. During his tour, Mr Chavan received hundreds of deputations wherever he went, voicing the same demand. He was convinced of the justice of their claim and discussed the matter with his Cabinet colleagues.

"What, a separate university for just five districts with three colleges? It's absurd, it's impossible!" said a Cabinet colleague of Mr Chavan.

A University is Born

However, Mr Chavan was determined to go ahead. He felt that a beginning had to be made somewhere. "With such considerations we will not be able to give them a university for 200 years!" he exclaimed. "Political decisions must be taken first. The administration

will have to make it possible to execute them," he declared.

And so, at the end of his tour, he announced in Aurangabad that Marathwada would have a university. Soon thereafter he appointed the Palnitkar Committee to go into the details.

A number of names were suggested for the proposed university, such as Marathwada, Aurangabad, Paithan, Prathishthan, Daulatabad, Deogiri, Ajanta, Shalivahana, Satavahana, Shivaji—and Ambedkar.

The Committee unanimously decided on the name of Marathwada explaining that "the public in this region has all along associated the university with the name of Marathwada... The name of the university must be such that it will make an emotional appeal to the hearts and minds of the people. The name 'Marathwada' has that advantage."

And thus the Marathwada University came into existence in 1958. It was inaugurated by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru.

To Rename Or Not To Rename

The move for renaming the university after Dr Babasaheb Ambedkar is of recent origin. In May 1977, at a function held at Mahad to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the historic satyagraha launched in 1927 by Dr Ambedkar, leaders of the Scheduled Castes—Dalit Panthers in particular—de-

mandated that the name of the university be changed. Some other representations were received by the Government as well; marches, public meetings, gheraos, bandhs were also organised thereafter to press the demand. At the same time, there was a counter-move by students belonging to the non-Scheduled Caste communities to oppose the agitation for renaming. Last August, these students launched an agitation; as a result colleges all over Maharashtra had to close down for over two weeks.

The State Cabinet informally discussed the question some time in July this year and finally decided in favour of changing the name. Meanwhile, the Congress-Congress-I Government fell and the Pawar-Janata Ministry took over.

The new Chief Minister convened a meeting of legislators belonging to all parties. A resolution was moved, supported by MLAs and MLCs of all parties in the Legislature, for renaming the Marathwada University as Dr Ambedkar Marathwada University—this served as a compromise formula combining the names of Marathwada and Babasaheb.

The resolution sparked off the present trouble. The Marathwada Mahavidyalayee Vidyarthi Kriti Samiti launched an agitation which assumed serious dimensions. Students showed their resentment against the Government by attacking public property; trains and buses were set on fire, the telecommunication system was paralysed and bridges and roads were damaged.

Soon trouble spread to the villages and Harijans were attacked; their huts were razed to the ground. It was not long before the entire region was caught in a turmoil.

The Debate

To what extent is the Marathwada crisis a caste war? What factors have inflamed the feelings of people and how can the situation be remedied? The leaders on either side have put forth their arguments which appear both valid and pertinent and deserve serious attention.

Anant Bhalerao of the *Marathwada* daily set the tone of the debate.

"Why is the Marathwada University being selected for the memorial to Dr Ambedkar? Babasaheb spent only his last years in Aurangabad. His association with this area was limited to the extent of founding the Milind complex of colleges in 1950. But, don't forget, Swami Ramananda Tirtha also founded one of the first colleges in this region at the same time!" "What precisely was Babasaheb's contribution in the founding of the University?" asked Govindbhai. "Why was Bombay University not selected for the honour, for it was in Bombay that he did most of his work? Or why not Nagpur, where he got his diksha?"

Mr Bhalerao strongly emphasised the fact that those opposing the name of Dr Ambedkar for the University have the utmost regard for him and recognise his services to the nation. "We would like to participate in building a memorial to him. To rename an existing university after him is not even being fair to his memory. An institution run by the Government with Government money is no memorial to one who fought the establishment. Instead, there should be an institution which would fight for the exploited and bring a change in society."

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—M. S. Talwalkar

The State of Maharashtra is traditionally divided into three regions: western Maharashtra, Vidarbha and Marathwada. Lying in the heart of the State, Marathwada comprises the five districts of Aurangabad, Parbhani, Nanded, Bhir and Osmanabad.

"And why did the Dalits not protest when the University was being named?" he asked. "Their top leader in this movement today, Mr Chitnis, was a member of the Committee which unanimously selected the name."

"This is the only university in Maharashtra," he continued, "which has had a Scheduled Caste Vice-Chancellor; it is the first university where the percentage of employment of the Dalits is much higher than elsewhere. Here alone the study of Buddhism is combined with Pali. With the teaching of Sanskrit, Hinduism is not taught nor Islam with Arabic."

The leftist leader, Govindbhai Shroff, picked up the argument here. "A memorial

must be built jointly through a consensus. It is not a matter of right. There is no question of social injustice in this. A decision such as this cannot be imposed from outside."

"Caste Hindus Feel Discriminated Against"

I interrupted him. "Did not your MLAs, the executive of the District Janata Party, in the presence of S. M. Joshi and the Executive Council of the University, pass unanimous resolutions proposing the change?"

"Yes, but that was done under pressure. Today people are frightened of opposing any Harijan demand lest they be dubbed reactionaries. In the competitive politics of

our times, each one would like to project a progressive image."

"It is very easy to abuse a Brahmin these days," moaned Bhalerao.

"We Caste Hindus are now feeling discriminated against. Nobody dare say a word against Harijans. But you can abuse a Caste Hindu any way you like and get away with it," complained an important and highly-placed Brahmin lady executive.

The other argument put forward in favour of a change in name is that 26 per cent of the students in the Marathwada University are Dalits.

"That is no argument," maintained Govindbhai. "The other 74 per cent do not agree to the change. Besides, 95 per cent of the Dalit students and teaching staff in the Milind Campus are from Vidarbha. They are outsiders or non-mulkis and hence their demand cannot be justified. They do not have any involvement with this region. They do not participate in any of our movements."

"Not Out Of Love For Babasaheb"

"This is a political decision," said the vociferous and irrepressible B. N. Maggirvar of *Indian Express* and *Loksatta*. "It is not out of any love for Dr Ambedkar. Why is it that after 20 years of the establishment of the University this demand should come up now? There are 12% Muslims in the region. They too can ask for the University to be named after Maulana Azad."

"Names of universities cannot be changed. We did not ask for a change in the name of Osmania University even after the Police Action, did we?" said Bhalerao. "Even if you want to drop a single word from the names of Aligarh and Banaras Universities there is trouble. But Marathwada is taken for granted. Anything can be imposed on us. Out of the five Vice-Chancellors, we have had so far, four were outsiders."

"If another leader's name had been suggested, would there have been a similar reaction?" I asked Govindbhai.

"Yes, of course, but the agitation may have been of a different sort and certainly of different intensity."

"Has it turned into a caste war?" I asked.

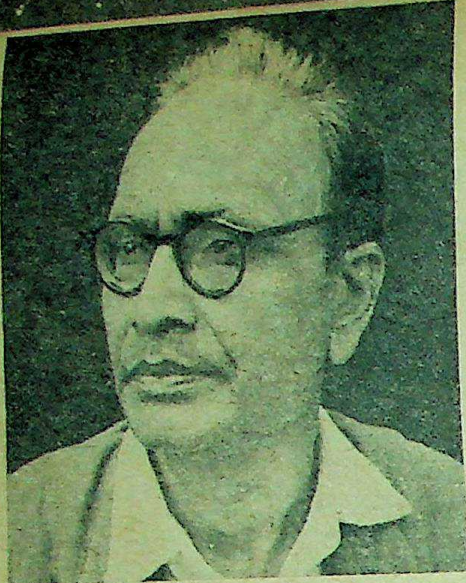
Dalits vs Others

"It is not casteism of the conventional kind," he replied. "It's a very diluted form of it, but it has got strengthened in other ways. The university controversy is a culmination of a certain process. It's the last straw that broke the camel's back. It has generated a lot of anger among not only Caste Hindus but all other non-Dalits because of the militant, aggressive ways of the Dalits. After all, how long can we tolerate it? It is now Dalits versus all the others. People are fed up with their bullying tactics."

Govindbhai explained the problem of reservation of seats in colleges. "This 34% reservation of seats (in Maharashtra 18% for Scheduled Castes and 16% for other Backward Classes are reserved), the preferential treatment in promotions and in services have caused tremendous resentment among other students. I know this is due to the economic

Marathwada: Population and Education

COMMUNITIES			EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS		
	Popu- lation	Per- centage		No	No of Students
Muslims	950088	11.8	Arts & Science Colleges	66	63054
Hindus	6436629	79.9	Commerce	1	750
Christians	29496	0.4	Law	4	1847
Parsis	Not available	—	Medical	2	704
			Other Higher Education Institutions	8	4762
Scheduled Castes	766991	9.52	Technical (ITIS, Polytechnics & others)	10	2459
Scheduled Tribes	137708	1.71	Engg.	1	660
Buddhists	580375	7.2			



Govind Shroff, a leftist, is an acknowledged leader of Marathwada. He says: "It is now Dalits vs all others... Dalits exploit the PCR Act, they blackmail... Dalits agitating for renaming of the University are all outsiders—they are from Vidarbha."

The Story Of Marathwada

—CONTINUED

problems of the country. Even if the reservations were abolished, it would not help; the imbalance would remain; one would merely be distributing poverty. However, the psychological reactions it creates are of anger among the students."

"In the villages, people are not even aware of the Marathwada University or of reservation of seats. Has it become an excuse there to settle old scores?" I asked.

"The misuse of the Protection of Civil Rights Act has been the cause of trouble in the villages," said Maggirvar angrily. "It is a dangerous weapon in the hands of the Dalits."

Maggirvar had just returned from a tour of the villages. He related what he had heard and seen.

"Anyone can make any charge. 'This Maratha shopkeeper threw a bidi at me instead of handing it to me because I am a Mahar,' complained a Dalit and brought two witnesses to support his contention. That was enough, the man was arrested, handcuffed and taken into custody. The onus of disproving the charge is on the accused. It is a cognisable offence which is non-compoundable. So the accused has first to be arrested and it cannot be settled out of court."

Maggirvar continued: "Thereafter in many instances, in order to squash the case, the complainant agrees to remain absent so as to have an *ex-parte* judgement. But this is only after extorting large sums of money."

"There are many instances when all that a Dalit has done is to complain that he was called a 'Dher'. That is enough to start proceedings under the PCR Act. Now how does a poor villager prove that he did not use that word?" asked Maggirvar.

"There are also instances of demands being made for money to instal a Buddha or Ambedkar statue. Fund collectors threaten unwilling donors with filing complaints under the PCR Act unless their demands are met."

Maggirvar continued excitedly with his narration. "In one of the villages I visited, a



Anant Bhalerao, editor of the popular daily Marathwada, says: "The dominant majority of western Maharashtrians have never given us an adequate share of economic or political power... It is indeed we who are the true inheritors of the Maharashtra ethos."

Scheduled Caste girl was induced to complain of an attempt of rape. A young boy was caught hold of and charged with the offence. He was arrested. The case was settled at Rs 15,000 and the complainant stayed away from the court hearing."

Ramanlal Parekh of the Janata Party intervened: "The PCR Act has been there all along. But villagers who were seething with anger at the treatment meted out to them have grabbed this opportunity to settle old scores with their Dalit 'opponents'. All the Caste Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, Christians and other backward classes have got together against the Dalits."

Case of The Scheduled Castes

On the side of the Scheduled Castes I interviewed an equally impressive array of leaders. R. S. Gawai, B. D. Khobragade and B. P. Maurya. They marshalled arguments in refutation of the charges made by Caste Hindus. I met Mr Gawai, Chairman of the Maharashtra Legislative Council, in Bombay. The Republican leader is a cheerful man, he talked pleasantly. "Dr Ambedkar," he said, "had a special attachment to Marathwada. He did pioneering work there. After he started the Milind College in 1951, he worked ceaselessly for the educational advancement of Marathwada. Even at the time the University was established his name was suggested, but the Scheduled Caste leaders did not insist on it. During the elections in 1977, it was the Janata Party who revived this demand in order to capture the Dalit votes."

According to Mr Gawai, the trouble has arisen because of the mischievous propaganda carried on by Caste Hindu leaders. "People are being told that the University degree awarded to students will carry the picture of Ambedkar. When a graduate frames his degree and hangs it on the wall, it may amount to image worship. Besides, a canard has been spread that colleges will have Buddhist prayers."

"Muslims are being antagonised by the false propaganda that the day is not far off when Aurangabad will be renamed Ambedkarnagar." However, Mr Gawai disagreed that Muslims were against the Dalits in this agitation or the other backward classes. "Thousands of envelopes were sent to students with bangles in them instigating them to take up the fight. So it was not a sponta-



Vithalrao Ramrao Kaldate, better known as Bapu Kaldate, is the Janata Member of Parliament from Aurangabad. He is a leader of the erstwhile Socialist Party. "I don't agree with the theory of outsiders," he says. "After all Karl Marx was not born in Aurangabad!"

neous agitation," declared Mr Gawai. "It was engineered by the Brahmins. Their mission was to widen the gap between the Marathas and the Scheduled Castes. They have succeeded in it. Brahmins dislike the Marathas as much as they do the Scheduled Castes, but they believe in Divide, if not to Rule, at least to establish their supremacy."

About the resentment against reservations and preferential treatment being given to the Scheduled Castes, Mr Gawai said: "It is bound to be there. Dr Ambedkar himself feared this. Therefore bringing the weaker section on a par with the rest should be made a time-bound programme. And that is what it is supposed to be too. But it has been the practice every 10 years for the Home Minister to declare in Parliament that the Government has not been able to bring in equality and so he extends the period by yet another 10 years."

"And what about these Marathas?" he exclaimed. "They have a wonderfully convenient way of managing things. When they want preferential treatment, they call themselves Kumbhis; for political purposes, they are Marathas; and for marriages they are Deshmukhs. Even so we do not grudge them the privileges they enjoy."

"Those of us who become well-to-do or prosperous cannot enjoy special facilities. Generally the yardstick is income, so how can we get preferential treatment if we do not fall within that limit? Besides, many of our students now come in the general list for competitive examinations. We ourselves do not like this stigma of reservation if we can help it."

Mr Gawai felt that the poor villagers were not even aware of the existence of such an Act as the Protection of Civil Rights. It may be misused by a very few irresponsible Dalits.

"This Act was previously known as the Removal of Untouchability Act which was very mild in character," he explained. "It was unlike what it is now; it was a non-cognisable, compoundable offence with the burden of proof on the complainant. The punishment was meagre and there was no provision for levying fines. It was Mrs Gandhi who in 1976 had it amended to make it more stringent. Now the police officer has to register any offence under the Act or else he will

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R. S. Gawai, the leader of the Republican Party of India (Gawai Group): "India is not the monopoly of Caste Hindus... in fact we are the original inhabitants... we shall stay in and fight."

be taken as an abettor. But the Act remained merely on paper in Maharashtra. However, Mr Tirpude, as Home Minister in the former Congress-Congress-I Ministry, saw to it that it was implemented in practice.

"The Dalit villagers are being charged by some with burning their own huts in order to get the compensation announced by the Government. Can anyone want to burn his own house however dilapidated it may be?" asked Mr Gawai. "Any progressive measure is bound to be opposed. Does that mean it should be given up?"

"Why should we want to separate? India is not the monopoly of the Caste Hindus. In fact we are the original inhabitants—we shall assert our rights, we shall stay in and fight."

"Even if one wish of the Dalits is not accepted, how will the dream of Gandhi ever be fulfilled?" he concluded.

"Can No Longer Tolerate Humiliation"

I saw Mr Khobragade, a leader of the Republican Party called after him, who was former Deputy Chairman of the Rajya Sabha. He is mild-mannered and makes in a soft, gentle tone the most explosive of statements.

"What can the Dalits do? They may have become aggressive, but they have either to be slaves or become militant. There is no other alternative. Caste Hindus want Harijans to grovel at their feet. They treat them most shabbily. The Dalits may use abusive language, but they have reason to do so; there is enough provocation from the Caste Hindus."

Mr Khobragade felt that the PCR Act is merely a decorative piece of legislation. It is hardly being implemented in practice. The police are generally Caste Hindus who are anti-Harijan.

"In each village," said Mr Khobragade, "there are just a few families of Harijans. How many of them will have the courage to go and lodge a complaint—true or false—about those who are in a majority?"

"I feel it won't matter much even if there are some excesses or misuse of the Act. This stage has to be gone through. Only then can we live a life with honour. We cannot tolerate humiliation any longer. Even today, there is complete segregation in every vil-



B. P. Maurya, the Dalit leader from UP: "Caste Hindus want us to accept their superiority and remain subservient to them... If we are humiliated... we shall ask for a separate State."

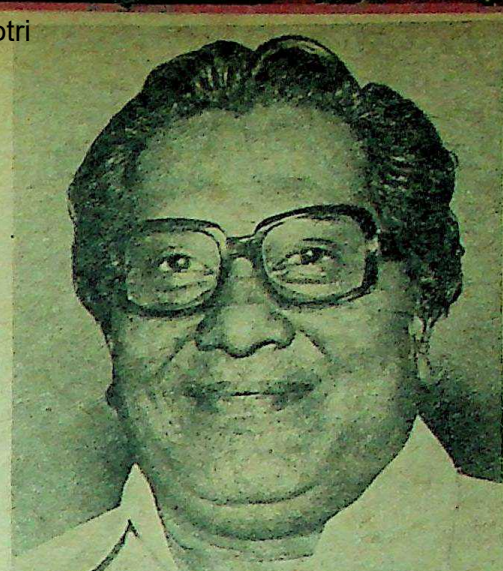
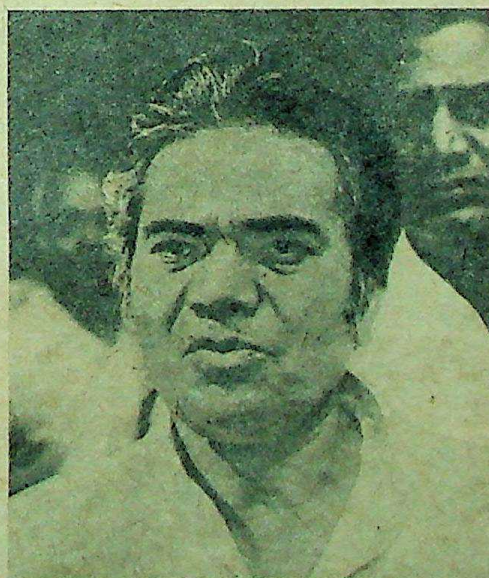
lage. Why is the demand for separation coming up? Let us pause and think it over now or we may have to regret it," he warned.

The fiery, young and ebullient Dalit leader from the North, Buddha Priya Maurya, is the foremost devotee of Dr Ambedkar in UP and a leading member of the Congress (I) in the Rajya Sabha. In his forthright manner he exploded: "No, for no other name would there have been any agitation."

"Actually the Caste Hindus should never have given the Scheduled Castes the right to vote, or the right to education," he said. "The Harijans would then have lived subserviently. And that would have kept the Caste Hindus happy. But now the Brahmin and the Chamar are on the same plane. They cannot be treated differently and if any attempt is made to do so, there is the danger of the country breaking up," he declared. "If we are going to be humiliated we shall not tolerate it; we shall then ask for a separate State."

"The Hindus want us to accept their superiority and agree to remaining subservient to them. Then they will mercifully

"What we need is not a caste war but a class war," says Madhu Limaye.



B. D. Khobragade, leader of the Republican Party of India (Khobragade Group) and former Dy Chairman of the Rajya Sabha: "The Dalits have either to be slaves or become militant. There is no other alternative."

bestow on us education, scholarships and jobs," said Mr Maurya with biting sarcasm.

"After 30 years, if we are still made to lead a segregated life in the villages, drawing water from separate wells, being looked down upon, being attacked and massacred at the slightest provocation. What has the country achieved?"

"Karl Marx—An Outsider"

Bapu Kaldate, a former Socialist and Janata Member of Parliament from Aurangabad, said he felt frustrated. "After so many years, all we have done is to go back to square one. It is being said by my fellow Caste Hindus that out of 9,000 villages only 76 were hit by riots. But it is not the quantum that matters; it is deplorable in any case."

"The change in the name of the university," he added, "was not imposed from outside. The movement was started in Marathwada by both the Scheduled Caste and the non-Scheduled Caste students. Thereafter the diehards from both sides fanned the agitation. And I don't agree with this theory of outsiders. After all Karl Marx was not born in Aurangabad. Then why should the Marxists follow him? He too was an outsider."

The Chief Minister on whom rests the responsibility of taking the final decision was quite categorical that he had no intention of imposing a decision on the people of Marathwada.

The issue will have to be decided by consensus. He seemed fully aware of the sentiment regarding the name Marathwada which he felt was the main cause of the trouble. He also admitted being aware of the misuse of the PCR Act and the reaction against the aggressive ways of many Dalits. "We shall have to be more watchful," he said. "However, Dalits have also to be protected and their interests safeguarded."

The last leader I called on was Madhu Limaye, one of the very few men in the country today who has an ideological commitment and the ability to see beyond himself and his party interests. He clinched the issue by observing: "In reality, it is an economic problem and unless we are able to bring about an appreciable change in the living conditions of the poor, these caste and other tensions are bound to grow."

"What we need is not a caste war but a class war."

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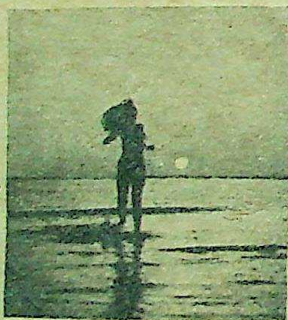
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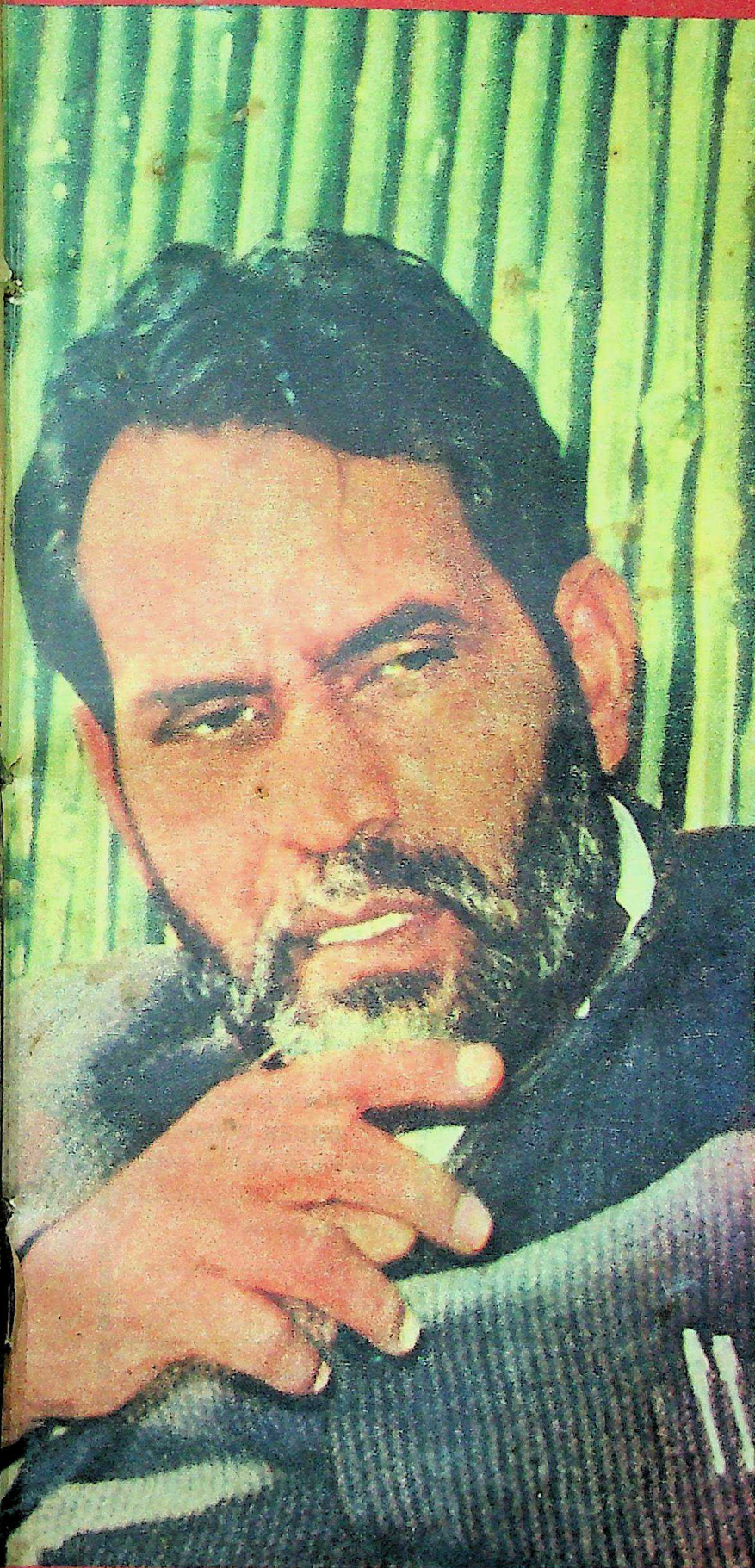
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VOL XCIX 48 DECEMBER 24-30, 1978 ESTD 1880

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The Illustrated Weekly of India



Janata On The Brink

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The Illustrated Weekly of India

Regd No MH By South-25. Registered as Newspaper in Sri Lanka

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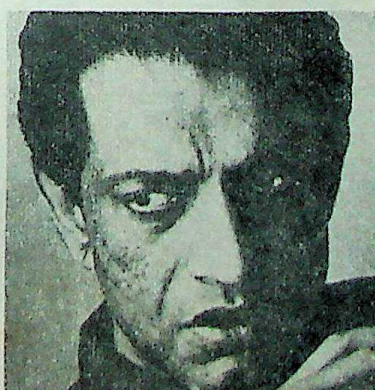
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THE NEGLECTED FACE OF INDIRA GANDHI

"The Indian political community has decided to ignore Mrs Gandhi's achievements because it has been deeply offended and hurt by her and her son Mr Sanjay Gandhi's misdoings during the Emergency. But this argument is at best only partly valid... In the liberation of Bangladesh, Mrs Gandhi's leadership then did what no other power, big or small, has succeeded in doing since World War II." Girilal Jain, eminent political commentator and Editor of "The Times of India", initiates a debate on the former Prime Minister. January 7: Kuldeep Nayar joins the debate.

HER STYLE OF POLITICS

What does the Prime Minister have to say of his predecessor's politics? Excerpts from the forthcoming Third Volume of Morarji Desai's autobiography, "The Story Of My Life".

WANTED: AN ANTI-DEFECTION BILL AND NOT AN ANTI-DISSENT BILL

An incisive analysis of the phenomenon of defection in Indian politics and the urgent need to check the evil. By Madhu Limaye.

INDIA AND THE WORLD '78

A spectacular photo feature of the year in review.

"MY WAJID ALI SHAH IS NOT EFFETE OR EFFEMINATE!"

Satyajit Ray answers Rajbans Khanna's charges.

CHIKMAGALUR HOOKSHOT

Story by Manohar Malgonkar.

Janata On The Brink

The Janata Party would have remained still born but for the fact that the surprise announcement of a general election coincided with the release of most Opposition leaders from prison; this gave them no opportunity to quarrel and the new party was launched. However, says the author, the Janata's record in office has been dismal. Internal squabbles have brought the party on the verge of a break-up, while smouldering issues on the economic and other fronts threaten the very fabric of our society.

What are the reasons for this?

What steps must the Janata Party take to revamp its image and prevent this sense of drift?

The author, a General Secretary of the Janata Party and today one of the foremost critics of the Government, makes a searching analysis.

by **MADHU LIMAYE**

It was the convergence of certain historical events that brought the Janata Party to birth. Logically, the Janata Party would have been an impossibility. Normally, the amalgamation of five incongruous groups could not have taken place at all. It was the growing frustration in the ranks of a fractured Opposition over a period of 30 years and Mrs Gandhi's unprecedented action of clamping down an internal emergency, with all its concomitant abuses, excesses and atrocities, that created a situation in which the fragmented Opposition had no choice but to come together.

Even then the Janata Party would have remained still born but for the fact that the surprise announcement of a general election, coinciding with the release of most Opposition leaders from detention, gave them no opportunity to quarrel and thereby made possible the launching of a new party. If Mrs Gandhi had freed the detained leaders six months before the actual date of release or if she had called the elections a year later in terms of the second extension of the term of the Lok Sabha, it is doubtful whether the fusion of four or five diverse political groups would have taken place. But the conjunction of the leaders' release and the announcement of the dissolution of the Lok Sabha and the holding of a new election thereto completely transformed the situation.

The two previous experiments in Opposition unity—one initiated by Dr Lohia in

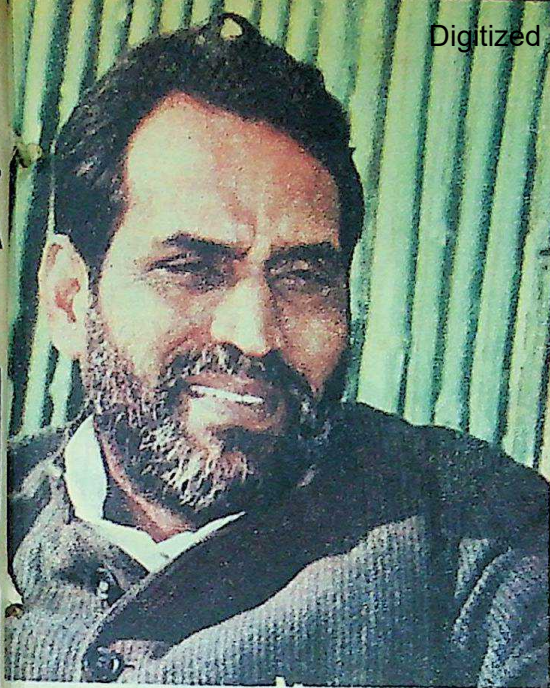


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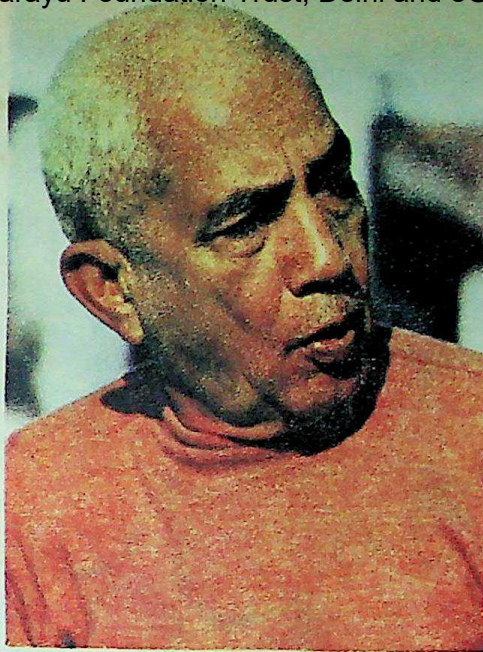


CHANDRA SHEKHAR

1966-67 and the second one after the collapse of the UP Congress-BKD coalition in 1970—had created widespread disillusionment about hotchpotch coalition governments throughout the country. Apart from the adverse popular reaction to loose United Fronts, both Mr Charan Singh, President of the BLD, and Mr Jayaprakash Narayan had set their hearts on the formation of a united party as against a coalition of parties. It was the trauma of the Emergency days and the suddenness of the electoral challenge that finally overcame the qualms of other groups. Even then those who were desirous of bringing about unity had to have recourse to patched-up compromises, evasions and subterfuges.

Thus the personality and group conflicts were sought to be overcome by leaving the question of leadership in Parliament an open one. Mr Morarji Desai was made President of the new party and Mr Charan Singh sole Vice-President. Mr Charan Singh agreed to take the second place only because he was given the decisive and final say in the matter of selection of candidates in the entire Hindi belt. He was also told that his accepting the Vice-Presidency would not mean

GEORGE FERNANDES



CHARAN SINGH

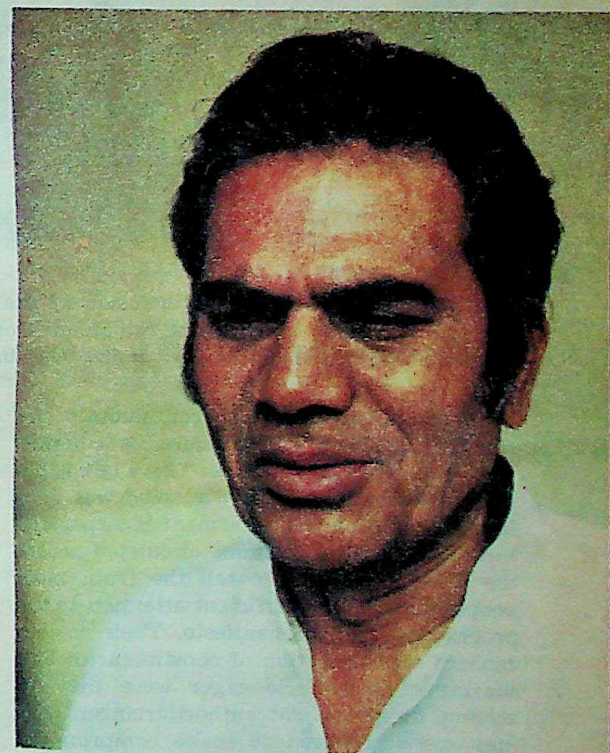
pre-emption of his claim to Prime Ministership. This issue, he was told, would be decided democratically after the elections. Another hurdle that had to be overcome before the party could be formed was the question of the Janata Party's relationship with the Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh. Mr Charan Singh's relations with the RSS and the Jana Sangh people had deteriorated considerably after his release from jail in 1976. He was of the view that, if the members of the RSS wanted to join the new party, they should be required to sever their connections with the RSS. This problem continued to divide the Opposition groups till the last. The RSS at that time was a banned organisation and had in fact been dissolved officially in July 1975. The sudden announcement of the elections enabled leaders who were involved in negotiations to shelve or sidetrack this issue. If the elections had not been held immediately, this would have become a serious bone of contention.

To work out a common programme was a difficult problem. But the ground for this had been cleared by the Programme Committee which had been set up by Mr Jayaprakash Narayan before the Emergency.

ATAL BEHARI VAJPAYEE



JAGJIVAN RAM



MADHU LIMAYE

RAJ NARAIN





RSS ON THE MARCH. The inclusion of the Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh was a hurdle to be overcome before the Janata Party could be formed. According to its critics, the Sangh was involved in the recent communal disturbances and "the danger posed by it was greater than that of the authoritarianism of Mrs Indira Gandhi". Others, including Mr Chandra Shekhar, have absolved the RSS of this charge.

—B. Parshram

This committee had met continuously for several days and had produced a common socio-economic programme. The election manifesto that was finally adopted was very largely based on the agreement incorporated in this common programme circulated before the Emergency. But to tell the truth most people did not pay sufficient attention to the programme or the manifesto. Their main concern was allocation of constituencies and sharing of power. So eager were they to achieve unity to fight authoritarianism that they were prepared to make compromises even on basic issues. The RSS and the Jana Sangh groups were the major victims of the Emergency. A large number of their cadres had been detained under MISA or imprisoned under DIR. Since the RSS did not have the Gandhian background of resistance and suffering, their cadres collapsed during the Emergency and large numbers of them wrote letters to the Government expressing regret for their association with the RSS or the Jana Sangh. A number of Jana Sangh legislators also announced a change in their political allegiance. In view of this pressure and the banning of the RSS organisation, the Jana Sangh leaders were scarcely in a position to hold out on the programme question. They accepted the secular ideal as well as the socialist goal.

RSS Strategy

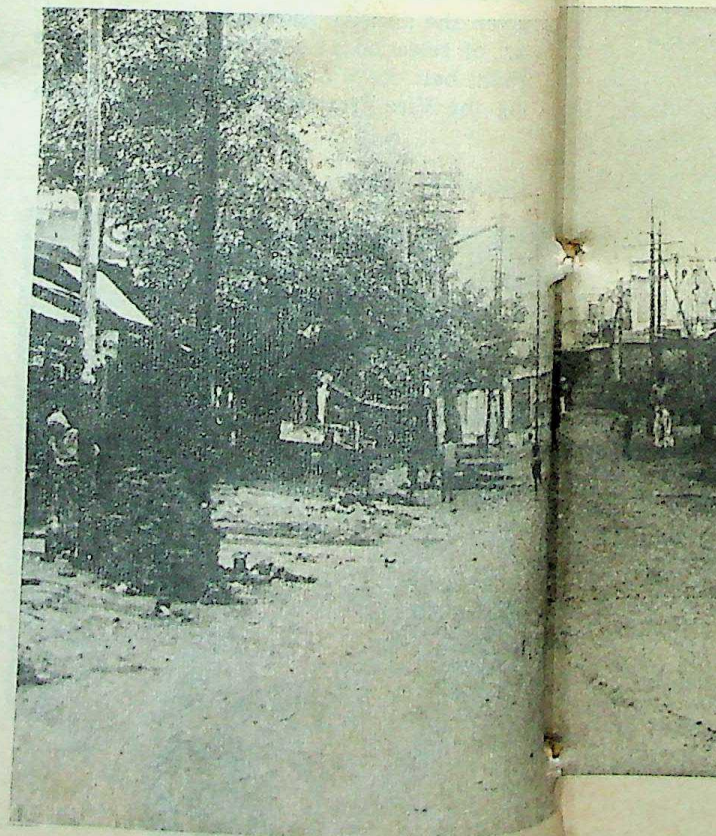
Perhaps some of the RSS leaders thought that it would be good tactics to accept the programme without making a fuss and concentrate on the life-and-death electoral struggle. They probably hoped that

with their superior organisation and their more numerous cadres they would be able to influence the new party and eventually capture it.

In the heat of the campaign, nobody bothered about the difficulties that had been pushed under the carpet nor about the new problems the Janata Party's victory would inevitably bring in its wake. Popular enthusiasm and democratic euphoria created by the campaign made people and the leaders oblivious of these difficulties. It was this mass fervour again that enabled the Janata Party to surmount the preliminary hurdles after the victory. Thus the ticklish question of leadership was quickly resolved by the Janata Party although in a confused and haphazard manner. In the preliminary discussions held among various groups, opinion came to be polarised around two candidates, Mr Morarji Desai and Mr Jagjivan Ram. Mr Charan Singh, because of his lack of experience of national politics, was not able to muster much support. Even his own supporters did not strongly press his claims. It was Mr C. B. Gupta, Mr Shanti Bhushan, Mr Raj Narain and some others who mooted the idea of leaving the matter to Acharya Kripalani and Mr Jayaprakash Narayan. In view of the wide respect these two senior leaders evoked there was not much opposition to the proposal and it was carried without much difficulty. I backed the proposal in the cause of unity. I knew in my heart of hearts that this would result in Mr Desai's selection. What finally decided the issue was Mr Charan Singh's letter indicating his preference for Mr Desai. It was Mr Raj Narain

and Mr Shanti Bhushan who persuaded Mr Charan Singh to write this letter.

The election of a leader and the organisation of government left a trail of bitterness. Mr Jagjivan Ram felt that Mr Charan Singh had frustrated his ambition to become the Prime Minister. Mr Charan Singh thought that Mr Jagjivan Ram was the main



obstacle to Mr Desai's support. He felt that because of a lack of support for him but because of riding Desai's Jagjivan Ram.

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From t doubts abo I also felt political se both for th party. It w ruined Mrs now feared would dam On the day also got a g Mr Suresh Jagjivan Ra fer which v Desai. How ed. The wh other Minist

KISANS O the Janata curfew.

obstacle to the fulfilment of his own dream. Mr Desai saw no reason to be grateful for the support which Mr Charan Singh gave him. He felt that he got this support not because of any love Mr Charan Singh had for him but because of Mr Charan Singh's overriding desire to deny the top post to Mr Jagjivan Ram.

It was thought that the 19 months in jail had mellowed Mr Desai and that he would be less inflexible and more amenable to reason. It was hoped that he would be able to hold the party together and give it a decisive lead. But this mellowness and the new-found flexibility disappeared within 24 hours. In the formation of his Government Mr Desai kept his own counsel and packed his Cabinet with his own blind supporters. This was resented by all sections of the party. Everybody felt that Mr Desai's group had got over-representation in the Cabinet. In the name of his prerogatives he also filled the Governors' posts with his own museum pieces. The appointment of superannuated Mr V. Shankar as Principal Private Secretary was a pointer.

From the beginning I had my own doubts about Mr Desai's leadership qualities. I also felt that his decision to make his son political secretary would create difficulties both for the Government as well as the party. It was the mother-son syndrome that ruined Mrs Indira Gandhi's Government. I now feared that the father-son syndrome would damage the reputation of the party. On the day the Cabinet was being formed I also got a glimpse of the pernicious influence Mr Suresh Ram wielded over his father. Mr Jagjivan Ram was inclined to accept the offer which we had brought to him from Mr Desai. However his son arrogantly intervened. The whole bad show about his and some other Ministers' not turning up for the oath-



—P. Dayal

Mrs INDIRA GANDHI addressing her supporters after the CBI arrested her on October 3, 1977. She was subsequently released by the court since it thought there was no prima-facie case. The author says that, although Mr Charan Singh, then Home Minister, has been blamed for this fiasco, the Prime Minister also cannot escape responsibility for it. Mrs Gandhi has been arraigned in Parliament for breach of privilege for "obstructing the collection of information for a Parliamentary question on Maruti".

taking ceremony was due to the evil influence which he wielded over his father. This harmed Mr Ram's interests. Instead of one son the Janata Party is saddled with the problem of two or perhaps several political sons.

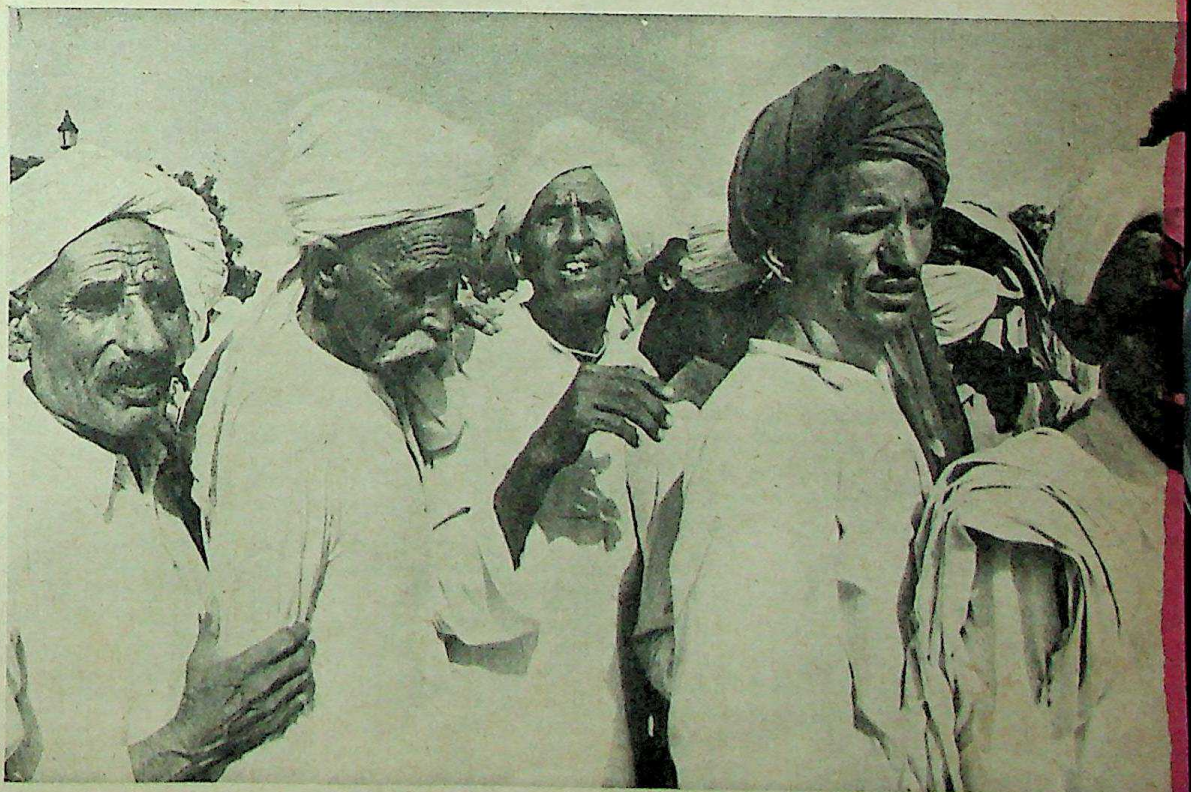
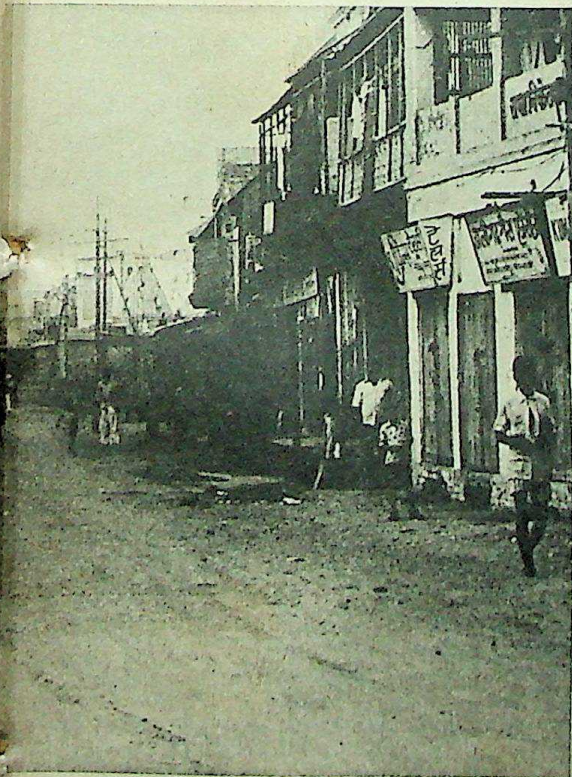
Wrong Priorities

In a modern parliamentary state, the office of the Prime Minister is crucial. Power tends to gravitate towards him. He has

patronage to distribute. In order to get their business transacted, the Cabinet Ministers look to the Prime Minister. They come to depend upon his support. Gradually a prime ministerial form of government emerges. If the Prime Minister has a vision, if he has a perspective, if he has his order of priorities right, then purposeful direction can be given to the working of the Government. In Mr Desai's case, all these qualities were absent. His priorities were all wrong. For



KISANS ON THE WARPATH (below). A Kisan Sangharsha Samiti rally at the Boat Club in Delhi. To refurbish its image, says the author, the Janata Party must preserve its social alliance of kisans, youth, backward communities and minorities. Left: Riot-torn Aligarh during curfew.



him Prohibition was the main issue. Instead of using the forum of the Press and Parliament to educate the people, to guide them, to enthuse them, he used these occasions to moralise and sermonise. His typical reactions were: "I know everything," "I don't agree"—in brief, he failed to give a decisive lead to the nation and the party.

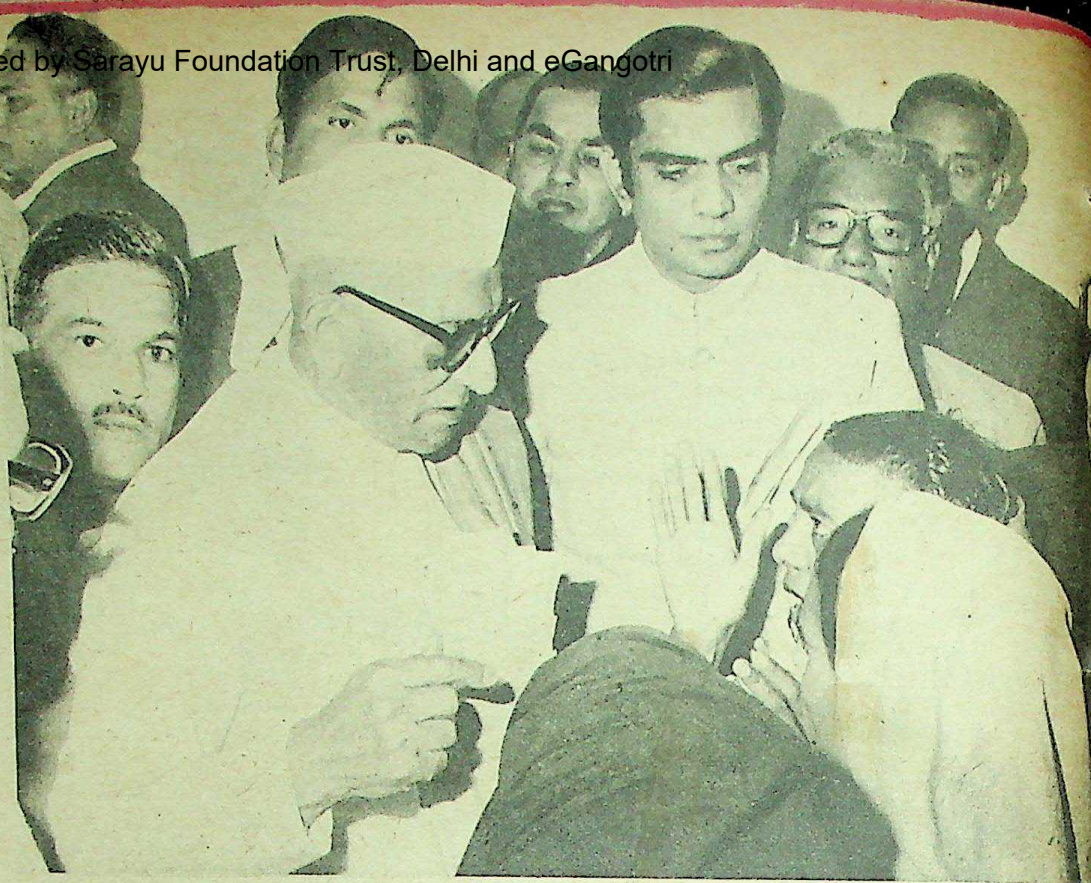
A big country like India cannot be ruled without a perspective, without a vision, without a sense of strategy. Mr Desai probably considers even the talk of strategy as immoral. He had no clear idea as to how he was going to deal with the phenomenon called Mrs Gandhi. Earlier he adopted a soft line and subsequently, for political reasons, he gave an impression that he was being tough. They dithered for 20 months!

In economic matters, his aversion to radical measures and weakness for large business groups created an impression that his Government stood for unbridled capitalism. The reckless policy of gold auction played into the hands of a handful of jewellers, speculators and smugglers. Mr Desai had no deep sympathy for the problems of kisans nor of the working classes. With regard to Muslims and Harijans his attitude was at best correct but he did not have the qualities which would have enabled him to assume leadership of the minorities and the depressed classes. He alienated large numbers of people. His attempt to balance one leader against another recoiled on him. On top of it came the internecine conflicts within the different constituents of the Janata Party. Mr Desai was not able to reconcile these conflicts.

Thorny Issue

From the very beginning the question of the Janata Party's relationship with the RSS became a thorny issue. Mr Desai did not take a firm line. While on a number of occasions he said Ministers should desist from attending RSS functions, nobody took notice of him. He gave a certificate to the RSS that it was a cultural organisation. On Article Five of the party constitution he chose to play safe. The RSS has a policy of shifting alliances. At the Centre they backed Mr Desai, but in the States they entered into an alliance with Mr Charan Singh. This gave them immense advantage. By May 1978, when their attempts to increase their own influence over the State Governments met with resistance from Mr Charan Singh and Mr Devi Lal, they changed their attitude towards Mr Charan Singh. In June 1978 came the notorious Simla incident which provided an excuse to Mr Desai for unceremoniously dropping Mr Raj Narain. Mr Charan Singh's statement on action against Mrs Gandhi came in handy to have him thrown out.

Mr Charan Singh has been blamed for the October 3, 1977, fiasco of Mrs Gandhi's arrest. But he alone was not responsible. Mr Desai also was a party to it. This action not only exposed the ineptitude of the Janata Government, it enabled Mrs Gandhi to wear a new halo of martyrdom. The hasty action against two civil servants, which could not be sustained, not only lost us the respect of civil servants, they also ceased to be "God-



VICTIMS OF COMMUNAL VIOLENCE in Aligarh narrate their woes to the Prime Minister on his visit to the city. The Prime Minister has called for an end "to the game of blaming each other for communal riots" and pleaded with the Opposition to cooperate with the Government in "removing this canker". The author says that the failure of the State Governments to control the communal riots... and Savarna-Harijan troubles has created the impression that the Janata Party is incapable of maintaining harmony and defending the interests of the weaker sections and the minorities.

fearing". The prestige of the Government suffered a setback. In a parliamentary democracy, most of the Government work is carried on by the bureaucracy. If we lose their confidence and their respect, the possibility of effectively implementing the policies is greatly reduced. This is exactly what has happened in the last twenty months. Altogether after the assembly elections the Janata wave began to recede. In undoing Mrs Gandhi's anti-working class measures, the Janata Party was guilty of a lot of backsliding. The abolition of the CDS and the restoration of bonus were done without grace so that we could not make capital out of these steps. And some reactionary provisions of the Industrial Relations Bill have angered the working people. In the matter of prices, first there were shortages of essential commodities like pulses and edible oils followed by a slump in the prices of sugarcane, cotton, jute, tobacco and so on. This badly hit the cultivators.

In the matter of education we were not able to announce a new educational policy. The unrest on the campuses increased. Since no impact was made on unemployment, the younger generation gradually became disillusioned with the new regime dominated by old people. The reservation policy with regard to the backward classes was implemented in a hesitant and halting manner. There was opposition and sabotage from within. So we could not reap the full benefits of this social policy. And it was this new social policy that had won dividends for Mrs Indira Gandhi in Karnataka and Andhra Pradesh.

With regard to the Muslims we should have accorded top priority to the satisfaction of their legitimate demands. From May 1977 I was pressing the Government leaders,

especially Dr Chunder, to introduce immediately an Aligarh Muslim University Amendment Bill, restoring autonomy and the minority character of the university. I also proposed the immediate constitution of the Minorities Commission with a respected, judicially minded Muslim at its head. There was unconscionable delay in both these matters. Even today the Aligarh Bill has not been passed into law and the wrong choice of Mr Minoo Masani caused avoidable embarrassment to the Government. The failure of the State Governments to control the communal riots, give adequate representation to the members of the minorities in the police force and the absence of firm directions in the matter of Shia-Sunni, Nirankari-Nihang, Savarna-Harijan and Hindu-Muslim troubles have created the impression that the Janata Party is incapable of maintaining harmony and defending the interests of the weaker sections and the minorities.

Bleak Prospects

In the States the police, accustomed to enjoying extraordinary powers during the Emergency, now adopted an attitude of indifference. They virtually adopted a policy of non-cooperation. This has bred a feeling of insecurity among the citizens. The murder of the Chopra children was only a symptom of this deep-seated malaise. Thus law and order became a big problem throughout the North Indian States.

All this points to only one conclusion—namely, that, despite the reprieve of the two recent by-election successes, the Janata Party is in deep trouble and that, unless radical measures are taken to revamp its image, it would not only weaken its standing, the failure would create such a sense of despair that it would open the prospects

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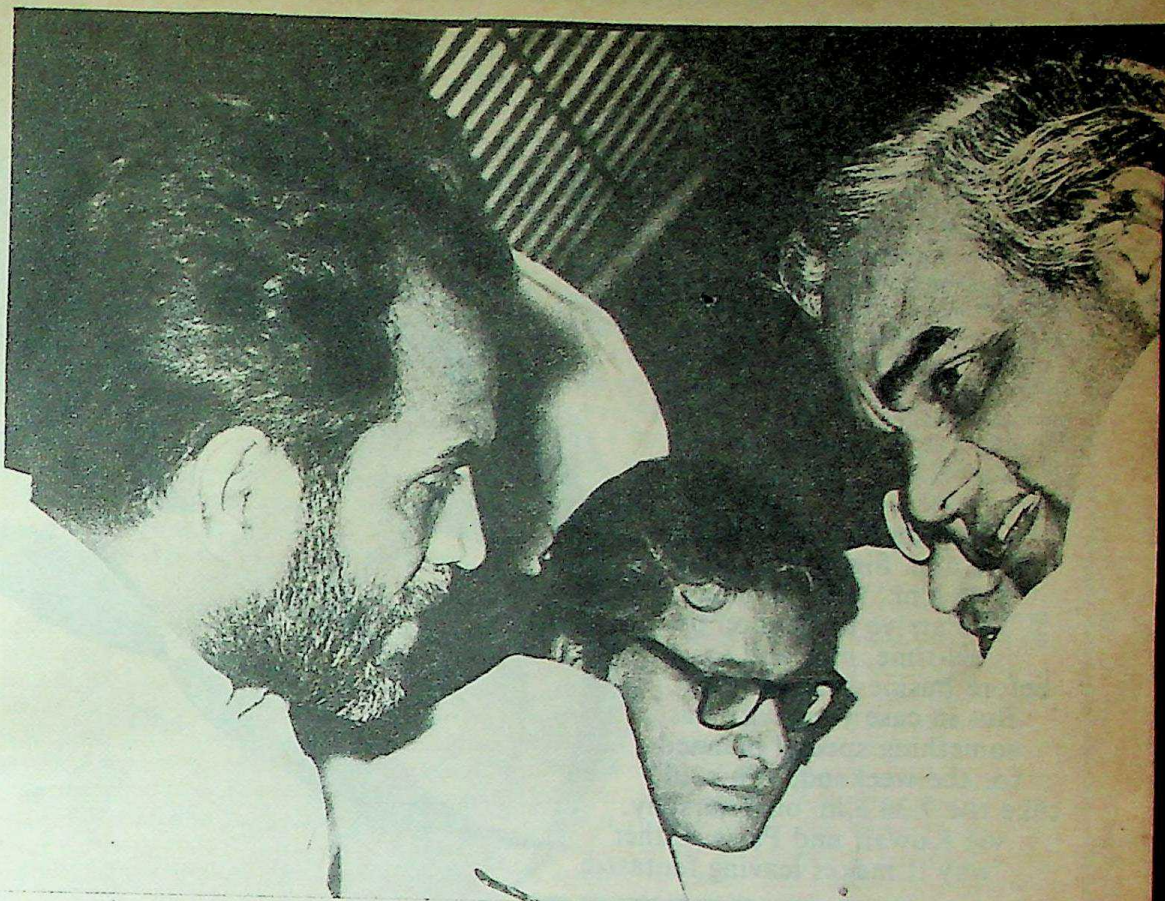
of the return of authoritarian forces to power and also lend the process of democracy's destruction a certain inevitableness. I therefore pray that all well-wishers of the party, especially the top people, should take counsel and decide to reconstruct the policy of the party and the Government on these principles:

That the party and the Government proceed on the basis of a broad consensus and that the leaders of all constituents give up once and for all their futile plans of capturing the party. They must also desist from self-aggrandisement at the cost of others.

Backbone of The Party

That the party must preserve its social alliance of youth, kisans, backward communities, Muslims and other minorities at all costs and vigorously implement appropriate programmes calculated to win back and retain the support of these elements. Kisans have been the backbone of the party. The recent slump in the prices of agricultural commodities like sugarcane, cotton, tobacco and so on and shortage of diesel have caused widespread distress among them. Immediate attention should be paid to their problems.

That the Government must accord top priority not to fads like Prohibition but to rapid economic expansion and solution of the problem of unemployment. Employment guarantee schemes and land armies should be created, cutting through all bureaucratic red tape. The party must erase the image that it is a party of the rich and must acquire a radical image through strong action against big business sharks and vested interests, no matter whether this is de-



—P. Dayal
WILL JANATA LEADERS PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER? Chandra Shekhar, George Fernandes and Atal Behari Vajpayee at the inaugural conference of the Janata Party held in New Delhi on May 1, 1977. Mr Fernandes had reportedly sent in his resignation from the Cabinet because he was dissatisfied with Mr Desai's "functioning" and his "reluctance" to consider measures to improve the image and the performance of the Government. The Industry Minister, however, later said: "I don't think that, as of now, there is such a (resignation) letter in the hands of the Prime Minister."



—S. K. Chadha
Mr CHARAN SINGH releases the Janata Party manifesto at a press conference in Delhi in March 1977. Seen next to him are Mr L. K. Advani, Mr Madhu Limaye and Brij Mohan Toofan. Following the failure of Mr Morarji Desai and Mr Charan Singh to come to an understanding, the future course of action of Mr Singh has become a subject of speculation.

nounced as "populism" by big business spokesmen and their scribes. Further, the Government must not neglect the programme of cheap house construction, allotment of house sites, debt redemption and so on for the urban and rural poor. Some people would deride this as a showpiece programme but in a democracy its importance should not be ignored. After all, it is not these so-called intellectuals that help the party to retain power; it is the poor people's vote that will ultimately decide whether the party stays in power or not.

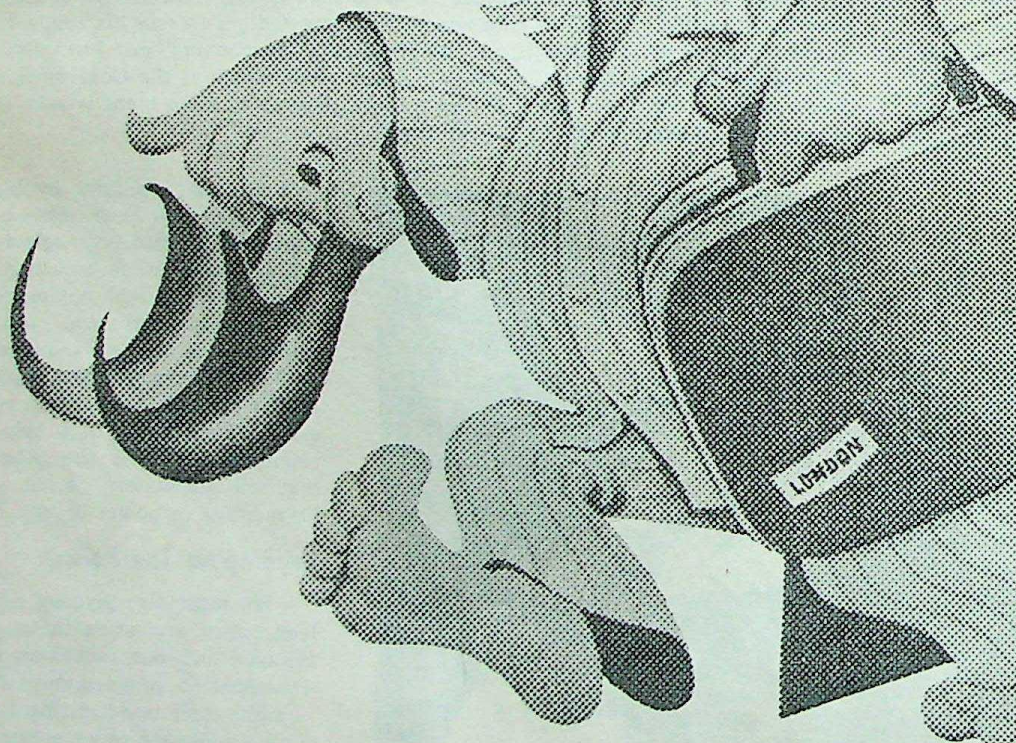
Revamping The Police

We must also give up dithering on nuclear policy and stick to the policy of self-reliance and our independent research and development programmes. The task of revamping and re-educating the police forces, giving adequate representation to the minorities and the depressed classes, should be undertaken without delay. This alone will enable us to tackle the problem of law and order.

And, finally, I would urge that foreign relations should be conducted not in an amateurish fashion or on an ad-hoc basis. There must be long-term planning and our foreign policy should be coordinated with the country's economic planning and foreign trade policies. Whether this would involve change of leadership depends upon the response of those in command. One thing is clear: things can be allowed to drift only at the nation's peril.

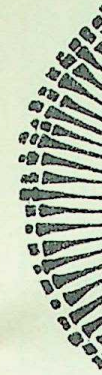
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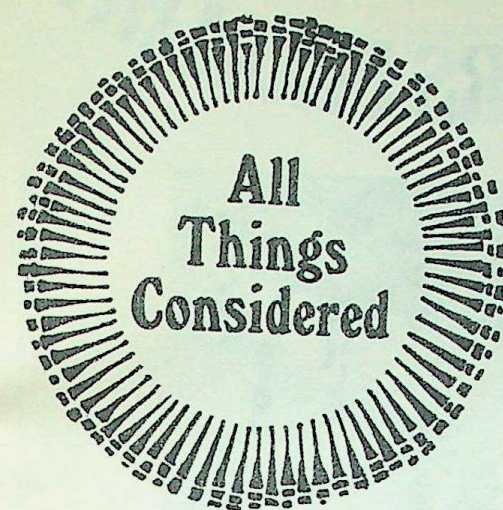
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The Editor's Page



India is celebrating Rajaji's birth centenary, which is but natural; as natural, say, as CR's love for hot coffee. He loved it so hot that he held the tumbler with a handkerchief. He is one of our titans and if I use the present sense it is merely to acknowledge that Rajaji abides with us, like his mentor, friend and associate, the Mahatma. The two took to each other—for all their differences in language, upbringing and philosophy—like soul brothers, to use a contemporary phrase. But Gandhiji led, Rajaji followed, though there were times when it was hard to say who was the leader and who the led.

Gandhiji craved the approval and approbation of CR and the latter once frankly admitted that he had given his soul to the Mahatma. This, of course, did not prevent either of them from voicing their individual opinions when they considered it a matter of conscience and there were times when their paths diverged diametrically, as, for instance, on the issue of Pakistan. Rajaji's was an original mind that could see beyond the immediacy of politics to take a long-term view. He paid dearly for it. These were strong men who did not count the cost where deeply-held beliefs were concerned. Probity was all.

On the human side Rajaji was all devotion to the Mahatma and Kasturba. Rajmohan Gandhi, in his biography of CR (he is a grandson of both the Mahatma and of CR) tells a story of Kasturba going South to open an exhibition of handloom cloth, accompanied by Rajaji. At one stall Kasturba wanted to know whether the dyes used were fast. Her English not being quite what it could have been, she asked, hesitantly: "Colour go—No?" Before there could be any snicker from those around, CR said firmly: "Colour no go!" But those around still could not hide their smiles and Kasturba innocently wanted to know why there was laughter. "That's Ba's English!" warned CR. And Ba's English it remained.

But CR could be biting when it pleased him. Passing along Thiagarayanagar one day in the company of S. Y. Krishnaswamy he noticed a sign which said "Gita Cafe". "Incongruous," commented CR. "What has

the Gita got to do with a cafe? Some one will soon open an Upanishad Laundry and a Vedic Hair-Cutting Saloon."

I suppose CR never really walked along some of Bombay's streets. He would have noticed even greater incongruities.

One of the more endearing stories recounted by Krishnaswamy refers to a trip that CR made to Thiruvaiyaru in Thanjavur district to inaugurate the annual Tyagaraja festival. This was some time in 1951 when Rajaji was Home Minister at the Centre. En route from Thanjavur to Thiruvaiyaru, Rajaji encountered a batch of young men waving black flags at him, shouting: "Rajaji, Go Back!" CR took it in good spirit. Later, addressing a huge audience, CR referred to the incident, maintaining a straight face.

"As I was coming, some persons waved black flags and cried, 'Go back, Rajaji.' I have been away in Delhi for many years and have just come back to my own home in the South. If I am asked to go back, where can I go? You may ask a North Indian to go back, but it is absurd to ask me to go back as I have nowhere else to go!" After that he had his audience in the palm of his hand.

I myself remember that famous meeting he addressed at Nappoo Gardens, North Bombay, in the mid-forties, at a time when he was advocating self-determination for Muslim majority Provinces that were conti-



guous to each other. It wasn't exactly a popular thing to do, but then doing the popular thing and playing up to mass hysteria was not CR's style. There was tension in the air and one Hindu Mahasabha volunteer threw tar at Rajaji which hit him in his face and soiled his immaculately clean kurta. Rajaji refused to be browbeaten, calmly told his detractor that, while the latter could make him change his shirt, he could not compel him to change his opinion.

In his old age he did not lose his cool either, and would often indulge in self-

deprecatory remarks. He particularly enjoyed cross-examining his physician, Dr Srinivasan, an extremely able and uncanny diagnostician, who could be as surly as Lionel Barrymore in the Dr Kildare series. One day, considerably annoyed with CR's questioning, Dr Srinivasan said: "You do not want any medicines, but only answers to your questions!" On another occasion, when Rajaji was unwell, the doctor went to examine his distinguished patient and asked him whether he slept well with the windows open or closed. Rajaji said: "If I keep them open you will say I should have them closed. If I keep them closed, you will say I should have kept them open. So I keep them half-closed and half-open." That silenced the acerbic Dr Srinivasan.

Balraj Madhok, in a tribute to CR, mentions an interesting incident when there was a move to bring the Bharatiya Jana Sangh and the Swatantra Party closer. The general election of 1962 had shown that the appeal of the two parties was similar and their following common. Both were opposed to what they considered the "statist" policies of the Nehru Government. Swatantra and Jana Sangh leaders met in the home of Devadas Gandhi where Rajaji used to stay during his sojourn in Delhi. Their talks were infructuous. Rajaji had been a silent participant but after half an hour, when he found that the discussions were leading nowhere, he intervened.

"Young man," he told Madhok, "let me butt in. You are moving along wrong lines. On the basis of political experience of about fifty years I am convinced that all adjustments between different political parties prove to be counter-productive in the long run. The party which concedes a seat to the other often is more interested in the defeat of the candidate of the party with which it has made electoral adjustment. As a result, instead of getting closer, they go further apart. Therefore, if you are really serious, you must plan to merge and form a single party. This must be done at the earliest. Nehru is ill. He may not live long. There will be a sort of political vacuum after his death. If you unite to form a single party, you can make a successful bid to fill that vacuum and give the country a new government with alternative policies and programmes." And after a pause, Rajaji added: "I would suggest that the new united party be named Swatantra Jana Sangh."

The idea fell through. But Rajaji's words were to prove prophetic. The tragedy is that to this day they hold good. Adds Madhok, wisely, if belatedly: "The situation demands realignment of political forces (today). There is imperative need of a National Democratic Party on the pattern of Swatantra Jana Sangh as conceived by Rajaji if the country is to be saved for liberal democracy. Unless such a party comes into being, there is a danger of Communists gaining ground at the cost of both Janata and Congress."

To which I would add: "Amen." But what prevents Madhok from making common cause with Karan Singh and Chandrajeet Yadav? Eh?

M.V.K.

CHRISTMAS CHARMERS FROM HMV



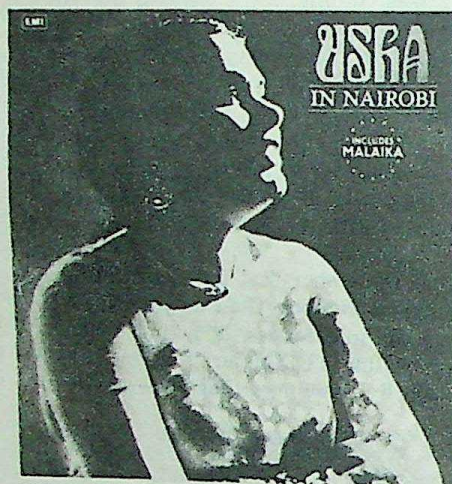
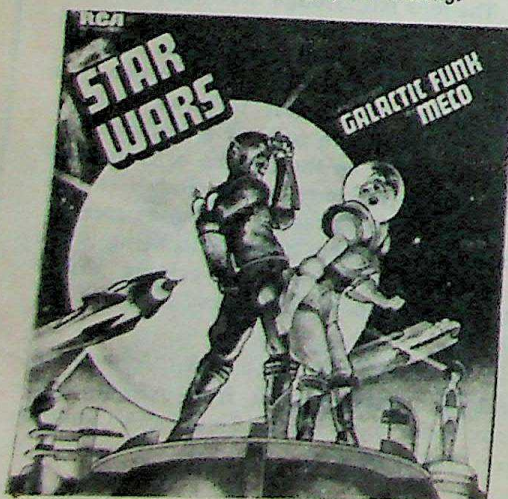
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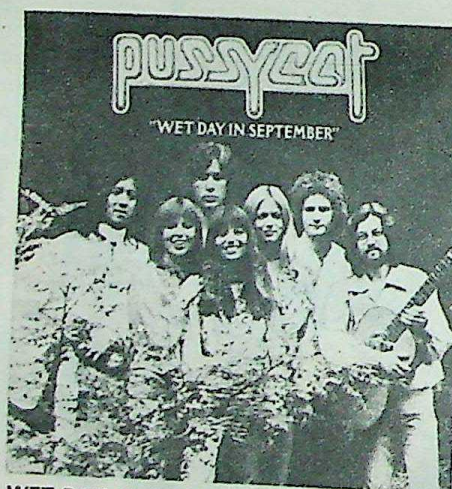
EARTH—Jefferson Starship
Starship's blues-rock sounds at their exciting best. With 'Count on Me' and 'Crazy Feeling'.



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Pulsating, rousing disco music. Guaranteed for toe-tapping, foot thumping, good listening.

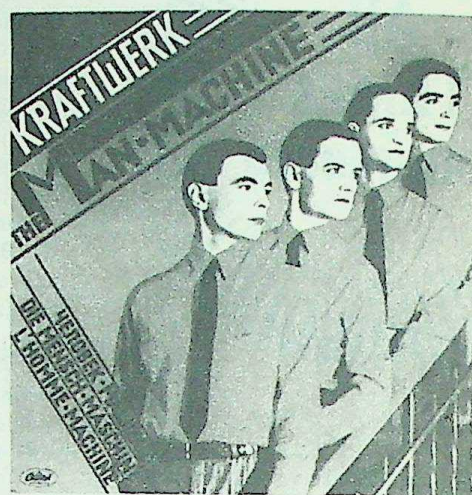


USHA IN NAIROBI—Usha
Usha—sparkling, versatile, delightful as ever. With 'Malaika' and old favourites like 'Fever' and 'Mama Mia'.

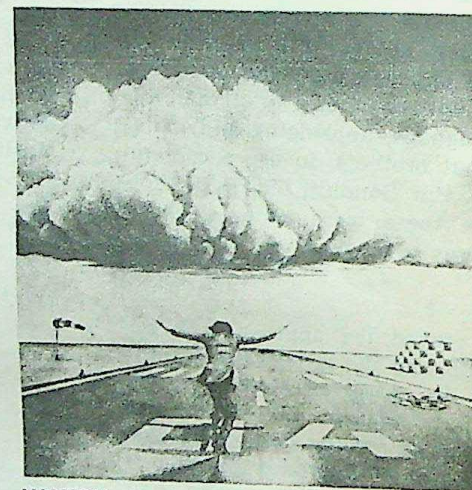


WET DAY IN SEPTEMBER—Pussycat
Soft voices in enchanting harmonies. Warm lyrics. 12 tracks of your favourite typically Pussycat sounds.

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WATCH—Manfred Mann's Earthband
The intricate keyboards of jazz. Heavy rock sounds. Lyrics that are pop classics. With 'Circles', 'Martha's Madman' and a new version of Dylan's 'Mighty Quinn'.

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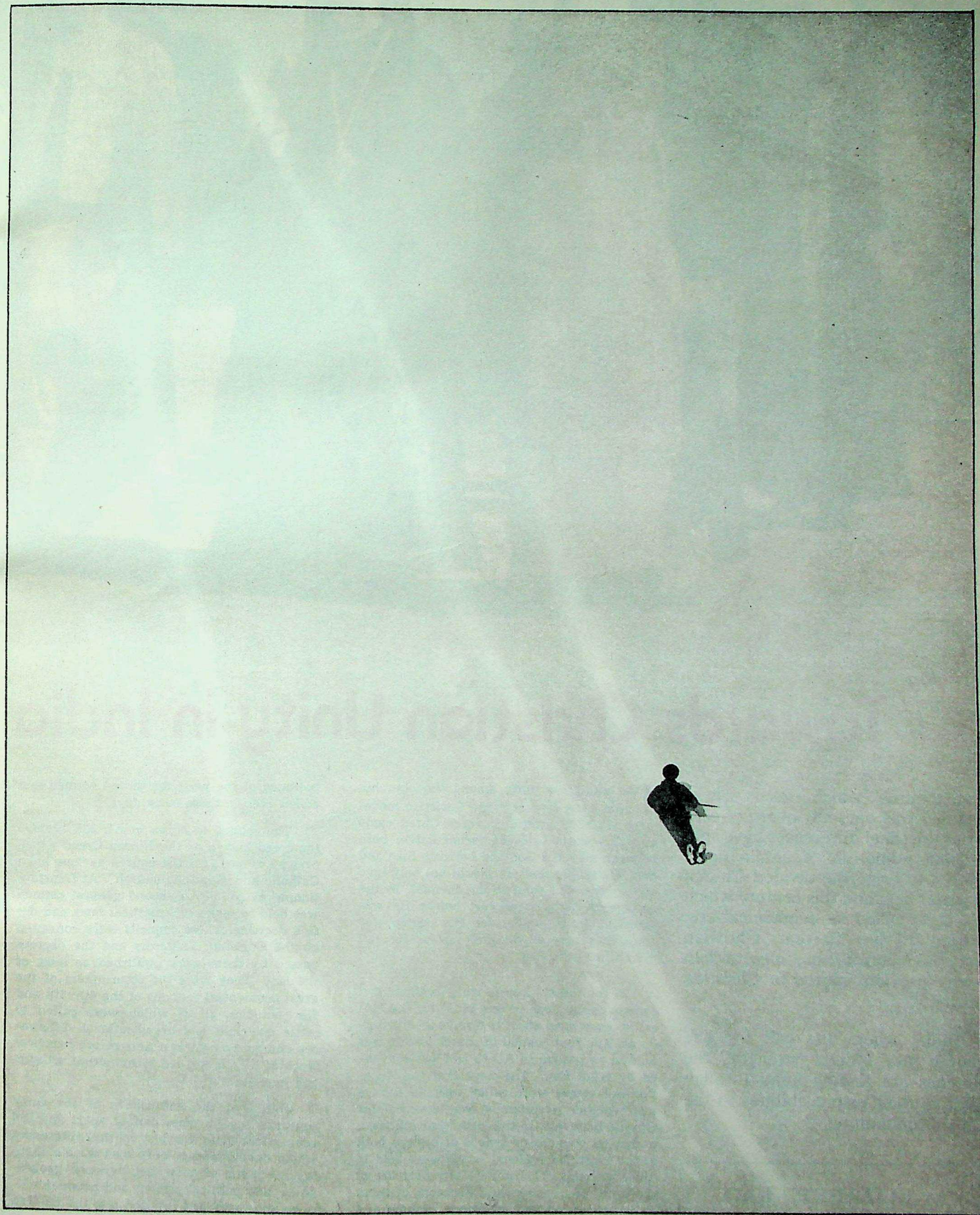


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Picture Of The Week



NOT AN UPHILL TASK

by J. Ramanan



Towards Christian Unity In India

The Church which Jesus Christ founded was one, but over the centuries doctrinal differences have split it into numerous denominations. Efforts to bring the divided Church together began in this century which has been called an ecumenical era. During the last 50 years Christian unity has received more impetus than in any previous period in Christian history.

In India, where the call for one Church has gained strength, the churches are finding unity through fulfilling their responsibilities to the secular community.

by ELIZABETH RAO

The quest for unity among the churches has been central to the Christian movement since its inception. Jesus Christ came into this world to bring reconciliation both between man and God and between man and man. He taught that we should not only love one another but forgive our enemies. In the garden of Gethsamane just before He was arrested, Jesus' prayer for His people was "that they may all be one" just as He and the Father were one.

In the infant Church when conflicts and controversies arose it was usual for the elders to meet in an effort to resolve their differences. The first council of church leaders was held in Jerusalem in AD 48 and was convened by Saint Paul. The issue that the Apostles and elders were called upon to discuss was whether circumcision was essential for Gentile believers. In the years that followed, numerous councils or synods of bishops both at the local and regional levels were held to settle disputes or formulate any doctrine of the faith. The decrees and decisions of these councils were known as canons. Bishops and members were beginning to realise the im-

portance of the need for united council and action even in those early days.

The council at Nicea in AD 325 evolved the creed known as the Nicene Creed which characterised the church as "one holy, Catholic and Apostolic church". At Constantinople in AD 381 a second general council was held to make ecclesiastical laws and define doctrine. These councils were convened by the Christian Emperors and the decrees passed by them were published as laws of the land. They were the forerunners of the great ecumenical councils of the 4th, 5th and 6th centuries, all of which were called to settle doctrinal and organisational differences and to condemn and reject heretical teaching which had led to numerous schisms and heresies.

But after the enthusiasm of the early centuries the churches drifted apart and the ecumenical idea was lost in the differences which developed not only between theological points of view but between geographical and political regions and between cultures and races. The division into the Eastern and Western church, the even greater chasm

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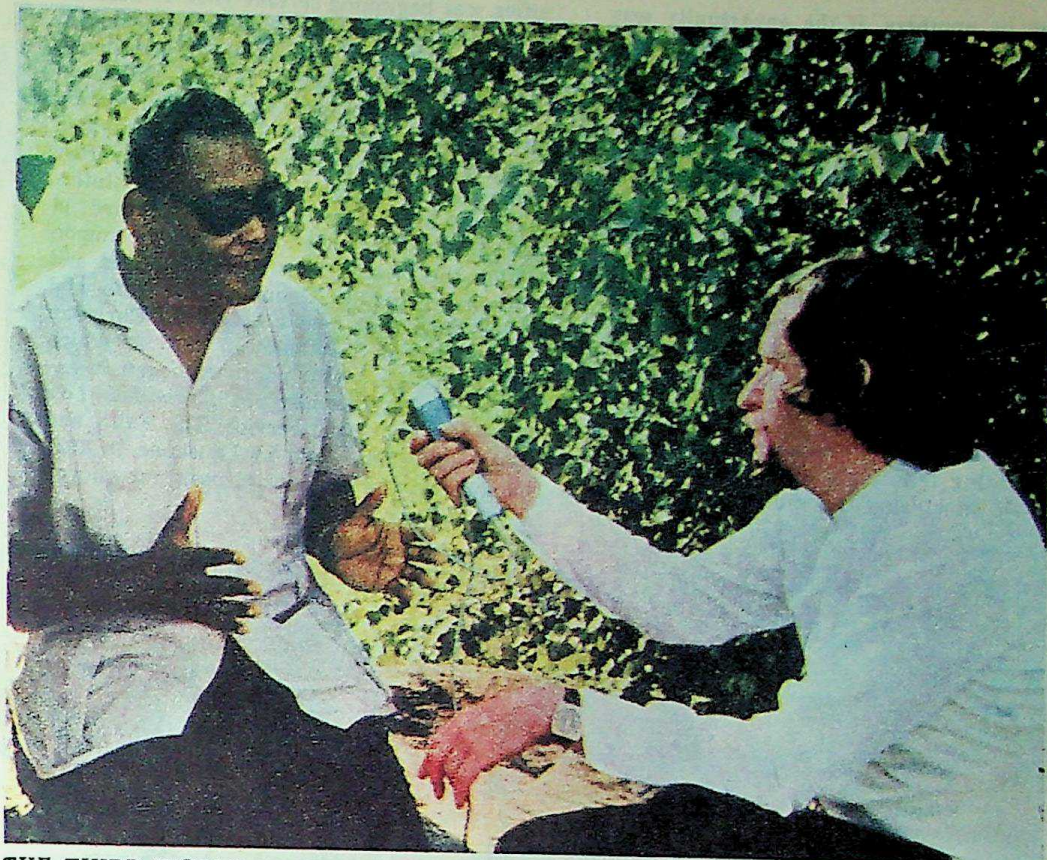
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between Protestant and Roman Catholic brought about by the Reformation and the birth of numerous denominations are all part of the sad story of Church history. Christians had failed to fulfil Christ's dream of His people being the "leaven", the "salt" and the "light" of the world.

The yearning for unity after centuries of hostility and distrust began to stir again in the hearts of Christians in the late 19th century, the period of great missionary activity throughout the world. At the turn of the 20th century the urgency of their task suddenly dawned on the people engaged in spreading the Gospel to all parts of the world. The watchword of the whole missionary movement became "the evangelisation of the world in this generation". With this urgency came the realisation that the denominational barriers were proving a great hindrance to evangelistic work.

Evangelising India

In India the urgency for evangelical action was due to various other factors as well. One was the growing nationalism which brought the realisation that the British Empire and its protection of Christian missions may not last very much longer. The revival of Hinduism and the founding of the Arya Samaj and the Ramakrishna Mission brought increasing Hindu opposition to missionary work. But mainly it was the mass movements of the depressed classes which offered enormous possibility for the Church to



THE THIRD WORLD LEADS THE ECUMENICAL MOVEMENT. The Rev Dr Philip A. Potter (left) of the West Indies is the General Secretary of the World Council of Churches. Facing Page: Delegates to the General Assembly of the WCC held in New Delhi in 1961. Below: Pope Paul greets a Muslim leader during his visit to Bombay in 1964 to attend the Eucharistic Congress. His convening of Vatican Council II has paved the way for Protestant-Roman Catholic dialogue. The late Cardinal Gracias is at left.



expand its numbers. If the opportunity was to be seized, united action was called for.

Three thousand mission workers who met in New York in April 1900 were described as "travellers who after painfully making their way in isolation through dark forest at last came out in one body into the open and saw the end of their journey, though still distant, plainly in view".

"Missionaries from numerous denominations, churches and societies began forgetting their differences and rallying together under one banner, in one body, as one army marching towards a common victory."

The ecumenical ideal in the form of an undergirding fellowship strong enough to stand all the strains of a multitude of diver-

sities was beginning to take root. A decisive organisational step was the convening in Edinburgh in 1910 of a World Missionary Conference which came to the conclusion that unity was essential for the proclamation of Christ to the whole world, that divided witness was weak. Three movements arose from the Edinburgh conference. The International Missionary Council established in 1921 brought together for study and common action the foreign Missionary Societies and National Christian Councils. The Life and Work Movement held a Universal Christian Conference in Stockholm in 1925 at which representatives of the churches began to explore the responsibility of Christians for unity through social service. The Faith and Order Movement held in Lausanne in 1927 emphasised the theological basis for church

unity and went to work on the question of doctrine and authority underlying their divisions.

The stage was now set "for fulfilling the dream of the pioneers—the creation of one worldwide body to give visibility to the whole trend towards unity among churches of a kind never before achieved in human history". This took place in Amsterdam in 1948 when the Life and Work Movement and the Faith and Order Movement came together to form the World Council of Churches. It had as its members 146 churches. The large Orthodox Church of Eastern Europe did not join and only 30 churches came from Asia, Africa and Latin America, but it was nevertheless a great event in Church history.

In 1961 the International Missionary Council merged with the WCC. In the same year the major Orthodox Churches came into membership. Assemblies of the WCC have been held every seven years at Evanston, USA (1954), New Delhi (1961), Uppsala (1968) and Nairobi (1975). The membership has risen to 300 churches, of them more than 150 are from the Third World countries. Its headquarters is at Geneva.

Opportunity For United Action

The World Council of Churches is thus the visible fellowship of churches which are themselves united in denominational families such as Lutheran, Methodists, Anglicans, Reformed and Orthodox. It is not a super-church controlling what Christians shall believe or do—it does not legislate but offers opportunity for discussion and united action.

Christian unity has been advanced more in the last 50 years than in any previous period in the Christian era. William Temple, former Archbishop of Canterbury, called this surging forward towards ecumenism "the great new fact of our time". Even though the Catholic Church stayed aloof from the ecumenical movement, Pope John and Pope Paul by calling the Vatican Council II in which the Decree on Ecumenism clearly commits the Roman Church to ecumenical dialogue and action, have paved the way to reconciling all Christians in one world Church.

In 1960 Pope Paul set up the Secretariat for the Promotion of Christian Unity. The Roman Catholic Church is a member of the Faith and Order Commission of the WCC. In 1965 a Joint Working Group with members from the above Commission and the Christian Unity Secretariat was set up. One of its most significant contributions was a meeting at Beirut in 1968 which discussed the subject of "World Cooperation for Development".

The ultimate goal of the ecumenical movement is organic unity among all the churches, including the Roman Catholic, with one head, one administration, one form of worship. The WCC Constitution states that one of its main objectives is to call the churches to visible unity in one faith and one eucharistic fellowship. The organic union achieved in the Church of South India in 1947 was hailed as a great event and considered a forerunner of similar schemes in other churches of India and in all parts of the world. But this form of unity still remains a vision and a dream for most Christians. In the last decade the churches have been content with striving for conciliar (of councils) fellowship whose basic unit is the



LEARNING AS THEY GROW IN STRENGTH. Nutrition education is imparted to children by the Churches Auxiliary for Social Action (CASA), the relief and development arm of the National Christian Council, Nagpur. Unity through social action is the new frontier of the Church in India.



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LIGHTING THE LAMP OF UNITY. Both Roman Catholics and Protestants have found Indianisation of the Church a unifying factor. Right: The Patriarch of Antioch, His Holiness Moran Mar Ignatius Yakoob III, celebrates mass. His Church and most Orthodox churches are members of the World Council of Churches.

local church. It is at this level that the Church should unite in common witness and service. The fellowship which is created between these local churches must be built upon to attain the original intention.

It must also be borne in mind that the entry of the Roman Catholic Church into the ecumenical arena will change the whole character of the movement which was given its shape by the Protestant churches. In the new situation the Protestant churches may well find themselves in the minority in the ecumenical family. On their part the Roman Catholics, who have always been fully organised as a universal body, will have to find ways to modify their internal structure to enter into unity.

In India the various Missionary Conferences in the 19th century were the forerunners of the ecumenical movement. As early as 1855 Bengal missionaries of different denominations met in Calcutta to consider questions connected with their common work. This example was followed in other parts of India, particularly in the South. In 1872 the first National General Missionary Conference was held in Allahabad and again in 1882 and 1892. Though the early conferences were arranged only to discuss common problems, the later ones had as their aim "united action in the interests of mission work". The Fourth All-India Missionary Conference held in Madras in 1902 was attended by elected delegates from their missions and it became the first real ecumenical meeting in India.

The father figure of the modern ecumenical movement was the American, John R. Mott, who was also the moving spirit behind the formation of the world YMCA, the world YWCA, the Student Christian Federation and the Student Volunteer Movement. Mott's inspiring and dynamic personality had been the mainstay of the Missionary Conferences which set the movement in motion. During 1896-1938 he visited India five times and there

is probably no single individual to whom the movement for Christian unity in India owes more.

His first two visits stirred up the Christian student world and led to the formation of the Student Christian Federation and the Student Volunteer Movement in India whose members became the ecumenical pioneers in this country. His visit in 1912 resulted in the setting up of the National Missionary Council. This body in its first decade was really a council of missions and not of churches. The hope was that one day, very soon, the work of evangelisation of India would be complete. The Indian Church would have come into its own and the missionaries would then withdraw and the National Missionary Council could be dissolved.

Servants of the Indian Church

This is in essence what happened. The Missionary Council became the National Christian Council in 1923. The Ranchi meeting at which the change took place was a landmark in the history of the Indian Church. No longer were the missionaries to be in absolute control, rather they were to be the servants of the Indian Church. "The foreigner must now accept the fact that, since he is necessarily outside the inner precincts of national emotion and desire, his place is no longer in the foremost ranks of the nation's leadership. Loyalty to the land and to its people demands that he obey that which the Indian Church commands." This ideal was not fulfilled for several years—Church and mission did not integrate and leadership remained in the hands of missionaries even though evangelistic work was on the decline and there was a move to link evangelism in word to evangelism in deed—social service.

The NCC brings Indian Christians together on a joint platform for common thought and action. Its members are 24 churches, 14 regional councils and 10 national organisa-



HER CHRISTIANITY IS UNIVERSAL. Mother Teresa being presented the Bombay Municipal Corporation medal by former Mayor Mr. Murli Deora at a civic reception in her honour. Mother Teresa succours the "poorest of the poor" regardless of religion, race or nationality.

tions such as the YMCA, the YWCA, the Bible Society, etc. Its headquarters is in Nagpur and it works through a team of Secretaries. The Council is in the process of being changed into a National Council of Churches, as such bodies are called in other parts of the world. Almost all non-Roman

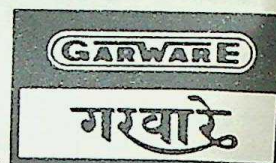
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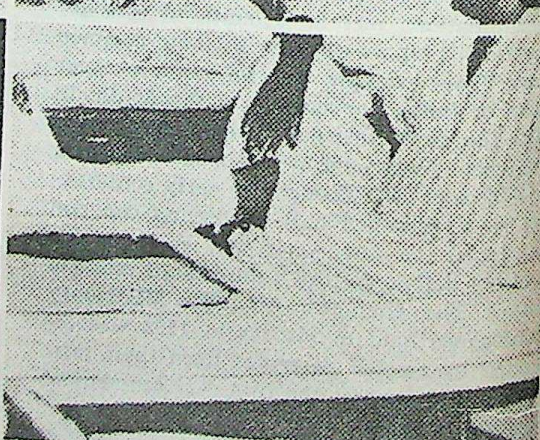
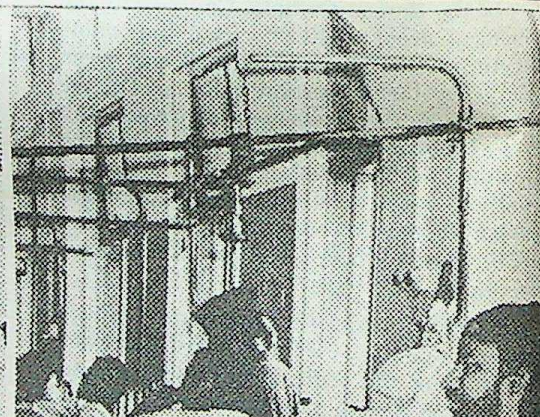
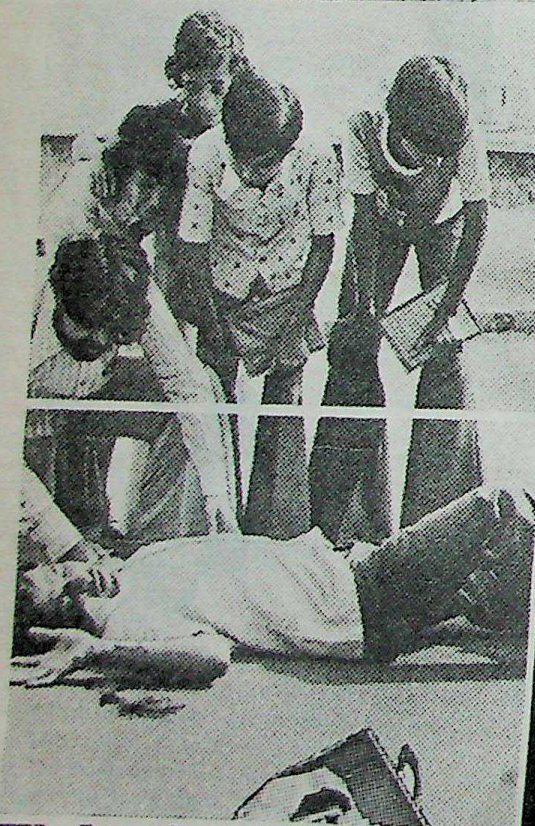
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Catholic churches with the exception of a section of the Orthodox Church are its members.

India is one of the countries in the world where Church unity has gained momentum. It was easier for Indian Christians to come together because their differences were not deep-rooted in history, as was the case in Europe and England. Where the Church has had a long and bitter history of divisions, union has been more difficult.

In 1947 most of the Protestant churches in South India united in a Church of South India. In 1971 a similar union took place among the churches of North India. And recently there is a move for the union of the Church of South India, the Church of North India and the Mar Thoma Church. A Joint Council has been set up to explore and discuss this possibility. There are, however, still many churches outside these unions, such as the Lutheran Church and the Methodist Church (which has become one with the Methodist Church of Southern Asia).

Concern for the Whole World

The word "ecumenical" comes from the Greek word *oikoumene* which means "the whole inhabited world". The Christians used this word to describe the worldwide Church. In later years, the word "catholic" was preferred. But in the 20th century the word ecumenical has come into vogue again. The World Council of Churches, which is the most tangible expression of the ecumenical movement, uses as its symbol a small boat with a cross as its mast sailing over a choppy sea. Overarching the boat is the word *oikoumene*. It represents the united churches who have committed themselves to sail through the storms of war and injustice and to accept one another as partners in the common task to make a better world.

This means that true ecumenism is more than just the coming together of churches to heal the great divisions of the past or even to unite in discussion and debate for common action. It embodies the idea that the world is one, its people are one, not just the Christians, and that the task before all of us is to fight for economic and social justice for everyone. The World Council of Churches

ARE THEY ALSO UNITED IN THEOLOGY? A mass marriage at Alleppey, Kerala. Though in India the Roman Catholic Church has stayed aloof from membership of the National Christian Council, in many countries it is a member of the National Council of Churches.



has taken a firm stand on the side of the oppressed because it believes that the Church should serve at the point of the sufferings and struggles of humanity.

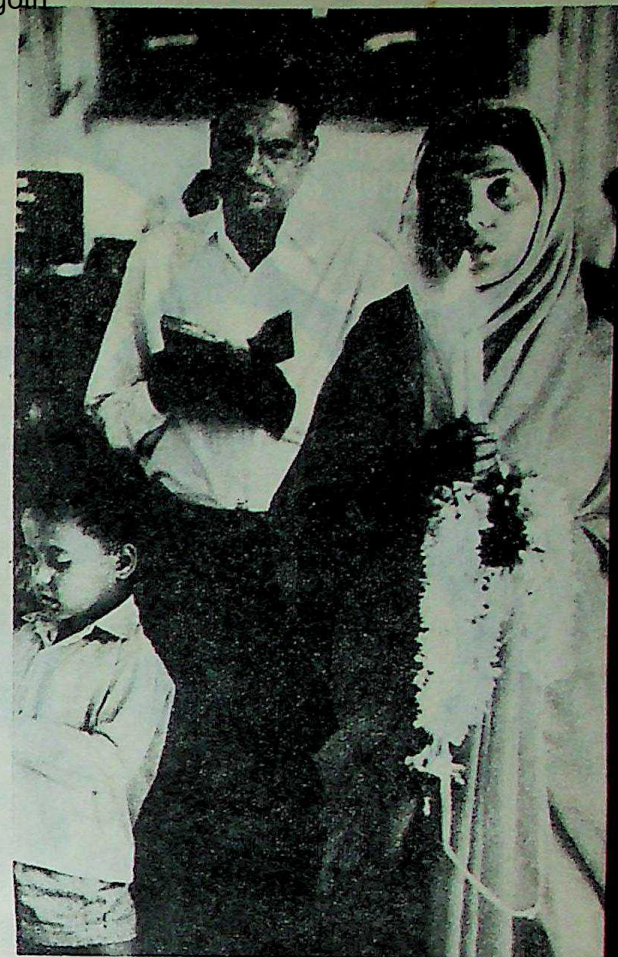
New Frontiers

The old saying, "doctrine divides, service unites", is apt for our times as well. Evangelical action brought the churches together in India and elsewhere at the turn of the 20th century. Today, when the Church in India has reached a nodal point, a point of no growth, because the stand of "no salvation outside the Church" is losing ground and the Christians are beginning to see the presence of God in other religions, the concern of the ecumenical movement is with all people, not just Christians. In order to survive in the changed situation in India the Church has to put out new shoots and seek new frontiers of witness for Christ.

The Christian Gospel has always met people at the point of their elemental needs and struggles. In earlier days it met the needs of the Indian people through education and social service. Today, these institutions have been dwarfed by Government institutions in a welfare state. So Christians are now called upon to succour the disinherited and the exploited. This has become the new frontier of the Church—a united Church helping the community by being its pathfinder.

An institution which has become "the point of intersection of the world and the word (of God)" is the Eumenical Christian Centre at Bangalore. It brings together Christians and non-Christians for study and action, to "do theology" as it has been termed. According to Mr Mathai Zachariah, Secretary, NCC, who was speaking at the 12th anniversary of the Centre, "The churches have tamed the word ecumenical and disinherited it of its wider catholic connotation. The Eumenical Christian Centre is trying to liberate ecumenism from being the monopoly of the Christians!" It concentrates on programmes aimed at social change in India with emphasis on dialogue between the various religions and ideologies of the country.

The Christian Institute for the Study of Religion and Society, also at Bangalore, is another centre which embodies the ecumeni-



AT THE SHRINE OF VELANKANNI, TAMIL NADU. One of the weaknesses of the ecumenical movement is that there is not enough inter-denominational dialogue and action at the local level. Also, it is felt, the insights gathered at councils and assemblies never reach the man in the pew.

cal ideal. Its Director Emeritus is Dr M. M. Thomas, a noted theologian and a past Chairman of the World Council of Churches.

Basically, ecumenism is a cosmic vision about the oneness of humanity. Out of cultural and religious pluralism is born the urge for universalisation which drives man to dialogue, understanding and agreement. "The unity of the church is closely linked with the unity of mankind," according to the Rev M. A. Thomas, Director of ECC, at the recent meeting of the Faith and Order Commission of the WCC held in Bangalore. "In facing human problems we are already united. Probably in fulfilling our secular responsibility we shall find our unity... Unity is not envisaged as a unity only of denominations but it has to do with sexism, racism, classism, casteism and everything which segregates human beings from one another."

The Illustrated **Weekly** of India

wishes its readers

A Merry Christmas



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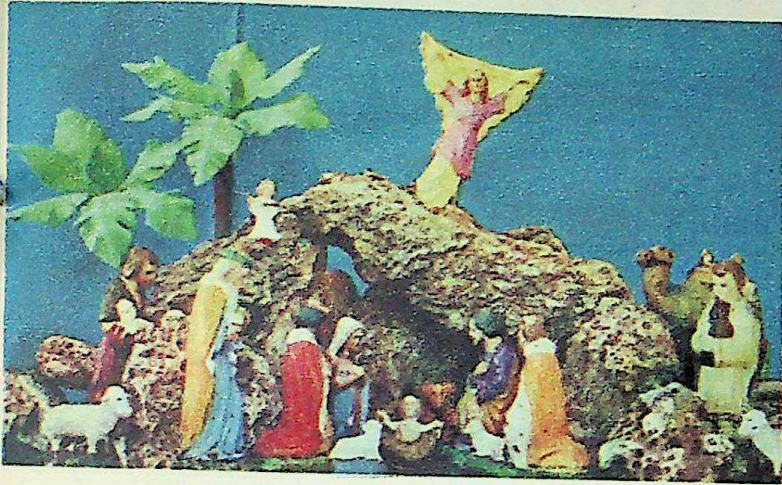


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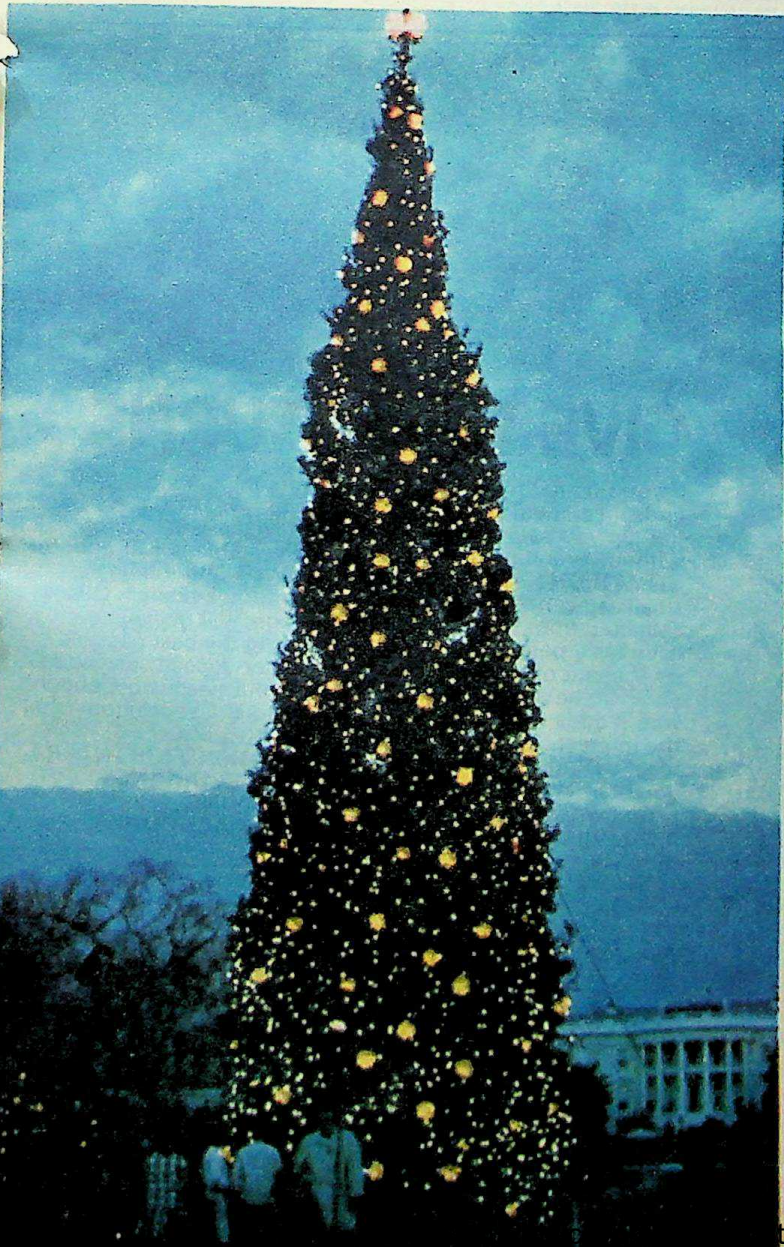


Christmas Around The World

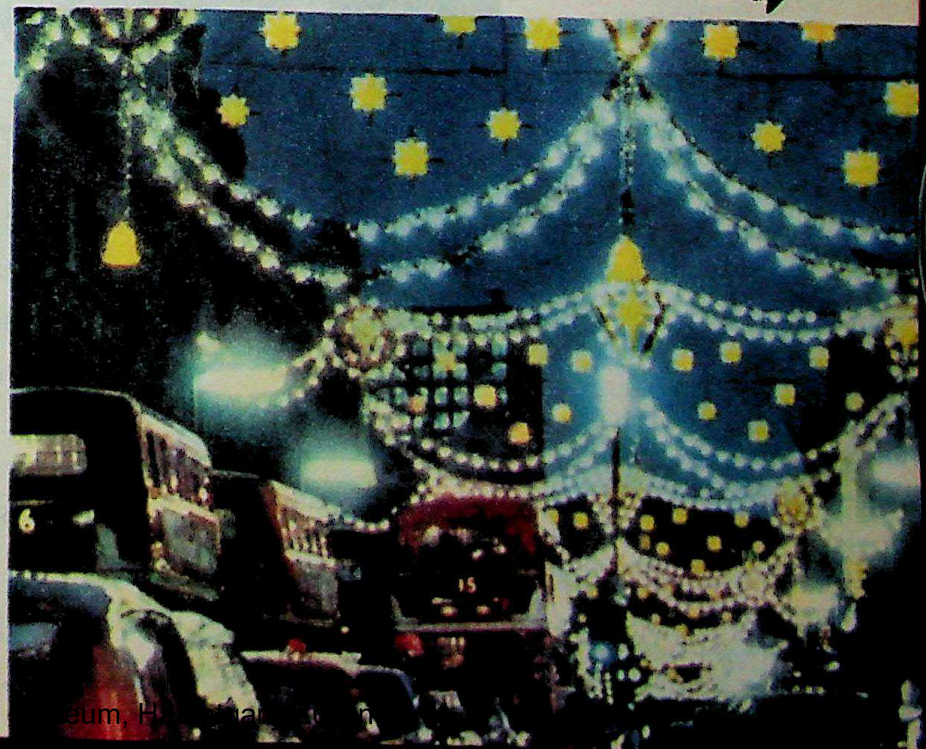
Throughout the world the spirit of Christmas is irresistible. In Europe and America, weeks in advance, the consumer industry gears itself to meet the festive season by decorating shops and entire streets with lights, holly, mistletoe and giant Christmas trees. In the gentle atmosphere of churches and homes, carols fill the air. Santa Claus arrives laden with gifts and cheer. In India, too, Christians prepare for "Peace on Earth and Goodwill Towards Men".



"O COME, LET US ADORE HIM." The birth of Christ in a manger is depicted by setting up the nativity scene with miniature figures in homes and in churches. Below: A giant Christmas tree on the lawns of the White House, Washington.



IN GERMANY. The festival begins as early as November 11 (St Martin's Day). School-children (especially in Westphalia) participate in night processions with Chinese lanterns and torches. Every house has a tree round which children assemble and sing carols. Below: London's Regent Street dressed for the occasion.



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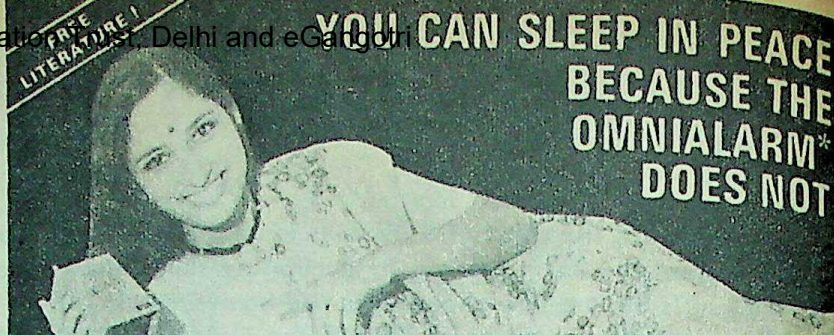
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LITERATURE I



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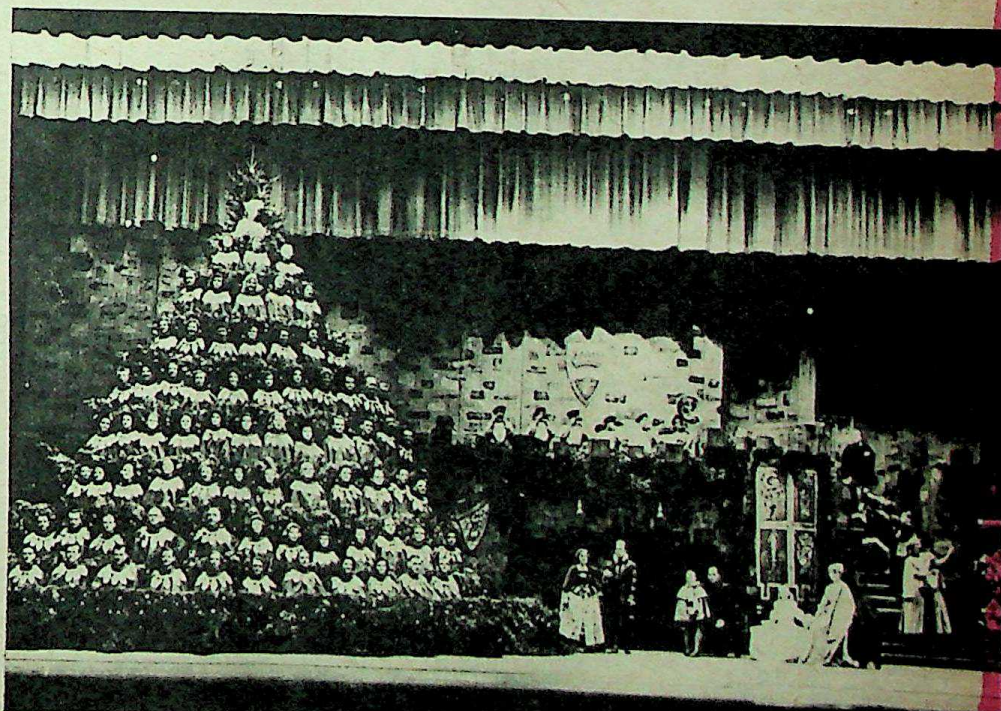
Where no deposit is too small



IN ARMENIA. A Christmas procession in the Church of Nativity in Bethlehem, the birthplace of Christ. The entrance to the city is illuminated gaily during this festival.



CHILDREN IN INDIA LOVE THEIR SANTA. Well-known clubs and other institutions hold parties for children. They receive gifts and a word of cheer from a kind Santa. Christian homes display the symbolic star and the crib while the music-minded roam about with lanterns, singing carols.



A LIVING CHRISTMAS TREE. Members of the Choral Society in North Carolina form a green-and-silver tree as they sing Yuletide songs of many lands. Like many amateur choral groups in the US, they devote the proceeds of their annual Christmas concert to charity.

LONDON NIGHTINGALES SING "SILENT NIGHT". Special carol services are held in churches, but perhaps nowhere are they more appreciated than in the wards of hospitals. Carols are of ancient origin, many of them dating from the Middle Ages.

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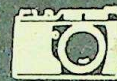


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Films On 'Sensitive' Themes-2

Should We Let Foreigners Make Them?

Second and concluding instalment of replies from film-makers, critics and other opinion leaders.

"Restrictions Should Be Reciprocal"

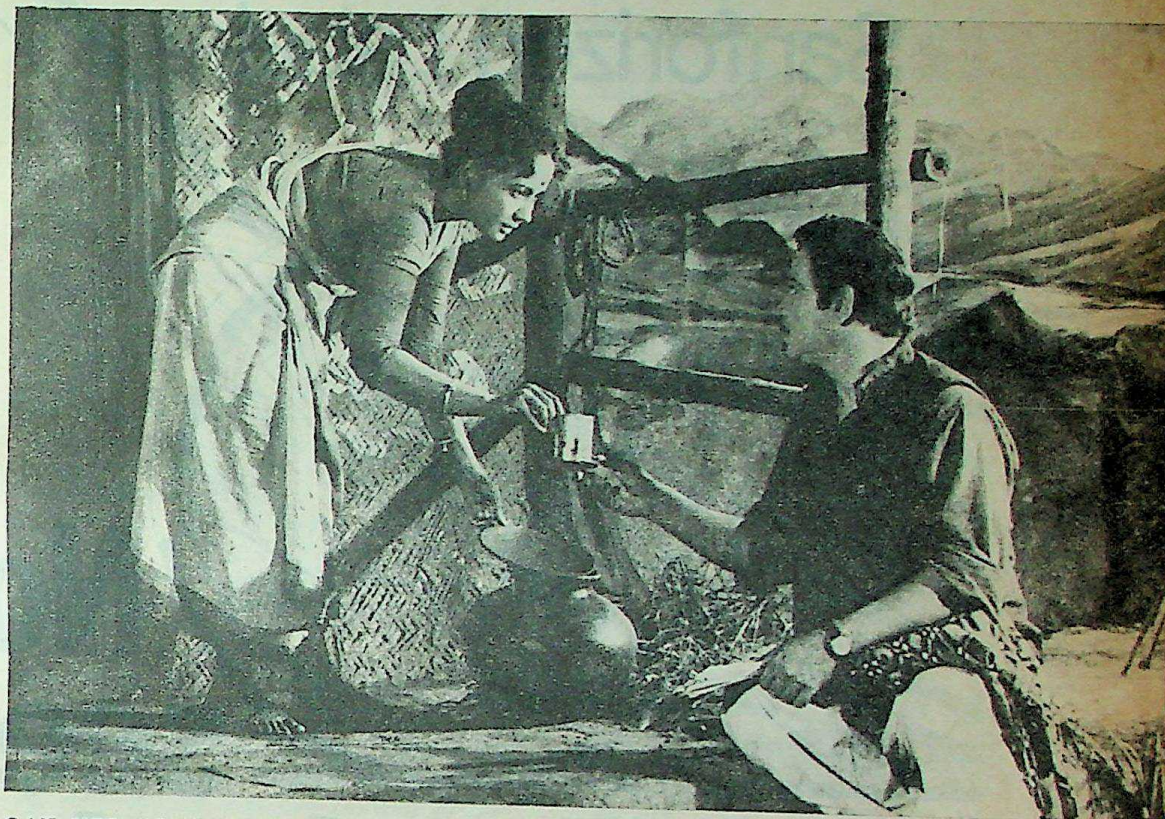
—K. A. ABBAS

I remember once (some twenty-five years ago) the British Government, on behalf of British tea-planters, sent a protest against my picture *Rahi* (based on Mulk Raj Anand's *Two Leaves And A Bud* and exposing the exploitation in British-owned plantations). The protest came to Jawaharlal Nehru as External Affairs Minister. He replied that, when India protested to the British Government about an anti-Indian film, the British Government wrote back to say that ours is a free society where no restrictions are placed on film producers. "Send them the same reply," ordered Jawaharlal Nehru.

Generally, I would say that all media of communication should be free of any Governmental influence or restrictions.

But it should be mutual and reciprocal between the two countries.

If a country imposes any restrictions on Indian film-makers when they go to shoot



CAN HER TOUCH POLLUTE? Meena Kumari, as a Harijan, hesitantly offering water to Jairaj in K. A. Abbas' *Char Dil Char Raahen*. Says Mr Abbas: "The Harijan issue is an issue of Human Rights which cannot be regarded as an internal problem of India."

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Should foreigners be allowed to make films on "sensitive subjects" (like Harijans, untouchables)? Should we give blanket permission to foreigners to make documentaries, films on both sensitive and non-sensitive subjects?
2. How would you define a sensitive subject?
3. Give reasons for which restrictions are or should be placed on film-makers.
4. Does the question of press freedom arise in such situations?
5. What are the guidelines (if there are any) for foreign film-makers and for our citizens who make films to show abroad?
6. How do you think the Harijan issue is presented in India?
7. Do you think a foreign team would make a better or worse job of it?
8. Do you think a foreigner would present your views more honestly?

abroad, the same restrictions should be legitimately put on the foreign film-makers when they come to India.

Normally, foreign trade unions are very particular that their men be employed when an Indian unit goes location-shooting in England or America. That seems to be a political precaution also. The British or American technicians who are paid as stand-bys for doing no work can, and do, watch over the interests of their country and would not allow any serious misrepresentation, or distortion, of their country and its culture and way of life.

Similarly, the Government of India has been right to insist on reciprocal pre-conditions on foreign producers. Every foreign unit shooting in India should be made to take Indian technicians who should, apart from rendering technical assistance, act as watchdogs to protect the interests of their country, its good name and its culture.

A sensitive subject I would define as a subject which, by a clever intentional or unintentional trick, can be exaggerated or distorted to the detriment of India. Or which, merely by presenting a particular segment of reality, presents a one-sided picture. For instance, all the shots in Louis Malle's documentary on India were factually correct, but still they gave a false picture of India, its people and its culture and way of life. What Mahatma Gandhi objected to in

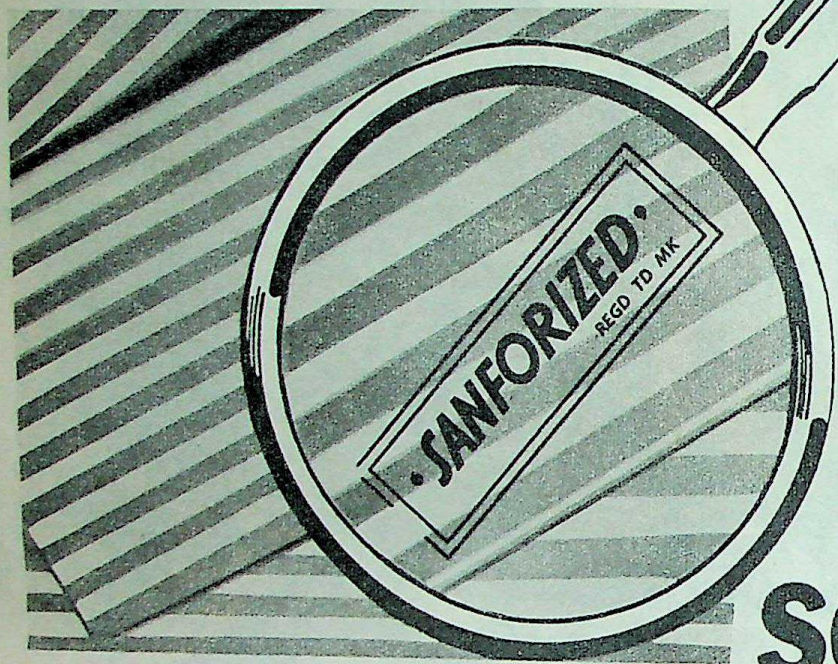
Miss Mayo's book, *Mother India*—he called it a "drain inspector's report"—holds true in the context of contemporary documentary film-making also.

The film itself is a very delicate instrument of communication. By presenting only the sordid atmosphere of India, without the corresponding good points, a factually correct, but essentially distorted picture of Indian life can be presented by unsympathetic or uninformed foreigners—or Indians.

Therefore, the Government is expected to take all precautions to obviate this kind of distortion. I think the script must be read by a competent cinema producer or director, not by a bureaucrat or clerk, ignorant of the nuances of film-craft. Constructive suggestions (if necessary) to improve the script (from the point of view of giving a well-rounded picture of India) should be given—for the consideration of the foreign producer. The format of the whole production should be considered by competent authorities—including creative cinema workers—again, I insist, not by clerks and bureaucrats.

The Harijan issue is an issue of Human Rights. Like the Negro question in America, it cannot be regarded as an internal problem of India. Universal interest in this issue is natural and legitimate. We should welcome any film-maker who wants to probe and analyse this problem sympathetically and constructively—not merely sensationally. It

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is good (sometimes) to see ourselves as others see us. The atrocities on Harijans are a blot on India—Indian film-makers are too diffident to tackle this problem. So if some *bona fide* foreign film-maker wants to make a picture about it, he should be given facilities—subject to the precautions and reciprocal arrangements specified above.

"Foreigners Can't Present An Honest Picture"

—KAMALA DAS

I feel it is unwise to let foreigners make documentaries on sensitive subjects like the supposedly pitiable plight of our Harijans. There is an eagerness now in the affluent countries like the USA, West Germany and also in the United Kingdom, to ferret out the exotic and the shabby, when dealing with India, ignoring the great technological progress it has made in the 30 years after Independence. Aubrey Menen was commissioned by the *Time-Life* people to write a book on Bombay as part of their "Major Cities of the World" series but when he wrote it, highlighting the progress, the note of optimism irked them and the manuscript was not found to be acceptable. They wanted him to play up the squalor and the backwardness. This narrow, ugly attitude helps the chronic grippers among our sophisticated writers to win foreign awards and become internationally famous. If one of us writes about an Indian village, filling the book with superstitions, sanyasins, black magic, diseases and perversions, the book will find a foreign publisher immediately and rave reviews in the journals abroad.

We cannot afford to take chances with our image right now. Books like *Freedom at Midnight* have not been healthy for our morale. Our own press turns out derogatory articles on Indians. It is natural, therefore, for our young people to hate their own country and wish to escape from it.

It is transparently clear that the foreign documentary-makers wish to bring out for the edification of a bloodthirsty public a few pictures that depict the horror and brutality supposed to be prevalent in the Indian villages. Murders take place almost everywhere in the world. The Chopra children were killed. If they had been Harijans the documentary-makers would have had a field day. Harijans too, being human beings, are attacked by their enemies. I am no Harijan. But I have a fair number of enemies who now and then threaten to kill me. Castes have no particular significance any more.

A sensitive subject is one that is sure to create embarrassment. A discussion on it will cause acute shame to every citizen of the country, not to talk of the Government. The mention of Hitler makes every thinking German blush. The Negro problem and the Vietnam War made the Americans blush. The ill-treatment of the coloured races in Britain is probably a sensitive subject for the British. I cannot imagine what would happen if an Indian movie-maker ventured to make documentaries on this subject.

To maintain cordiality between nations, restrictions should be placed on film-makers who seek to destroy the image of a coun-

try and to invade its privacy. The world is leaning against an immense stockpile of nuclear weapons. Any discord can set off another great war which may well be the last, the one to bring in the feared holocaust.

Restrictions will naturally give rise to the question of the freedom of the press. If the press can, with a campaign, save the nation, let it do so. But abusing without reason, mere bellyaching for the fun of it, can only destroy the solidarity of a nation. There is something unchaste and ugly about it, like a wife broadcasting her husband's faults in public.

The only guidelines I can think of are: respect the country in which the film is made, show respect for the feelings of the people you have portrayed. Take up a civilised attitude, instead of a smug and prejudiced one.

The Harijan issue, I suspect, is being capitalised for political reasons. The Indira Gandhi Congress swears by the word Harijan. Like the Indian cow, the Harijan has become deified and wears a halo. Hindus attack each other. Christians attack one another. Muslims do it, too. People have this habit of hurting those whom they hate for some reason or other. Caste seldom figures in these quarrels. In fact, caste exists only on the brown application forms put out by the Government! If the Government decides to delete it, at least our children will be saved from this ancient virus.

If a particular Government has to be denigrated, its opposition can merely pay a few caste Hindus to beat up a Harijan causing some bruises that can be well photographed. Then get the reporters to write on the incident. Only in India can such a stupid ruse work.

A foreign team is not equipped emotionally to deal with our Harijan problem, if there is one at all. They start with a set prejudice against the high class Hindus.

They know that they have a lot to be thankful for. The wisdom of the West was born out of the wisdom of the East. How many valuable books on astronomy, philosophy, medicine, architecture, music, theatre and arts, were taken out of India secretly to nourish the minds of the Europeans? Deep inside every civilised Westerner, is an inferiority complex that makes him want to hurt Indians, and Hindus in particular.

I do not think that a foreigner will be able to present an honest picture of our country. Nor do I think that a Nirad Choudhuri, Naipaul, Moraes or Ved Mehta will be sufficient. It is for someone who loves the country to make a film that will have the beauty of truth. Someone who knows that castes are mere labels stuck on by the ugly people who hate progress—the wild-eyed reactionaries. Someone who will look into a sunlit future where there will be only one religion for everybody, a religion without a name.

"Who Is A Foreigner?"

—VIJAY TENDULKAR

Any subject can become "sensitive" if sensitively handled—even a subject like malaria or agriculture. What you probably mean is a "live-wire" subject like the issue of the concessions to the Dalits. Well, live-wire subjects are the most relevant subjects and should be handled by sensitive and knowledgeable film-makers—Indian or otherwise.

Should foreigners be allowed to make films? Who is a foreigner? An Indian can be a foreigner for that matter if he is convent-oriented, had his higher education abroad, can communicate only in English and refers to India as "this bloody country". And I have met foreigners—I mean men from other

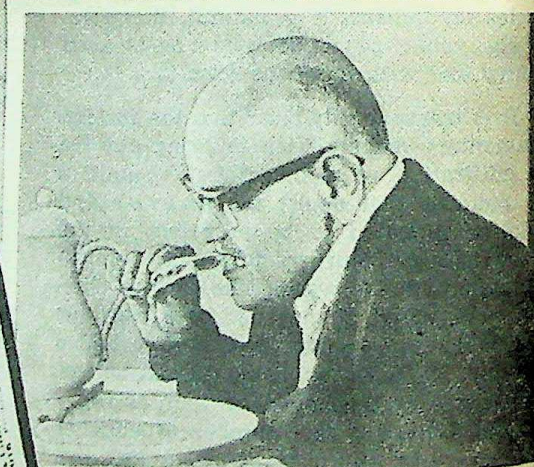
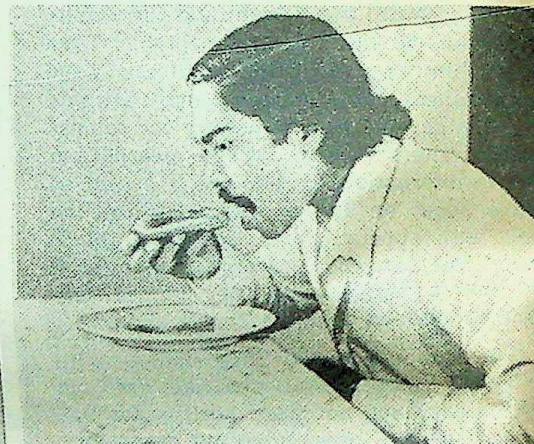


WOULD IT BE DISTORTION TO FILM THIS? Police disperse a Dalit Panther procession in Bombay.

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countries—who were able to establish a rapport even with the illiterates here in a short time, were deeply concerned about our problems and actually had some insight into some of them.

I would allow anyone to make a film in this country—documentary or feature—on any subject of his choice and to show it anywhere in the world. I care a damn for a country whose image is spoilt by a film. A country's image is made or unmade by its actual character, its actions, its traditions and its leaders. Why put the blame on or give the credit to the films? If someone makes a damaging film on this country, we can make half a dozen good films—films with a genuine perspective and insight—to offset the damage. Who stops us from doing that? Don't we have excellent film-makers?

It is not a question of press freedom. It's more a question of our confidence in ourselves. We must not become nervous and jittery at every so-called attempt at "running us down" in the eyes of the world. We must believe that the world is impressed more by a reality than a film or a book.

I propose the following guidelines for film-makers: Present a clear picture; present a real picture—real according to your judgement; say that it is your view of the situation and not an absolute reality.

As regards the presentation of the Harijan issue, I have come across several atrocious films on the Dalit issue in this country, made by Indians. But they were less atrocious than the actual atrocities, anyway.

The question of a foreign team doing a better or worse job—well, what would matter is the competence in film-making and a hang of the subject.

A foreigner presenting our views more honestly? This is going too far. A foreigner, or any one for that matter, should present his views as honestly as he can and not our views. He is not and not supposed to be our middleman or interpreter or spokesman. He should speak for himself and clearly so. The clearer he is, the better.

"The Harijan Issue Is Exploited"

—BASU BHATTACHARYA

Even in this enlightened age it seems ridiculous to think of refusing permission to foreigners to make documentaries whether the subject is sensitive or not. The very concept of a civilised society envisages a certain freedom. But are we civilised in a true sense, when all our values are slowly being eroded? A subtle hypocrisy runs in our system, making the simplest of motives suspect, which leads to confusing the genuine with the sensational. So when foreigners make films in India, all these factors come to the fore. Are they really interested in our problems? Taking an interest perhaps may be a clever ruse to trespass into irrelevant areas. This so-called interest is usually generated by a business motive—be it commercial or political.

Any documentary, politically motivated, waives the elementary responsibility of the documentary film-maker—a pure, objective, evaluation. The documentary film-maker



—William Coutto

WHAT'S A UNIVERSITY TO ME? A Harijan refugee and her child made homeless by the agitation over the change of name of Marathwada University.

cannot at any event be "partisan". If the documentary is politically-inspired, the film-maker will have to create a reality and not depict the truth. Even with an authentic locale and real people, a false picture is depicted. This is indeed dangerous.

As for the term "sensitive", it is so relative that it defies definition. Perhaps the closest one can get to defining it is that anything which hurts is sensitive.

The question of restrictions depends on the motivation of the film-maker. If, for instance, the documentary is a valuable social document, there is no cause for panic. But one has to be cautious about politically oriented films. But decisions on these films require expert knowledge and should not be left to insular bureaucrats. Only an independent body of aesthetically groomed, socially aware, politically conscious experts should take these decisions.

The question of press freedom in such situations seems irrelevant.

All of us suffer from set notions about people, about places and its customs. In this sense, we have strictly "dated" views. For instance, I think what a British critic said remains true even today. Said Penelope Houston: "Until someone else comes along to change it, Satyajit Ray's Bengal will be the cinema's India."

Indian peasantry, its poverty, its slums and dirt, are all that foreigners find worth bothering about. Because India has so eagerly sold its poverty and ugliness to the Western world. There is this smug feeling still in the West that after the British Raj, India is a land of unrelieved misery. Thus, for the rest of the world, the India of documentaries is either a poor, sick land or that other extreme—a land of mythical charms, snake charmers, etc.

A documentary film-maker cannot afford to have second hand knowledge of the subject he is dealing with. He must have a thorough idea of the country where he is shooting the film. There can be no set guidelines. But he should refrain from superficial or romantic interpretations of basic local problems.

The Harijan issue has never been presented truthfully by anyone. Exploited by all, this issue unfortunately remains a controversy.

A foreigner can do either a better or a worse job of documentaries. His greatest advantage is his aloofness from the issue. This enables him to be impersonal, detached, objective.

He may therefore grasp the problem at the grassroots. This is how half the battle is won. But all such problems are firmly rooted in the traditions of our country which a foreigner may not be familiar with and this can pose problems of elementary understanding. Mere honesty does not suffice. Any documentary film-maker has to have a deep regard for the traditional values of the country before getting the right perspective. Besides, his knowledge has to be complete and unprejudiced. What should be considered above everything else, is the human aspect.

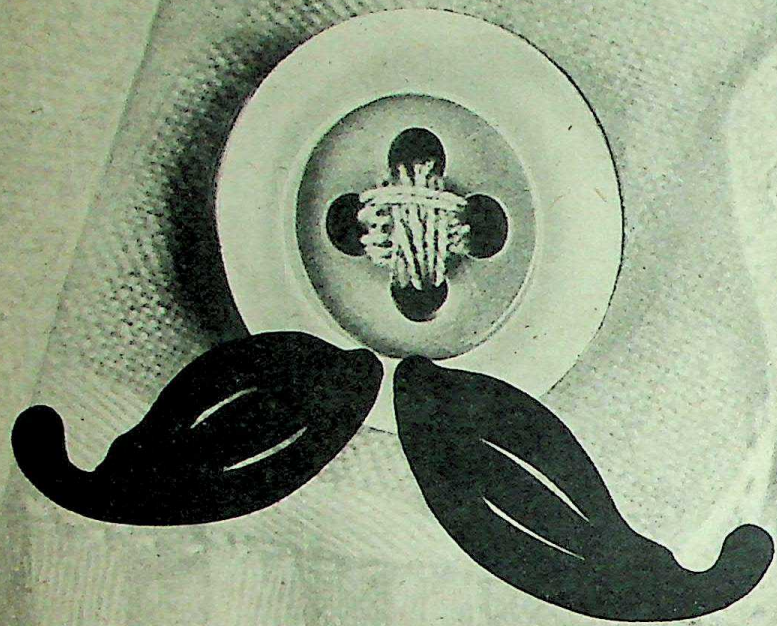
"Blanket Permission Not Desirable"

—FIROZE RANGOONWALLA

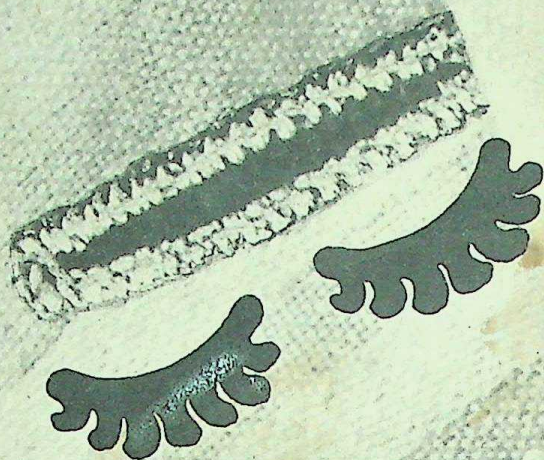
On the face of it, there seems no reason why foreigners should be denied permission to make such films in a democratic country. Perhaps, as a measure of self-satisfaction, we can pose a counter-question: Will Indians be allowed to make documentaries on any subject they desired in other democratic countries? Perhaps the answer to this could decide our future attitude. However, our problem is that we don't have the resources to make documentaries on a wide scale. For example, can anybody imagine our Doordarshan going out to make a TV documentary on French or Japanese Cinema, as a Swiss TV team recently did here on Indian Cinema? Of course, cinema may not be considered such a "sensitive" subject as Harijans. But when we consider the primitive state of a majority of our films, as compared to world standards, even a straight depiction might result in completely marring the country's image as reflected in its most popular mass medium.

So I think a blanket permission to film, whether sensitive or non-sensitive subjects, is not very desirable. A sensitive subject can be discerned from its indigenous and complex nature, the intricacies of which can only be followed by those who are close to it. Foreigners can make no more than a textual study and a cursory coverage. With the mass media going more and more sensational to catch attention, the foreign film-makers are quite likely to capture the bizarre and the weird, which may be only a part of the whole reality.

We must also not forget the medium characteristics of cinema. It is in the very nature of camera and editing to concentrate, isolate, select and juxtapose what is intended to be portrayed. Even in a harmless look



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ing sight, the camera may zoom in on a detail which is very distasteful. Thus, what is shot before us is also no criterion of what will be shown abroad. So restrictions are necessary, to avoid distortion.

The question of press or media freedom does arise in such cases but it cannot be helped. Even within the country, is not the freedom of our film-makers checked by the censor, often in an arbitrary and inconsistent way? All we can say is that if the bitter pill is to be sugar-coated, then the guidelines and restrictions for foreign film-makers should be more liberal and specific. As it is, there are no clear guidelines, except for keeping away from the seamy, filthy or unwholesome realities. For our film-makers, we have a provision of not affecting relations with friendly countries.

The practical restriction on foreigners, armed with camera and recorder, comes in the form of an officer deputed by the External Affairs Ministry to "watch" the entire shooting. The Swiss TV team was lucky in getting a very gentle person, Mr P. N. Gulati. Yet the very idea of somebody following and keeping a check like a cop was resented by the foreigners. We had no problems shooting the routine songs, dances, fights or interviewing film-makers and stars on controversial points, where they showed far greater intelligence than what is found in the films.

Signs of trouble came with a typical C class theatre located smack in the middle of Bombay's red light "cages" and with the crowded Kalighat temple of Calcutta with

its goat sacrifice. Our "External Affairs" may not allow for such indiscreet affairs, though some excellent creative parallels could be drawn between religion, cinema and prostitution in India.

To conclude, there are no definite conclusions. Foreigners certainly cannot present our problems more honestly and our chaps may not be allowed to do the same. Yet their spirit for authentic creation should not be curbed. A reasonable check and supervision can help both sides. Still, ultimately, it will all depend on how things are presented in the final film.

"Government Refusal Justified"

—SNEHPRABHA PRADHAN

When a guest is expected even the poorest amongst the poor try to brighten things up. The dilapidated hut is cleaned. The cleanest rags are put on and dented bowls are scrubbed until they shine.

When our own VIPs visit a particular town or city, the route is cleared of all obstacles. Garbage is removed and in fact no effort is spared to give the place a pleasant and healthy appearance. These efforts increase ten-fold when we have a VIP from abroad—to present him with the brightest side of the Indian way of living, of our hospitality, our culture—and on all these occasions we keep the famous Indian smile. But

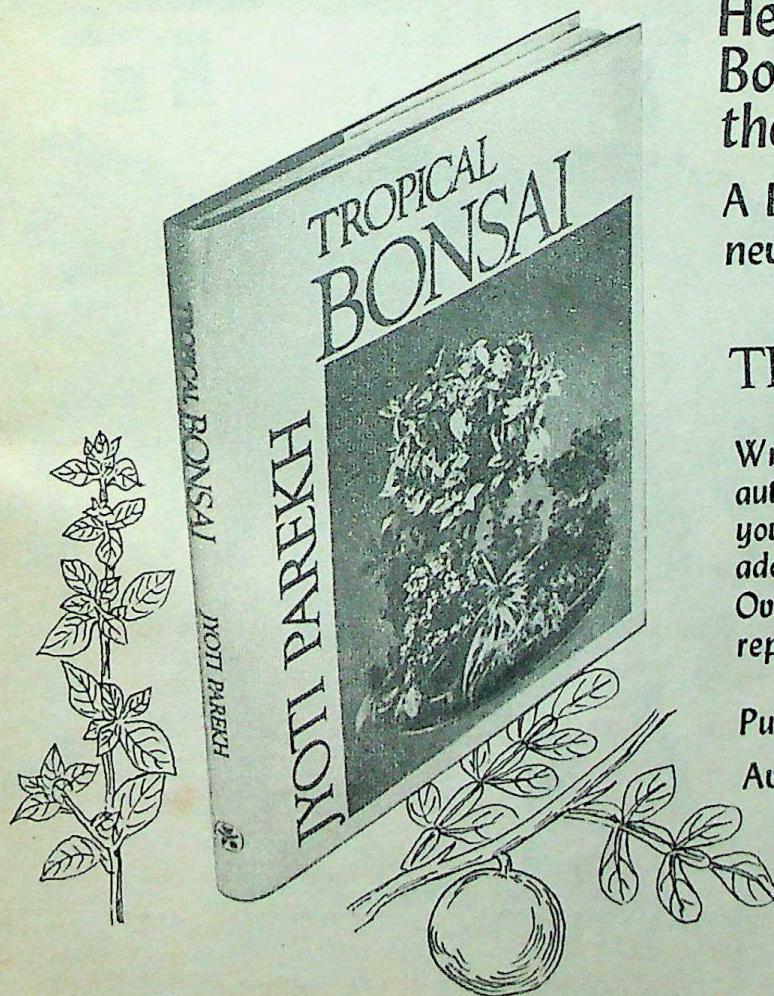
this is true of every other country, big or small. They all have their blemishes or sore spots which they hide behind a smile, while receiving visitors from other countries.

This feature of human nature is not a problem for the psychiatrist. In fact it is a normal attitude common to mankind. Therefore, when a foreign film unit comes to our country and wants to focus its lenses on our sore spots, the Government is quite justified in refusing it official permission.

Readers of *Time* even today may remember how we were belittled in the eyes of other countries when they presented us as beggars, when we had a famine, a natural calamity!

Even as we criticise our ugly landscape which is going to be uglier and uglier since our Government is only verbally engaged in the implementation of family planning etc, we have a mother's attitude towards it. The slums and the Harijan bastis may hurt our aesthetic senses. But still we accept them as our own brethren. The thinkers are aware of the feud between them and other castes today. The Harijans themselves are not free from caste distinctions. Only we know the reasons for these sensitive issues and the solutions.

A foreigner is not likely to see our plight in this light. No sir, we cannot allow any foreigner to film our country's private problems and lay them bare to satisfy the morbidity of other countries. And especially since they too have similar problems in their own homelands!



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A Treasury Of Miniatures



Illustration from Bihari's Sat Sai (above), Kangra School, Guler, late 18th century. Right: Krishna with Gopis, Pahari School, Mandi, late 18th century.



Krishna with Gopis: illustration from Jayadeva's Gita Govinda, P. Basohli, 1730





ta Govinda, P. Basohli, 1730.



The Nanalal C. Mehta Gallery at the Sanskar Kendra Museum in Ahmedabad houses many priceless miniatures. The collection, made over a period of 40 years, was gifted to the museum by Shanta Mehta in memory of her husband. It was inaugurated by Jawaharlal Nehru in 1963.

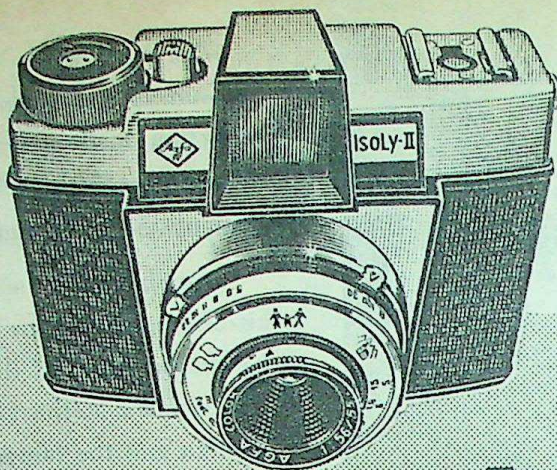
Nanalal Mehta, a distinguished Civilian, was a pioneer art historian and scholar. His collection is particularly remarkable for the paintings of the Punjab Hills and includes several examples of the famous Guler Gita Govinda series by Manaku and the famous Kangra Bihari Sat Sai series by the artist Fattu (son of Manaku).

The piece-de-resistance of the treasure is the 16th-century illustrated love lyric, Chaurapanchasika, of the Lodi school. Also included are four valuable works—from Sikandar Nama, illustrating the contribution of the Lodi school to the early Mughal period.

L. S.



The picnic party (above): illustration from Bhagvata Purana, Pahari School, Mankot, 18th century. Left. Nayika, Pahari School, Mandi, 19th century.



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Job Reservation: Invitation To Anarchy?

The Bihar Government was forced to shelve its proposal to reserve 26 per jobs for backward castes because of widespread violence in March. A "revised" scheme announced in October envisages reservation of jobs for backward castes (20 per cent), "economically backward" people (3 per cent) and women (3 per cent). The new formula has led to an even greater orgy of violence. The conflict between "backward" and "forward" castes has deepened.

by P. C. GANDHI

Bihar, never shy of getting involved in controversies, is right now in the midst of one and that too with disastrous consequences. The current controversy has been ignited by the State Government's decision to fix the quantum of what in the absence of a more appropriate description can be called favours that it could grant under the seemingly innocuous name of reservation of jobs. The reaction of the various categories of people who were covered and those who felt let down when the decision first saw the light of day in a quizzical sort of way was wild, to put it mildly. This was translated into violence and many parts of the State trembled with the prospect of everything being reduced to a shambles.

Egged on by political compulsions, the Chief Minister, Mr Karpoori Thakur, has now come out with a modified formula which has the pretensions of a clincher but which is bound to cause more confusion and violence than when the decision was first announced—or what Mr Thakur would have liked to bargain for. The new formula hammered out with the implied blessings of the Janata Party President, Mr Chandra Shekhar, has nearly the familiar ingredients of trouble.

An attempt has also been made, albeit half-heartedly, to define backwardness on the basis of the economic standard of the people in addition to the consideration of caste. This despite the fact that there has been no abatement in the ferocity of violence.

As Per The Janata Pledge

The Bihar Government announced in March that 26 per cent of jobs would be reserved for persons belonging to backward castes. This announcement was contained in the Governor's Address which was read at the joint session of the State Legislature on the opening day of the Budget session of the Bihar Assembly. The Governor's address mentioned that the job reservation formula would be applicable from April last.

The Chief Minister took pains to defend the policy on the floor of the House. He maintained that the policy was in keeping with the Janata Party's election manifesto. The decision, he maintained, was unanimous-

ly approved by the Parliamentary Board of the Janata Party.

The announcement brought in its wake a bitter controversy between the Chief Minister, Mr Karpoori Thakur, and his adversaries within the Janata Party. The flames of casteism were fanned by supporters and opponents of job reservation—cutting across all barriers of political affiliations.

The Janata Party High Command post haste advised the Chief Minister to put off the implementation of the decision so that it could be reconsidered in a calmer atmosphere. Party leaders appealed to the people to abandon the path of violence and settle the issue through negotiation.

Although there was some let-up in the violent incidents when the ball was in the court of the Party High Command, frenzied tempers continued to pose a serious threat to the stability of the Government for the next



ADVOCATES of the Patna High Court protested against the police lathi-charge on anti-reservationists by taking off their collars in the court premises.

three months. But this was no deterrent to the Thakur Government which decided to hold panchayat elections in the State amidst an atmosphere polluted by caste hatred—closure of universities and colleges during panchayat elections only helped the virus of hatred travel to hitherto peaceful rural areas. Never before in panchayat elections in any State have as many human lives been lost as in Bihar this time. According to official sources, elections left 60 dead and 452 injured in clashes between rival groups. Students who have been spearheading the agitations for and against the job reservation policy, having gone back to their villages after all universities and colleges were closed in all major towns, the situation in rural areas also became tense. One

has not to scratch a Bihari to find out if he belongs to an upper or a backward caste.

The Party High Command set up a committee headed by the Law Minister, Mr Shanti Bhushan, to re-examine the entire issue in the light of the opposition to the policy from some State Janata Party leaders. Opponents of the policy put forward three major arguments for their stand.

First, they argued, the job reservation policy was politically motivated. They pointed out that Mr Thakur was attempting to don the mantle of a caste leader by championing the cause of backward classes.

Among the backward castes, four are considered to be affluent. They are the Yadavs, the Koeris, the Kurmis and the Banias. The anti-reservationists maintain—and rightly so—that these four castes, which are better off in many ways than some of the so-called upper castes, would stand to gain by the job reservation policy. These four castes among backward classes are known for their political influence.

CM Perhaps The Sole Exception

It may be interesting to note that, among the 94 Janata MLAs who belong to backward castes, 91 come from these four castes. All Cabinet Ministers, Ministers of State and Parliamentary Secretaries except one who come from backward classes belong to these four castes. The Chief Minister, Mr Karpoori Thakur, is perhaps the only exception, for he comes from outside these four castes. Of the 216 gazetted officers belonging to backward castes, all except 7 belong to these four castes. But for 1.4 per cent, these four castes hog the stipends and scholarships given to the students of backward castes.

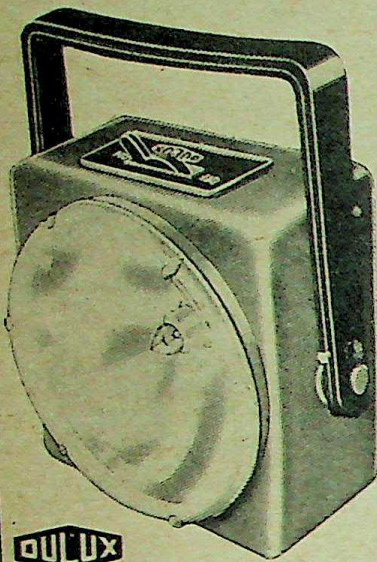
Indeed, members of these four castes, as a rule, are better off, both economically and politically, than some of the "upper castes" in many areas of the State. For instance, the Brahmins in Madhubani are desperately poor, while most of the landowning castes in this district come from these four castes. It is no exaggeration that a large number of domestic servants and dishwashers in urban areas are Brahmins of Madhubani, Vaishali and Darbhanga.

Secondly, the anti-reservationists demanded that economic backwardness rather than caste should be the criterion for reservation of jobs.

Another argument which went against this policy was that, already, 24 per cent jobs were reserved for Scheduled Castes and Scheduled Tribes. Additional reservation of 26 per cent jobs for backward castes would only leave 50 per cent jobs for those selected on merit. This would, in the long run, adversely affect administrative efficiency.

The pro-reservationists, on the other hand, argued before Mr Shanti Bhushan that the job reservation meant only implementation of the pre-poll pledges of the Janata Party. It was pointed out that, socially and educationally, backward classes deserved special treatment and that reservation of

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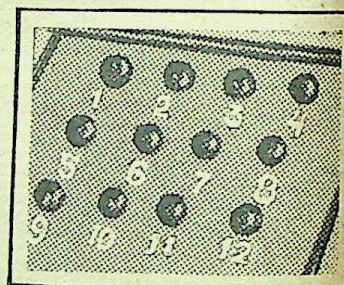
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jobs for them would be a progressive and socialistic step. They also argued that those opposed to this policy were interested in perpetuating the monopoly of upper castes over the levers of administrative machinery.

Mr Shanti Bhushan submitted his report to the Janata Party President, Mr Chandra Shekhar. But it was never made public on the plea that it was meant for internal consumption of party leaders.

The shift in the political alignment of Mr Karpoori Thakur, caused by the rift in the Janata Party leadership resulting in the exit of Mr Charan Singh from the Central Cabinet, brought a sense of urgency to implementing the job reservation policy. Mr Thakur's anxiety to be under the patronage of a new godfather in New Delhi after he ceased to enjoy the confidence of Mr Charan Singh brought him in close contact with Mr Chandra Shekhar, who was equally keen to find a protege in Bihar. Mr Shekhar is understood to have agreed to support Mr Thakur on the job reservation policy.

Morarji's Announcement

Another development of consequence was the announcement by Prime Minister Morarji Desai, at a public meeting in Patna on October 24, that the entire question of giving concessions to backward classes would be referred to a committee. This dampened the enthusiasm of Mr Thakur who was keen to put the official seal on the job reservation policy before the announcement of the name of the Janata Party candidate for the Samastipur Lok Sabha poll.

The new formula envisaged reservation of 20 per cent jobs for backward castes, 3

per cent for economically backward but belonging to other than backward castes and another 3 per cent for women.

It is worth while to recall that Mr Desai had reprimanded Mr Ram Awadhesh Singh at a Janata Party workers' meeting in Patna and asked him to quit the party if he did not subscribe to its policies.

It is also interesting to recall that the Backward Classes Federation had launched its campaign to press for the implementation of job reservation and about 3,000 workers had courted arrest by then. This agitation, according to observers, was a "friendly exhibition match" between Mr Thakur and Mr Ram Awadhesh Singh with a view to building pressure on the Party High Command to accede to the demand urgently.

Mr Thakur announced on October 31 that he had been directed by the Party President, Mr Chandra Shekhar, to announce the formula for reservation of jobs as approved by the Parliamentary Board of the party. Mr Chandra Shekhar, however, was on record as having said two days later that he had discussed the formula informally with members of the Parliamentary Board and obtained their approval. But the matter was never placed before the Board formally.

Mr Thakur made the announcement without formally getting it approved by his Cabinet. The matter was brought before the Cabinet on November 8. The formula was further diluted and amended by the Cabinet.

According to the Government notification based upon the Bihar Cabinet decision on the 20 per cent reservation of jobs, only 8 per cent would be meant for such

castes as mentioned in Annexure II of the Mungeri Lal Committee Report. The four dominant castes are included in Annexure II. The rest of the 12 per cent jobs would be reserved for castes mentioned in Annexure I. These include backward castes other than the four dominant ones.

Where It Pinches

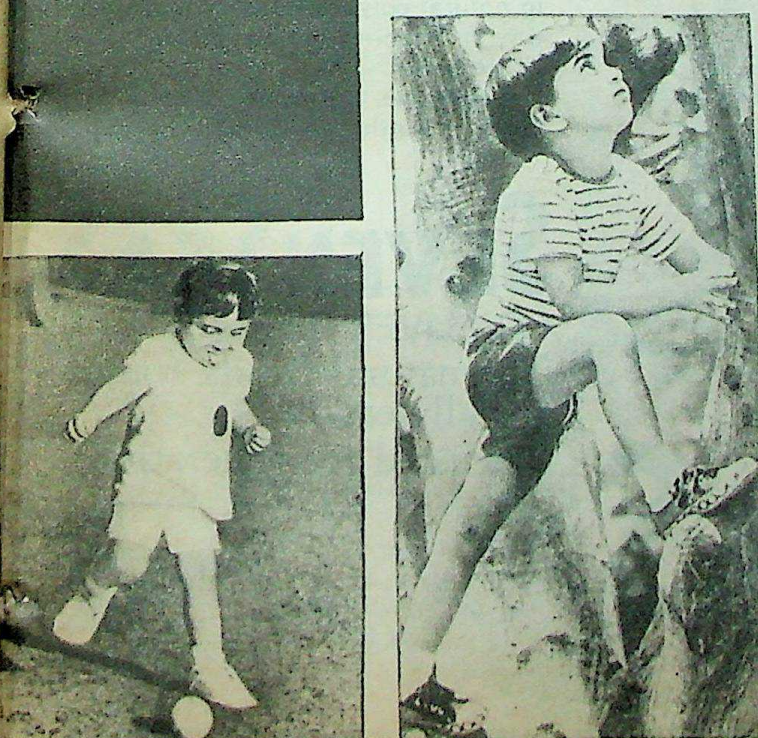
There is another rider in the amended formula. All those whose family income exceeds Rs 8,000 a year would not be covered under the reservation-of-job formula.

In fact, these amendments have, if anything, annoyed the four dominant backward castes who have been solidly behind Mr Thakur. They feel let down. First, because reservation of jobs for them would now be only to the tune of 8 per cent as against 26 per cent envisaged in the March announcement. Second, the rider of a maximum income limit of Rs 8,000 has disqualified most Yadavs, Kurmis, Koeries and Banias from taking advantage of the job reservation policy. It is common knowledge that even senior clerks in the Government would not be able to take advantage of the reservation of jobs' scheme for their children as their annual income exceeds Rs 8,000.

This has indeed created further dissensions among the ranks of backward castes who were, until recently, united in lending their support to Mr Thakur.

But the new formula has brought traditional rivals among upper castes—Rajputs and Bhoomihars—closer and the confrontation between "forward" and "backward" castes has become rather sharp.

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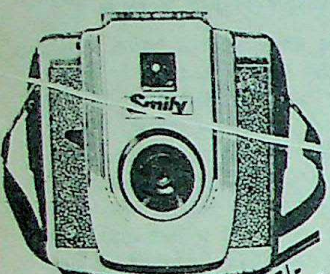


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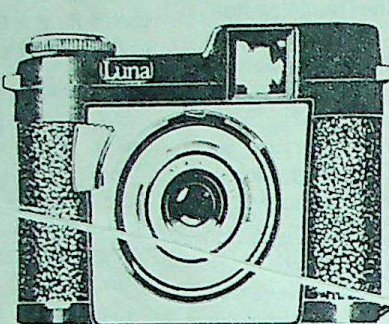
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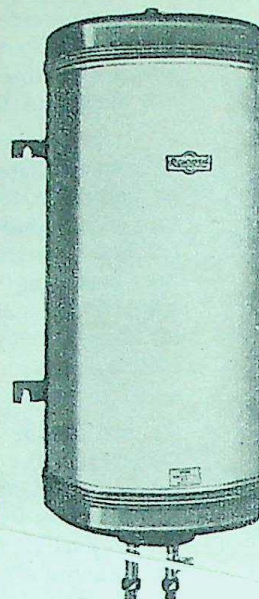
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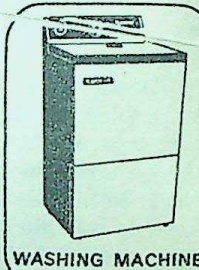
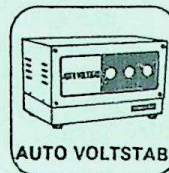
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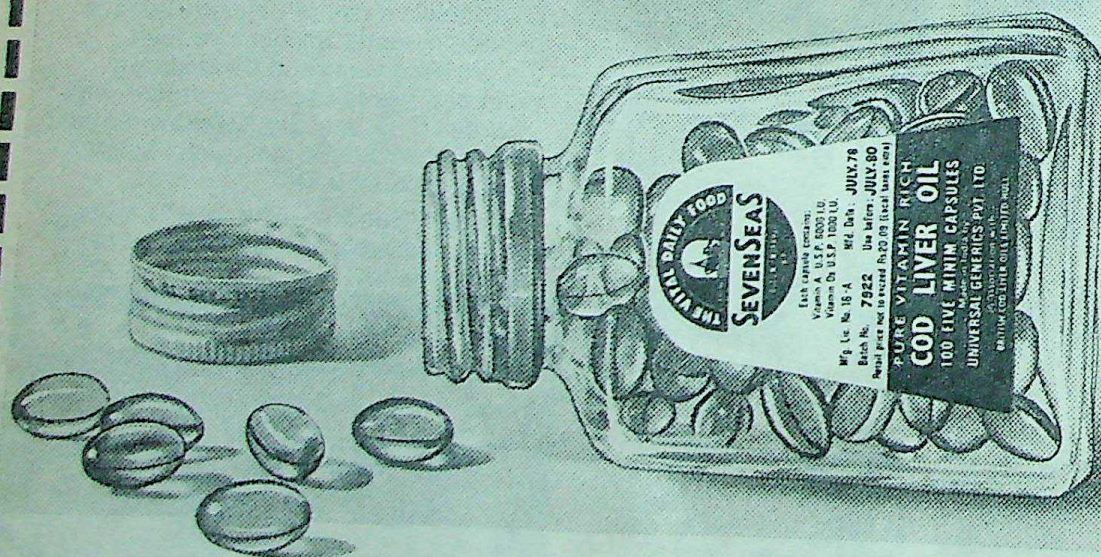
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The Illustrated Weekly of India

The Neglected Face Of Indira Gandhi

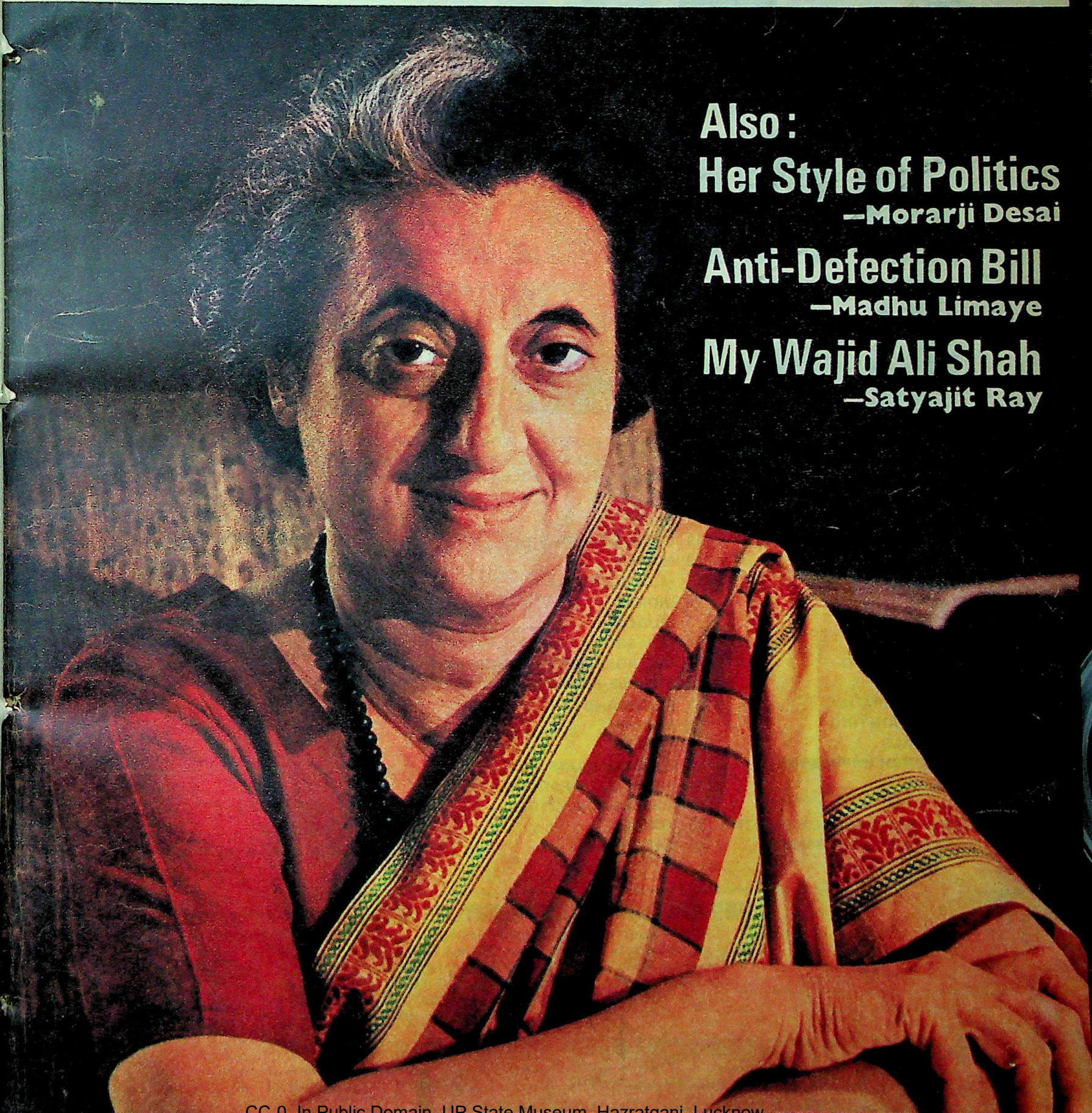
by Girilal Jain

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Her Style of Politics
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Anti-Defection Bill
—Madhu Limaye

My Wajid Ali Shah
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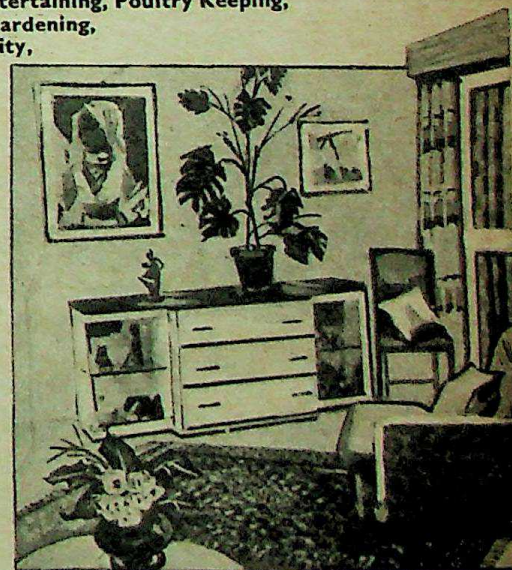
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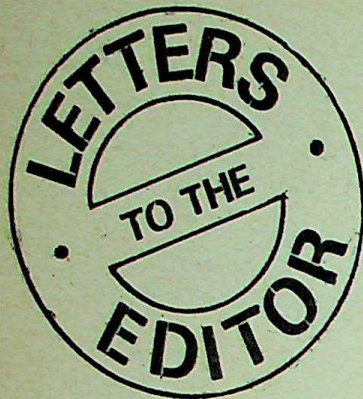
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The Police: A Political Force?

Sir—The article, "How Effective Are Our Police?" (November 26), was quite informative. At a seminar organised a few months ago in Bangalore, the main theme of discussion was to insulate the police from the influence of politicians and bureaucrats so as to give them the image of an impartial agency. It is unfortunate that after 30 years of independence our police force continues to function as it did during the British days.

Lucknow Dr B. N. SHARGA

Sir—The title for the article should have been: "Are Our Police Politicians' Tools?" Ever since India became free, the Indian Penal Code has been taken away from the police and instead they are made to follow the code of the political party in power. A sincere attempt has to be made to liberate our police from politicians.

New Delhi K. S. RAMAN

Sir—Anikendra Nath Sen should have avoided mentioning the caste system prevailing in recruitment to the IAS and the IPS. It is ridiculous to say that Kshatriyas are predominant in the IPS. Today, there are as many Kshatriyas in the administrative service as in the police service and Brahmins figure in both services as also in the Armed Forces. Sen should know that neither Kshatriyas nor Brahmins have a claim to these services by virtue of their caste nor are they selected on that basis.

Further, his reference to promotions in the IPS shows a total lack of knowledge of the services and the methods of selection.

Bombay K. N. RAO

Sir—Not only the police but also politicians are responsible for the inefficiency of our police

force. In fact, the police are being demoralised by political interference. Recently, the study report made by the Union Home Ministry came to the conclusion that political interference in postings, transfers and promotions has a demoralising effect on the police. This creates the impression that efficiency and merit do not get due recognition.

JAGANNATH OLETI

Bhubaneswar

Sir—While blaming the police for inefficiency, one should realise the rather hazardous nature of their job. When a violent mob not only sets fire to buildings but also to a police officer (a sub-inspector was burnt alive during the Osmanabad riots), what action does the Government take? Are there any safety measures for a constable on his beat? Is anything being done to boost his morale?

Jalgaon

JYOTI

Insult To The Literate Voter

Sir—I was rather amused to read the claim of Ramnath Goenka that his *Indian Express* is an unbiased national newspaper ("The Press at Chikmagalur", November 26). I have been a regular reader of *Indian Express* for many years. But never have I seen it so biased as it is today. It certainly gives the impression of being a Janata Party organ, occasionally criticising the present Government.

Mr Goenka, with his chain of newspapers, seems to carry on a hate campaign to politically annihilate Mrs Gandhi. And to say that she gets votes only from illiterates is an insult to the millions of educated voters in this country.

MANJULA SUBRAMANIAM
Hyderabad

Sir—Mr Goenka says that Mrs Gandhi had been able to win the elections at Chikmagalur as 70 per cent of the people in this constituency are "illiterate and ill informed". It is regrettable that, with 40 years' experience in active journalism, Mr Goenka still seems to think that uneducated Indians are totally ignorant. Was the electorate of Rae Bareilly that trounced Mrs Gandhi in 1977 more literate and well informed than the simpletons of Chikmagalur?

Vasco da Gama

T. T. RAVI

Employment Exchange For The Employed?

Sir—Your cover story, "Full Employment—A Promise To Be Broken?" (November 19), provides a good deal of information. But one feels that the author could have discussed in more detail the factors that are likely to upset the calculations of our planners to combat unemployment and also suggested some positive measures to curb the rise in unemployment, like promoting more labour-intensive industrial schemes and family welfare activities.

Tellicherry

K. GOVIND

Sir—Most of the figures published in the article seem to have been collected from Employment Exchange offices which are not reliable since these offices have lists of persons already employed. I recently requested the local Employment Exchange twice to send me a list of unemployed for recruiting them as turners and fitters in my small-scale industrial unit. The reply was that there were no willing candidates for those posts. I told the officer that he was shirking his responsibility and later we arranged to interview some candidates jointly.

Fifty persons were called for the interview, out of which 10 appeared. During the interview, it transpired that almost all of them were employed in one factory or another and they wanted only jobs in Government offices. This shows that the pending list of candidates maintained in those offices do not give a true picture of unemployment and are not useful to small-scale industries for recruitment.

Hubli

V. B. PATIL

No Outlet For Products

Sir—Homi J. H. Taleyarkhan's projection of providing 300 lakhs with employment in the small-scale sector by 1983 sounds preposterous. ("Small-Scale Sector: How Many Jobs?" November 19).

By overemphasising the development of the small-scale sector in Maharashtra, on which the author seems to be knowledgeable, he has lost sight of the problems faced by the entrepreneurs of other States. Intensive industrial campaigns have resulted only in adding a few more thousand sick units, signifying the lopsided development in this sector. Enthusiastic youngsters lured

by the attractive terms of financial assistance and incentives made available to them are the victims of the Government's negligence in not providing proper outlets for their finished products.

KRISHNA RAO GOUD

Hyderabad

Why No Pat On The Back?

Sir—I notice that, while you are keen on publishing derogatory letters to show your impartiality ("The WEEKLY Is A Bore", November 19), you ignore letters in praise of the WEEKLY. I wrote in praise of "The Shaping of Our Future" (October 1) by Swami Ranganathananda, the eminent Vedantist, but this letter found no place in your paper.

Can't we, who are passing through a critical stage of moral poverty, look forward to your magazine for more such inspiring articles instead of the usual features on Godmen, politicians, film stars, industrialists and sportsmen? We need that self-discipline and cultivation of ethical and social awareness described by the Swamiji to make our lives purposeful.

VIJAYA NARAVANE

Bareilly

Sir—You have given a new look to the WEEKLY. Your Editor's Page is interesting. The writing is simple and lucid. It is not fair to say that M. V. Kamath is a poor substitute for Sardar Khushwant Singh. In my opinion, the WEEKLY is still as fresh as the morning breeze.

Patna KHURSHED AHMED

Not Titillating Enough?

Sir—Bachi J. Karkaria's review of "Sex in Indian Harem Life" (November 19) is disappointing. She begins with a rigmarole on sex which to her is nothing but pornography. She feels the book is not titillating enough since she seems to expect some sizzling stuff. Resorting to wit, the reviewer has a dig at the author for using the word "consumption" in connection with King Vajraditya. That word was used by the poet Kalhana and translated by Stein and is not the author's invention. Scribbling away a flippant review by rushing through the blurbs and sub-headings and scoffing at scholarship is a far cry from writing a sound and critical assessment.

Bombay Dr R. N. SALETORÉ

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The Neglected Face of Indira Gandhi

"The Indian political community has decided to ignore Mrs Gandhi's achievements because it has been deeply offended and hurt by her and her son Sanjay Gandhi's misdoings during the Emergency. But this argument is at best only partly valid." Girilal Jain, Editor of *The Times of India*, initiates a debate on the former PM



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THE INDIRA GANDHI DEBATE CONTINUES

Dr Subramaniam Swamy replies to Girilal Jain

WILL COMMUNISTS OF INDIA UNITE?

The top cadres of the leftist leaders of the CPI (M) and the CPI have been making efforts to resolve the ideological differences between the two parties and bring them closer on all fronts. Will the sizable section of the Naxalites, who now appear less intractable and more open to "democratic functioning", close ranks with their less bourgeois brethren? An analysis

DEVARAJ URS

Colour caricature of the controversial Chief Minister of Karnataka by R. K. Laxman. Profile by Ramesh Chandran.

HER STYLE OF POLITICS

More excerpts pertaining to Mrs Gandhi from Morarji Desai's forthcoming autobiography.

A CRISIS OF CHARACTER

Every sphere of human activity has now come to be dominated by politicians in our country. Are they, therefore, responsible for precipitating a major crisis in our national character? Have we lost our capacity to think clearly? A whiplash analysis by Madhu Mehta.

THE SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

A spectacular colour preview of the forthcoming film fest in New Delhi.



THE EXPULSION. On December 18, the Lok Sabha ordered Mrs Gandhi's expulsion from the House and imprisonment for committing a breach of privilege and contempt of Parliament. Thereafter she was lodged in Tihar Jail until the time the House was prorogued. Mrs Gandhi said she would re-enter the Lok Sabha, possibly from the Chikmagalur constituency itself. Picture shows her supporters trying to stop the police car in which she was being taken to the jail.

The Neglected Face Of Indira Gandhi

by Girilal Jain

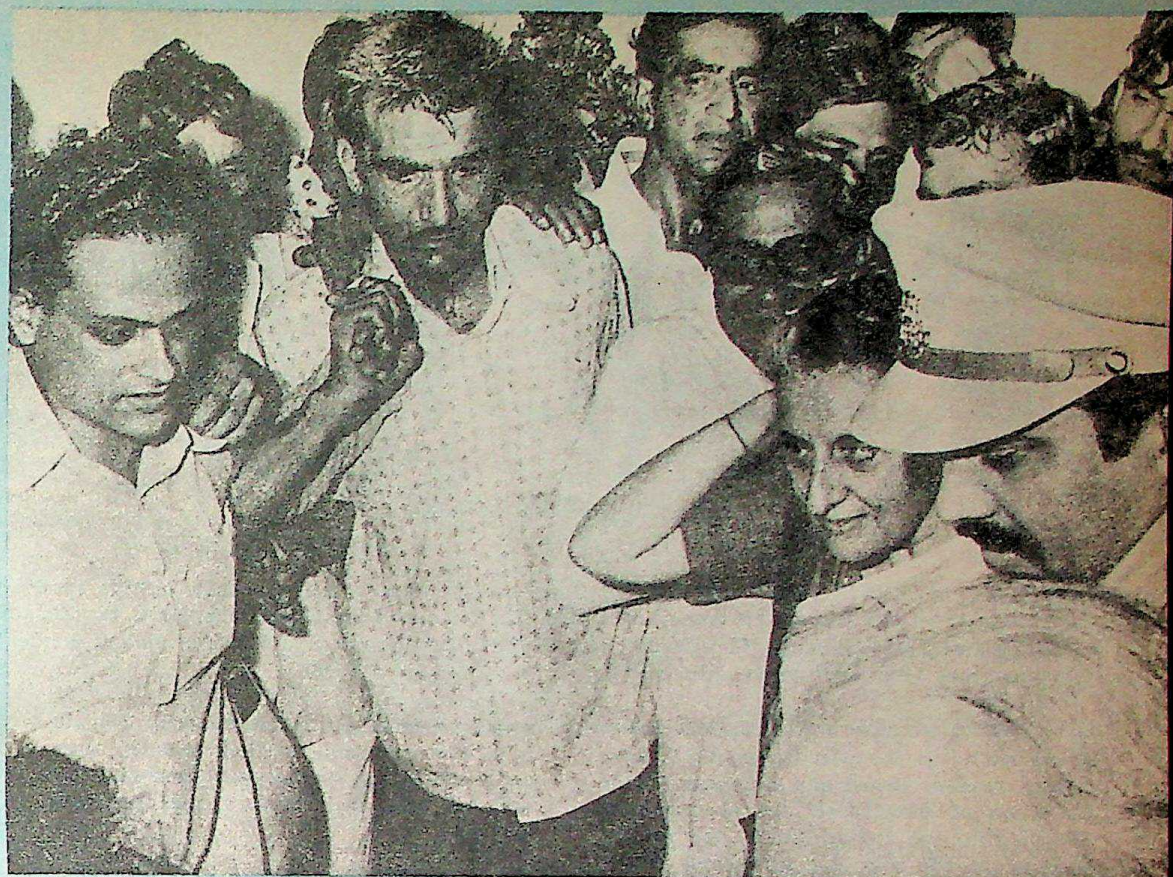


"DURGA", the winner of a war. In the liberation of Bangladesh, says the author, India under Mrs Gandhi's leadership did what no other power, big or small, succeeded in doing since the end of World War II. Here Lt General Aurora disarms Lt General Niazi in Dacca.

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"The Indian political community does itself grave injustice if it believes that democratic institutions can be sustained in the absence of a flourishing economy, that they can be subverted by one individual and that Mrs Gandhi is such a vicious person that given a chance she must inevitably seek to establish personal and dynastic rule. For such views betray ignorance of history and politics.

"In the given context this is particularly dangerous because it can produce what may turn out to be an unbridgeable chasm between the intelligentsia on the one hand and Mrs Gandhi and the elements supporting her on the other. This mutual hostility is more likely to spell trouble for Indian democracy than the alleged authoritarian streak in her personality," writes the author, Editor of "The Times of India," who initiates a debate on Mrs Gandhi.



JANATA PARTY FIASCO. The bungling of Mrs Gandhi's arrest in October 1977 was a shot in the arm for her partymen. The author avers that it should not be impossible even for those opposed to Mrs Gandhi's return to office to recognise that she can play a useful role in it. Picture shows Mrs Gandhi being escorted out of a Delhi Court after her release.

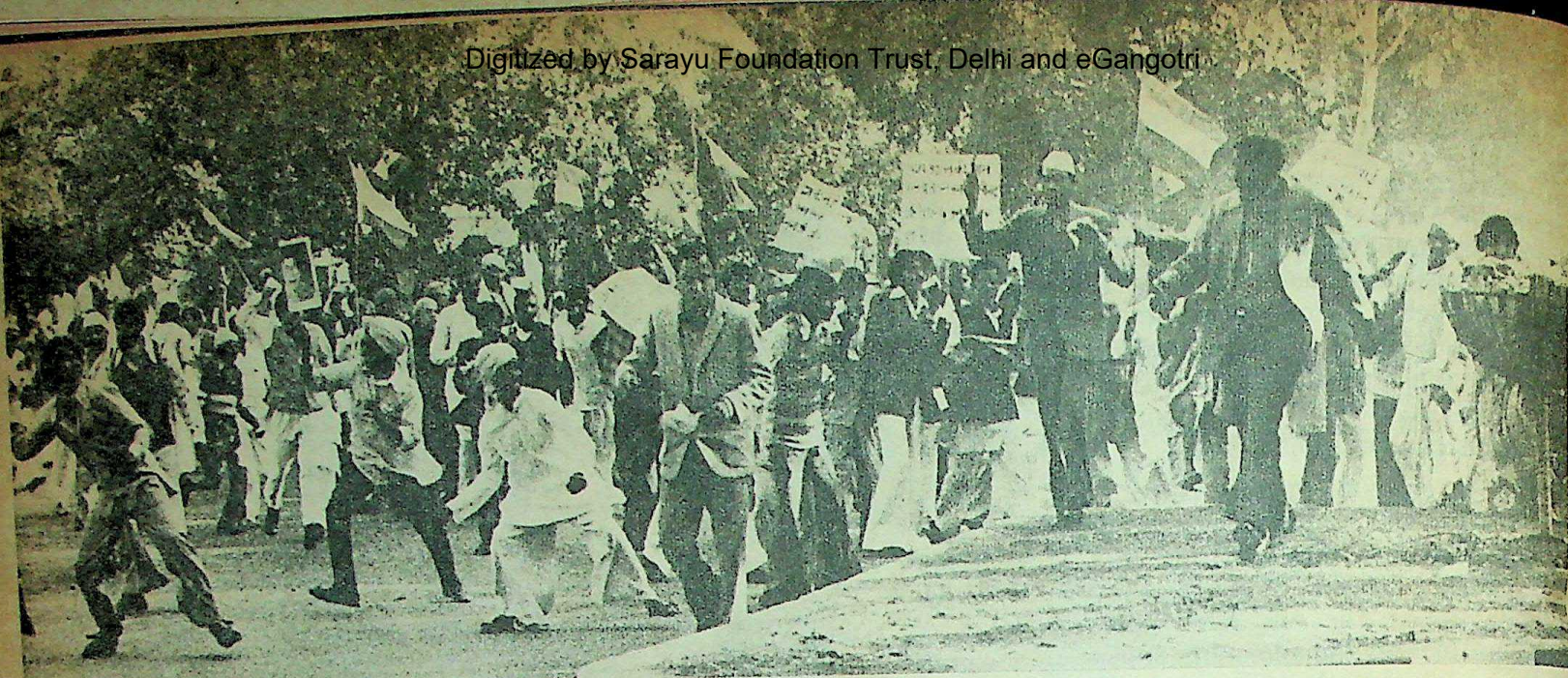
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THE RUSSIAN CONNECTION. The felicity with which Mrs Gandhi was able to harness Soviet power to the pursuit of the national interests, especially during the Bangladesh war, was extraordinary. Above: Seen with Leonid Brezhnev. Left: The peaceful atomic explosion at Pokharan considerably enhanced India's prestige abroad. Mrs Gandhi is seen here with H.N. Sethna, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission (to her left).



ARE THEY "AVENGING THE REVENGE"? Congress (I) supporters demonstrate outside the Prime Minister's residence following Parliament's decision to expel Mrs Gandhi from the Lok Sabha. The Leader of the Opposition, Mr C. M. Stephen, said after hearing the House's verdict: "We will soon avenge this revenge. Mrs Gandhi will be back with thunder." Reports of violent incidents have come from many parts of the country and thousands have been taken into custody.

In all the discussions regarding Mrs Indira Gandhi in the past 20 months I have seldom read or heard any reference to the liberation of Bangladesh, the merger of Sikkim into the Indian Union, the felicity with which she was able to harness Soviet power to the pursuit of the national interest in both these and other cases, the underground nuclear explosion, the establishment of cordial relations with Iran which made Pakistan appear as little more than a corridor between two would-be great regional powers and other developments which speak of her commitment to a great India, her skill and capacity to deal with super-powers on equal terms.

On the face of it, this amnesia among the Indian political community, which for me is still coterminous with the intelligentsia, is truly extraordinary. For at least the liberation of Bangladesh was no ordinary feat, India under Mrs Gandhi's leadership then did what no other power, big or small, has succeeded in doing since the end of World War II. It changed the political map of the region and helped bring into existence a new nation of 70 million people. And, as it happened, this remarkable achievement was followed immediately by another which in a sense was even more fantastic—the return of about 10 million refugees to the newly liberated country. Who has ever heard of millions of displaced persons,

mostly belonging to the minority community, ever returning to their country, especially when they are not quite sure that they will get back their lands, jobs and even homes?

No Appetite For Power and Glory

It can be argued that this is not a case of amnesia and that the Indian political community has decided to ignore Mrs Gandhi's achievements because it has been deeply offended and hurt by her and her son Sanjay Gandhi's misdoings during the Emergency. But this argument is at best only partly valid because Mrs Gandhi had run into trouble with much of the political community by 1974. There were, of course, good reasons for it—a rise of over 40 per cent in prices in 1973 and 1974, lack of increase in employment opportunities despite rampant inflation, decline in the tone of public life partly as a result of the actions of the men close to her and so on. But all that could

not have produced and justified the near total disregard of the positive aspects of her rule unless it is assumed that the Indian intelligentsia has no appetite for power, influence and glory.

This is a valid assumption. Indeed, its validity should have been obvious to any discerning observer in 1972 when it was evident that the break-up of Pakistan, the main threat to the country's security since 1947, had by and large left most members of the Indian intellectual community cold except for a brief period. And it should have been confirmed in 1974 and 1975 when first the nuclear blast and then the merger of Sikkim failed to win for Mrs Gandhi even a brief respite from the mounting pressure from Mr Jayaprakash Narayan and his supporters. But even those who recognised this fact and drew from it the inevitable inference regarding Mrs Gandhi's future failed to recognise another far more depressing fact—the indifference of most members of



THE CLASH OF TONGUES. Writes the author: "There has, for instance, been hardly any protest outside the South against the reckless manner in which the Janata Government has been pushing Hindi as the medium of instruction and administration. In fact that limited protest, too, has been inspired by parochial considerations. For the Southern State Governments have also been replacing English by local languages as the medium of instruction in colleges and universities with equal, if not greater, enthusiasm." Picture shows anti-Hindi demonstrations in the South.

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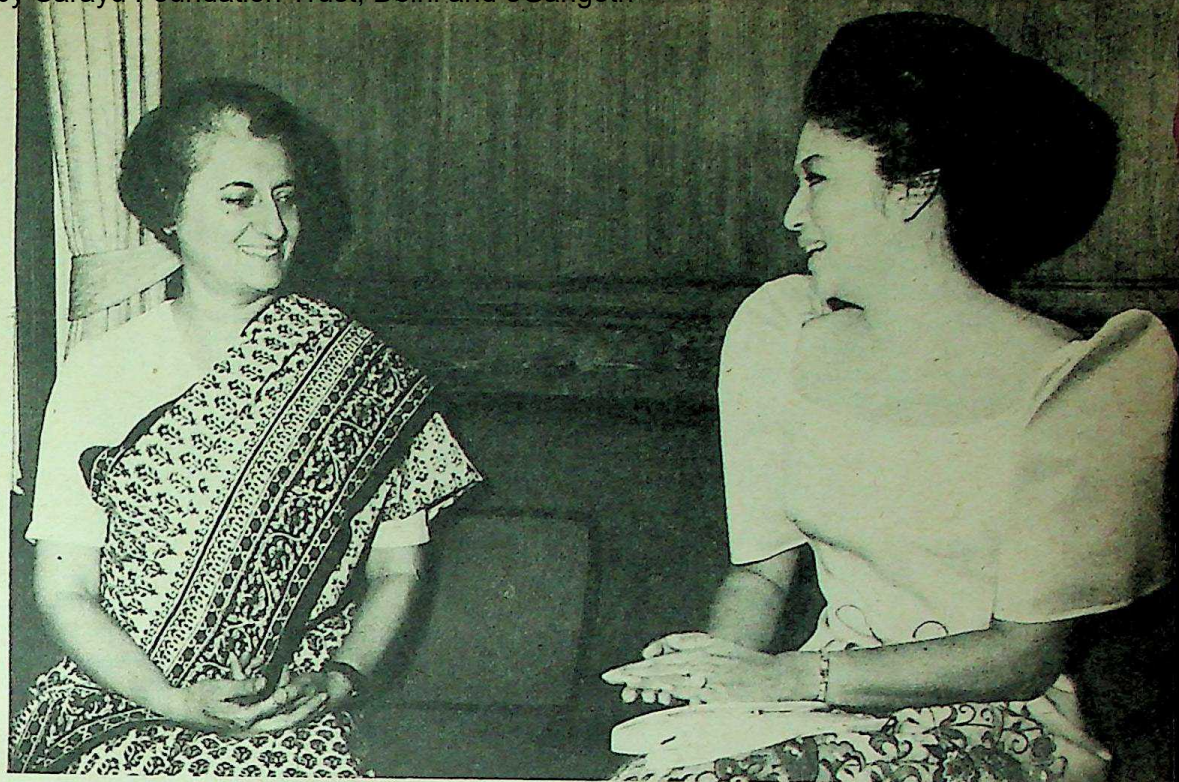
the Indian political community to the future of the Indian state and the success or failure of the experiment in building a nation out of a terribly fragmented society. This is now becoming increasingly evident and it, too, has major implications for Mrs Gandhi's and the country's future.

Since millions of illiterate people in the earliest stages of politicisation voted for the Janata in the March 1977 election to the Lok Sabha and since that poll was essentially a referendum on the excesses of the Emergency, especially those flowing from the family planning and slum clearance programmes, it will not be fair to suggest that the party's triumph itself was an expression of the intelligentsia's lack of concern for the future of the Indian state and the experiment in nation-building. But the latter's utter indifference to relevant policy decisions of the Janata Government can leave no room for doubt that this is, indeed, the case.

Disastrous Decisions

There has, for instance, been hardly any protest outside the South against the reckless manner in which the Janata Government has been pushing Hindi as the medium of instruction and administration. In fact that limited protest, too, has been inspired by parochial considerations. For the Southern State Governments have also been replacing English by local languages as the medium of instruction in colleges and universities with equal, if not greater, enthusiasm. And they, too, have hailed the disastrous decision that from next year UPSC examinations for all-India services would

SHE DIDN'T GO AS FAR AS IMELDA'S HUSBAND. Mrs Gandhi has herself described the Emergency as a holding operation at a very difficult time in the country's life. There is some evidence to suggest that she sincerely thought in those terms. For example, unlike Marcos in the Philippines, she did not suspend the Constitution and promulgate Martial Law, which she could have easily done. Mrs Gandhi is seen here with Mrs Imelda Marcos, wife of the Philippines President.



be held in all Indian languages listed in the Constitution.

Add to it the growing demand for greater autonomy for the States, the allocation to them of much larger resources by the Seventh Finance Commission, the talk of breaking up the national market in the name of promoting small-scale, cottage, little and rural industries and the deliberate discrimination against merit in services resulting from the policy of reserving jobs for the so-called backward castes (other than the Harijans who fall in the different category in view of the extraordinary nature of the social discrimination against them for several thousand years) and you have a fairly clear picture of the course on which India is now set.

Open To Misinterpretation

This formulation is easily open to misinterpretation because it is easy to make a case for each of the Janata Government's decisions cited above. But that risk cannot be avoided. For it is neither possible nor particularly useful to rehearse the arguments which persuaded the founding fathers to frame an essentially unitary Constitution and concede a pre-eminent place to the English language.

Be that as it may, I find it distressing that even those sections of the political community, who have a stake in the continuance of English as the medium of instruction in higher education and administration and believe in its desirability in order to ensure that India remains one country and does not turn its face away from the modern world of science and technology and sink



"I'LL BE BACK." Mrs Gandhi comes out of Parliament House escorted by her supporters following her expulsion. Asked about her reaction regarding her prison sentence, she said: "I have no difficulty in spending time anywhere. I have peace in myself; with my fellow men and my party."



back into intellectual lethargy and cultural stagnation, sit complacently by, spending such energy as they possess in criticising Mrs Gandhi. There could for me be no stronger indictment of the kind of political debate that has been going on in the country. It is thoroughly distorted.

A comparison between the behaviour of the Indian intelligentsia now and that of our forefathers during the days of the later Mughals and the kings of Oudh will, on the face of it, look ridiculous. But a careful examination will show that the comparison is neither ridiculous nor inept.

The ruling class then did not care for the empire. The intelligentsia now is oblivious of the requirements of nation-building, one of the most important of these being a leadership and a ruling party which are not bound to communal, casteist and regional interests, something that cannot in all conscience be said about the Janata Party. The ruling class had then said goodbye to public morality and indulged in pleasures of the flesh—wine, women, gambling, bird and animal fights—which in psychological terms was an expression of flight from responsibility.

Deep Impact

Its present-day successors have not degenerated that far because the Western-Christian impact on them has been rather deep. But witness the deterioration in the standards of education, administration and public morality, the increasing size of illegal gains, the growth of the yellow press, the low level of debate on issues of national importance and above all the triumph of the concept that the nation can manage without hard work and discipline which must include

some self-restraint on speech as well. All in all, there is abroad a kind of irresponsibility among the political community whose psychological roots cannot be different from that of the search for sensual pleasure in pre-British Lucknow.

From all this a prejudiced reader can conclude that I regard Mrs Gandhi as an answer to all these problems. But he will be mistaken. For I do not believe that Mrs Gandhi is purposeful enough and strong enough to fill that role. Her choice of instruments in most cases has been so poor as to make that assessment self-evident. But I do believe that her instincts are generally right on issues that matter most—nation-building, India's place in the world, the need to push the country into the 20th century as rapidly as possible through an extensive use of science and technology, the need to protect the minorities and the Harijans and espouse their cause through the use of the state's resources and machinery—and that she can lead a holding operation against a relapse into the past.

Modernisation: Unwanted?

Implicit in the use of the concept of a holding operation is not only the proposition that the twin and interrelated processes of modernisation and nation-building are under attack and can be reversed but also that at the moment we cannot think of anything better than buying time. I believe this is to be the case in India, though the reaction to modernisation here is expressing itself in a much milder form—in the form of the talk of Gandhism—than in, for example, the Muslim world where Islamic fundamentalism is threatening to sweep away the still weak forces of change and modernism.

This reaction is unavoidable in all non-Western societies, not excluding China where till recently it took the form of Maoist xenophobia which can revive again if the present policy of modernisation runs into difficulties as it may well. Borrowed ideas and institutions must come under pressure when lower and lower sections of society get drawn into the economic-political process as a result of that very process of modernisation. There must arise a strong desire to return to the past as millions and millions of people get uprooted from their traditional moorings and fail to secure reasonably tolerable living and working conditions. In India the reaction is weak because, unlike in the case of the Muslims, there is no historical golden age to which the majority community can look back with nostalgia. But it is there. And however distasteful it may be to recognise it, the fact is that the insensate hatred of Mrs Gandhi is an expression of it.

Broadly speaking, we see two contradictory movements in India in almost every aspect of life—the spread of education and the decline in the standard of education, the rise of a national market and the resentment against it as expressed in the opposition to the growth of modern industry and the so-called big business houses, the intrusion of modern aids like the transistor, electricity and modern medicine into the smallest hamlet and the decrease in the influence of the truly modern and educated, the steady disappearance for the first time of the hinterland which has sustained a stagnant culture for centuries and reassertion of religion in a variety of ways, the growing demand for equality and liberty and the steady emasculation of institutions which can help us realise these values and so on. And if it is possible for India to move forward as to relapse into the past, a holding operation is not something to be laughed at.

Emergency—A Holding Operation

Mrs Gandhi has herself described the Emergency as a holding operation at a very difficult time in the country's life. There is some evidence to suggest that she sincerely thought in those terms. For example, unlike Marcos in the Philippines she did not suspend the Constitution and promulgate the Martial Law which she could have easily done; she curbed political activity but did not ban most of the political parties; she imposed strict censorship but made no serious effort to take over newspapers as, for instance, the Pakistan Government had done years ago. The Emergency, however, turned out to be a holding operation but not because she willed it that way. Some other helpful factors came into play. It has often been said, and quite rightly, that one reason why the Emergency came to an end was that Mrs Gandhi felt ill at ease with it and that she craved for genuine popularity and legitimacy.

But if there had been not a dramatic improvement in the food and foreign exchange position, she could not have dared go to the polls. And even if she had and the Janata Party had won the elections as it did in 1977, it could not have restored the fundamental rights if it had faced food shortages, rampant inflation, massive trade deficits against the background of non-existent foreign exchange reserves and a rising wave of discontent all over the country. The



THE STATES vs THE UNION. Chief Ministers of Southern States met in Madras in July 1978. Writes the author: "The growing demand for greater autonomy for the States, the allocation to them of much larger resources by the Seventh Finance Commission, the talk of breaking up the national market in the name of promoting small-scale, cottage, little and rural industries and the deliberate discrimination against merit in services resulting from the policy of reserving jobs for the so-called backward castes (other than the Harijans who fall in the different category in view of the extraordinary nature of the social discrimination against them for several thousand years) and you have a fairly clear picture of the course on which India is now set."

who have found lucrative jobs in the Gulf countries. If this proposition is accepted, two inferences must follow. First, the base of our democracy remains weak, narrow and precarious and it will remain so unless the country's economic performance is far more impressive than it has been. Secondly, Mrs Gandhi should not be judged too harshly irrespective of the fact that in the final analysis she imposed the Emergency mainly out of personal considerations. The country did face a grim situation which called for a measure of firmness, if not the Emergency.

Her decision to project Sanjay Gandhi as a national leader is a different issue. It is difficult to keep it out of a discussion of the Emergency but essentially they are separate propositions at least in the sense that the Emergency did not oblige Mrs Gandhi to try to establish dynastic rule.

Thus the Indian political community does itself grave injustice if it believes that democratic institutions can be sustained in the absence of a flourishing economy, that they can be subverted by one individual and that Mrs Gandhi is such a vicious person that given a chance she must inevitably seek to establish personal and dynastic rule. For such views betray ignorance of history and politics. The situation is extremely complicated and is bound to remain so for as long into the future as we can see. And it should not be impossible even for those opposed to Mrs Gandhi's return to office to recognise that she can play a useful role in it or that, indeed, she is already doing so.

It is, for example, difficult to believe that a reasonably strong opposition could have arisen to the Janata Government if she was not around to lead it—the Congress Party could not have played that role, as argued in an earlier article in this journal (December 10, 1978), or that the RSS-Jana Sangh would not have made a determined bid to capture the Janata in that eventuality, or that the plight of the Harijans would have received the kind of attention it now does, or that the Muslims would not have felt even more helpless and alienated.

Dialectics In Politics

It is not necessary to believe in the Hegelian-Marxist theory of dialectics to know that some kind of dialectics always operates in politics, all politics. But most Indian commentators do not appreciate this self-evident and well-known proposition and therefore they not only tend to take up partisan positions which is understandable but also to ignore the rival viewpoint altogether so much so that some of them find it natural to attribute base motives to its exponents. This lowers the level of the debate and confuses issues which is exactly what has been happening in the past four years.

In the given context this is particularly dangerous because it can produce what may turn out to be an unbridgeable chasm between the intelligentsia on the one hand and Mrs Gandhi and the elements supporting her on the other. This mutual hostility is more likely to spell trouble for Indian democracy than the alleged authoritarian streak in her personality. It does not follow that we should ignore the contradictions in her make-up. She abounds in them. But it does follow that her positive contributions are duly acknowledged.

Next week: Dr Subramaniam Swamy's reply



—T. S. Nagarajan

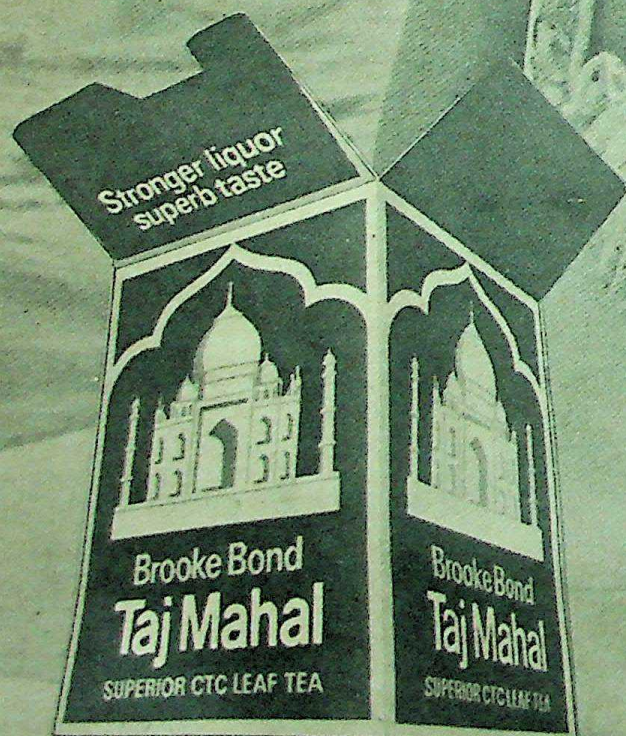
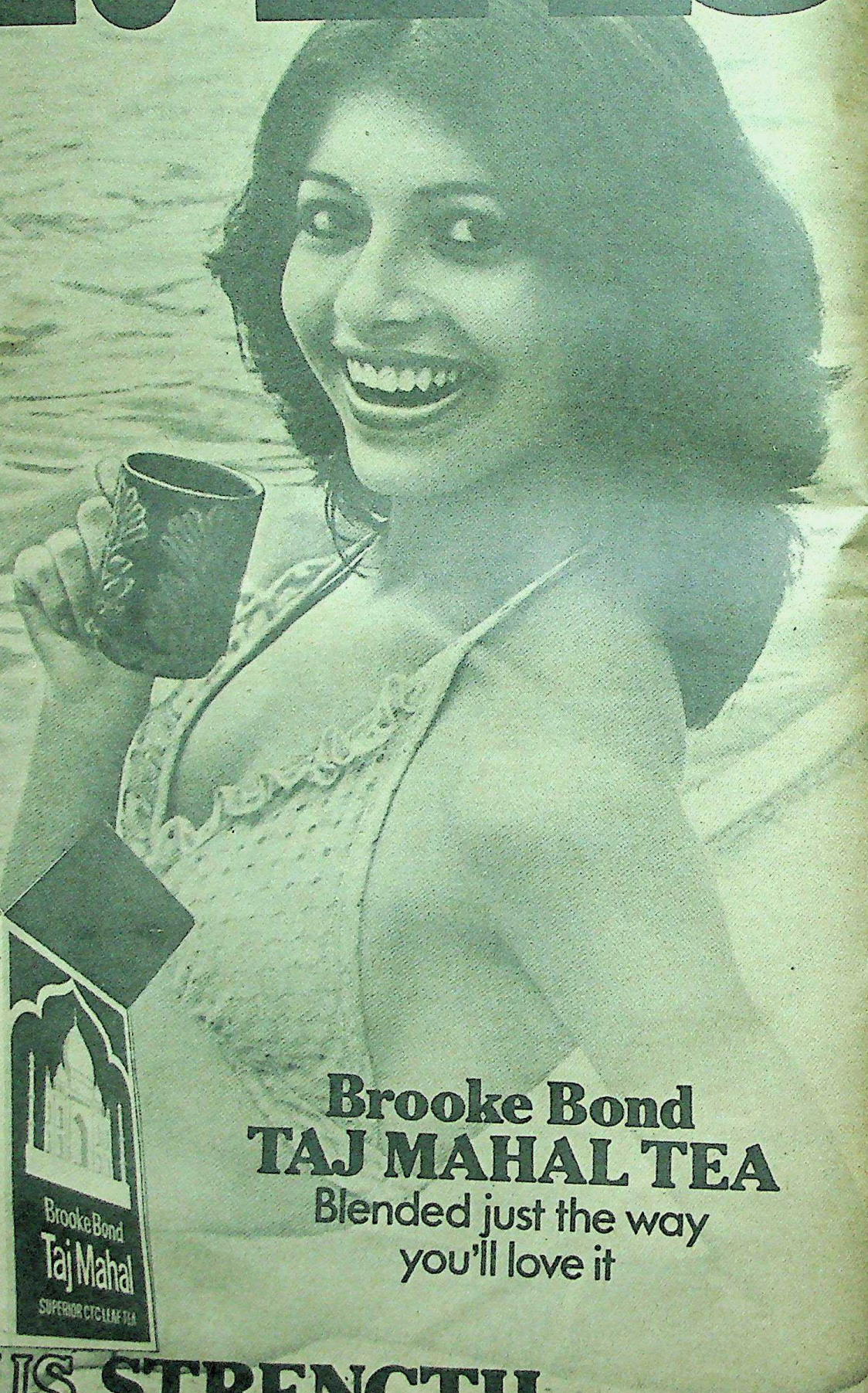
HOW LONG WILL THEY WAIT? Says the author: "I do believe that her instincts are generally right on issues that matter most—nation-building, India's place in the world, the need to push the country into the 20th century as rapidly as possible through the extensive use of science and technology, the need to protect the minorities and Harijans and espouse their cause through the use of the state's resources and machinery—and that she can lead a holding operation against a relapse into the past."

Janata leadership might not have been inclined to rule with the help of the Emergency powers, though that is by no means certain in view of the ease with which Janata Governments in the States have sought to arm themselves with extraordinary powers, including the power to detain individuals without trial. But it could have re-

fused to do so only at the risk of letting the country drift into anarchy.

It has thus been possible to sustain the revival of democracy in India because of three good monsoons, improvement in the country's export performance and the remittances from abroad, mostly from Indians

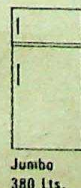
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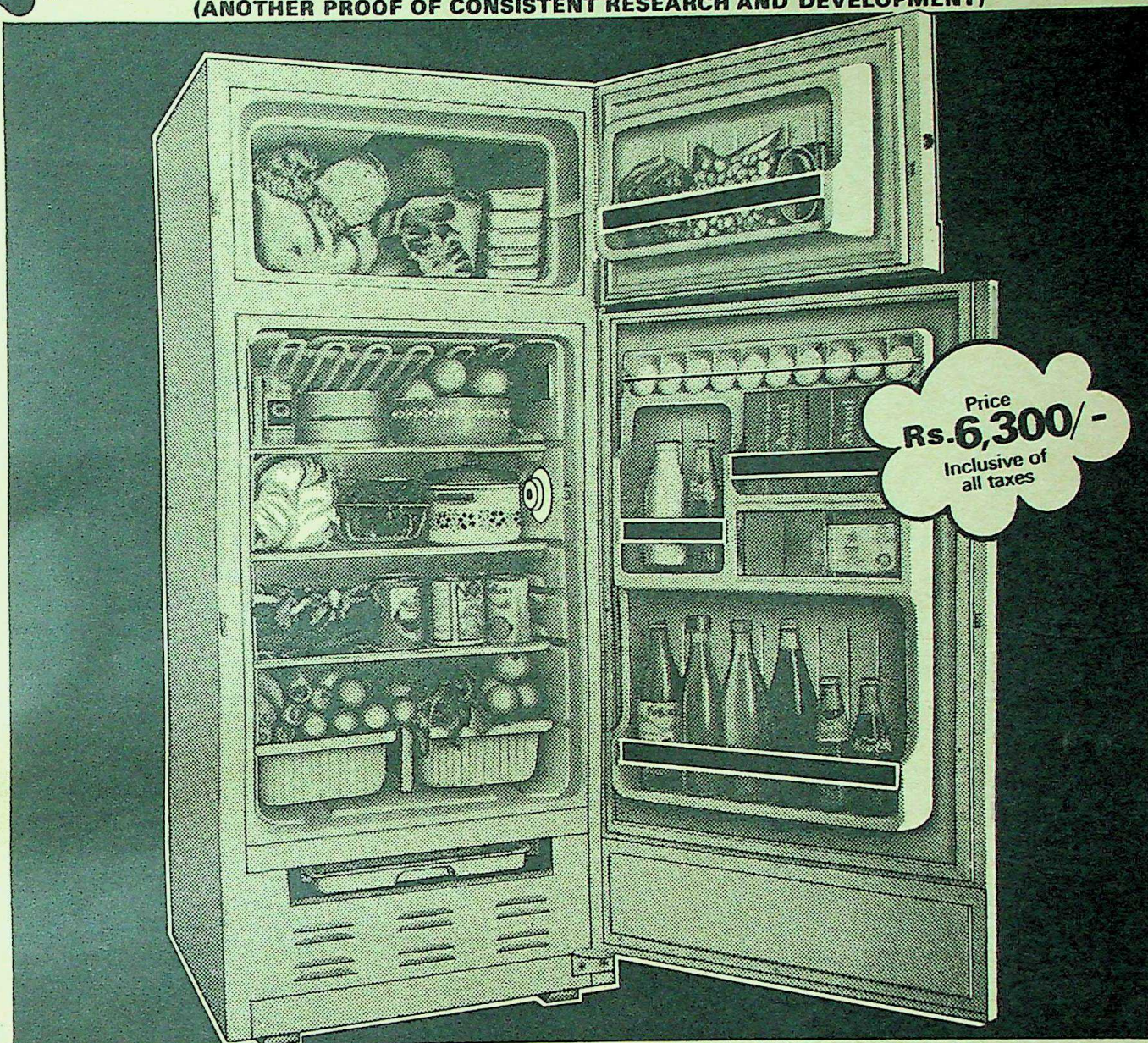
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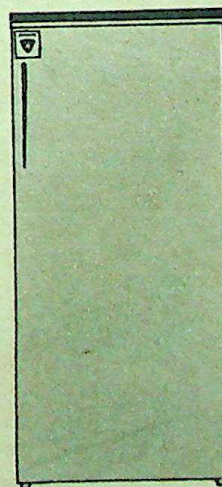
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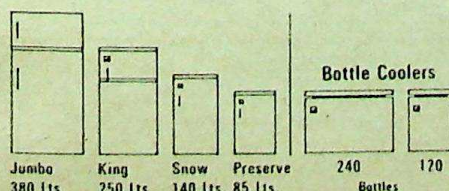
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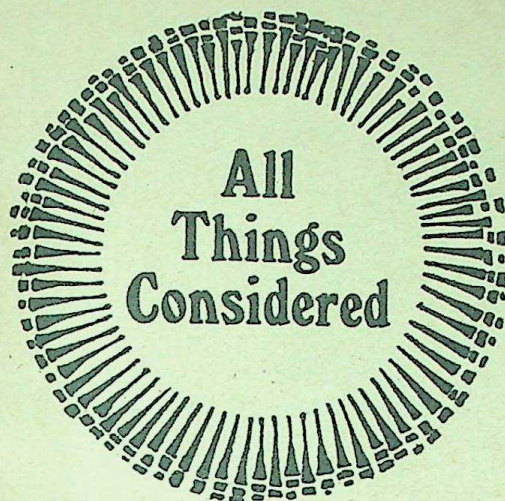
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The Editor's Page



Gauri Deshpande, the poet (poetess?), is hard at work translating Burton's *The Arabian Nights*—all sixteen volumes of them—into Marathi, a task that should daunt a lesser soul. What pleases me is that there is a publishing house that is interested and willing to invest in such a major work. Even more satisfying is the fact that there is a Marathi reading public that is ready to support such a venture. Gauri, whom I met the other day, says she has already translated eight volumes, footnotes, cross references and all. And the first edition apparently has been sold out. Bully to her. The English reading public often does not realise what wonders are performed in the Indian literary field. Books of outstanding merit get published without a single ripple being felt outside the regional sales points. I have before me, for instance, all five volumes of C. K. Nagaraja Rao's *Pattamahadevi Shantaladevi*, written in Kannada, but which deserve attention beyond the boundaries of Karnataka.

The novel runs into 2,200 pages, itself something of an achievement. The story of Shantala, the renowned queen of the Hoysala dynasty which ruled Karnataka in the 12th century AD, is familiar to Kannada readers and ought to be familiar to students of Indian history. She was a queen who rose from the ranks by virtue of her superlative gifts of mind and character. According to Mr Rao, who has done an impressive amount of research, I understand that he has taken over 10 years just to get his facts straight, itself something to applaud—Shantala, besides being a beautiful woman, a lover and patron of fine arts, an expert singer and dancer, was also a noble and skilful administrator who was of immense help to her husband Bittideva in dealing with affairs of state.

But it is not Shantala's character that is of immediate relevance—I would leave that to historians to argue over and discuss—as much as Nagaraja Rao's stupendous achievement. It is commendable for its thematic grandeur and architectural structure. It has been rightly said that never before in the history of Kannada literature has any author achieved a creative feat of this dimension. What has impressed me is the fact that Mr Rao has woven an engrossing tale involving literally hundreds of historical and imaginary characters, but withal man-

aging to hold the reader's interest throughout.

Karnataka seems to be excelling in the Arts, whether it be in the realm of film or literature. A comparable achievement is Niranjana's *Mrityunjaya*, another marvellous literary effort, seven hundred pages of an epic set in the Egypt of 4,500 years ago and again teeming with characters. Niranjana's daughter (herself, incidentally, a poet of no mean merit) has sent me a 70-page condensation in English of her father's novel under the title, *Coming Forth By Day*, the title incorporating the rebirth motif contained in the famous *Book of the Dead*.

North vs South?

A distinguished government servant who prefers not to be identified has written to me by way of comment not only on a recent article published in the *WEEKLY (In Delhi Without a Visa)* but on readers' reaction to it as well, which, he believes, lacked "a sense of perspective and humour".

While his identity shall remain a secret I can probably state that his father belonged to Uttar Pradesh and his mother to the Punjab and that he once worked as an assistant collector in the heartland of Tamil Nadu, which is Thanjavur district. In the circumstances he claims that he can speak with some authority on the North vs South theme and he sure does.



According to my friend, both Mr Madhavan Kutty, the author of the original article, and his supporters and detractors seem not to have noticed certain "significant aspects" of the issue. These he lists as follows:

Item: Not only in Delhi but in most major North Indian cities like Agra, Lucknow, Ambala and Chandigarh, every North Indian landlord prefers a South Indian tenant. Not only all the Lalajis, but even educated professional people owning houses to rent prefer a "Madras" tenant (a term that encompasses people speaking Tamil, Telugu, Kannada, Malayalam and even Marathi and Konkani). A South Indian tenant is considered less troublesome and more responsible and socially conscious as a neighbour and friend. I have heard North Indian ladies, speaking about their South Indian neighbours, making remarks such as: "Madras children are so much better behaved. They are such a good influence on our children."

Item: All over our South Indian States, as far as I know, a district officer or an income-tax officer from the North is far better liked and trusted than a son-of-the-soil, or even one from another neighbouring Southern State. I can vouch from personal knowledge that at least in UP, Bihar and Madhya Pradesh, a South Indian district collector or divisional commissioner is always much preferred to a son-of-the-soil, or even one from anywhere in the Hindi belt.

Item: In the North, rice is considered food for invalids and convalescents. In the South, chapatis are similarly considered. However, as far as I have seen, throughout this perverse India of ours, nobody thinks of a doctor or engineer as either a South Indian or North Indian or indeed even as a Bengali or a Parsi, but only as a good doctor or engineer or a mediocre one.

I welcome readers' comments. I think there is much truth in what my friend has written.

Say Not The Struggle

One of the unsung heroes of the Emergency surely is A. D. Gorwala, as remarkable a fellow countryman as one may wish to know. It is, perhaps, not quite accurate to say "unsung" because I have with me the second edition of *Say Not The Struggle*, a book of essays in honour of the man, the first edition having been printed in 1976. The second edition (both, incidentally, published by Oxford University Press) contains selections from *Opinion*, Mr Gorwala's paper, written during the Emergency and a Note by H. M. Patel commending it. "Not only is the Appendix of special interest for these times but, it seems to me, it will be of great value for the future. To a volume of essays in honour of Gorwala's seventy-fifth birthday, there could be no fitter ending. *Finis coronat opus*," Mr Patel has written.

The essays are in a class by themselves and have been written by men and women of unquestioned academic distinction. They include Edward Shils, A. B. Shah, D. D. Karve, A. J. Dastur and S. P. Aiyar, W. H. Morris-Jones, Norman Palmer, Harold Isaacs and B. Venkatappaiah.

I am, however, more interested in Mr Gorwala as a person, as fascinating a man as ever served India. In Gorwala's case the word "serve" assumes a special meaning. He really "served" unlike many Ministers whose "service" to the nation makes me suspicious of the word.

According to Mr Patel, public interest was Mr Gorwala's "sole concern" and not even Mr Gorwala's worst critics—and happily there aren't many of them—will question that statement. He upset and angered many in the Government of the forties by his forthright denunciation of the policy that they had adopted but it is to the credit of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel that Mr Gorwala was invited to preside over a committee set up to advise the Government on how best to fill the great gap that had been created by the departure of the British members of the Indian Civil Service. That Mr Gorwala accepted the invitation speaks as highly of him as it does of Sardar Patel in making the offer.

M. V. K.

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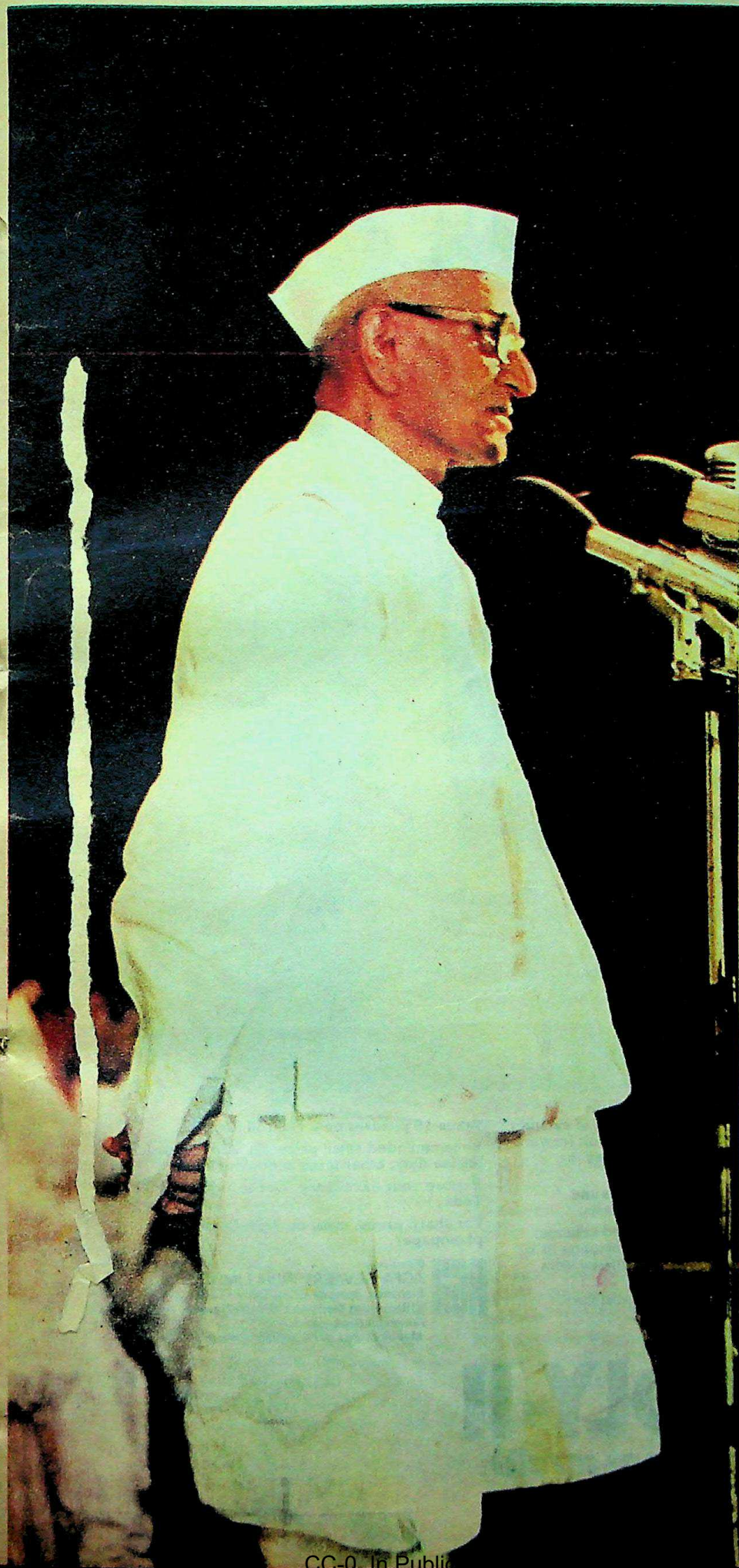


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Her Style Of Politics



"She was bent upon remaining Prime Minister by fair or foul means and did not bother about considerations of democracy."

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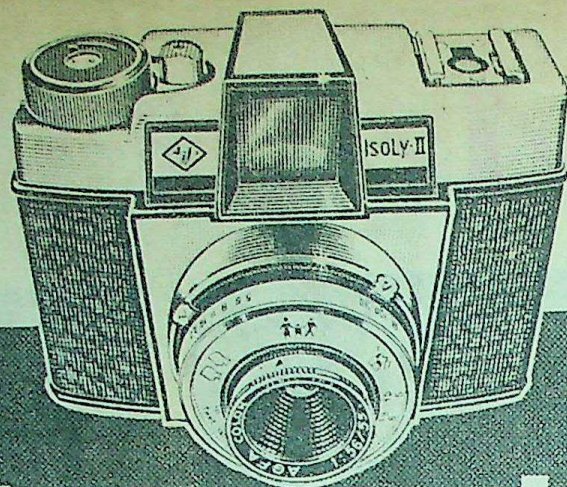
by **MORARJI DESAI**

I narrated the events in my life up to the beginning of 1970 in the first two volumes of *The Story of My Life*, the second of which was published in 1974. I had ended with the split in the Indian National Congress which took place as a result of the extraordinary behaviour of Smt Indira Gandhi as the Prime Minister of India. It is necessary to recapitulate those events which took place in July 1969 for, though the facts are clear, they have been distorted by the Congress Party.

Smt Indira Gandhi wanted to have her nominee elected President of India after the sad and sudden passing of the late Dr Zakir Husain. She wanted to do this in order to secure a stranglehold over the Indian National Congress which no one had ever done before.

After she got a two-thirds' majority in the Lok Sabha in the 1971 elections, she felt so sure of herself that she publicly boasted that she had always acted on her own, even against her grandfather, father and Mahatma Gandhi. She said in the





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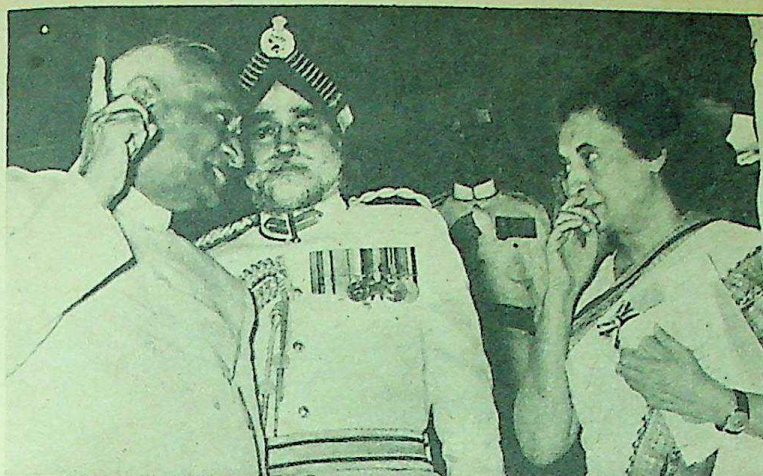
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DOES HE STILL REGARD HER AS HIS "DARLING DAUGHTER"? The 1969 split in the Congress Party was precipitated by Mrs Gandhi's insistence on supporting Mr V. V. Giri in the election of President against the party's official candidate, Mr Sanjiva Reddy. Left: Mr Giri (who won in 1969) with Mrs Gandhi when he was sworn in in August 1969. Right: Mr Sanjiva Reddy (who was elected President in 1977) with Janata Party leaders.

Congress Parliamentary Party in July 1969, after I had resigned from her Cabinet, that the Prime Minister's decision had to be accepted by the party and the Cabinet even though the majority was against it.

I had then stated in the same party meeting that neither the Prime Minister nor the President of the Indian National Congress can make such a claim in a democratic system. The President of the Indian National Congress could not claim this right over the Working Committee and the Prime Minister could not claim this right over the Cabinet if we were to work in consonance with democratic principles and traditions as we were pledged to do in our Constitution.

Self-Declared Trait

It was because of this self-declared trait in Smt Indira Gandhi's character that she ignored all propriety and discipline and had the Congress Parliamentary Board's nominee defeated, whose nomination paper had been filed by none other but herself earlier—obviously with a view to deceiving the party as became clear by subsequent events. Unfortunately, this was condoned by the Working Committee on account of its own weakness and failure to take disciplinary action. This encouraged the Prime Minister to further her plans to capture the Indian National Congress.

As a first step, she removed Shri Nijalingappa from the Presidentship of the Congress. Ironically, she had herself earlier persuaded him to accept this position. Now she had no use for him since he refused to toe her line and insisted on acting in a democratic manner. It was then that the Working Committee realised the real danger and decided to take disciplinary action against her. On getting an inkling of this move, she declined to attend the Working Committee meeting. Seven other members, who were her henchmen, also abstained. Her minions staged a violent demonstration outside the Jantar Mantar Road office of the All-India Congress Committee and even assaulted the Congress President. These followers repeated this performance over and over again.

At the instance of some members, a compromise formula was prepared, but Smt Gandhi rejected it as she wanted the Working Committee to surrender completely. The Working Committee was left with no choice but to remove her from the membership of

the Indian National Congress by taking disciplinary action. The Congress Party was then asked to choose a new leader in place of Smt Gandhi.

If she wanted to continue as the Prime Minister, democratic principles and traditions required that she should form a new party with a new name. If her party got a majority in the Lok Sabha, she could have become the leader of that party and also the Prime Minister. She did not, however, bother about such considerations of democratic propriety. She was bent upon remaining Prime Minister by fair or foul means and did not, therefore, give up the party leadership. Instead, she called a meeting of the Congress Parliamentary Party, by unscrupulously winning over a majority of its members, and declared herself Leader of the Congress Parliamentary Party. About a hundred members of the Congress Parliamentary Party refused to join her.

Unscrupulous Tactics

As she was the Prime Minister in office, she continued to behave in this extraordinary and indiscipline manner and called a meeting of the Congressmen who supported her. She defined that meeting as that of the All-India Congress Committee. She also formed an organisation with these members and those of different parties who joined her. She called it the "New" Congress or Congress. She won over to her side several Chief Ministers—those except of UP, Bihar, Karnataka and Gujarat. This resulted in her securing a majority of Congress legislators at the Centre and in the States. On the strength of such a majority and her authority as the Prime Minister, she got the Election Commission to allot to her party the old Congress election symbol of two bullocks with a yoke. The then Election Commissioner was rewarded for this favour with his appointment to the Law Commission after his retirement from the Election Commission.

On this basis, the Prime Minister called her party the Indian National Congress and the real Congress came to be known as the Congress (O). As I view it, the Prime Minister had been removed by the Working Committee from the membership of the Indian National Congress and as such she had no right to call her party "the Congress" since she ceased to be a member of the Congress. The Congressmen who joined her were renegades from the Indian National Congress

and, therefore, had ceased to be Congressmen.

This was done by Smt Gandhi with deliberate and unscrupulous shrewdness, as she knew that the vast majority of the Indian people had faith in the Congress because of its predominant role in the freedom struggle. If she had taken up any other name and gone to the polls in 1971, she would not have got anywhere near a majority. By using her own authority and that of the Election Commission, she succeeded in making the people believe that her party was the real Indian National Congress. She and her followers had the audacity to say that theirs was the real Congress and that the Indian National Congress (O) was made up of people expelled from the Indian National Congress. Can there be a greater travesty of truth? And yet it all happened, proving the truth of the French proverb: Nothing succeeds like success.

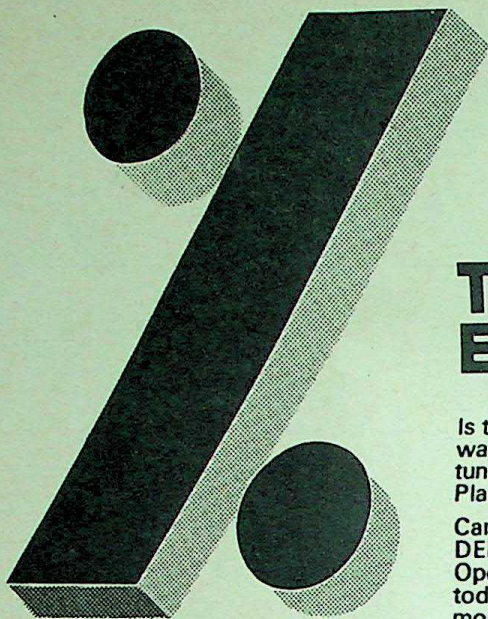
I have narrated all this once again to enable future generations to arrive at a correct judgment about the actual events that took place in 1969-70. This will also explain why the "New" Congress Party would not recognise, for some time, the real Congress Parliamentary Party in the Lok Sabha and the Rajya Sabha as the Opposition party. Ultimately, the Speaker called the Congress Parliamentary Party sitting in the Opposition as the Congress (O)—that is, Congress in Opposition—and Smt Gandhi's party as the Congress (R)—that is, the "Ruling" Congress.

This (R) disappeared in 1970-71 with the Election Commission allotting the Indian National Congress election symbol to the Prime Minister's party and forcing the real Indian National Congress to choose another symbol. The Supreme Court did not interfere with the ruling of the Election Commission as there were more legislators in the Prime Minister's party and it was the right of the Election Commission to assign symbols. It is, however, an undisputed fact that the Supreme Court did not decide as to which was the real Indian National Congress, for this was not the issue before it at that time, or at any other.

—to be continued

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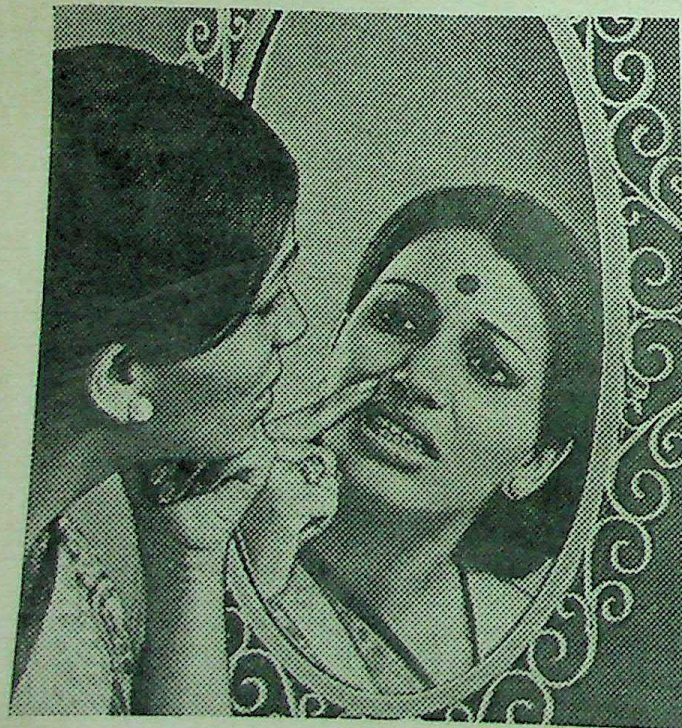
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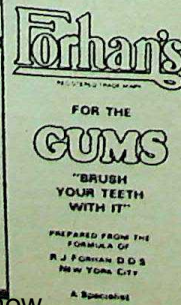
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Wanted: An Anti-Defection Bill And Not An Anti-Dissent Bill

It is tragic that the Janata Party, which is committed to freedom of expression and the right of dissent, is seeking to revive the Anti-Defection Bill with which Mrs Gandhi had earlier sought to suppress dissent with the sole purpose of transforming her party into a rubber-stamp, says the author.

by MADHU LIMAYE

Our political system has been plagued by the evil of defection. This evil is related to the opportunism and lust for power that have come to dominate our public life. It was Acharya Narendra Deva who first sought to lay down the right precedent when he and his colleagues resigned from their Assembly seats after the national conference of the Socialist Party decided at Nasik in 1948 to sever its connections with the Indian National Congress.

Acharya Narendra Deva argued that since they were technically elected on the ticket of the Congress Party they had no right to continue in the Assembly after they had voluntarily left the Indian National Congress and had decided to function as a completely independent political party. The voluntary act of leaving the party imposed, he felt, an obligation on Socialists to vacate their seats. The ruling Congress Party which enjoyed complete ascendancy in the country at that time could have taken a decision to follow the example set by Acharya Narendra Deva. However, this was not to be. To hang on to power at any cost was the sole motive that actuated the Congress Party. As a corollary they thought that it was right for them to try to disrupt and weaken the opposition parties.

Inducements For Defection

In the very first general election in 1951-52, the Congress Party failed to secure a majority in the Madras Assembly. Instead of allowing the opposition to form a government, the Congress Party had recourse to the dubious expedient of nominating Shri Rajagopalachari to the Upper House. Upon his becoming a member of the Council, the Governor invited Rajaji to form a Government. Rajaji and the Congress Party transformed their minority party into a majority party by having recourse to defections.

Starting from that time the Congress continued to offer inducements to members of the opposition in an effort to weaken them. In 1962 the Congress Party had been reduced to a minority by the Madhya Pradesh voters. However the Congress, again, buttressed its position by promoting defections. In the 1967 elections the Congress lost its majority in several States. Even then it did not give up its policy of inducing defections in the opposition ranks. It somehow

survived in Rajasthan after a spell of President's rule through this mechanism.

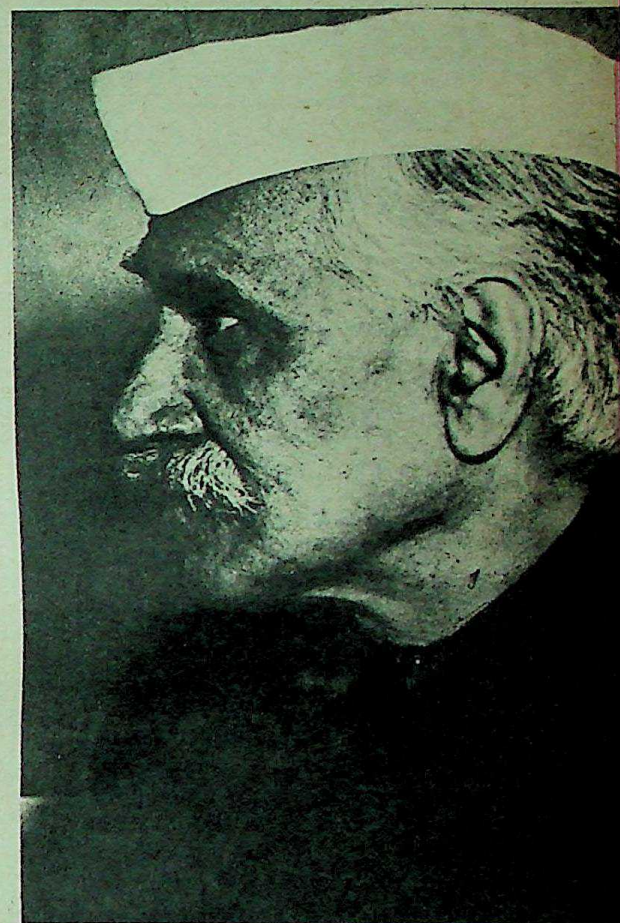
The Congress position however had weakened considerably in the country by 1967 and the weapon was effectively used by the opposition to topple the Congress ministries. Thus, in Haryana, UP and MP, defections on a large scale were organised by the opposition. The setback which the Congress Party received during this period set the leaders of that party thinking about the desirability of putting some kind of legal ban on defection.

A similar effort had been initiated by the late Dr D. R. Gadgil at the Maharashtra State level some 17 years ago. The then Chief Minister of Maharashtra, Shri Y. B. Chavan, also participated in the discussion. Shri Chavan claimed that politics in Maharashtra was in a fluid state, the political loyalties and the allegiance of political workers were in a state of flux and that this was no time to give effect to any code of conduct or convention in regard to defections. He said that the proposal could be considered after the 1962 general elections. Therefore nothing much came out of this well-meaning effort to evolve a code of conduct governing the question of political defections.

As stated earlier a new situation had been created by the general elections of 1967. Defections had ceased to be a one-way traffic. The Congress was now the worst sufferer and it lost power in three States in quick succession. That is the reason why in the course of a discussion on a resolution moved by a Congress member in 1967 it was decided that a high-level committee consisting of political representatives and legal experts be constituted to examine the problem in all its aspects. Legal luminaries like Sarvashri H. M. Seervai, C. K. Daphtary and M. C. Setalvad were members of this committee. Shri Jayaprakash Narayan, who was very articulate on this issue, was also persuaded to join this committee.

A Common Code of Conduct

The committee examined the problem in depth and suggested that a code of conduct be established which should be voluntarily adhered to by political parties. Its recommendations included barring appointment as Prime Minister/Chief Minister of



MAN OF PRINCIPLE. Acharya Narendra Deva set the precedent of vacating his UP Assembly seat won on the Congress ticket in 1948 when he and his colleagues in the Socialist Party decided to break away from the Indian National Congress and function as a completely independent political party.

a person who was not a member of the Lower House and ruling out the appointment as Minister of a defecting legislator for a prescribed period. Another recommendation of the Committee was to limit the size of the Council of Ministers so that the tendency to expand the Council of Ministers indefinitely to accommodate defectors could be held in check. On the question of the right of dissolution being granted to the Prime Minister/Chief Minister as an effective deterrent, there were differences of opinion and no agreement could be reached.

Similarly on a deeper examination of the provision for the right to recall it was held by the committee that this would be neither "advisable nor practicable in this country". The lawyers' group suggested that a legislator who renounces the membership or repudiates his allegiance to a political party on whose symbol he might

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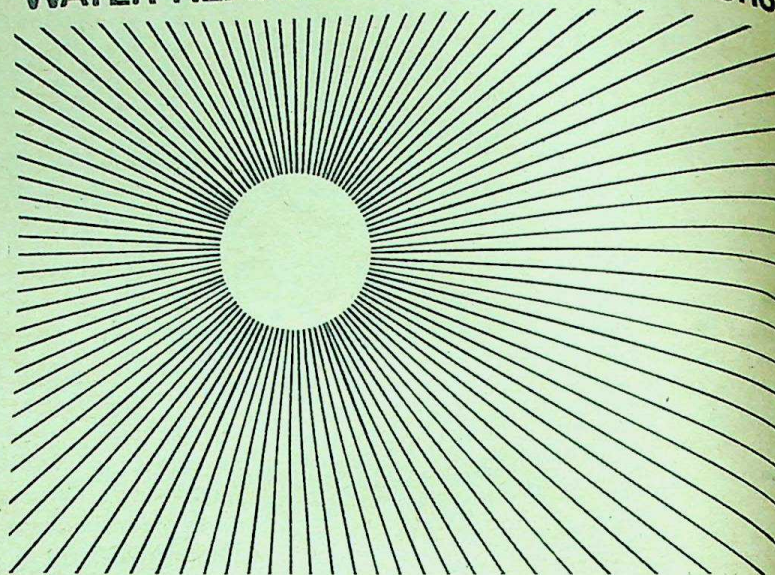
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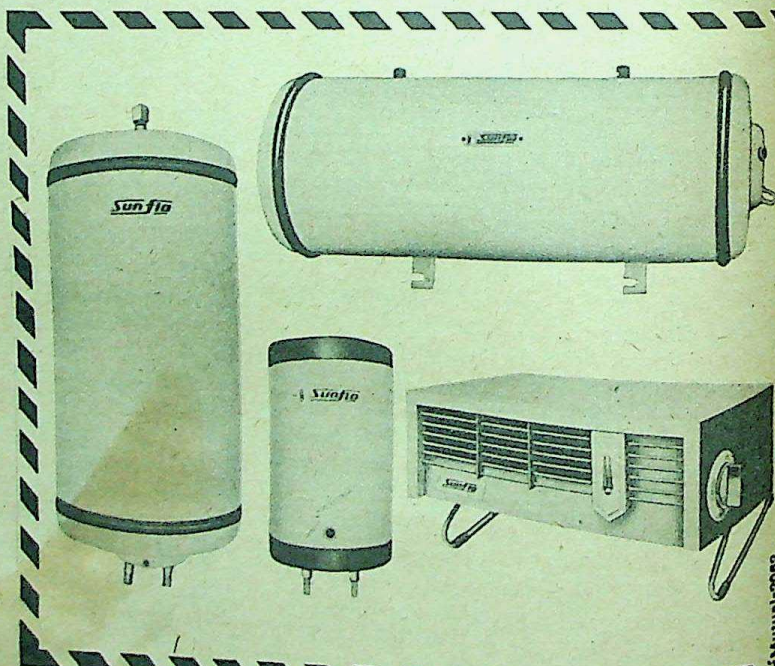
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have been elected shall be disqualified from continuing as a member of the legislature. However, important objections were raised to the proposal made by the lawyers' group. Among the objections, some were legal and some were political. Some members felt that the effect of disqualifying members who repudiate their allegiance would be to "freeze the political parties in their present state and prevent their organic growth". So the committee could not arrive at any agreed conclusion. There were several minutes of dissent. The main problem was how to define defection. The problem was sought to be tackled by the lawyers' group and by Shri J. P. Narayan. JP defined defection as follows:

"An elected member of a legislature who had been allotted the reserved symbol of any political party can be deemed to have defected if, after being elected as a member of either House of Parliament or of the Legislative Assembly or Legislative Council of a State or representative body in a Union Territory, he voluntarily renounces allegiance to, or association with, such political party, provided his action is not in consequence of decision of the party concerned."

This definition was a good one but it was not acceptable to the committee majority. Plainly JP did not want to disqualify dissenters or conscientious objectors. He did contemplate giving the party bosses the right to penalise the dissenters by declaring their seats vacant. The Congress at that stage was not prepared to punish the voluntary defectors either. Even the suggestion made by me in my minute of dissent, that "if any recognised political party admits a defector as defined above whether as a member or as an associate member into its legislature party, the recognition, including the reserved symbol, of that party shall be withdrawn for a period of two years", was not acceptable to the Congress Party.

Responsibility To The Electorate

The fundamental question that needs to be considered here is that of the character of representation on which our parliamentary system is based. We do not have a list system as in West Germany where the electorate is called upon to choose between political parties. We have accepted the Westminster model under which a member of the legislature is supposed to represent primarily the people of his constituency. He also represents the State or the nation as a whole depending upon whether he is a member of the State Assembly or the Lok Sabha. So it cannot be denied that a representative's primary loyalty is to the electorate and the nation and, since he has been elected on the basis of a party manifesto, he also owes allegiance to the fundamental policies and programmes set out in his party's manifesto.

In the case of a conflict between the action of the leadership or the bosses of his party in the legislature and the interests of the people and the nation, or in the event of the leadership's violating the pledges to the people, what is the duty of the member concerned? Is it not his right to serve the interests of the people? Is it not

his duty to abide by the party manifesto? These were some of the considerations that weighed with the members of the Defection Committee in their refusal to recommend anti-dissent proposals of the type that came to be incorporated in the later Bills on the subject. In fact they hesitated to accept the reasonable suggestion of the lawyers or the definition of Shri J. P. Narayan in regard to defection.

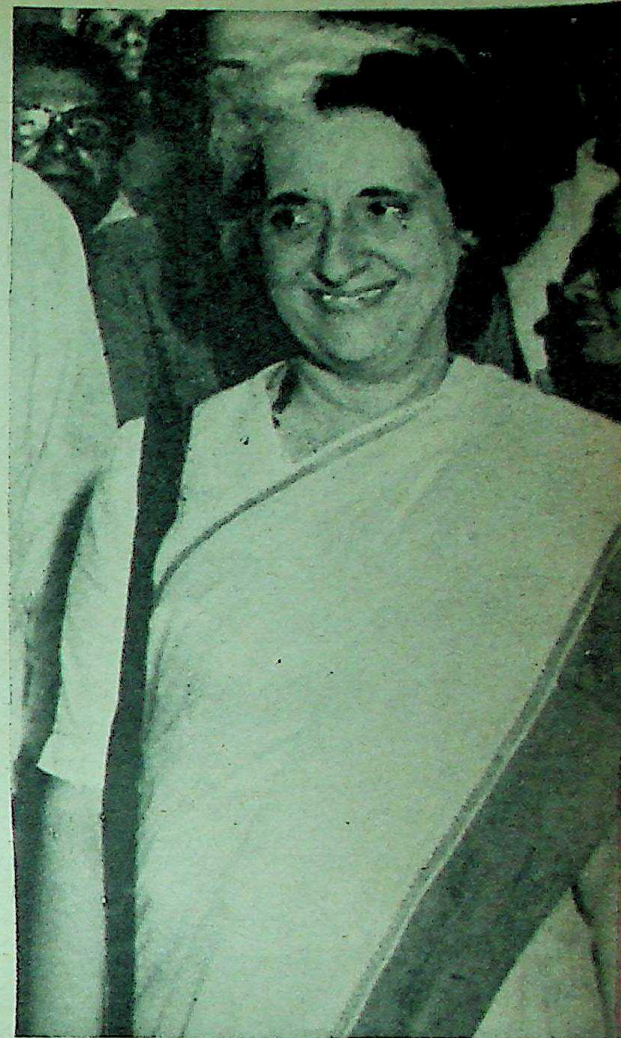
The modest report of the Defection Committee was not acted upon by the ruling Congress Party during the course of the Fourth Lok Sabha. In the first two years of the Fifth Lok Sabha also, no action was taken by the ruling party. In fact during this period the Congress Party was engaged in the game of toppling the non-Congress Governments and swelling its ranks by admitting defectors. However, in 1973, Mrs Gandhi sensed a certain change in the mood of the people. She was afraid of the potential swing of public opinion in favour of the opposition as symbolised by the Banka and Dindigul by-elections. Thereafter came the agitation in Gujarat blessed by Shri Jayaprakash Narayan.

A Sinister Clause

So Mrs Gandhi turned her attention to the problem of defection and got introduced in the Lok Sabha a Bill which was not only diametrically opposed to the recommendations of the Defection Committee or its individual members but which also ran counter to the definition of defection offered by Shri J. P. Narayan. Not only voluntary defections were to result in disqualification of the legis-



IS HE ON THE RIGHT PATH? Prime Minister Morarji Desai is determined to push through the Anti-Defection Bill despite protests from eminent party members.



IT'S A PRIVILEGE TO BE IN PARLIAMENT. Mrs Gandhi did not tolerate even the faintest voice of dissent. All she wanted, says the author, was to make the Congress members subservient to her. Above: Mrs Gandhi leaving Parliament House after she appeared before the Privileges Committee this year.

lators, as was demanded by Shri JP and the lawyers' panel, she added a new sinister clause which said that, if a legislator "votes or abstains from voting in such House contrary to any direction issued by such political party or by any person or authority authorised by, in this behalf, without obtaining prior permission of such party, person or authority", he would be disqualified instantly and his seat would be declared vacant. The attempt was not so much to prevent voluntary defection which was the real menace. The real aim was to transform the ruling Congress Party into a rubber-stamp of Mrs Gandhi. The Congress members were already very docile—even repressive and anti-working class measures like the Maintenance of Internal Security Act, the Compulsory Deposit Scheme and so on did not evoke any strong opposition within their ranks.

Even the feeble voice of dissent that was sometimes heard (from, say, Shri Chandra Shekhar and others) was not to Mrs Gandhi's liking. She wanted to completely suppress dissent within her party and make the Congress members her obedient servants. This Bill met with stout resistance from the opposition ranks.

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Since I was opposed to the fundamental principles of the Bill, I did not serve on this Joint Committee. In spite of the two-thirds majority enjoyed by Mrs Gandhi and the total suppression of freedom during the Emergency months, the Bill never emerged out of the Joint Parliamentary Committee and could not be enacted into law before the dissolution of the Fifth Lok Sabha.

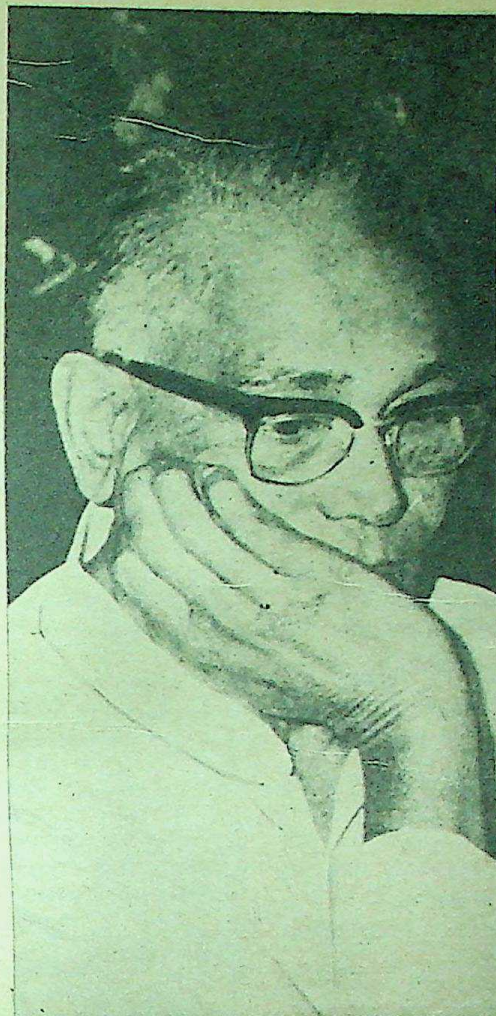
The Janata Party is committed to an anti-defection Bill, but defection means leaving the party voluntarily. It cannot and should not mean suppression of dissent. It cannot and should not mean that all the commands and whips issued by those who happened to be the temporary bosses of the party should be obeyed by the members of Parliament slavishly. In fact the Defection Committee in its report had uttered a warning that "rigidity which would impinge adversely on honest and genuine dissent" should not be a part of anti-defection legislation. Not only Mrs Gandhi's Bill sought to suppress dissent—for that is understandable—what is much more tragic is that the Janata Party which is fundamentally committed to freedom of expression and the right of dissent sought to revive this sinister and fascist Bill. The most objectionable clause which it called back to life was the same sinister clause in Mrs Gandhi's Bill. The new clause is a rehash of the old and reads as follows: A person shall be disqualified—

"If the (legislator) votes in such House, contrary to any direction issued by the political party to which he belongs or by any person or authority authorised by it in this behalf without obtaining the prior permission of such political party, person or authority... and he has been expelled from such political party within thirty days of such voting on the ground that he so voted."

Commitment To The Opposition?

That is the reason why I was opposed to the introduction of the Bill. That the Bill was sought to be introduced without a proper discussion in the party was another aspect of the whole sinister business, but to my mind this was of secondary importance. The majority support by the Parliamentary Party would not make it less sinister. My protest was conveyed to the Prime Minister by some members of the Cabinet. Some important members of the Cabinet were themselves opposed to these clauses. The Prime Minister refused to listen to these arguments. Again, opposition was raised in the meeting of the Janata Parliamentary Party Executive summoned only three hours before the introduction of the Bill.

Shri Rabi Ray, Smt Mrinal Gore and Shri Krishna Kant opposed the introduction of the Bill. But, with the support of the docile majority of the Executive, the Prime Minister again overruled the objections. Even the Party President Shri Chandra Shekhar's pleading with the Prime Minister had no effect. All the time we were told that it was a sacred commitment which the ruling party had made to the opposition parties! They were not worried about their commitment to the party members



DOES THE JANATA PARTY LISTEN TO ITS OWN CONSCIENCE? It is necessary, says the author, that men like JP should speak out against "this fascist" Bill and in support of the right of dissent.

or their commitment to the principle of dissent. They were more concerned about securing the support of the opposition to suppress dissent within their own party. They wanted to strengthen the personal position of the Prime Minister.

However, when I directly challenged the opposition parties to state whether they were supporting these fascist clauses, the opposition parties one after another repudiated the claim made in the statement of Objects and Reasons that the Bill in the existing form had the support of the opposition. Not only the Congress (I) but the Congress, the CPI, the AIADMK and the CPM rebutted this contention, with the result that the Minister who introduced the Bill cut a very sorry figure in the House. There was fear that the Bill would be defeated at the introduction stage and so it was hastily withdrawn.

Obnoxious Principles

I understand that the Prime Minister has set his heart on the Bill and he is determined to push it through. The Law Minister, Shri Shanti Bhushan, also has again expressed his intention to reintroduce the Bill. Whether its principles are approved by the party majority or not is immaterial.

What is material is that the Bill is fundamentally opposed to the philosophy of the Janata Party, its aforesaid clause is a negation of the solemn commitment in regard to freedom made by us to the electorate. It is an attempt to introduce in Parliament and in the Janata Party the same obnoxious principles that characterised Mrs Gandhi's regime.

People like me will not tolerate this no matter what the blandishments or threats are. We did not fight Mrs Gandhi's authoritarianism to become slaves of the new bosses who happen to be temporarily in a majority. Our primary loyalty, I again repeat, is to the people, to the nation and to the principles of the election manifesto. We are not bound to support the autocratic schemes of the leadership of the Janata Parliamentary Party. If the Government does not see reason and persists in its authoritarian designs in the matter of this Bill, it will meet with stiff opposition in the party, in Parliament and in the country. It is necessary that men like Shri Jayaprakash Narayan, who invited Shri Y. B. Chavan and Shri Jagjivan Ram openly to revolt against the trend towards dictatorship set up by Mrs Gandhi's regime, should speak out against this fascist Bill and in support of the right of dissent.

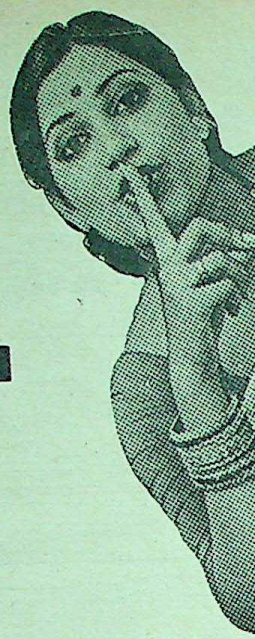
Autocratic Tendencies

In making this appeal, could it be said that JP was persuading these leaders to become defectors? No, it cannot be said by any stretch of the imagination that he was trying to promote defection of which he had been an enemy these thirty years. JP was only asking these Congress leaders to obey the dictates of their conscience, to uphold parliamentary democracy and to prevent its subversion by an ambitious woman. The tendency towards autocratic behaviour is certainly not the monopoly of Mrs Gandhi. Other leaders also have shown autocratic tendencies.

Without inner-party democracy, democracy in the country cannot be safeguarded. If Shri Chandra Shekhar and his friends had not been arrested, would it have been all right for them to vote for the Emergency resolution in Parliament in the name of discipline and in obedience to the party whip? Would it not have been their duty to vote against the resolution no matter whether it resulted in their expulsion from the Congress Party? Similarly, I ask, were the Tory MPs, who protested against Mr Neville Chamberlain's inefficient conduct of the war and either voted against (35 of them) the party or abstained (60 of them) from voting in support of it during the Second World War in 1940, acting as defectors or saviours of the Tory Party, democracy and the nation?

I asked Acharya Kripalani what he felt about it. He said it was a stupid Bill. Defections are invariably inspired by opportunism, by the desire to share in the loaves and fishes of office. They have nothing to do with honest dissent or principled opposition. Any attempt to muzzle the voice of dissent would further alienate the Janata Party from the people.

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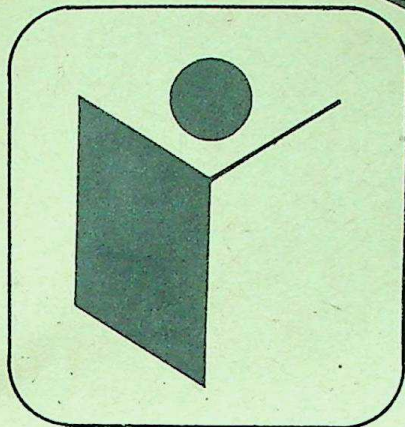
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BOOK REVIEW



The Gandhian Experiment

"Gandhi and Civil Disobedience" by Judith Brown; Cambridge University Press; Blackie & Sons; £6.00

No one has ever supposed that the Independence movement or that part of it known as civil disobedience was a coherent, united or purposeful affair. The fallacy of assuming some such thing often occurs and Gandhiji is seen as the unquestioned principal architect against whom the main challenges were offered by the British. Public affairs are never tidy and not the least of the merits which Judith Brown's *Gandhi and Civil Disobedience* can deservedly claim is that it reveals how staggeringly untidy they were.

Gandhiji's mystical-cum-psychological style was never far from the bustling marketplace of down-to-earth politicking particularly during the period 1928-1934 which Judith Brown covers. What the author calls Gandhiji's "national leadership position" can be pictured as subject to a series of fluctuations, reflecting the extent to which he succeeded or failed to reconcile local and provincial interests with those of an all-India movement with sufficient credibility to extract from the British the recognition he required.

Yet such political credit as he gained from Delhi was often acquired at the cost of temporarily minimising or resolving differences in the Congress, the parochial motives of towns, districts and provinces, and fundamentally irreconcilable attitudes of the constitutionalists and of those impatient of gradualism. To the extent the British extended political credit Gandhiji was able to put together something resembling all-India leadership and the divergences inherent in his following were submerged. To the extent that these divergences erupted into conflict his credit with the British was dissipated. A larger unity was constantly imperilled by lesser unities and Gandhiji's uniqueness perhaps lay in recognising that the thrust for freedom could be generated by identifying as closely as he could the one with the other.

The British, if they did not particularly welcome the emergence of an all-India leadership, acknowledged the need for it as a safety-valve and convenience in coping with unstructured localised pressures throughout the country. The Congress leadership on its side of the fence was challenged firstly by

its own conflicting perceptions of the tactics to follow in a given situation and secondly by the persistent fluidity of its relations with regional leaderships concerned with such matters as water supplies, roads, medical relief, etc, with an immediate bearing on the political milieu in which they had their stake.

Economic change was beginning to create new tensions in urban and rural areas; and these collectively were a factor for which allowance had to be made in answering the question that seemed to confront the all-India leadership in perpetuity: whether to reap the advantages, however limited, of conciliar participation and exploit them to secure an advanced stage of consolidation or stand by non-cooperation and even agitational pressure.

The first usually had the advantage of apparently welding together a wider spectrum of potential adherents while the second was invariably poised on the edge of violence which Gandhiji had firmly rejected. Muslims in Bengal and Punjab were determined, as they saw it, to protect their interests through provincial autonomy, the Hindu Mahasabha was gathering strength in North and Central India, and local politicians with an eye on the main chance were "prepared to adopt any label which they thought would facilitate their election". Also, as Motilal Nehru commented, "imagine Congressmen in the Assembly and the Councils tumbling over each other to shake hands with officials, stealthily attending official functions after taking care that their names are not reported in the press".

All-India Leader

In this situation Gandhiji, realising that the British on the one side and his "followers" on the other cynically assessed their need for him as an all-India leader as expediency dictated, began to stress self-purification, khadi, the evil of untouchability, problems of hygiene, and social and personal habits of the people.

The juxtaposition of these with each other and with continental politics seemed incongruous and bewildered many. His purpose was to bring the struggle to grass-roots level, to replace concepts with the actualities of action and discipline in areas which though personal were inseparable from those which were public. Swaraj was to be created and not something to be wrested from the British.

No man in his confrontation with an alien regime was so severely handicapped, yet so successfully merged the coldly political considerations of the public crusade with the emotive, personal, apolitical and thoroughly Indian psychological factors from which, as he believed, regeneration was possible. Three points are worth noting: that the gulf between an all-India outlook and that of local and regional interests persists and implies problems for which no real solution has been found; that Gandhiji's strength derived from the personal veneration he commanded and this in turn sprang from his repudiation of the political game as imported by the British; and that national feeling is the sum total of a great many regional and local patriotisms, the latter symbolising the former and not the other way round.

Civil disobedience as a means of self-development had as its target the Indians

themselves as much as the British. Srinivasa Sastri coined for it the apt term "whitebait". Never was an Independence movement so oddly conducted amidst an unparalleled confusion of cross purposes; but finally Gandhiji was able to destroy or erode in the context of his time the psychological compulsions of collaboration. He failed to destroy for ever the compulsion to play an inherited political game but he had already accomplished a great deal.

His message remains: that a solution must spring from the same soil from which the problem has gained strength. There are not many who heed this today. This is not an easy book to read but has clearly been meticulously researched and adds considerably to one's awareness of one aspect of Gandhiji's personality.

Another message surely is that nothing that is not above partisanship can ever activate the constructive forces the country so badly needs. Gandhiji had no power base as normally understood, only convictions deeply held, and thus was not a politician though he acted as one. Politics as he seemed to imply was barren unless leavened by moral impetus or, in less elevated terms, character. Even his opponents recognised in him an essential decency to which latter-day politics has become implacably hostile.



When Bombay's Governor complained that dawn song processions caused a public disturbance and were politically objectionable Gandhiji's response was to ask the singers to "sing in tune". He was *sui generis* as the Secretary of State conceded: "He may be a saint, he may be a holy man; he is I believe quite sincere in his principles; but of this I am perfectly certain, that he is one of the most astutely politically minded and bargaining little gentleman I ever came across." A little gentleman's sincerity which of its own volition spanned the continent and crossed the seas is indeed something to marvel at; and applause is due to the author for bringing this fact (known but not absorbed) home to us with academic precision and force.

Gandhiji was in Eastern colonial terms a super non-commercial spiritual-cum-political compradore between the Raj and the Indian people and as such served a cause higher than that of either party.

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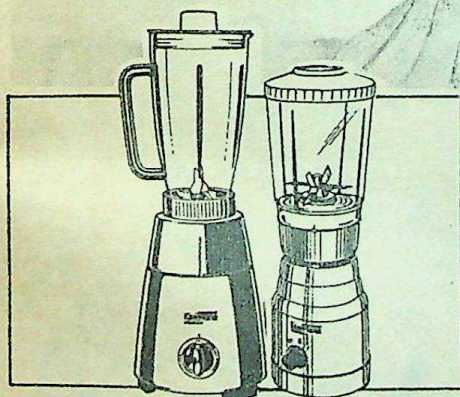
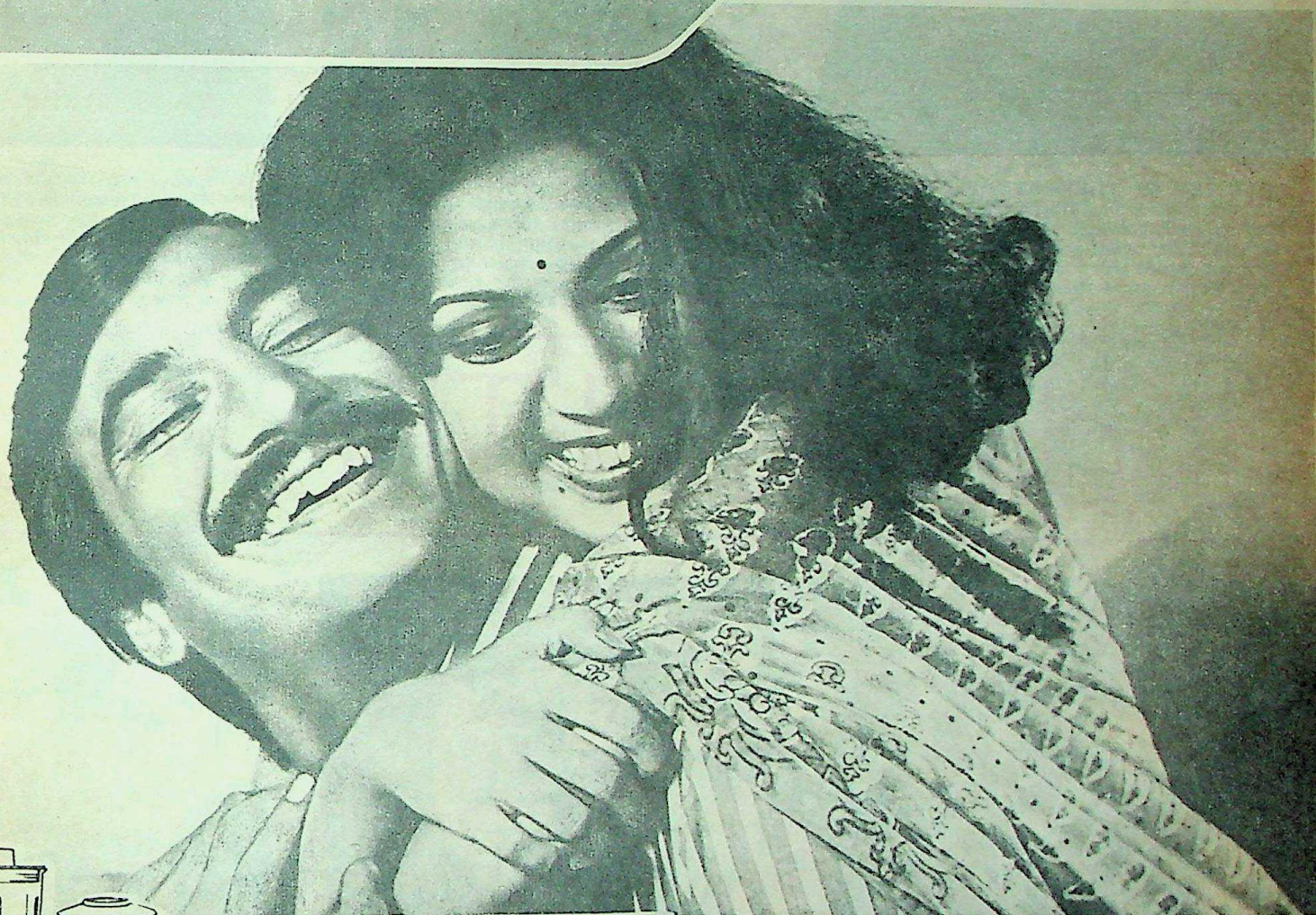
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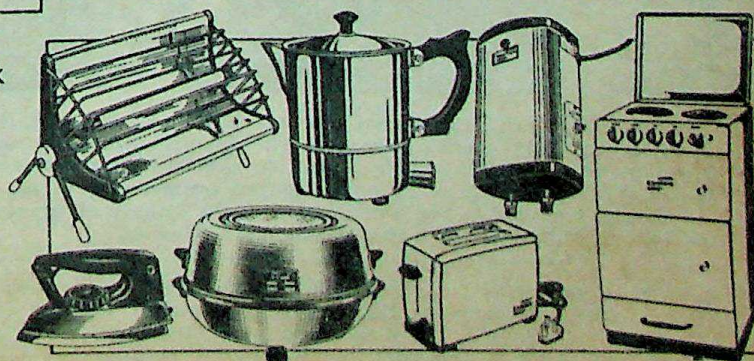
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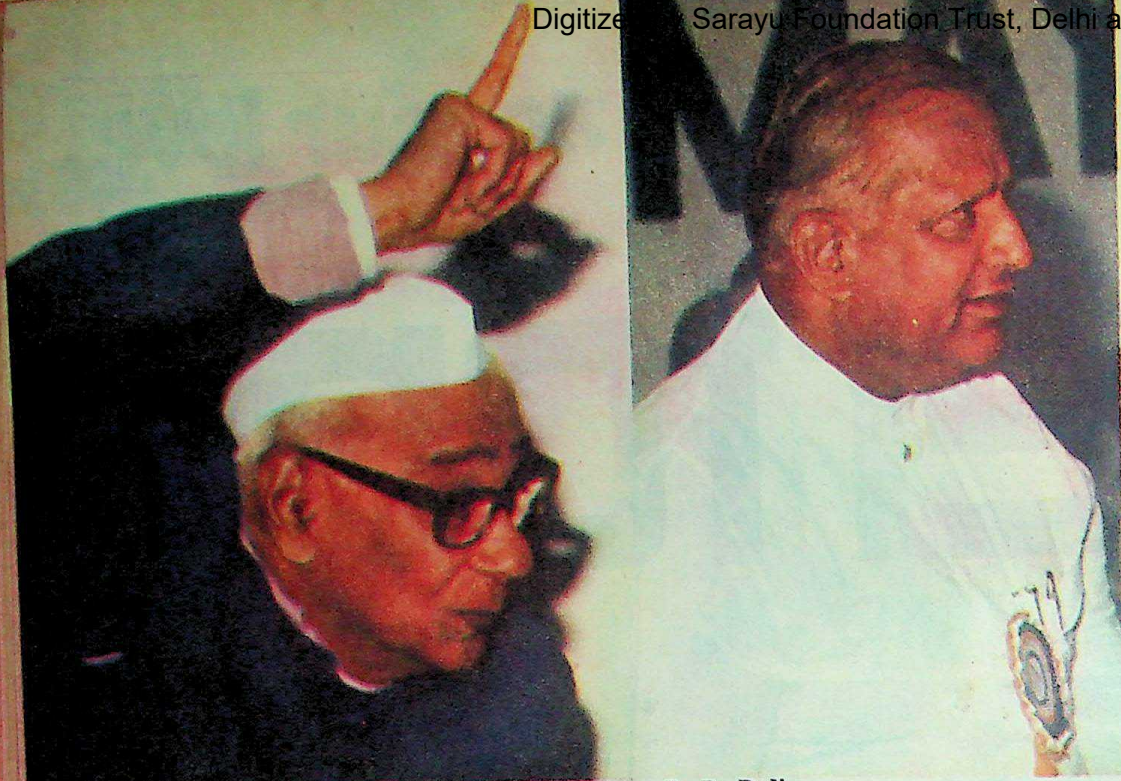
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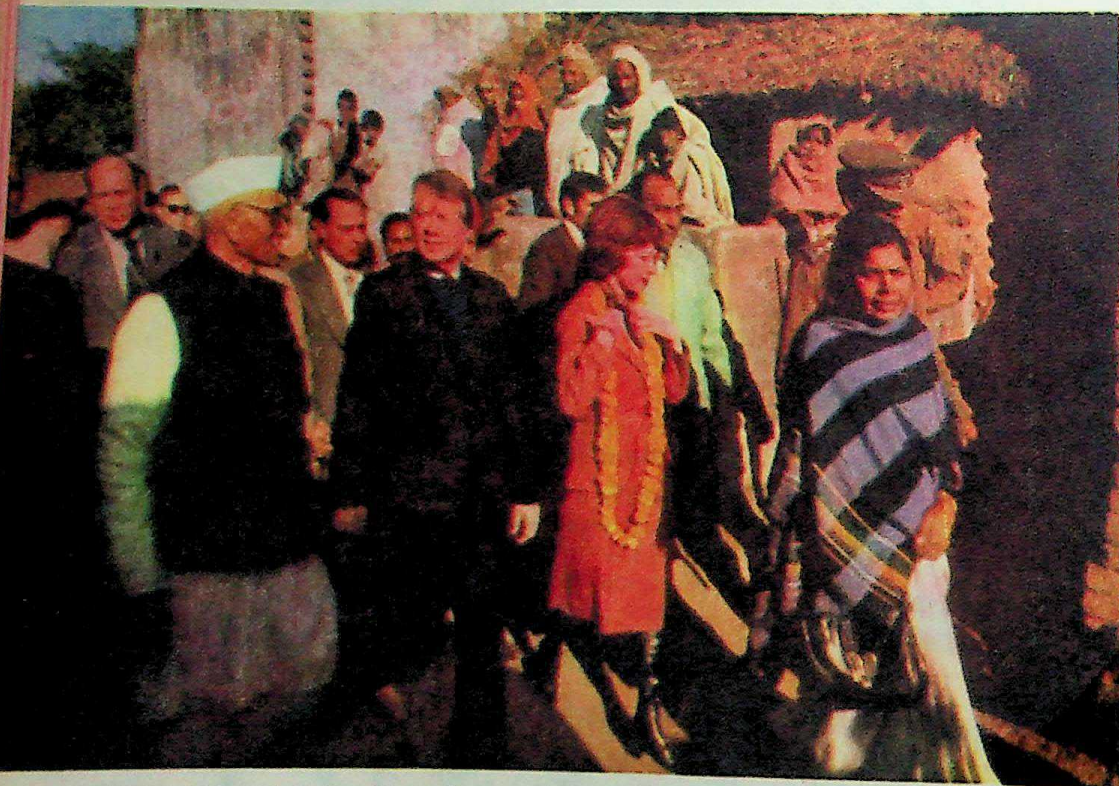


—R. B. Bedi—

PARTING OF THE WAYS. The Congress Party split for the second time in nine years when, in the first week of 1978, former Prime Minister Indira Gandhi took her supporters out of the party led by Brahmananda Reddi and Y. B. Chavan (facing page). Mrs Gandhi (above right) was declared President of what was claimed to be the "real" Congress at a convention of her supporters. She and her aides were then expelled from the party. The latter, in turn, expelled Mr Reddi and Mr Chavan from their Congress. The immediate cause of the split was the resignation from the CWC of seven pro-Indira members to protest against the suspension of Karnataka CM Devaraj Urs

(above left) on the issue of party discipline. As a consequence of the split, Mr Urs lost support of the majority in the Karnataka Legislative Assembly in January 1978. During the year, towards uniting the two Parties. But Mrs Gandhi, who has always insisted on a united party, Congress stalwarts like Chavan and Kar

India And The World 78



REFUELLING TIES? President Jimmy Carter and his wife, Rosalynn, paid a three-day visit to India in the first week of January. The delay in American supplies of enriched uranium for Tarapur—provoked by India's refusal to submit to international inspection of nuclear facilities US Congress agreed to the continuation of the supply of uranium to India. January also saw the visit to India of British Premier James Callaghan.

A FAR FROM HAPPY NEW YEAR. On January 1, the EMPEROR ASHOKA, Air-India's 350-seater Boeing 747, carrying 213 persons to Dubai, crashed into the sea off Bombay three minutes after take-off. There were no survivors. Right: Some of the objects recovered during salvage operations by the Navy.





—R. B. Bedi

party discipline. Mrs Gandhi herself had earlier resigned from the CWC. At Mr Urs' report of the majority in the State legislature and in January 1978. There have been several moves, including the two Parties. But while Mrs Gandhi, who has several stalwarts, insists on maintaining her pre-eminence, Chavan and Karan Singh object to unity as long as the position.

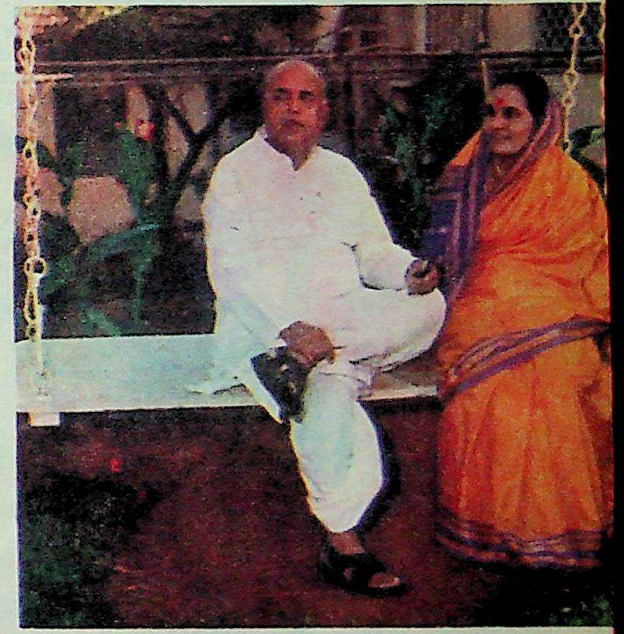


WHEN THE CONGRESS OF CHAVAN (left) AND REDDI WAS ROUTED. In March, elections to the Assembly were held in six States. In Karnataka, the Congress (I), led by Devaraj Urs, obtained a two-thirds majority, while in Andhra Pradesh Congress CM Venkata Rao was swept out of office by the Congress (I) under Chenna Reddy (right). The Janata came a poor second in both States, but formed the government in Arunachal Pradesh and Assam where Golap Borbor became CM. In Meghalaya, the APHLC leader, D. D. Pugh, headed a coalition of regional parties.

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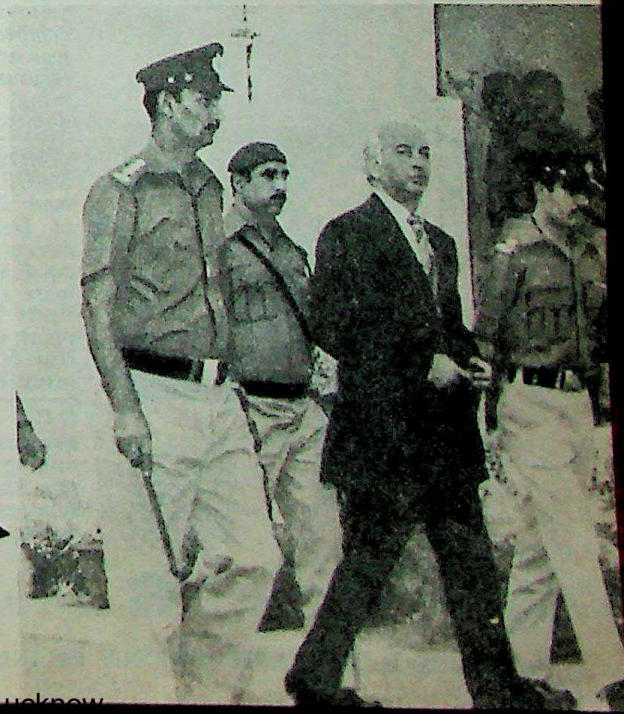


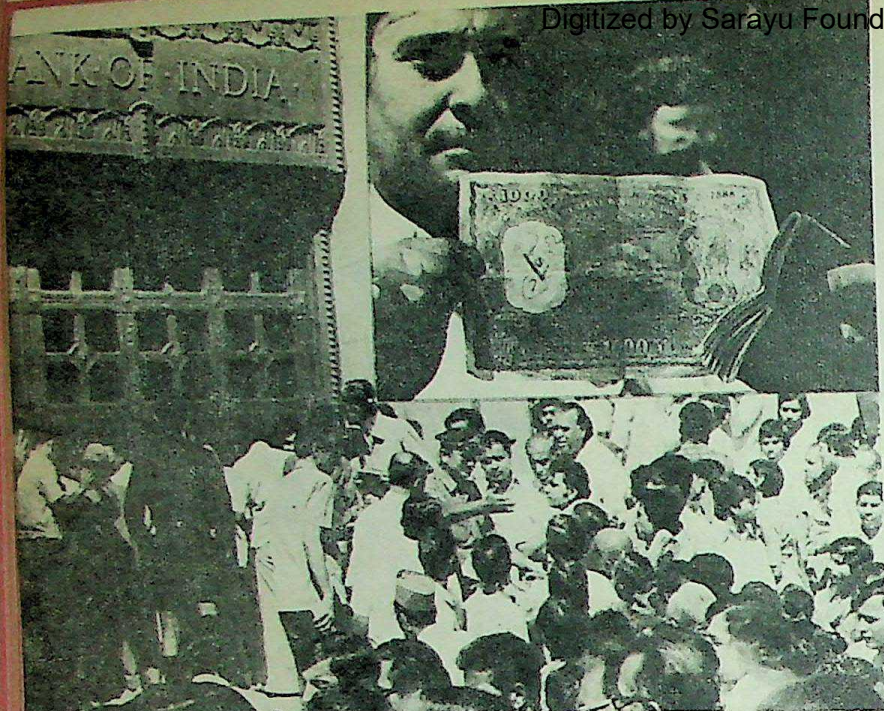
TOGETHER FOR THE FRUITS OF POWER. In Maharashtra the Congress Party's Vasantrao Patil (right, with his wife) remained Chief Minister, heading a coalition government of the Congress and the Congress (I). Indira's party—led by N. K. Tirpude (seen at left after the formation of the Cabinet)—held 75 seats as compared to 71 of the Congress. The Janata, the largest single party in the Assembly, failed to muster a majority. The Congress-Congress (I) coalition, however, broke up in July (see Page 39).



—S. N. Sinha
CASTES AND OUTCASTS. Bihar CM Karpooori Thakur (left) announced in March that 26% of Govt jobs would be reserved for 128 backward castes in addition to the existing 24% reservation for Scheduled Castes and Tribes. This has caused large-scale resentment leading to riots which still continue to plague the State.

A "SUSPENDED" SENTENCE? Former Pakistan Premier Zulfikar Ali Bhutto (right) was found guilty of murder and sentenced to hang by the Lahore High Court on March 18. As we go to press, the Supreme Court is hearing his appeal.





QUICK, BEFORE THEY BECOME WORTHLESS. High-denomination notes—Rs 1,000 (inset) and above—were demonetised on January 16 to check smuggling and blackmarket operations. A two-day period was given for exchanging the notes at 71 specified centres. Notes totalling nearly Rs 16 crores were made valueless. The move, however, hardly made any dent in the country's "parallel economy". Above: At the Reserve Bank of India, Bombay.



SENIORITY COMES INTO ITS OWN. Justice Y.V. Chandrachud (being sworn in by President Sanjiva Reddy), the senior-most judge of the Supreme Court, was appointed Chief Justice of India in February. Seniority had not been the criterion of the two earlier appointments during Mrs Gandhi's regime—those of Mr A.N. Ray (1973) and Mr M.H. Beg (1977). In April, Mr Chandrachud expressed his regret that he had, during the Emergency, upheld the Executive's right to deprive a citizen of his liberty.



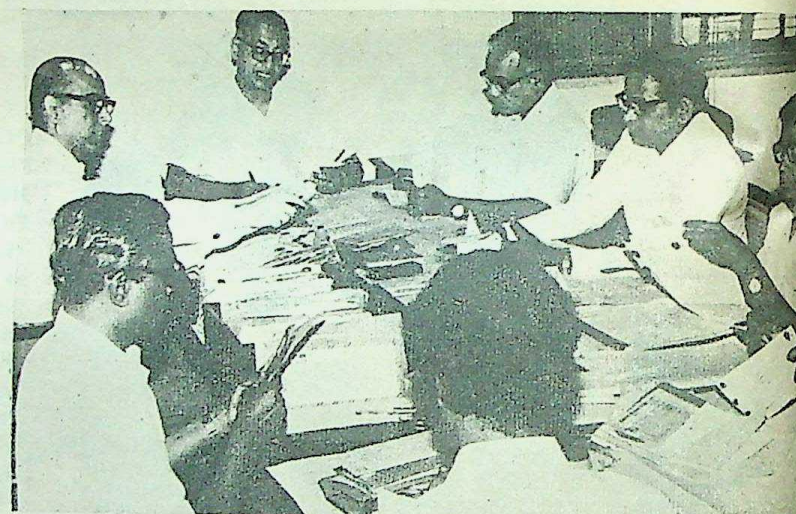
"THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING," said the Red Brigade, Europe's organisation of urban guerillas, announcing that it had kidnapped former Italian Premier Aldo Moro (left) on March 16. Mr Moro's body was found in an abandoned car on May 9.



"ANAND" ALL THE WAY? The release of Prabhat Ranjan Sarkar (Anandmurti) on August 3 was celebrated by Ananda Margis. He was acquitted in July of the most serious charge against him—criminal conspiracy to murder six defectors from the Marg.

"THOSE THAT LIVE BY THE SWORD..." President Mohammed Daoud of Afghanistan (left, at Delhi's Nizamuddin Dargah during his 1975 visit to India) and 30 members of his family were shot dead during a coup on April 27. A pro-Soviet Government under a civilian President, Nur Mohammad Taraki, was installed.

GUN POWER. France dropped paratroopers into the copper-mining town of Kolwezi in Zaire's Shaba province after rebels supported by Angola had killed nearly 200 whites in an abortive invasion. The West supports President Mobutu's regime to maintain its mining interests.



NOT THE GOLDEN MEAN. Union Finance Minister H. M. Patel announced in his February Budget speech that the Government would auction its gold holding to reduce the differential between the international and home prices "so as to supplement anti-smuggling measures". After holding 13 auctions between May and October, the Government acknowledged the failure of its policy—it had led to a phenomenal rise in gold prices instead of the expected fall—and discontinued the auctions. Above: Tenders for the sale being sorted at the Reserve Bank of India, Bombay.



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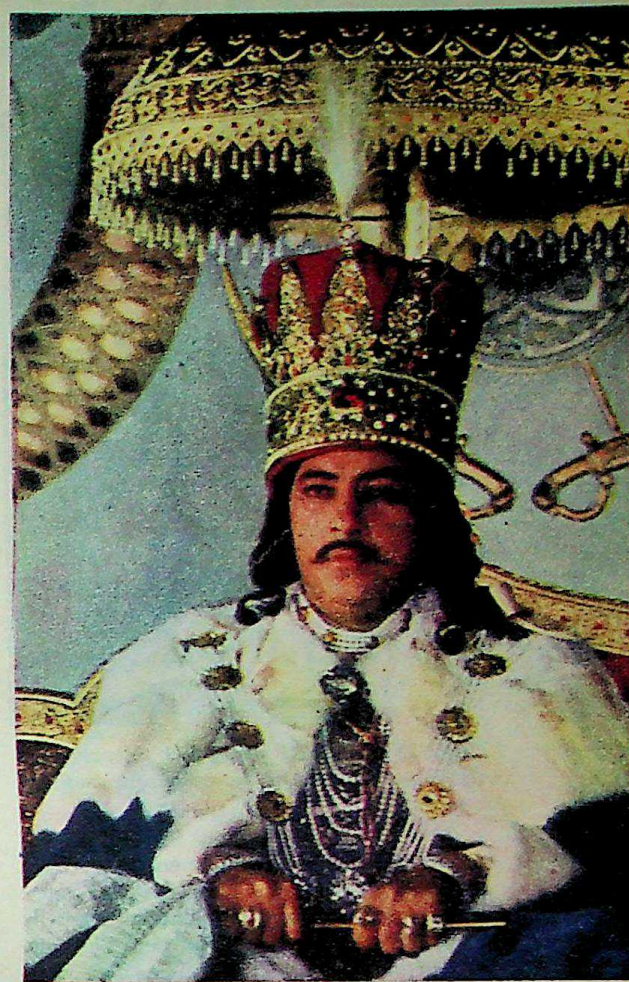
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My Wajid Ali Is Not 'Effete And Effeminate'!

— Satyajit Ray



In "Ray's Wajid Ali Shah" (October 22), Rajbans Khanna accused Satyajit Ray of depicting the Nawab as an ineffectual sybarite. Here Ray, in his reply, details the sources he consulted for "Shatranj Ke Khilari" and asks where was the effeminacy.

Photographs by
PABLO BARTHOLOMEW

Rajbans Khanna deplores the fact that I have chosen to depict Wajid Ali Shah as "effete and effeminate", thus more or less upholding the British view, instead of redressing the balance in his favour which he says I might have done had I "read the right documents".

This is so far from the truth that it almost leads me to believe that Rajbans is incapable of reading a film, let alone reading between the lines.

When Rajbans met me in Delhi three years ago, the shooting of *Shatranj Ke Khilari* was well under way; which means that the research and sifting of evidence were already over and the



DO YOU THINK I AM EFFEMINATE? Amjad Khan (above), playing Wajid Ali Shah, is seen with Sir Richard Attenborough as General Outram. Left: Wajid plays Sri Krishna in his raas: "He versified his love-affairs and amorous escapades of his youth and became to a conventional, moral world a self-confessed sinner." Top left: Satyajit Ray directing Amjad Khan. Top right: Relaxing in regal splendour... In the end, convinced he was being wronged, Wajid strides over to the throne, mounts it and declares that, if the British wanted his throne, they would have to fight for it.



LEARNING A STEP OR TWO. Satyajit Ray with Birju Maharaj, the noted exponent of Kathak.

screenplay prepared. I did mention to Rajbans that I had read a great deal of relevant documents. Rajbans mentions four in his article: Sleeman's *A Journey Through the Kingdom of Oudh*, Malleeson's *The Mutiny of the Bengal Army*, Metcalfe's *Native Narratives of the Mu i y* and Major Bird's *Dacoitee in Excelsis*. Of these four, Sleeman's account was written at the behest of Dalhousie and was deliberately slanted to provide a pretext for the take-over. Both Malleeson's and Metcalfe's accounts deal with the Annexation insofar as it contributed to the 1857 revolt, and both condemn the British action. Only Bird's book deals directly with the Annexation. Wholly sympathetic to Wajid, it launches a sustained and thorough-going attack on British policy, backing it up with copious documentary evidence. The tract gains from the fact that Bird was Assistant Resident of Lucknow during Sleeman's tenure. For Rajban's information, Bird's book provided the principal source for my treatment of the historical part of the film.

The Principal Sources

The research for the film took nearly a year. While I personally consulted most of the English and Bengali material in the National and Asiatic libraries, my able collaborators culled evidence from Urdu sources... To give Rajbans some idea of the extent of research, here is a list of the principal sources consulted:

- 1) *Blue Book On Oude*. This is the official British dossier on the Annexation. It contains, among other things, a verbatim account of Outram's last interview with Wajid, and describes Wajid's taking off his turban and handing it to Outram as a parting gesture.
- 2) Abdul Halim Sharar's *Guzeshta Lucknow* (translated into English by E.S. Harcourt and Fakir Hussain as *Lucknow: The Last Phase of an Oriental*
- 3) The Indian histories of Mill and Beveridge, both critical of the Annexation.
- 4) Two histories of the Mutiny (by Ball and by Kaye).
- 5) *The Letters of Lord Dalhousie*. One of these letters provided the information that Outram grumbled about the new treaty and apprehended that Wajid would refuse to sign it. Dalhousie ascribes this attitude to indigestion.
- 6) *The Reminiscences of Sir Alexander Fyrrer*. Fyrrer was the Resident Surgeon, Honorary Assistant Resident and Postmaster of Lucknow at the time of the take-over.
- 7) Two biographies of Outram (by Trotter and by Goldschmid).
- 8) The diaries and letters of Emily Eden, Fanny Eden, Bishop Heber and Fanny Parkes.
- 9) *The Indian Mutiny Diary* by Howard Russell. Russell came to India as the correspondent of *The Times*. He was on the spot when the British troops ransacked the Kaiserbagh Palace. He gives the only detailed description of the interior of the palace that I have come across.
- 10) The young Wajid's personal diary *Mahal Khana Shahi*. This turned out to be an unending account of his amours.
- 11) The text of Wajid Ali Shah's *Rahas*.

(*Culture*). Sharar was born three years after Wajid's deposition. His father had worked in the Secretariat of Wajid's Court and joined Wajid in Matiabruz in 1852. Sharar went and joined his father seven years later. Introducing the book the translators say: "The work has long been recognised by Indo-Islamic scholars as a primary source of great value, a unique document both alive and authentic in every detail." Sharar provided most of the socio-cultural details, as well as a fairly extended portrait of Wajid both in his Lucknow and his Matiabruz periods.

- 12) Mrs Meer Hasan Ali's *On the Mussulmans of India* (1832). This was found useful for its details of life in the zanana.
- 13) *Umrao Jan Ada* (translated into English as *A Courtesan of Lucknow*). This gives a fascinating and authentic picture of Lucknow in Wajid's time.
- 14) All English and Bengali newspapers and journals of the period preserved in the National Library.

A Voluptuary And A Puppet

It was interesting to discover that not all Indian commentators on the Annexation truckled to the British, as Rajbans seems to think, in their estimation of Wajid and the conditions then prevailing in Oudh. One of the most famous Indian journalists of the period, Girish Chunder Ghose, wrote in his weekly, *Hindu Patriot*, a few days before the Annexation: "If Oude is misgoverned, if the King of Oude is a voluptuary and a puppet, if the Minister is a harpy, if the zamindars of Oude are graceless malcontents, we ask, where are the proofs of this lamentable state of things? If a tithe of what is written and said about Oude and its government were true of that country and its governors, then society could not have existed there for a day... and a revolution more terrible than the French Revolution would have, despite the presence of the British troops, marked the progress of events in that country."

In addition to all the above, thorough research was done in the Lucknow Museum, the Victoria Memorial in Calcutta and, later, in the India Office Library in London. Besides, I was in close touch throughout with Professor Kaukab of Aligarh University. Prof Kaukab happens to be a great-grandson of Wajid Ali Shah and is considered to be one of the best authorities in India on Wajid. He has long been working on a book which sets out to be a portrait of Wajid as he really was and not as the British painted him.

What emerged from all this research is there in the film, which is not a full-fledged biography of Wajid, as Rajbans seems to assume, but an attempt at juxtaposing a story (based on Premchand) about two chess-playing jagirdars in Wajid's Lucknow, with the historical event of the Annexation where the protagonists are Wajid and Outram.

The film begins with a seven-minute prologue which attempts to telescope 100 years of Oudh-British relationship. According to all available evidence, this was marked throughout, right from Shuja down to Wajid, by an anxiety on the part of the Nawabs to maintain friendly relations with the Company, in spite of the fact that treaty after treaty progressively stripped them of their territory and their autonomy. (This can be construed as magnanimity or servility or a mixture of both, depending on one's viewpoint.) After the prologue, story and history unfold by turns over a period of one week, ending on the day of the Annexation. It is necessary to consider whether in the process of juxtaposition Wajid has been shown as "effete and effeminate", and no light has been thrown on "the conflicts and

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lity".

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In the prologue, Wajid appears in four successive shots. In the first he plays Lord Krishna in his *raas*; in the second he leads a Mohurram procession; in the third he is shown in his harem with half-a-dozen concubines. The fourth shot shows Wajid at a durbar. The commentary here says that although Wajid did not much like to rule, he was proud enough of his crown to send it to be displayed in the Crystal Palace exhibition (this is borne out by Dalhousie's letter quoted in the film). About Wajid's disinclination to rule, this is what Sharar has to say:

"The first part of Wajid's reign was characterised by the dashing young King paying more than usual attention to the dispensation of justice and army reform... in less than a year he had become tired of this and the old tastes which he had had as heir-apparent returned. He started to consort more frequently with beautiful and dissolute women, and soon dancers and singers became pillars of the state and favourites of the realm."

In the second scene in which Wajid appears, he is shown at a kathak recital, at the end of which he learns from Prime Minister Ali Naqi of the fate that awaits him. He upbraids Ali Naqi for his unmanly display of emotion, saying that only poetry and music should bring tears to a man's eyes.

A Contradictory Character

In the third long scene, Wajid is fully aware of the sword of Damocles that hangs over him. This is virtually a scene of monologue where Wajid passes through a wide range of moods. He is remorseful one moment, resigned the next, and seething with righteous indignation as the scene ends. Here is a summary of the scene:

- Wajid blames his friends who held key positions in the administration for neglecting the affairs of state and reprimands Ali Naqi for accepting a document which he feels should have been thrown in the face of the Resident.
- Wajid admits that he was unprepared for kingship, as he was not directly in the line of accession. Nevertheless he took his duties seriously in the beginning, reforming the army, holding daily

parades, etc. But, bound as he was by the Treaty of 1837, he had to forgo them upon orders from the Resident.

- Frustrated, Wajid turned to poetry and music for solace.
- "The common people sing my songs," says Wajid, "and they love my poetry because of its candour." (About Wajid's poetry of this period, Sharar says: "Wajid versified his love affairs and hundreds of the amorous escapades of his early youth. He made them public throughout the country and became to a conventional, moral world a self-confessed sinner.")
- "My people," says Wajid, "who are supposedly ill-governed and underfed, are the bravest in battle. The British are aware of this, and that is why they are sending troops."
- If the people are unhappy under his rule, Wajid argues, why don't they cross over to the British territory?
- Convinced by now that he was being wronged, Wajid strides over to the throne, mounts it and declares that if the British wanted his throne, they would have to fight for it.

The scene that follows shows that Wajid has undergone a change of heart. The implication is that he has realised that the Company has the upper hand, and all he can hope for now is moral victory. In spite of being told by the Dewan that the zamindars have offered to help with men and ammunition should the need for resistance arise, Wajid instructs Ali Naqi to disarm the soldiers, dismantle the guns and issue a proclamation to the effect that the people are not to offer any resistance to the British when they march into Lucknow. Premchand calls this an act of cowardice and a symptom of decadence.

On the other hand, Major Bird says: "The resolution was all the more laudable since it was well known to him that all Hindus and Moslems in his service had bound themselves by the most solemn oaths to die sword in hand in defence of the Sovereign and their country, and the British Sepoys who for the most part came from the Oude Frontier would have refused to fire a single shot upon their fathers, brothers and other relatives."

In the last scene, where Outram presents his ultimatum to the King, Wajid's behaviour departs from the account in the *Blue Book*, as well as from Sharar. Sharar says: "The King, weeping and wailing, made every effort to exonerate himself." I leave it to Rajbans to decide what the omission of this detail has done to my portrait of Wajid Ali Shah.

A Man of Many Moods

Apart from these five scenes, there are references to Wajid strewn throughout the film. In the first scene following the prologue, Outram, saddled with the task of deposing the King and uneasy at the thought of having to force an illegal treaty on him, is anxious to convince himself that the King is indeed as bad as Sleeman had portrayed him. He questions Weston, his ADC, and is rattled to discover that Weston has succeeded in crossing the cultural barrier and is sympathetic to Wajid's music and poetry. He snubs Weston and hints at a promotion if he would stop prevaricating.

The second scene introduces a Hindu character, Munshi Nandlal, who is not in Premchand's story. One of the purposes of this was to establish the important historical fact that friendly relations existed between the two religious groups in Oudh in Wajid's time. Nandlal feels for Wajid and is genuinely concerned about the possibility of drastic action by the Company. Meer and Mirza do not take him seriously.

In the scene between Outram and Fayer, Outram admits the contradictions in Wajid's character (devout man, doesn't drink, sings, dances, versifies, etc), which is why he cannot predict the outcome of the proposed interview.

In the scene of Outram's interview with the Queen Mother, Aulea Begum refuses to intercede for Outram to get her son to sign the treaty. "My son has never acted against the Company's interests," she says.

Where, in all this, is the effeminacy? And is this Wajid not complex enough, not contradictory enough? Characterwise, what more could one have done in a full-fledged biography?

Rajbans seems to be hung up on the Mutiny, which could have had no place in *Shatranj Ke Khilari*. The Mutiny was not sparked off by the Annexation, but by the Enfield rifle rubbing both Hindus and Moslems up the wrong way. The stored up discontent resulting from the Annexation provided fuel at a later stage. No; *Shatranj Ke Khilari* is not about Wajid, nor is it aimed to build up a case for the Mutiny—although it does invest the peasant boy Kalloo with a streak of patriotism when he sadly reports that no guns will go off when the British march into Lucknow. The crux of the theme is to be found at the end of the film, in Meer and Mirza's continuing to play chess in the British way after they have cleared their conscience by admitting that they have been cowardly in their behaviour.

To spell it out for Rajbans, what it says in effect is a) that Nawabi did not end with the take over; b) that upper class values were only superficially affected by British rule, and c) that feudal decadence was a contributing factor in the consolidation of British rule in India.

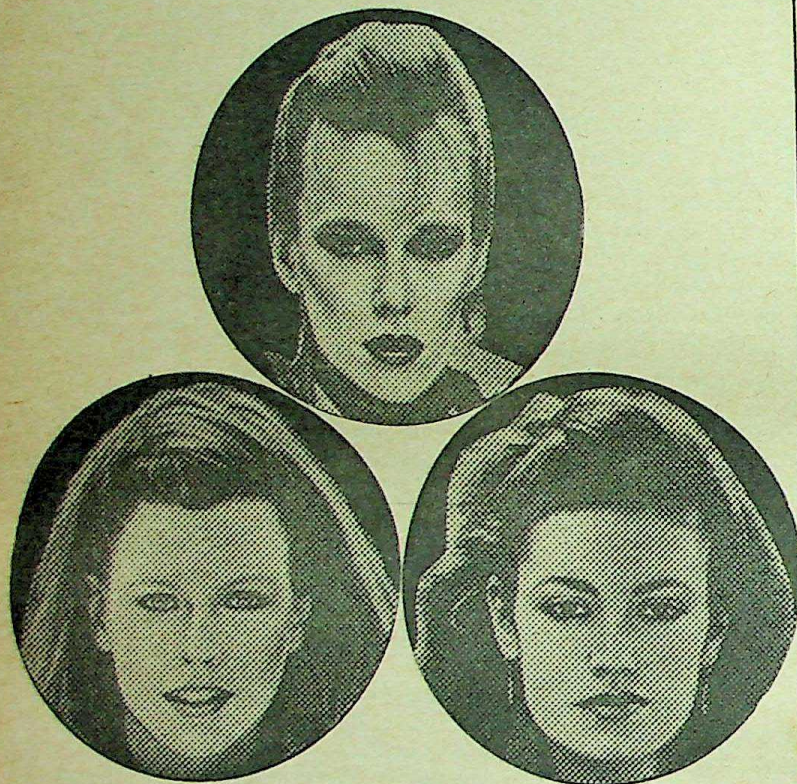
IT SOUNDS ALL RIGHT, but do I have to spell it out to Rajbans? At the location shooting of *Shatranj Ke Khilari*, Ray shares a moment with sound recordist Narinder Singh.



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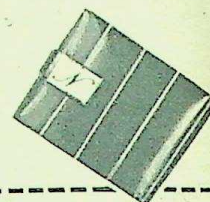
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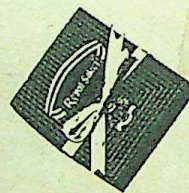
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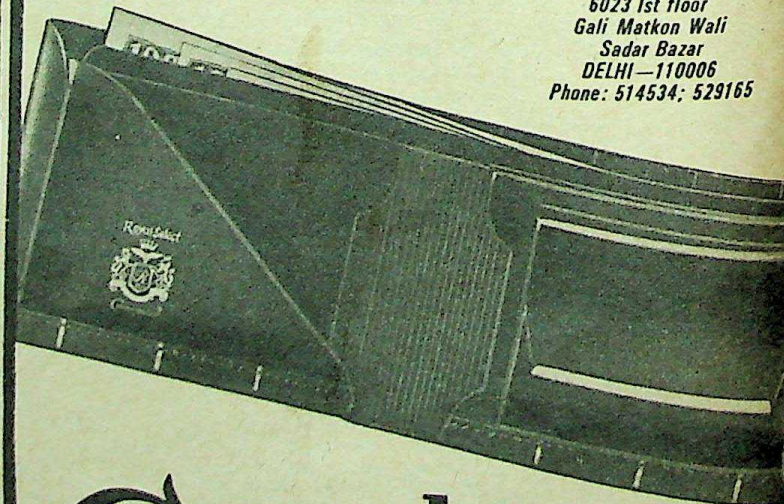


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Ray Has Missed The Wood For The Trees

—Rajbans Khanna

Abdul Halim Sharar's testimony, which Satyajit quotes approvingly in his reply, I am reluctant to take as uncritically as Ray does, for two reasons: First, that, after the large-scale terror which the British unleashed in the wake of the suppression of the Mutiny, there were few Indians left who would dare to give an independent account of persons or events so closely connected with the Mutiny or of any other unfavourable aspect of British rule. Not unless they were prepared to have their books proscribed as indeed the works of Savarkar and Pandit Sunder Lal were proscribed promptly. Secondly, Major Bird, whom Satyajit, along with me, acknowledges as a reliable witness, gives the lie direct to the very paragraphs Ray quotes.

Wajid Ali ascended the throne in early 1847. If Sharar were to be believed, his alleged profligacy and loss of interest in the affairs of state would begin in "less than a year"—i.e. in 1847 itself. But to mention only a few instances which Major Bird gives: As late as 1853, Wajid Ali instituted a high-level inquiry into Sleeman's accusation that Wasi Ali, the King's former Minister, had conspired to assassinate Sleeman. In 1854, the King banished Kurun Ahmad, a person suspected of being Sleeman's spy, on which Sleeman wrote that the King had "assumed that attitude of a rebel". In 1855, Wajid Ali put down a communal riot in Lucknow with a stern hand, "setting aside all presumed feelings of sympathy with his co-religionists" (*Dacoitee in Excelsis*, P 113). In 1856, Wajid Ali was deposed.

Sweeping Declaration

Satyajit makes a sweeping declaration that Wajid Ali's removal from the throne had nothing to do with the outbreak of the Mutiny, that it was triggered off solely by Enfield rifles, popularly known as the greased cartridges. It was the official British propagandists who trotted out this "theory", interested as they were in painting Indians as a backward and superstition-ridden people who could be roused to action only on the question of the holy cow or the unclean pig.

Malleson, who is the most distinguished historian of this period, is at pains to demolish this official theory. In the very first paragraph of the preface to his book, *The Indian Mutiny*, he points out: "The greased cartridge was never issued to the great body of the troops, if indeed to any... The greased cartridge, too, did not concern those landowners and cultivators of Oudh... who rose almost to a man."

In the very next paragraph, Malleson again insists that it was Wajid Ali's removal from the throne which was the prime cause of the conflagration:

"My belief in this respect is founded on personal knowledge and personal observation... when Sir James Outram crossed the Ganges to depose the King of Oudh, I had witnessed the indignation which the very rumour of his purpose caused among

the Sipahis of my own guard. I reported their excited state to my superiors and was laughed at for my pains. But impressed with the accuracy of my forecast, viz, that the annexation of Oudh would rouse indignation and anger in the Sipahi army, I continued... to keep a careful record of the several occurrences... when the efforts of the annexation of Oudh had been thoroughly realised by the Sipahis."

Now if Satyajit chooses to dismiss Malleson's eyewitness account in such cavalier fashion, without assigning any reasons, what can I do? And would Satyajit also dismiss Charles Ball's testimony, in his *Indian Mutiny*, that years before the actual outbreak Nana Saheb had warned his British acquaintances in Kanpur that, if they succeeded in ousting Wajid Ali from the throne, that one act of perfidy would provoke the entire Indian people to rise in united revolt?

Instead of sticking to the discredited "Enfield rifle" theory, Satyajit would do well to realise that Malleson and Bird both throw fresh light on this period which should help us to discard the interpretations handed down to us by our British teachers in our anglicised schools in the glorious British Empire days.

Quoting Munshi Premchand approvingly, Satyajit says that Wajid Ali's decision to disarm his soldiers, dismantle his guns, etc., was "an act of cowardice and a symptom of decadence". Col Kaye however tells us that this strategy was "most cunningly contrived to increase the appearance of harshness and cruelty". (*A History of the Sepoy War in India*, P 151)

It was a calculated attempt by Wajid Ali to make the entire country realise that Dalhousie's perfidious act was a naked and unprovoked aggression against a peaceful and unarmed people.

We who have fought the British for generations know that this is exactly what our most venerated leaders did when they saw that an armed struggle against the British was impossible—as Satyajit himself admits it was in Wajid Ali's predicament.

But Wajid Ali did something more. He sought time to enable his people to prepare for the armed struggle which he knew was bound to follow. And how beautifully he succeeded in this is borne out by the dramatic events that followed. It is reported by every writer of the period.

Wanted: A Fresh Look At History

Satyajit misunderstands me. My object was not to attack him but to call for a fresh look at history. If I had to criticise his film, it was only to the extent that it had bearing on the problems of history.

But the very defence, which Satyajit has put up, forces me to new and rather unhappy conclusions. Satyajit draws our attention, through his article, to a "scene" in which Wajid Ali speaks about his "reforming the army", "holding daily parades", etc.



—Pablo Bartholomew

WAS HIS CROWN SHAKY? While Satyajit Ray contends that Wajid Ali Shah's removal from the throne had nothing to do with the Mutiny, the author quotes historian Malleson to say that the dethronement was the prime cause of the conflagration. Above: Ray with his Wajid Ali (Amjad Khan) on the sets of *Shatranj Ke Khilari*.

Satyajit himself admits that "this is virtually a scene of monologue". On the strength of this monologue and a few other examples which he cites, Satyajit asks: "Is this Wajid not complex enough, not contradictory enough? Characterwise, what more could one have done?"

Is it necessary for me to tell a filmmaker of Satyajit's repute and experience that you do not attempt characterisation through a brief monologue or dialogue alone? You build up scenes, incidents, episodes, visuals for characterisation. Surely Satyajit has not forgotten that film is, above all, a visual medium, that a script which resorts to dialogue or monologue as a substitute for visuals is not a very satisfactory script.

And another equally unhappy conclusion: The defence which Satyajit has put forward seems to indicate that the remark he has made about me, viz, "Rajbans is incapable of reading a film, let alone reading between the lines", is more appropriately applicable to him. For, if he has indeed read all the works that he has listed in his article and yet failed to see the turmoil, the tumult, the turbulence, the tempestuousness of the times and has given us, instead, what I called the picture of a "placid and uneventful Lucknow", then he seems to be not only "incapable of reading between the lines"; he appears almost "incapable of" comprehending what is writ large on every page!

Or shall I be more charitable to my friend Satyajit and suggest that he has done so much research that he has missed the wood for the trees?

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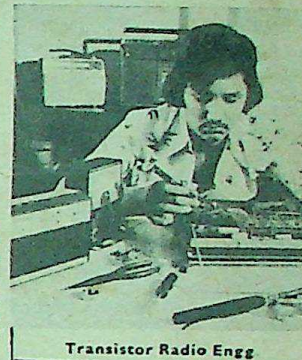
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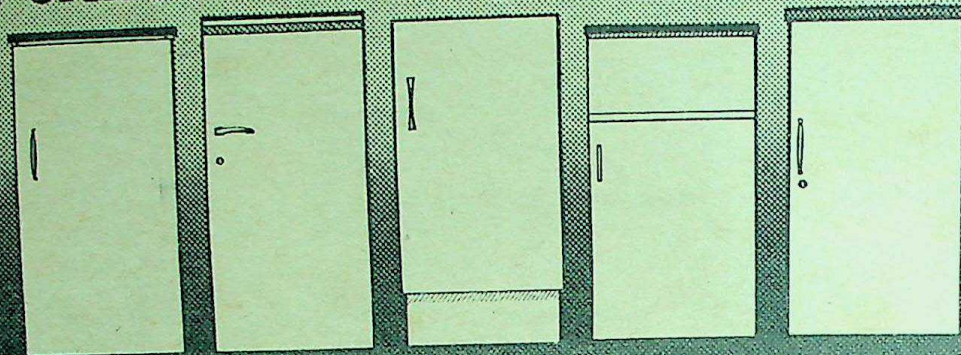
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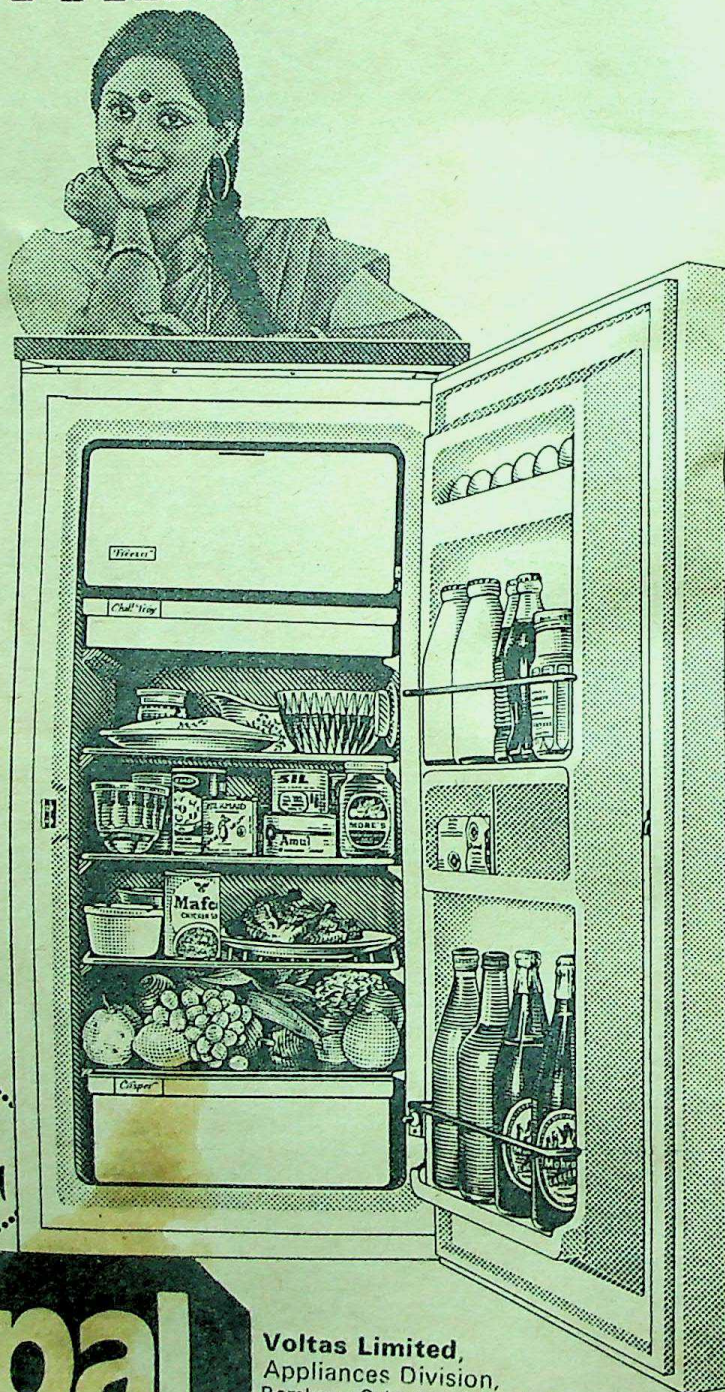
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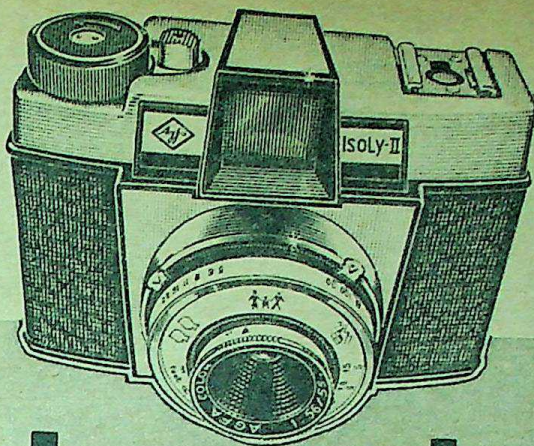
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We Need A Link Language

Sir—I would like to know what tools of research were employed by Dinkar Sakrikar to arrive at such an absurd conclusion in his article, "Mother Tongue is Best" (March 4). Unlike India, both China and Russia have only one language each. If China has not had a setback in the development of science and technology, why is it so enthusiastic about introducing English? I quote Gandhiji for the author's benefit: "I would have our young men and women with literary tastes learn as much of English and other world languages as they like and then give the benefits of their learning to India and to the world."

Secunderabad JAYA CHOHAN

Sir—In one place, the author states that Indians have lost their ability to speak in their mother tongue and speak only in English. Later, he says that not more than 1 per cent of the population know English. This point has relevance if the author clarifies whether any other Indian language is known to be read and written by more than 1 per cent of the population. The writer also presumes that the 14 major languages in India are the mother tongues of Indians, but this is incorrect. More than a hundred languages are spoken in our country and it is impossible for everyone to learn in his own mother tongue. The need for a link language and the problem of cosmopolitan cities where people with different mother tongues have settled down have been ignored in the article.

Baroda YESHWANT MALLYA

Sir—The reference to Periyar Ramasami Naicker as one who fostered in Tamilians a pride in their heritage is wrong. On the other hand, he was an iconoclast, a demolisher of heritage and everything that tradition stood for. He revolted against all customs and traditions which he dubbed as superstitious. He even denigrated the Tamil language and labelled it the language of barbarians. He used the language

Digitized by Sarayu Foundation Trust, Delhi and eGangotri as a cheap tool for expressing his indignation against tradition and custom-bound society. He wanted Tamil literature to be consigned to fire. And it is tragic that no self-respecting Tamilian cared to raise a little finger against this outrage.

R. KRISHNAMOORTHY
Madurai

Sir—The author's support to Tamilians on the issue of "Hindi domination", as he calls it, will not help the country to solve the language problem. Hindi is opposed only in Tamil Nadu and Kerala. His suggestion that Indian languages must be given their rightful place for the blossoming of India's genius is welcome, but that does not mean English and Hindi should be totally disregarded. A three-language formula at the school level—English, the regional language and Hindi—is ideally suited for our country, both for imparting education and for promoting communication between the people of various States.

N. MEERA RAGHAVENDRA
Madras RAO

Sir—The author says, "In all questions of vital national interest, the first principle of reference is Gandhiji...", and goes on to add: "He (Gandhiji) alone was truly Indian." With due respects to Gandhiji, is this not carrying things a bit too far? I feel that to impose one man's conviction, however great he may be, on 700 million people is unfair. Morarji Desai, Acharya Vinoba Bhave and Charan Singh are trying to impose their own views on prohibition, cow slaughter and land reforms, respectively, on the entire country, justifying the same by saying Gandhiji held those views.

The language problem concerns the nation and the will of the people has to be considered.

Madras PRADEEP SEN

Sir—Let us accept English as an Indian language and be done with the controversy. What is so foreign about English anyway? My mother tongue is Tulu. If English is foreign to me, so are Kannada

and Hindi! English is not the prerogative of the British. Let us continue to adopt it with grace.

P. SHIVAPRASAD RAI
Bangalore

The "Weekly's" Gaffe!

Sir—This refers to my brother Col B. N. Kaul's article, "Defence Problems Need Better Understanding" (WEEKLY, March 18). Unfortunately, my brother could not see his article in print. He died suddenly on March 11 in Pondicherry.

I wish to point out the howler you have committed in your introduction to the article. Col Kaul was not the author of *The Untold Story*, as mentioned. That book was written by Gen B. M. Kaul—no relation of ours—who died several years ago. Col Kaul had an entire army of admirers for his analytical writings as well as his short, satirical pieces carried by national newspapers and periodicals.

So much for the gaffe which one would never associate with the WEEKLY. I must also point out a mistake in the last sentence of my brother's article. The word *not* has been dropped, making nonsense of the sentence. The sentence should read: "Finally, it should be an unwritten convention that senior Service officers will not be rehabilitated through diplomatic or gubernatorial and allied postings after their retirement, except in an advisory capacity on defence matters."

New Delhi SUMER KAUL

Care To Comment, Mr Masani?

Sir—Sheila Samant is right in asking: "What is a Minority?" ("The Last Word", March 4). An acquaintance of mine was denied admission to a medical college in spite of having a high percentage of marks, while a student belonging to the minority group, with a lesser percentage of marks, easily secured admission. The question that arises here is: Will such minority students with low merits later turn out to be good in their professions? A brilliant student in the so-called forward community is for-

ced to take up studies for which he has no aptitude and later opts for any job for a living. Job reservation for minority groups would only lower the standards of education. Let a minority student prove his merit first and, after that, the Government could help him in securing employment.

Poona A. N. S. MANERKER

Sir—Will the members of the Minorities Commission answer the points raised by the author? And we also expect Minoo Masani, ex-Chairman of the Minorities Commission, to comment.

Bombay MOHAMED KASSIM

Sir—"Reservations" for minorities and backward classes at the stage of recruitment to Government offices and educational institutions are quite justified. But, unfortunately, these "reservations" continue to cover the entire career of the minorities. At every stage of promotion, a Scheduled Caste candidate gets preference over a non-Scheduled Caste candidate, who may be more qualified for promotion. There is a reserved quota for Scheduled Castes—with the result that some of them become gazetted officers within ten years of appointment while others continue to be clerks.

Allahabad NARGIS COOPER

Sir—I am sure that every thinking man will agree with the author. The concessions to the minorities of India have had an adverse effect on the implementation of democratic, socialistic and secular ideals. And we find that the rights of the minorities are often misused.

The author says that, at present, Brahmins are the worst victims of the caste system. Then why do they remain docile instead of fighting back? In the anti-caste movement in Kerala except the octogenarian, V. T. Bhattathiripad, no other Brahmin is associating himself with the movement. Do Brahmins expect others to fight for their rights?

Trivandrum M. PRABHA

Dynamite and Dynamism

Sir—Your latent support to the House of Tatas ("All Things Considered", March 4) is pitiable. You seem ignorant of the steady growth of the public sector in the last five years. The number of public enterprises (Centrally controlled) rose from 101 in 1971-72 to 145 in 1976-77. The total investment increased from Rs 5,052 crores in 1971-72 to Rs

"DARK WATERS"

This honest, searing novelette by H. M. Marathe begins in our issue of April 22. When it first appeared in Marathi, a suit was filed by the Government of Maharashtra on the grounds of obscenity against the author and the editors of "Sadhana" for daring to print this shocking and powerful story. The suit was withdrawn when eminent critics hailed the work as a significant contribution to Marathi literature. Translated into English by Leila Bawdekar, it will come to you in three instalments.

VOL C 14 SUNDAY APRIL 8, 1979 ESTD 1880

The Illustrated Weekly of India

Regd No MH By South-25. Registered as Newspaper in Sri Lanka

11,097 crores, which, in turn, gave a net profit (after taxes) of Rs 240 crores in 1976-77 against a net loss of Rs 19 crores in 1971-72. Employment in the public sector increased from 7 lakhs in 1971-72 to 15.75 lakhs in 1976-77. Will this data change your biased opinion of the public sector?

WAHAB MEHDI RIZVI
Rasayani

Sir—I told my son that, for knowing the difference between dynamite and dynamism, he should read your editorial on George and Tata—both great in their own way.

Hubli U. S. IYER

Some Willow, Some Talk!

Sir—Only Raju Bharatan could go to the extent of recalling Ajit Wadekar ("Should We Send Them Packing?": Willow Talk, March 4).

Australia fielded their youngest ever team against Pakistan after receiving a thrashing from England. Infuse young blood under a new and experienced captain, I say.

Venkatraghavan is the automatic choice as captain considering his sustained performance against the West Indies and his vast experience in County Cricket and one-day "Internationals".

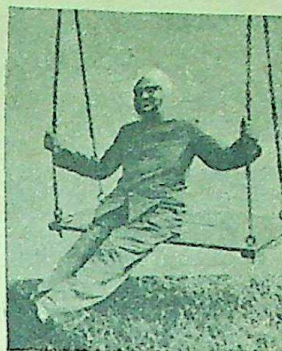
C. K. S. JAYATHIMANIAM
Meerut

Sir—About the suggestion to send them "packing", a year ago, when Packer was running at a loss and compromising with him was hardly being talked about and when England gave Pakistan a "Paki-bashing", our very own Sunil Gavaskar, then aspiring to the India captaincy, declared with patriotic fervour that playing for his country was a great honour and that Test Cricket gave him financial as well as competitive satisfaction. Now the very same Gavaskar says that he is joining Packer for "more competition". If the bowling of Bob Willis and Ian Botham is not "competition", Sunil does not know what he is talking about. No man was ever forgiven his aberrations and so assiduously groomed for India's captaincy as this young man. Sunil has clearly grown too big for his boots.

These men want to have the best of both worlds. No man is greater than the nation. Great cricketers of the past played for peanuts (Rs 60) compared to what Test cricketers are now being paid (Rs 10,000). Our Cricket Board should send these guys packing. Enough is enough.

P. N. ANANTHANARAYANAN
Bhopal

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P. N. Sharma.



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Next Week



THE CHANGING WORLD OF ISLAM: A "Back to Islam" movement has gripped the entire Muslim world. Will this mean going back to the benighted early centuries or will the new fervour inspire Muslims to forge ahead to greater progress and achievements? Fatma Zakaria takes a look at the developments in the various Muslim countries and analyses the events.

THE SHROUD OF CHRIST: Is the 2,000-year-old piece of linen claimed to be the burial cloth of Jesus the genuine relic? Francis Freitas writes our special Easter feature.

THE RIGHT TO WORSHIP: O. P. Tyagi explains his controversial Freedom of Religions Bill. George Menezes denounces it.

THE BILLA-RANGA TRIAL: Usha Rai on the dramatic case of the murder of the Chopra children.

"JUNOON" WAS A REAL CHALLENGE: An exclusive interview with Shyam Benegal by Girija Rajendran.

A PAIR OF BROWN HANDS: Story by Dorothy Watson Brar.

Congress: What Now ?

The on-again, off-again unity talks have finally been shelved. What does this mean for the future of the two Congress Parties? Will there be a new regrouping of forces since the need for a viable alternative is growing stronger every day? What is the task ahead for the Congress which is not really a raw hand in the opposition business? It opposed the government of the day for 61 years before we finally gained independence.

The author was Chief Minister of Kerala and is opposed to Mrs Gandhi's style of functioning.

by A. K. ANTONY

The Indian National Congress is the only organisation which has been able to dive deep into the soul of India, hence its greater relevance today than at any other time. It must definitely come forward as a vital force in order to check the dangerous tendencies that are manifest throughout the country.

Those Congressmen who behave as though everything is lost once they are not in power at the Centre and in the States do not deserve to be the inheritors of the Con-

gress tradition. When one looks at the history of the Congress for the last 93 years, the brightest pages pertain to the 61-year period when the Congress was in opposition and when it fought along with the people as their liberation front for emancipation from the foreign yoke.

The achievements of the Congress during the period when it was in power for 30 years are undoubtedly not at all inconsiderable. But every Congressman should remember that the field of activity of the Congress

now is not administration of the country. For an organisation which had fought as the Government's opposition for 60 years, it should not be a cause for disappointment to take on opposition politics for a few years.

The duty of the Indian National Congress at the present juncture is, no doubt, to work among the people as the greatest opposition party in India. Democracy, socialism, secularism, non-alignment and protection of the minorities—all the principles which India had tried to hold aloft throughout the period of Congress rule—are ideals which took shape in the crucible of the freedom struggle led by the Congress and have become inseparably linked with the life of the Indian people. Now there is a clever and insidious attempt being made to undo all the principles which we Congressmen had held high ever since the commencement of the national freedom struggle. The Jana Sangh, which is the keystone of power in the Janata Party, has not been prepared to accept these principles from the very beginning. Whoever may be at the top of the Government, it is clear that the real reins of power—the effective political leadership of the Janata Party—is in the hands of the Jana Sangh.

Jawaharlal Nehru had tried to teach us that in our country, where the bulk of the masses is below the poverty line, economic freedom can be attained only through socialism. The Janata Government's performance during the last two years indicates a keen desire to establish indirectly that Nehru's vision in regard to planning and in respect of the public sector was throughout mistaken.

No Socialism

The very mention of socialism is unsavoury to many of the bosses at the Centre. A feeling of insecurity is growing day by day among the religious minorities. No one knows whom to approach at the Centre for remedying grievances. The rights of Harijans are being ignored and attacks on them are becoming daily occurrences. The authorities are not taking a sympathetic attitude towards problems of labour and of students and youth.

No serious attempt is being made to arrest and remove the growing fear and anxiety among the linguistic minorities. Industrial capitalism, which is growing day by day, is becoming the greatest threat to the agriculturist and the small-scale producer.

→
Y. B. CHAVAN has been against any unity with Mrs Gandhi's Congress. Those in the Congress who are anti-unity feel that any move in that direction would be a return to fascism and all that is undemocratic.



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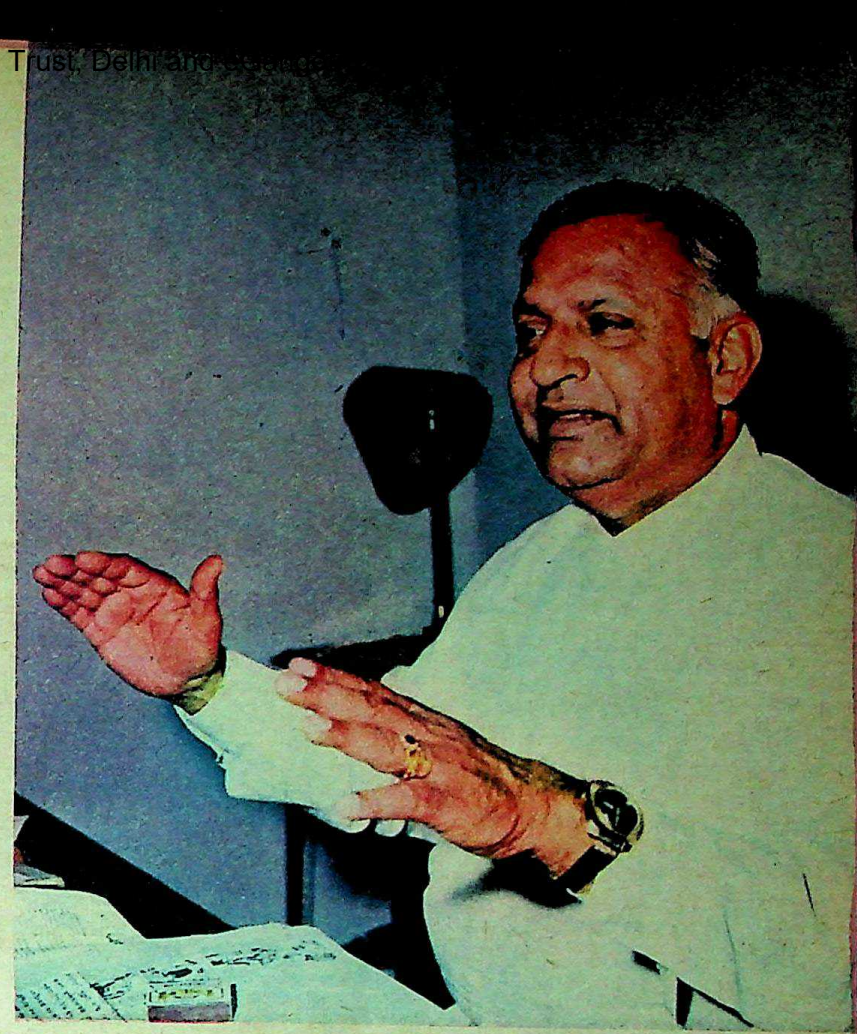
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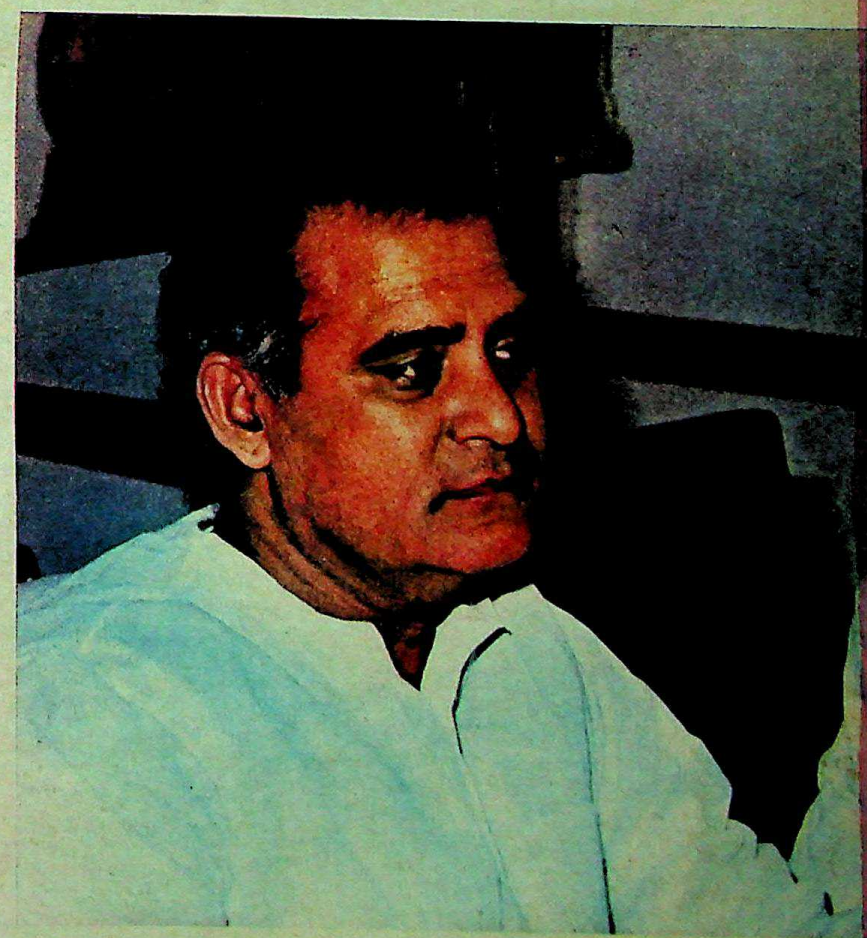
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AGAINST EACH OTHER—AND YET FOR EACH OTHER. Former Union Minister C. Subramaniam (left) of the Congress and Karnataka Chief Minister Devaraj Urs (right) of the Cong-I have both tried desperately to bring about unity. Even though moves in this direction have been abandoned, Mr Urs still holds out hope.



WHO WOULD HAVE CALLED THE TUNE? Dr Karan Singh (left) and Chandrajeet Yadav (above) opposed all talk of unity. Many Congressmen feel that the party has a constructive role to play even though it is in the opposition. The Congress, they feel, should consolidate the ideals of democracy, socialism and secularism on which it was founded.



CAN WE "BANK" ON THIS GOVERNMENT? The prolonged bank strike is only one of the many cases of industrial unrest which has crippled the economy. Below: The best years of the Congress were when it was in the opposition—fighting along with the people for freedom.



The people are becoming painfully aware of the absence of a leadership in the country which is capable of treating all sections of the country equally.

As a result of these tendencies, there is growing discontent and tension among different sections of the people. The whole country has turned into a simmering volcano. In this context, the absence of a national political force, which will come to the aid of the suffering masses and will fight if necessary to remove their apprehensions and remedy their grievances, is keenly felt. Only a political force which is sincerely

devoted to national policies will be able to discharge the responsibilities of an organisation fighting effectively on behalf of the people.

Sanjay Still Rules

Sanjay Gandhi's clique now actually controls the Congress (I), which is an important opposition party at the national level. This clique has, by its declarations and actions, proved that it has no regard for democratic values and socialist programmes. That is exactly the reason why they do not evince any interest in solving economic and

social problems. They begin to agitate only when their leaders get into trouble.

If the Congress concerns itself with opposition politics at the national level and fights for remedying the people's grievances for safeguarding national unity and maintaining national policies, if it goes ahead with the necessary propaganda and agitation programmes for attaining the above objectives, it will be possible for the party to redeem its lost vitality and save the country from the present chaos. It is the duty of the Congress leadership today to prepare the organisation and make it ready to take up new responsibilities.

Need For A Common Platform

In the context of dangers looming on all sides, when attempts are made to form a third political force under the leadership of the Congress, Congressmen should be prepared to adopt a broad approach. At the present moment, it is essential for Congressmen to take the initiative for finding a common platform for working with those democratic elements in the Janata Party who are coming forward to fight uncompromisingly against the RSS (not only in word but in action); with those individuals in the Indira Congress who oppose the activities of the Sanjay clique and are prepared to quit that party; and also with the leftist political parties on the basis of clear-cut economic and social programmes.

I was not optimistic about the success of the Congress unity talks from the very beginning. Unity will be good for both Congress Parties and for the country if they believe in the ideals and policies which the Congress has always held high. But the real intention of the Indira Congress in proposing the unity talks was to catch the Congress in a trap. What they want is a "captive" party which will work according to the needs of their leaders. If an organisation like the Congress, which is the inheritor of our national tradition, shakes off its lethargy and indolence and becomes active, it will become the cementing force of all democratic and socialist forces in the country.

Congress (I)'s Aim

In the event of such a contingency, when the Janata Party disintegrates, hopes of the Indira Congress to come to power will be shattered. Therefore, according to the Indira Congress, the Congress should never be allowed to grow strong, a feeling of despair should be created in the minds of the people that no new political force will come up against the Janata and the Indira Congress. Hence it is the expectation of the Indira Congress that everything will be all right if the Congress, which in every likelihood will become the pivot of the new political force, is paralysed. Therefore, prolonging unity talks is a device of the Indira Congress to turn away Congressmen from the field of action and to keep them continuously inactive.

Fortunately, all people, including those who sincerely believed in unity, have realised that there is such a trap—and this is most gratifying. The programme of action before Congressmen now is to establish closer contact and identity with the people, to come forward for unremitting work among them and to fight, wherever necessary, for remedying their grievances.

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A Responsibility To History

Why did the two Congress Parties feel the need to revive unity talks? The author, General Secretary in the Swaran Singh Congress, was a strong advocate of unity.

by K. C. PANT

At its meeting on March 12, 1979, the Congress Working Committee was informed by the Congress President that "nothing concrete had emerged as a result of the talks (with Congress-I leaders on unity) to justify further continuance of exploration". Thus ended an exercise which began with the decision of the Working Committee on November 24, 1978, to fully explore the possibilities of bringing about unity among Congressmen under the banner of the Indian National Congress. Three days earlier, Mrs Gandhi had issued a statement in favour of unity in which she pointedly said that "it should not be difficult to work out suitable modalities for the two parties to come together". This gave the impression that she was genuinely desirous of early unity.

However, the discussions that followed were protracted and, at times, were discontinued for days, if not weeks, giving them the appearance of an on-again, off-again affair. Through it all, a group of sincere persons on both sides persisted in their efforts and it seemed on March 9, 1979, that they had succeeded. It was learnt that Mrs Gandhi had overruled the objections of the opponents of unity in her party and both sides had got ready to give the final touches to the agreed basis for unity which they would place before their respective Working Committees.

Then, mysteriously, the Congress (I) position underwent an overnight change. It was suggested that the pressure group around Mrs Gandhi had prevailed and the earlier decision was reversed. This is rather mystifying because it had seemed clear that she was keen on unity and she is not known to succumb to pressure groups once her mind is made up.

Disturbing Trends

Newspaper reports of the unity talks were, perhaps inevitably, more concerned with what was happening rather than why it was happening. The Congress, because of its history and the responsibilities it has shouldered, is accustomed to think in national terms. Time and again the Congress Working Committee has been warning the country of the disturbing trends that are surfacing and the ineffectiveness of the Janata Government in tackling them.

With the growing atrocities on Harijans and the sharpening of caste conflicts, social fragmentation is diverting our vast resources of human energy into destructive channels. Regionalism is growing. The forces of disunity are again trying to test the strength of the Centre. Those behind them have sensed the weakness of the Union Government despite its large majority in the Lok Sabha. This is partly due to the essentially regional base of the party in power.

The presence of the erstwhile Jana Sangh inside the Janata Party does nothing to add to the sense of security of the minorities. The language controversy is again being raised and the recent decision of the UPSC impinging on this question has given rise to misgivings in a highly sensitive area like North-Eastern India.

All around India, to the east and the west, rapid developments are taking place which we dare not ignore. They may lead to instability, religious revivalism, big power manipulations and efforts to arrive at a new balance of power which may have serious implications for India.

All these factors call for a realignment of our political forces. The Janata Party, as it is, does not inspire much confidence. It may limp along, although I do not think the cement of power which holds its disparate parts together will wear off quickly. However, it does not offer the hope of effectively tackling the problems mentioned above—to say nothing of abolishing poverty.

It is against this background that Congressmen at all levels began to be concerned about the emerging shape of things. The Janata Party was fast losing its popularity. As for the Congress, it was under attack and people were looking for an alternative. A vacuum was in the making. Forces like the CPM were eager to fill this vacuum.

Call For Unity

Around mid-1978, the Congress President gave a call to all men and women who called themselves Congressmen to whatever persuasion they belonged to come together under the banner of the Indian National Congress. The rank and file of the Congress and the Congress (I), particularly in the Janata-ruled States of the Hindi belt, responded enthusiastically to it. They had seen that, just as division in the Opposition votes had helped the Congress in the past, today the boot was on the other leg.

Some prominent leaders in the Janata Party, who were once Congressmen, were sympathetic—feeling uncomfortable in the company of the Jana Sangh, they had come to realise that the RSS was taking full advantage of the present dispensation. They knew that the Janata minus the Jana Sangh was a proposition that Congressmen would not dismiss out of hand. Not that there were no opponents. The situation and the equation differed from State to State and this was reflected in the attitudes adopted towards the question of unity. Moreover, some people expected the sharp rift in the Janata Party before Charan Singh rejoined the Government to lead to a general realignment of forces.

Though the unity talks failed, they were conducted with goodwill. Congress leaders who were engaged in these talks were quite



THE NEED FOR AN ALTERNATIVE. Recent developments, both political and social, have eroded the people's confidence in the Janata Party. Picture shows Dalits injured and otherwise affected by the violent caste riots which followed the proposed renaming of the Marathwada University.

clear about what they were seeking—principled unity, unity for a larger national purpose. Even while considering specific proposals, they attached less importance to their content as to their providing a measure for evaluating the approach and style of functioning of the other party. They were quite clear that unity should be achieved in such a manner that the united Congress did not again find itself vulnerable to the pressure groups which had pushed the party into virtual oblivion in 1977. The Congress leadership, which strove for an honourable unity, always kept before it the higher purpose which it was meant to serve. It is perhaps for this reason that the failure of the talks has not left behind any trail of bitterness or given rise to recrimination.

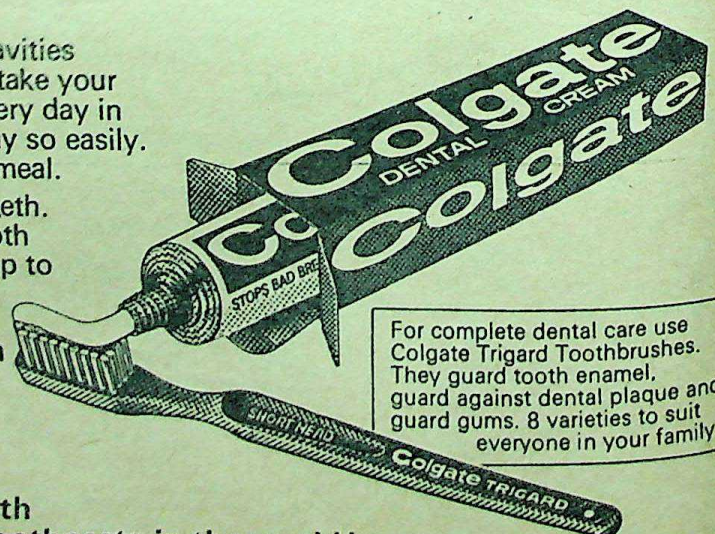
The Congress is wedded to certain ideals and objectives flowing from its basic commitment to socialism, democracy, secularism and the unity of the country. It has a responsibility to history, to the people of this country. To discharge that responsibility it must concentrate on building up its own independent strength. Fortunately, it has a number of leaders with an unblemished record of public service. Also, it has a fund of goodwill which will remain undiminished only if it, as before, sets its face against sacrificing principle for expediency. In recent months its goodwill has been increasing. But Congress can take advantage of this climate only if it can preserve, nurture and build up its grassroots strength through a fearless and vigorous espousal of the people's causes and by encouraging workers with integrity and ideological clarity. This is the immediate task before the party.



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NEW ROLE OF CONGRESS

"Without power and money, the Congress is uniquely qualified to identify itself with the millions in this country who have neither," says the former Industry Minister, who is in the Swaran Congress.

by T. A. PAI

The traumatic experience of defeat in the last General Elections came as a shock to the Congress. Having been responsible for the freedom of the country and having been entrusted with its administration for the last three decades made us believe that the Congress and the country had become identical and synonymous. The experience of the last few elections should have warned us of the gradual erosion of popular support and of the fact that we were holding on only because of the plethora of opposition parties which split their own votes. In some elections, we were bolstered by populist decisions, but ultimately it is not the promise of a better life to millions but the performance in redeeming those millions which creates political faith. Unfortunately, the Janata Government is committing the same mistake as we in the Congress/did.

As things have worked out in India, the opposition has not been able to play a constructive role and so our place on the other side of the House seems to be most uninspiring for some of us. In the past, we had taken the opposition for frustrated and granted. So they naturally became destructive. The Janata Government has created the same feeling in us as the opposition instead of welcoming our constructive and necessary role.

Having been in power for so long and having known what has been going wrong and what the problems of administration are, the Congress is in an excellent position to do some real good. Without power and money, the Congress is uniquely qualified to identify itself with the millions in this coun-

try who have neither money nor power and who form the real India. Even in the opposition, can the Congress not play an important role in ensuring to the country a leadership for creating a second revolution so as to bring about a socio-economic transformation without which even survival of the nation may be difficult?

This is an inspiring and relevant role to play if we sincerely believe that we owe it to the nation which put faith in us and entrusted its administration to us for the last three decades. To do this, we have to get out of the rut of confused ideologies which have become a part of us. We have to stop shouting and start serious efforts to implement our promises. We as Congressmen, unfortunately, have not reacted as we should. In the absence of a definite role to play, talk of unity of the two Congress Parties is based more on personal alignment to individuals, relying on the continuing disillusionment of the people with the Janata administration to be back in power.

Loss of Faith

If the Congress stands for certain values in public life—whatever might have happened in the past—now principled politics might give it the chance to regain the confidence of the people. People have started losing faith in all politicians.

Public memory is not all that short and it looks like we need a ceiling on hypocrisy in public life. The people's loss of faith in our political leadership is a great tragedy for any country, the more so for one where

THEIR WHEEL OF FATE HAS NOT YET CHANGED. Harijans and other backward classes remain in social and economic bondage. The Congress should aim at an "action programme" of seeing that they get, in fact, the rights which are due to them under existing laws and which, because of their poverty and ignorance, they have so far been denied.



THEY COULD NOT COME CLOSER. The Swaran Singh Congress and the Indira Congress—after months of deliberation—have now closed the chapter on unity. The two leaders are seen at the AICC session in New Delhi in May 1976.

many tasks remain to be fulfilled. Even the Janata stands accused of giving the go-by to its professed values, so it is going to be worth while for the Congress to regain its credibility and assert itself for holding up the essential values and for playing a role of principled politics. We cannot afford to forget the teaching of Gandhiji: "Politics without principles is a cardinal sin." Without principles, all programmes and policies become irrelevant and mere empty slogans.

The Neglected Millions

There is no doubt that India has achieved great progress in the last 30 years—only the cynical can be blind to that. But millions in the country have been denied a share in that progress and it is they who have felt the worst effects of our runaway population. The percolation theory of development has failed. Mere passing of laws, we have seen, cannot transform society. We do not need new laws—it will be enough if we ensure that the existing ones are sincerely implemented. If we could only devote our energies to organise the people to get what is legitimately due to them under the existing laws, would there not be enough "action programmes" for us?

In some places, it is true that most of our workers are with the breakaway Congress. It would not be difficult for us to win them back once we prove we have the will to survive without power, that we are not keen on the suicidal course of merely going after power. The Congress leadership should not be the closed shop it has been. Perhaps it is time to look for worthy younger blood.





—William Coutto

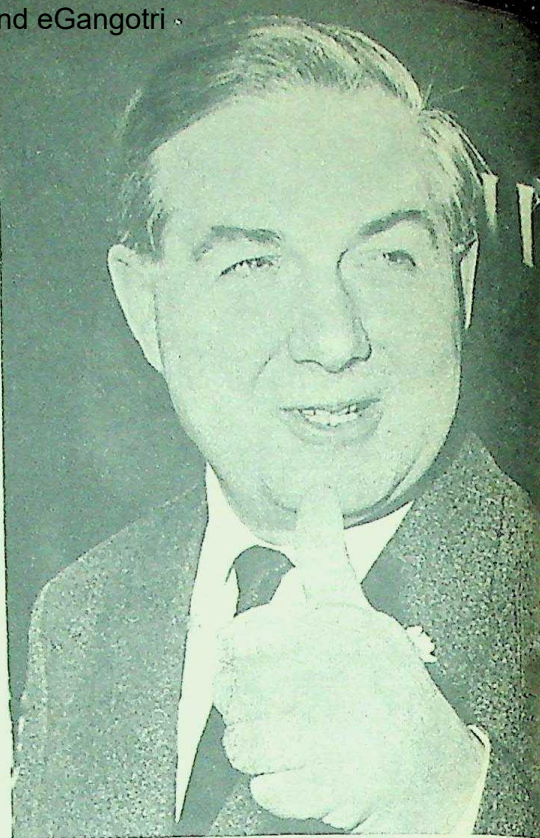
THE RIGHT TO WORSHIP. Christians in Bombay marched against the Freedom of Religions Bill being brought before Parliament which, among other things, denies the right to conversion. Mother Teresa said: "Religion is not something you and I can touch... There is no freedom if a person is not free to choose according to his or her conscience." Meanwhile Congress, Cong (I) and AIADMK members walked out of the Lok Sabha in protest against the "persecution of minorities"—the alleged demolition of churches and other places of worship in Arunachal Pradesh.

Happenings



—P. M. Shirodkar

NO PEACE WITHOUT PALESTINE. Violent protests all over the Arab world and elsewhere broke out over the signing of the US-sponsored Egypt-Israel peace treaty as it is considered a sellout of the Palestinian cause. Russia warned that it would not remain an "indifferent onlooker to the situation in West Asia" arising out of the treaty which, according to "Pravda", made chances of durable peace in the region even more remote. The Soviet Union demanded that the Palestinians be given the right of self-determination and independent statehood. Picture shows demonstrations by Arabs in Bombay. In Delhi, Arab and Indian students demonstrated outside the American Embassy.



THE ECLIPSE OF SUNNY JIM. In Britain, James Callaghan's Labour Government fell on a no-confidence motion—by a single vote. A general election is slated for May 3. The Conservative leader, Margaret Thatcher, could become Europe's first woman Prime Minister. She lashed the Government for being too afraid to curb the trade unions.

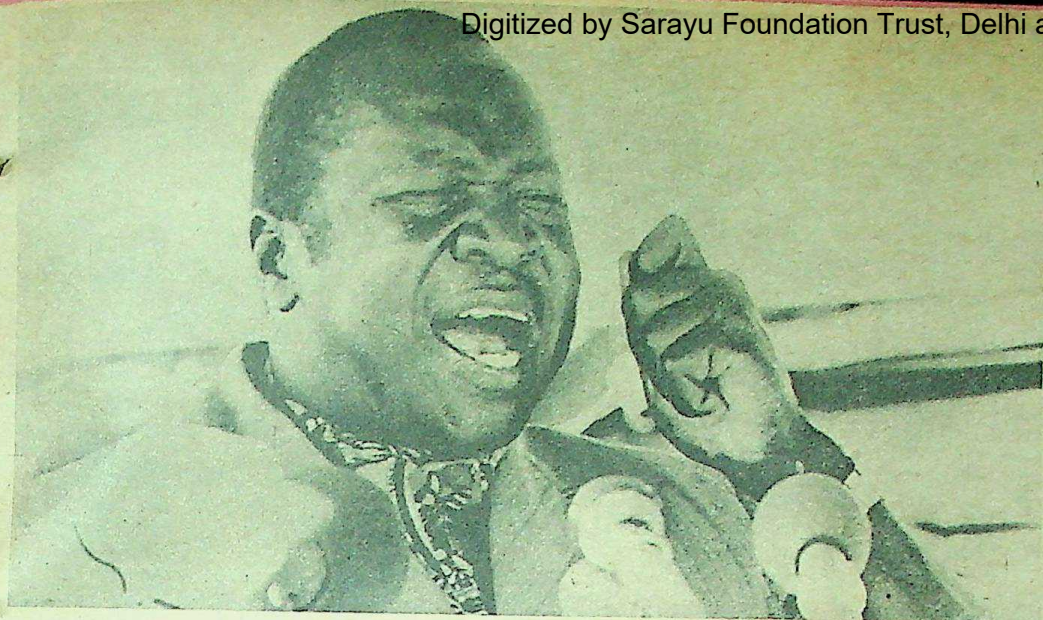


WILL HIS FAMILY "LAND" HIM IN TROUBLE? Deputy Prime Minister Charan Singh offered to resign from the Cabinet and face an inquiry if it was found that he had misused his position in the Kashipur land deal in which his nephew had reportedly sold land worth Rs 45,000 to the UP Warehousing Corporation (of which Charan's son-in-law was Chairman) for over Rs 8.7 lakhs.

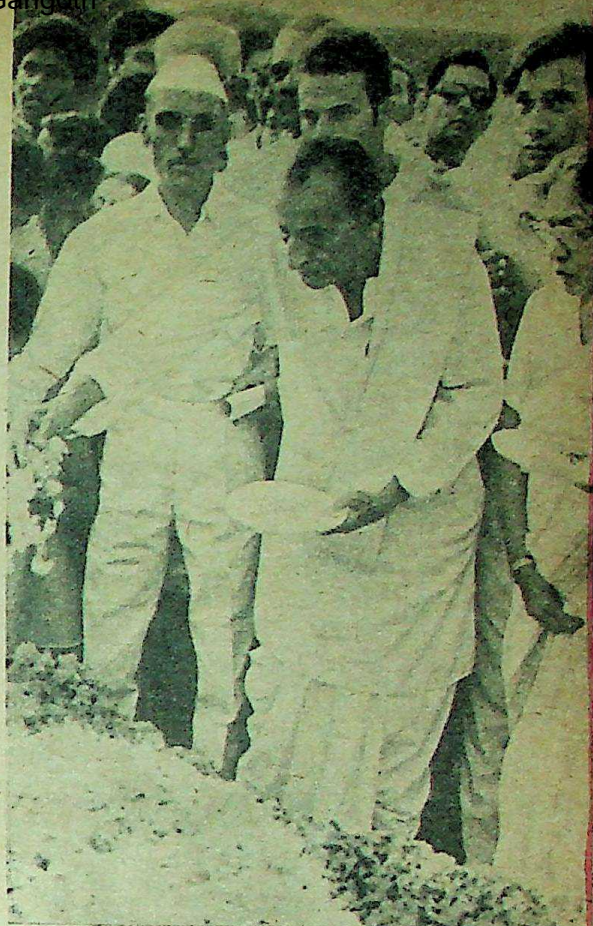
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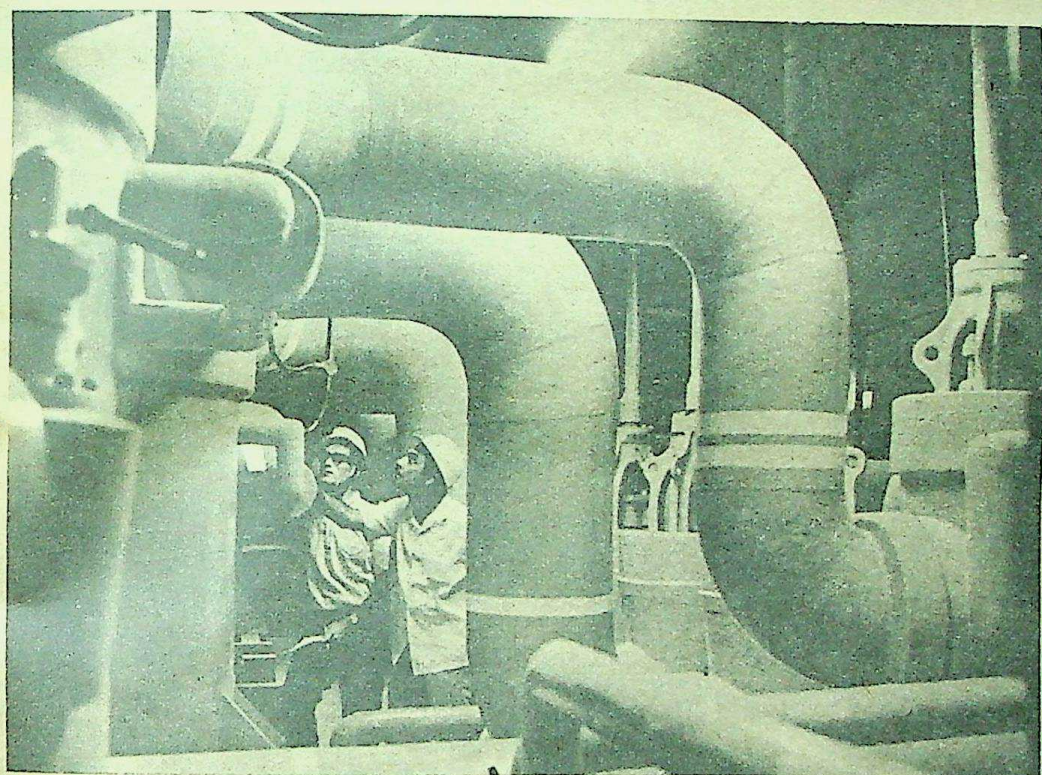
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DRIVEN TO THE WALL. Tanzanian forces closed in on Kampala and shelled Entebbe airport. Ugandan President Idi Amin is in hiding. Amin is also threatened by his own mutinous army which launched a coup to make a separate peace with Tanzania. UN employees and their dependants were being evacuated from Uganda.



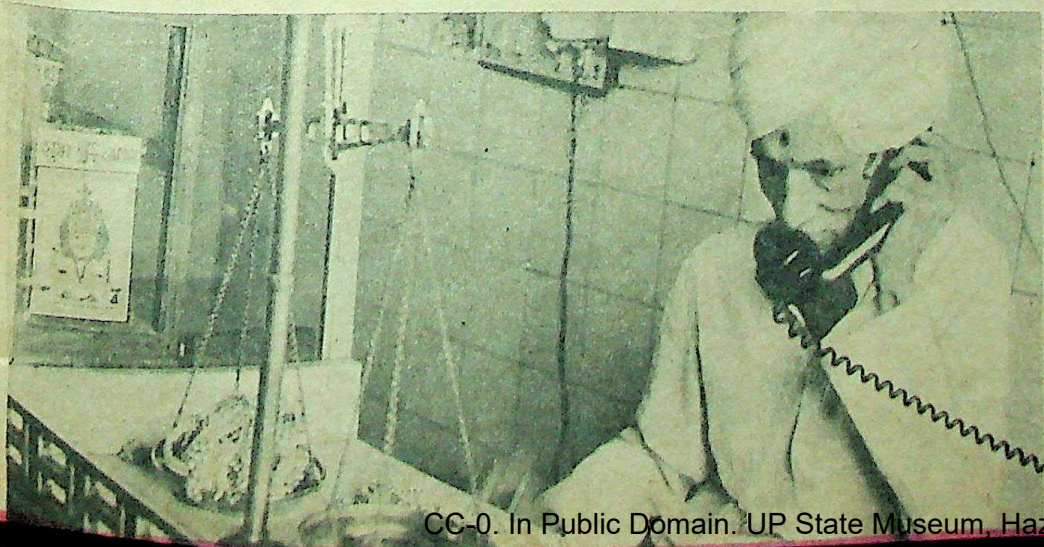
ANOTHER GANDHIAN ILL. Acharya Kripalani (93) was removed to the Civil Hospital in Ahmedabad when he was on a visit to that city. His bronchitis had caused concern. Here, the Acharya is seen at Rajghat. Meanwhile, the condition of Jayaprakash Narayan was still a matter for anxiety.

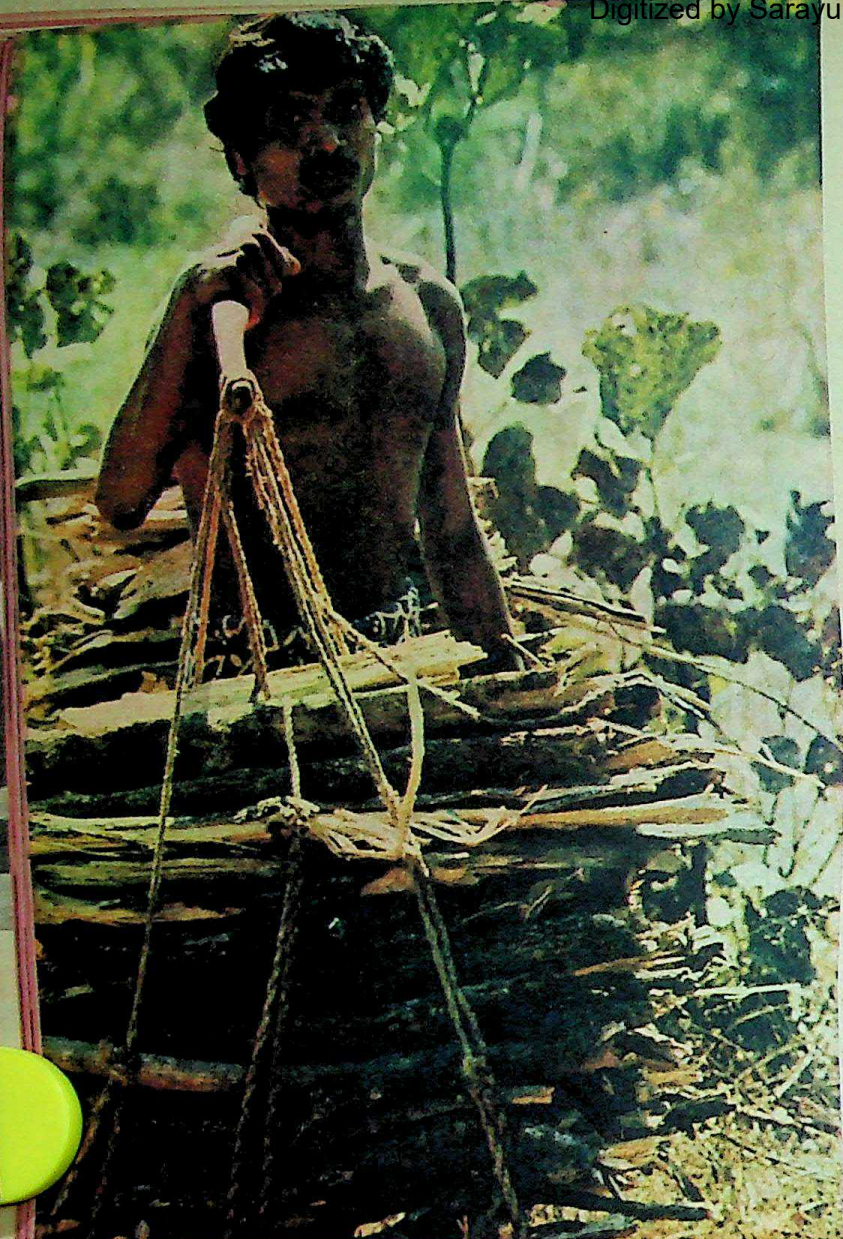


THEY'VE "REACTED" FAVOURABLY. The Tarapur nuclear power plant (above) will get the 16.8 tonnes of enriched uranium from the USA, asked for 13 months ago. The US Nuclear Regulatory Committee approved the grant of licence by a three-to-two vote. India had warned that, if America broke the bilateral agreement, we would not consider any safeguards as binding.

STOP CALLING ME A "CHEAT". The Marwari Sammelan has demanded the removal of the insulting definition of a Marwari as a "cheat, a rogue and usurer", appearing in the Etymological Gujarati-English Dictionary published for the last 50 years.

—S. N. Kulkarni





THE FOREST IS OUR WEALTH, say the Adivasis of South Bihar who are fighting for a separate State, to be called Jharkhand. For ten months in the year, they live off the produce of mohua and sal trees.



TRIBAL WOMEN have none of the inhibitions of their caste "sisters". Often, landlords and moneylenders take advantage of them, but nowadays the tribals are revolting against such oppression.

In Santhal Parganas With Sibu Soren

Sibu Soren, the ebullient 35-year-old General Secretary of the Jharkhand Mukti Morcha, has been organising tribals in South Bihar to cultivate forcibly lands which once belonged to them. Recently he took journalists on a whirlwind tour of his "constituency": it included a visit to Beldiha village where the police not long ago are alleged to have raped eight women and assaulted scores of others.

Text and Photographs by DARRYL D'MONTE

"We were taught in school that India was the *sone ki chidiya* (golden bird). But now we know that it isn't even made of *gobar* (dung)." Sibu Soren, the 35-year-old Adivasi leader of South Bihar, is exceedingly angry as he says this, his beady eyes gleaming through the mop of long hair and straggly beard that camouflage his face.

His battle against the *dikkus* (as the Santhals call outsiders) and other exploiters is unrelenting. For the past six years—except for an ignominious interval during the Emergency when he fell for the "development bait" craftily proffered to him by Mrs Gandhi's Congress—he has been getting Adivasis in South Bihar districts (which are to be part of the almost mythical proposed State of Jharkhand) to fight for their rights. Land usurped from them by mahajans (moneylenders)

FIGHT TO THE FINISH. A cock-fight in Goelkera village, Singhbhum. Sibu Soren's movement has not reached this district on the southernmost tip of Bihar and the absence of a charismatic leader is keenly felt there



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and landlords are being forcibly harvested; all over areas of Dhanbad, Giridih and Santhal Parganas, the cry is: "Jharkhand belongs to us; seize it and get it back."

Sibu took us, a party of newsmen, on a whirlwind two-day tour of his Adivasi "constituency", driving us in his battered jeep at break-neck speed down treacherous village roads.

Wherever he goes, people stare incredulously and then surround him, fists clenched and raised to the middle of the forehead in traditional Adivasi fashion. He wastes no time: even though his mission this time is to brief us, he harangues the assembled crowd about the desperate need to educate their children, to demand minimum wages, to fight exploitation by the local contractor or mahajan, to appear at the next meeting of the Jharkhand Mukti Morcha (of which he is general secretary). Usually, these exhortations follow rapidly, one after another, and the people listen attentively, nodding in agreement.

It is an amazing display of virtuoso grassroots politics: part radicalism, part rhetoric. He has none of the condescension of established leaders nor the false humility of many left activists. He is altogether in tune with the people, so much so that when the mahajans spread lies about his being in jail—which he has been six times, the last being under Bihar's new Crime Control Ordinance—the Adivasis weave their own mythology around his life and work so that he at once becomes a symbol of their aspirations.

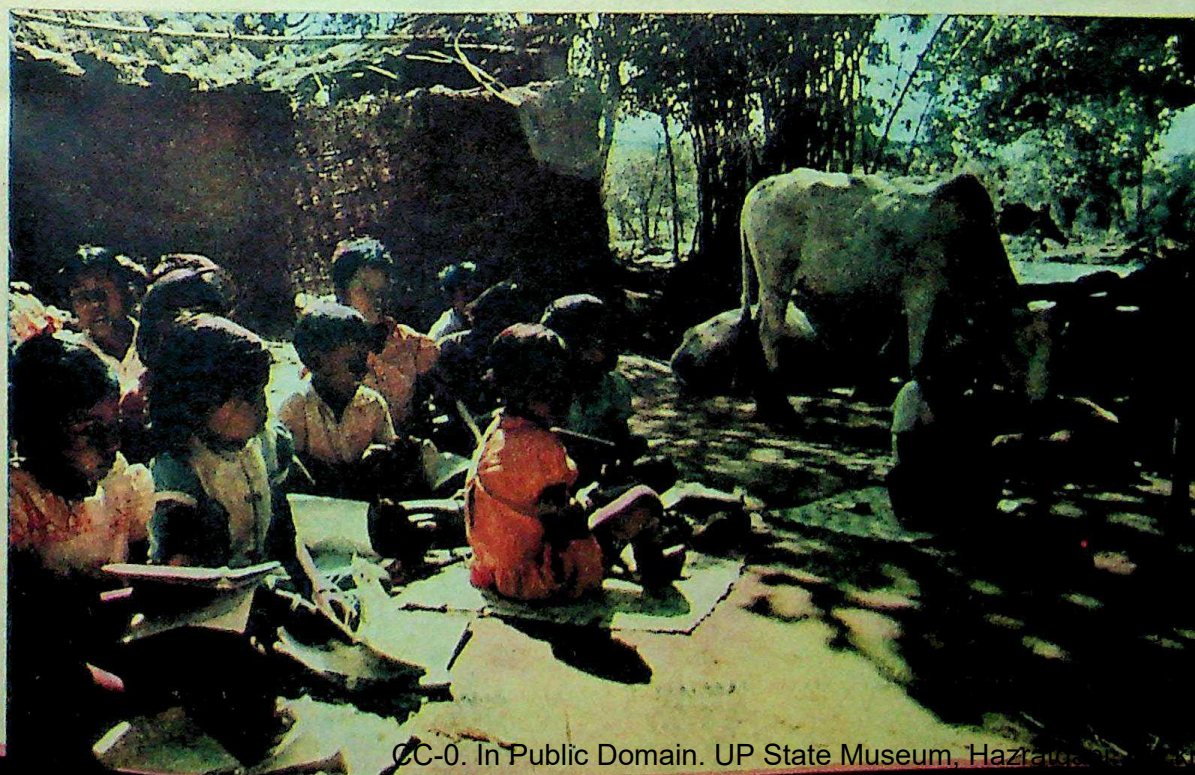
His Father Was Killed

Sibu is extremely anxious to establish that he subscribes to no ideology, although he has come under the influence of the unconventional Marxist union leader of Dhanbad, A. K. Roy, and now has a broad left approach to problems. He tells the story of his life, by way of explaining how he has come to be in the thick of the fray, helping Adivasis forcibly to harvest lands which were once theirs. As he explains: "I know society from within."

His father aroused the wrath of village landlords for taking up for his fellow tribals who were being deprived of their land and was done to death by a local mahajan in 1957. Sibu was then in class six, part of a family of five boys and two girls. "The superintendent of police said we should file a case. We thought: Can we ever get justice? No matter what the mahajans do to us, at least they can't take away our honour." So Sibu worked hard, continued the social work his father had begun.

"People accused me of being a Naxalite: I didn't even know what it meant! Anyway, I said that, if they were killing the rich, they must be of some good! I have no party connections—I haven't ever read a book!"

As we leave the outskirts of Dhanbad town, Sibu stops impulsively at the sight of a few broken-down structures. It is the local school, its roof caving in. He veers off the main road and heads for the spot.



POUNDING GRAIN. Sibu Soren has been coaxing villagers to build golas or granaries so that they do not have to turn to the mahajans in times of need. He aims to set up a parallel civil organisation to stock supplies, dispense justice and so on in each village "liberated" from landlords.

"THEY DESCRIBED US AS JUNGLEES, CANNIBALS AND SAVAGES," says Sibu Soren, who wants every Adivasi child to break the shackles of ignorance by attending school where he is taught by other tribals.

The teachers gather, slightly deferential and defensive; the children are overjoyed at the interruption. "Why don't you take these children on a *marcha* to the Government to complain about this school?" demands Sibü in his most hectoring tone. "Why are so many of our schools in ruins like this?" And he adds, in a fierce aside: "Yeh sab tankha bahanevale union hai, school bananevale nahin: These (teachers') unions are all for wage hikes, not for building schools."

Sibü explains how, in his reform-and-revolution scheme of things, the greatest emphasis is given to night schools, especially for girls who are inhibited from attending regular classes because of their chores and the deadweight of tradition. "Otherwise, these girls remain terribly innocent. They earn five rupees a day on some project: anybody can pay fifty rupees and abduct them. It's often happened with unscrupulous contractors. Now people say our girls are worth five rupees..."

The Reformist At Work

At his "ashram" in Tundi block, Dhanbad, we sprawl on the *khatiyas*, taking in the cool, clean courtyard—a welcome respite from the dust and noise of the journey by road. This cluster of spruce huts marks Sibü's "reformist" phase when, at the height of the "liberation" of hundreds of villages in this block between 1973 and 1975, he succumbed to Congress machinations and accepted a tractor for his ashram work. It stands in a corner, its paint still a sprightly red, a constant reminder of Sibü's abject capitulation.

To make a clean break with the past, he is now shifting the base of his operations to Santhal Parganas district, which is new and relatively virgin territory for him. The vast distances and huge tracts of forest make his task doubly difficult.

Early next morning, we stop by a large Government project—the Ajay barrage—which was started five years ago and only has, according to Suraj Mondal (Sibü's "aide" and constant companion), the project officers' houses to show for it. As many as 30 villages may be submerged when the barrage is built, if it is ever built. At Sibü's instigation, we meet the executive engineer of the project, a suited-and-booted A. N. Prasad, who assures us that the delay is on the part of the Central Water Board Commission (or some such) which is "studying the designs".

Driving relentlessly on, Sibü remembers how a mahajan from Badkagaon, near Hazaribagh, who used to harass Adivasi women was "corralled" with dry sticks and set fire to. He recalls such incidents matter-of-factly, as if the mahajans were only getting what was due to them. Earlier, in Dhanbad, a Government official related how a tribal from Tundi, during the land-grab movement in 1973, chopped off the head of a *sahukar* (who did not part with the Adivasi's land even though the latter had obtained a decree for it) and put it in a box. He went walking to the Jharkhand Mukti Morcha office in Dhanbad, many miles away, and told the astonished office-bearers there simply: "Look, I have done justice." He is still languishing in jail.

A legend has now been built round the famous meeting, in 1974, between Sibü and the highly sympathetic former Deputy Commissioner of Dhanbad, K. B. Saxena (who



RAPE VICTIM. Margaret Kishsko, 25, who was allegedly assaulted by policemen in Beldiha village, Santhal Parganas, on December 31. Seven more women were raped and scores of others beaten, according to the villagers.

was transferred for his pains a month after the Emergency). Sibü recalls it in detail: "He sent a letter saying he wanted to meet me in Tundi. I considered it odd, but we thought—if he wants to come, let him come! I told our people not to offer him food from the bazaar because we would have to serve it in plates and he would guess where it was from. Instead we decided to provide Adivasi fare and made special *mohua laddoos*."

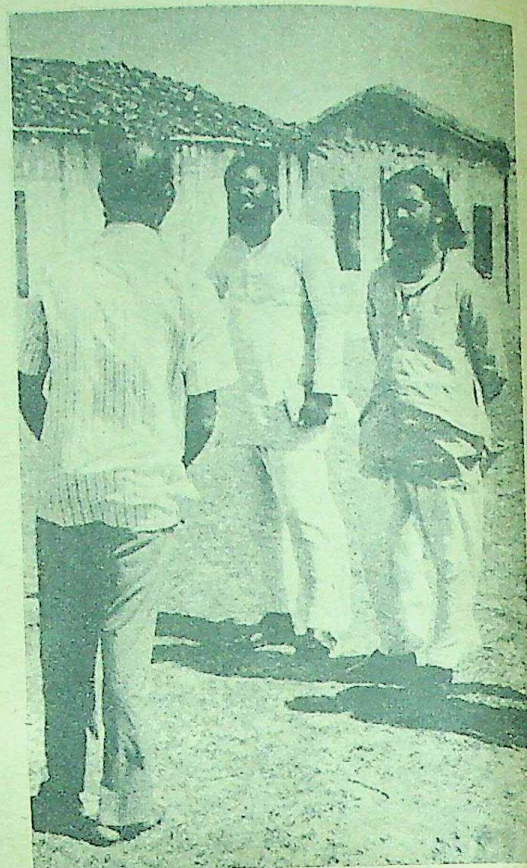
"When we saw him, we were amazed. He wore a frayed shirt and came on foot, accompanied by a group of journalists. He immediately made himself at ease, consumed three *laddoos* and talked openly to us. At one stage, we asked him to walk through a triumphal arch formed by Adivasis holding their bows over their heads. He readily strode through but the journalists kept looking apprehensively behind, fearing they would get an arrow in their backs!"

Assault On Tribals

At the fag end of the trip, weary with the constant lurching of his jeep and the endless meetings and stray encounters with Adivasis, we arrive at Beldiha village where the Central Reserve Police and Bihar Military Police allegedly assaulted tribals on December 31 last year.

Babulal Marandi narrates how they had forcibly harvested the grain from the local mahajan's fields, which brought court cases on their heads. In the early hours of December 31, at 3 a.m., 200 CRP and BMP men surrounded the village and fell on the unsuspecting villagers. The men fled in panic, whereupon the policemen entered the huts, flung young children out and groped in the dark to identify the women by their breasts.

Margaret Kishsko, 25, with three sons and a daughter, was one of the eight women



SIBÜ SOREN (first from right) harangues a group of school-teachers just outside Dhanbad town. The Adivasi leader complained that they did not get the Government to repair their school, which was falling to pieces.

who were brutally raped. "They gagged us to prevent us from shouting," she tells the only woman in our group. "Our men had to run away because they were armed with lathis, revolvers and rifles." She lists the names of the victims, five of whom were between 12 and 15 years old. Most were raped by two or three men. Three were in fact unmarried, but the liberal traditions of Adivasi society ensure that they are not socially ostracised because of what they have been through.

When Police Opened Fire

Finally, the Adivasis beat their *duggias* or drums, calling for help from other villages. The police opened fire, wounding a couple of villagers and arrested 36 Adivasis and withdrew. Till today, no one from Beldiha has dared file a complaint at the nearest police station about the incident; indeed, the Union Minister of State for Home Affairs recently denied in Parliament that it ever occurred.

Sibü Soren sits silently through this tale of anguish, his big frame stooping, it would seem, with the weight of the women's humiliation. Earlier, he has told us how Adivasis are like *sal lakdi*, tough as *sal* wood, which will resound if it is ever beaten. But now he looks beaten and bent himself.

He only recovers his former ebullient self shortly before he leaves us at a bus for Ranchi at the crack of dawn the next day, exuding breezy confidence about the formation of Jharkhand and the Adivasis' struggle that must precede it. His parting shot is typical: "People are only indulging in 'table talk' about a separate State and all that. We want to bring those at the table down to the ground!"

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Violence In Industrial Relations

"Ceiling On Salaries Leads to Frustration"

— K.K. Birla

Well-known industrialist K. K. Birla makes pertinent points relating to bonus and other labour matters in this interview with Benedict Costa.

Why is labour so restive? What, according to you, are the causes for the steady deterioration of management-labour relations?

In my opinion, the two main factors that contribute to the present-day labour unrest in industries are: (a) inter-union rivalry and (b) provision in the Payment of Bonus Act permitting a negotiated settlement between labour and management in regard to bonus, as distinct from the bonus formula laid down in the Act.

Let me amplify this. The association of labour with political parties in this country is a hangover of the past. Our labour movement was organised as part of the political struggle for Independence, rather than as a distinct economic institution of an industrialised economy. The Congress Party was, in fact, the only organised party those days; it rallied labour under the banner of the Indian National Trade Union Congress; subsequently other parties followed suit under different names for their trade unions. Today, almost every political party in the country controls some trade union or other.

Political parties form these labour unions in order to get the support of labour at the time of election. The Congress has the INTUC; the CPI (M) the CITU; the Socialist Party the Hind Mazdoor Sabha; the RSP and some other political groups the United Trade Union Congress; and the Jana Sangh the Bhartiya Mazdoor Sangh. In West Bengal, the Naxalites have formed unions in a number of industrial units. The nascent Janata Party too has been contemplating setting up its labour unions at a pan-Indian level.

Sowing The Wind...

With such proliferation of labour unions, it is no wonder that each union tries to gain ascendancy over the others and endeavours to seduce the rank and file by making big promises and claiming that it alone can better the lot of labour. In this game of wooing, the unions vie with one another in running down the management on the flimsiest of pretexts. This sort of inter-union rivalry leads to bitterness between labour on the one hand and management on the other.

Organised labour is among the highest paid in this country. Labour unrest is not so much owing to genuine economic reasons as to calculated instigation. Once a campaign



"If talent, initiative, drive and enterprise are not adequately rewarded, it will lead to nothing but frustration. To fix a ceiling on the emoluments of anyone is a retrograde step," says K. K. Birla.

based on bitterness is unleashed, it inevitably culminates in violence; this kind of sowing the wind can only reap the whirlwind.

The Bonus Act

The Payment of Bonus Act provides for an option to settle the issue in regard to the quantum of bonus, between the labour and the management, on the basis of production or productivity or indeed any other formula different from that under the Act. This has opened a veritable Pandora's box; every time the bonus issue crops up, labour resort to demands for payment that have no relation either to the productivity or to the bonus formula laid down in the Act. Net result: haggling, a sort of bazar bargaining, ending in a tense atmosphere, where threats are held out and violence is committed.

Employers have been urging the Government to do away with such a provision in the Bonus Act, in the interest of industrial peace, and to lay down firmly that bonus will be paid only in accordance with the formula stipulated for the purpose in the Bonus Act.

What are the steps to be taken to bring about a code of ethics that will ensure more harmonious relations between management and labour?

Intra-union rivalry is not the only cause of violence. Bargaining for bonus is a major one. For a more harmonious relationship between labour and management, I would urge the removal of the basic causes outlined earlier.

Pragmatic Bill

While on the subject, I would like to refer to the Industrial Relations Bill contemplated by the Janata Government. The Bill has a pragmatic approach and seeks to:

(a) limit the association of outsiders (non-employees) as office-bearers to two persons as against the existing limit of 50 per cent of the office-bearers; (b) debar a trade union leader from becoming an office-bearer in more than four trade unions at a time; (c) recognise a union enjoying the support of 65 per cent of employees as sole negotiating agent and those enjoying the support of over 50 per cent but less than 65 per cent of the employees as the chief negotiating agent; (d) impose an obligation on the employer to negotiate with only the sole negotiating agent or the chief negotiating agent and prescribe a limit of 60 days for completing the bipartite negotiations; (e) take away the right to strike in essential services; in the case of other services, impose a condition on the unions for giving a 14-day notice of strike duly supported by 60 per cent of the employees in a secret ballot, conducted under the supervision of the Registrar of Trade Unions.

The enactment of this Bill will go a long way in bringing about normalcy in the relations between labour and management.

The Post-Emergency Times

Is it not high time workers were considered partners in industry? If not, why not?

Workers are undoubtedly partners in industry. With the growth of industry their economic condition also improves. If labour or management do not already realise this basic fact, it is unfortunate.

Has industrial unrest increased since the Janata came to power?

Industrial unrest, which was on the decline during the national emergency, increased after the Emergency was lifted. However, the unrest currently witnessed in the industrial sector is not greater than what it was during the pre-Emergency days. If the contemplated Industrial Relations Bill goes through, the situation should improve vastly.

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Would you agree that the gap between top managers and the lowest workers is staggering? Do you subscribe to the 1:10 formula for wages, perquisites, etc?

Before I express any views regarding the 1:10 formula for wages, perquisites, etc, I would like to stress what the actual position is: a worker at the lowest level, in a majority of industries, draws emoluments ranging from Rs 400 to Rs 450 per month.

As for a manager at the top level, in big-ger industries, barring a few exceptions, his emoluments including perquisites come to about Rs 50,000 per annum. It will not be fair, however, to compare the gross emoluments

in either case. What we have to see is the net take-home pay in the lowest as well as the highest categories. At the lowest level, the workers contribute to the Provident Fund but are not required to pay income tax. The worker's take-home pay, therefore, comes to about Rs 4,400 per year. The take-home salary of a top-level manager will be around Rs 150,000 per annum. Thus the ratio between the lowest and the highest income in the corporate sector works out to 1:12.

They Seek Jobs Abroad

To fix a ceiling on the emoluments of anybody would be a retrograde step. If talent,

initiative, drive and enterprise are not adequately rewarded, it will lead to nothing but frustration. Already a large number of Indians, in almost all walks of life, are finding gainful employment abroad—not only in the Gulf States but even in the advanced countries. It was lack of opportunity that led Dr Hargobind Khorana, the Nobel Prize winner, to settle in the United States. We should, therefore, prevent such brain drain in the interests of our all-round progress.

I am strongly of the view that, instead of levelling down, we should aim at levelling up our society. In that alone lies real prosperity.

"Exploitation Of Workers Is The Root Cause"

— B.S. Dhume

Here are some of the points made by Mr B. S. Dhume, a former electrical engineer, who has taken to trade unionism.

It is true that labour is restive and, as indications go, its restiveness is likely to increase. In a way, it is inherent in the situation. It is not a question whether labour gets what it "deserves" or not. In any case, who is to decide what one "deserves" or "does not deserve"? Is one to accept that what our business tycoons get is really what they deserve? The question cannot be answered in these terms. There is no one cause for this restiveness, many factors contribute to it. Briefly the following can be listed.

Workers have now come to understand that they are the real producers of wealth and see the absurdity of the situation. While they produce the wealth, it is the owners and their high-paid officers who appropriate all the cream. The psychological impact on the workers' mind of the increasing conspicuous consumption of their exploiters also has its role to play.

Money Wages Not "Real Wages"

While the money wages of the workers have increased to a certain extent, as a result of the bitter struggles put up by them, the real wages and general conditions of work and living have deteriorated. Prices have increased. Unemployment is growing.

Housing conditions, facilities for children's education, health and medical facilities have deteriorated.

In their struggle to seek redress, the workers find that the Government is pitted against them and is defending the vested interests. This gives rise to frustration and desperation.

In the absence of a proper scientific understanding of the sources of inequality and exploitation, growing desperation becomes a fertile ground for violence against the management as well as the co-workers.



B.S. DHUME is a member of the AITUC's working committee. He says that, while the workers are the "real producers of wealth", it is the proprietors and company's top managers who "appropriate all the cream".

The following other factors have also contributed to an increase in violence.

The managements, wanting to sponsor one union against another, have condoned and, in some cases, even encouraged violence by one section of the workers against another.

Those in power desiring to patronise a section of the trade union leadership for their political objectives have directly contributed to the increase in violence. V. P. Naik's patronage of the Bharatiya Kamgar Sena, while he was the Chief Minister of Maharashtra, and Sharad Pawar's special favours to Dr Datta Samant, while he was the Home Minister under S. B. Chavan's stewardship, can be mentioned in this connection.

The growing army of unemployed youth, with no security in life, no prospect of useful employment, practically uprooted from society, is a fertile ground for recruitment for trade union violence.

The Janata Party, which had been returned to power on the crest of a wave of mass enthusiasm, with promise of a new deal, had kindled high hopes amongst the workers. Its actual performance has only further added to their bitterness, particularly its reactionary stand on wages.

"Plain Moonshine"

In a set-up based on exploitation of one class by another, all talk of harmonious relations between management and labour—i.e. between the exploiters and the exploited—is plain moonshine. This is true not only in our country and in our present system of economy, but also of all capitalist economies, like the USA, the UK, France and Japan. It is not a question of ethics but a question of doing away with classes.

In a system of social relations where one class exploits another and thrives on that exploitation, all this talk of partnership is just fooling about, aimed at lulling the exploited classes into complacency so as to blunt their opposition to persecution.

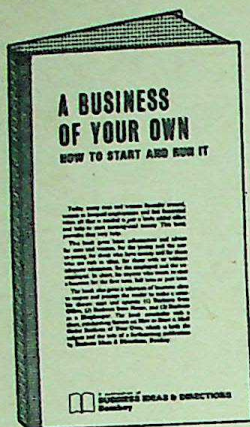
Those who talk of trade unionism without politics indirectly contribute to the politics of maintaining and strengthening the domination of the exploiting classes.

There is no doubt that the gap between top managers and the lowest workers is staggering and that efforts have to be made to reduce this gap. Needless to say, any step in this direction will be highly welcome. But you will appreciate, from what I have stated earlier, that this by itself will not make any difference to easing the situation unless the alienation and the exploitation of the working class are removed.

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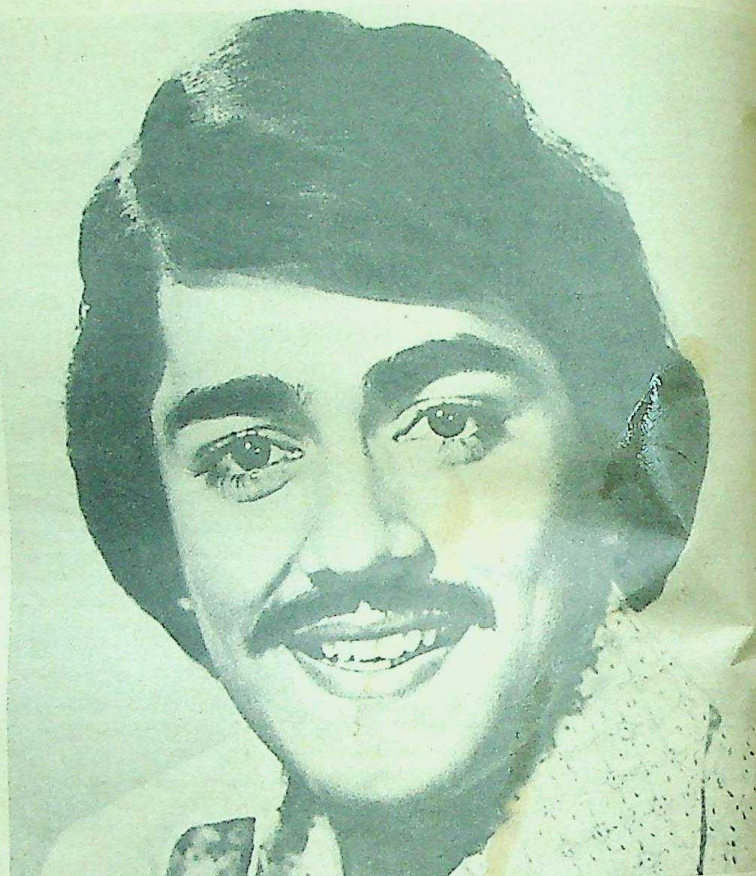
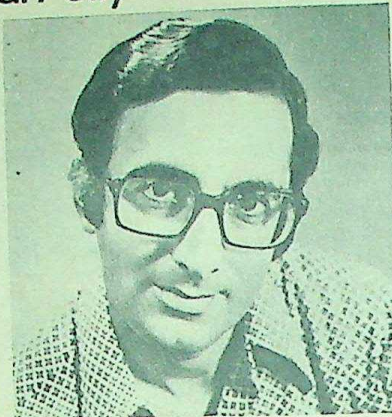


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All Things Considered

The Wizard of Numbers

I have never been able to figure out Shakuntala Devi; I first met her in a lecture hall at Bombay's Podar College of Commerce, way back in the early fifties when she was giving a demonstration of her phenomenal ability to give instant answers to complicated arithmetical questions. There was no doubt that she was extraordinarily talented. Prof U. U. Bhat, himself a good mathematician, thought that there must be some way to explain Shakuntala Devi's handling of figures and later came up with an explanation that seemed credible. But it took him over a week of mental gymnastics whereas Shakuntala Devi seemed to know the answers in a second—or, well, almost.

How did she come to be a genius? Shakuntala Devi says she fell in love with numbers at the age of three, which gives her a lead over the rest of us ordinary dummkopfs. Though I learnt my multiplication tables by heart by the time I was thirteen and could tell how much eighteen times seventeen was with no sweat right away (I can't, alas, do so now), anything harder was beyond me. Shakuntala Devi has been multiplying several-digit figures without so much as batting an eyelid. In Dallas, Texas, she competed with a computer to see who could give the cube root of 188138517 faster. She won. That was easy. She was asked to give the 23rd root of 91674867692003915809866092758538016248310-6680144308622407126516427934657040867096593-27920576748080679002278301635492485238033-57453169351119035965775473400756816883056-20821016129132845564805780158806771.

This number has taken me out of breath, but apparently it did not faze Shakuntala Devi at all and she answered the question in 50 seconds. The problem had been posed to her by students of the Southern Methodist University. Dazed by her answer, the students consulted a UNIVAC 1108 computer at the National Bureau of Standards in Washington DC. It took the computer a full minute to confirm that she was right (ten seconds longer, may it be noted) but it had to be given over 13,000 instructions before it could even get started. The answer incidentally is 546372891.

Since my first meeting with Shakuntala Devi, our paths have been crossing in cities around the world. She was in Bonn, in Paris, in New York and in Washington and the other day she walked into my office and firmly announced she was going to make Bombay her home. I told her she looked pretty—she has cut her hair short. In return she gave me her latest book: *Figuring, The Joy of Numbers*. It pays to compliment ladies.

Shakuntala Devi has written other books, some fiction. Her mathematics is no fiction, though. Strangely enough, it is fun.

I have been enjoying her book. Just in case you want to know why, kindly permit me to quote a few tricks from it. How, for instance, will you express all ten digits using only the number 2? Here's how:

$$\begin{aligned} 2+2-2/2 &= 1 \\ 2+2+2-2 &= 2 \\ 2+2-2/2 &= 3 \\ 2 \times 2 \times 2-2 &= 4 \\ 2+2+2/2 &= 5 \\ 2+2+2+2 &= 6 \\ 22 \div 2-2 &= 7 \\ 2 \times 2 \times 2+2 &= 8 \\ 2 \times 2 \times 2/2 &= 9 \\ 2-2/2-2/2 &= 0 \end{aligned}$$

And now that oddity associated with 2:

$$\begin{aligned} 123456789 \\ + 123456789 \\ + 987654321 \\ + 987654321 \\ + \quad \quad \quad 2 \end{aligned}$$

2222222222

Friends and comrades: are you still with me? If you are, kindly take a look at this one:

$$\begin{aligned} 88 &= 9 \times 9 + 7 \\ 888 &= 98 \times 9 + 6 \\ 8888 &= 987 \times 9 + 5 \\ 88888 &= 9876 \times 9 + 4 \\ 888888 &= 98765 \times 9 + 3 \\ 8888888 &= 987654 \times 9 + 2 \\ 88888888 &= 9876543 \times 9 + 1 \end{aligned}$$

and lastly:

$$12345679 \times 8 = 98765432$$

I have a suspicion that there are many tricks that Shakuntala Devi knows that you and I are not aware of. It is hard enough for me to add up my grocery bill; I never argue with my grocer since I am hopeless at counting. Shakuntala Devi says she wrote her book (published by Clarion Books; Delhi; Rs 35) to free people from the fear of numbers. I can't say that I have been exactly liberated, but let us say that I am on the way. Only, don't ask me to add up my grocery bill.

Lack of Grace

With all due respect to my friend Madhu Limaye and to the large number of citizens who claim to have been outraged by Mr Morarji Desai's premature announcement of Jayaprakash Narayan's "demise", I want to put in a word for the Prime Minister. I do not for a moment believe that the announcement was made in bad faith. The drumming-up of anti-Morarji sentiment may be good politics (good for whom?) but it is singularly graceless. Perhaps Mr Desai



SHAKUNTALA DEVI

should have double-checked and called up the hospital itself or waited to hear from Mr Chandra Shekhar. Conceding that this could or should have been done, the failure to do so can only be called human. Goodness knows we all make grievous errors in the course of a lifetime and Mr Desai has made his. He obviously relied implicitly—bureaucratic-minded that he is—on Central Intelligence which is showing itself to be singularly inept in many ways. But Jayaprakash Narayan lives and there the matter should end. I would suggest to my fellow-scribes that they may be a little more charitable to the errors of others.

Does anyone remember the death of Dag Hammarskjöld and the events surrounding it? His plane, the *Albertina*, was to land at Ndola airport in the Congo where he was to confer with Tshombe, a forgotten name now. Anticipating his arrival, the Associated Press sent a dispatch that not only said he had landed at Ndola but that he had met Tshombe and had talks with him for more than an hour. The *New York Times* published the report in good faith. But, in actuality, the *Albertina* had crashed into a jungle 9½ miles from Ndola airport, killing Hammarskjöld. The Associated Press report, of course, was totally incorrect and misleading and at one point nobody would believe that Hammarskjöld had been killed. How could Associated Press be wrong? But, alas, wrong it was.

Reporters frequently write stories in anticipation to beat deadlines—I have known colleagues who have done that—and it is fairly standard practice. But in this instance it misfired. You can well imagine the reporter's anguish. He probably had no time to wire a correction.

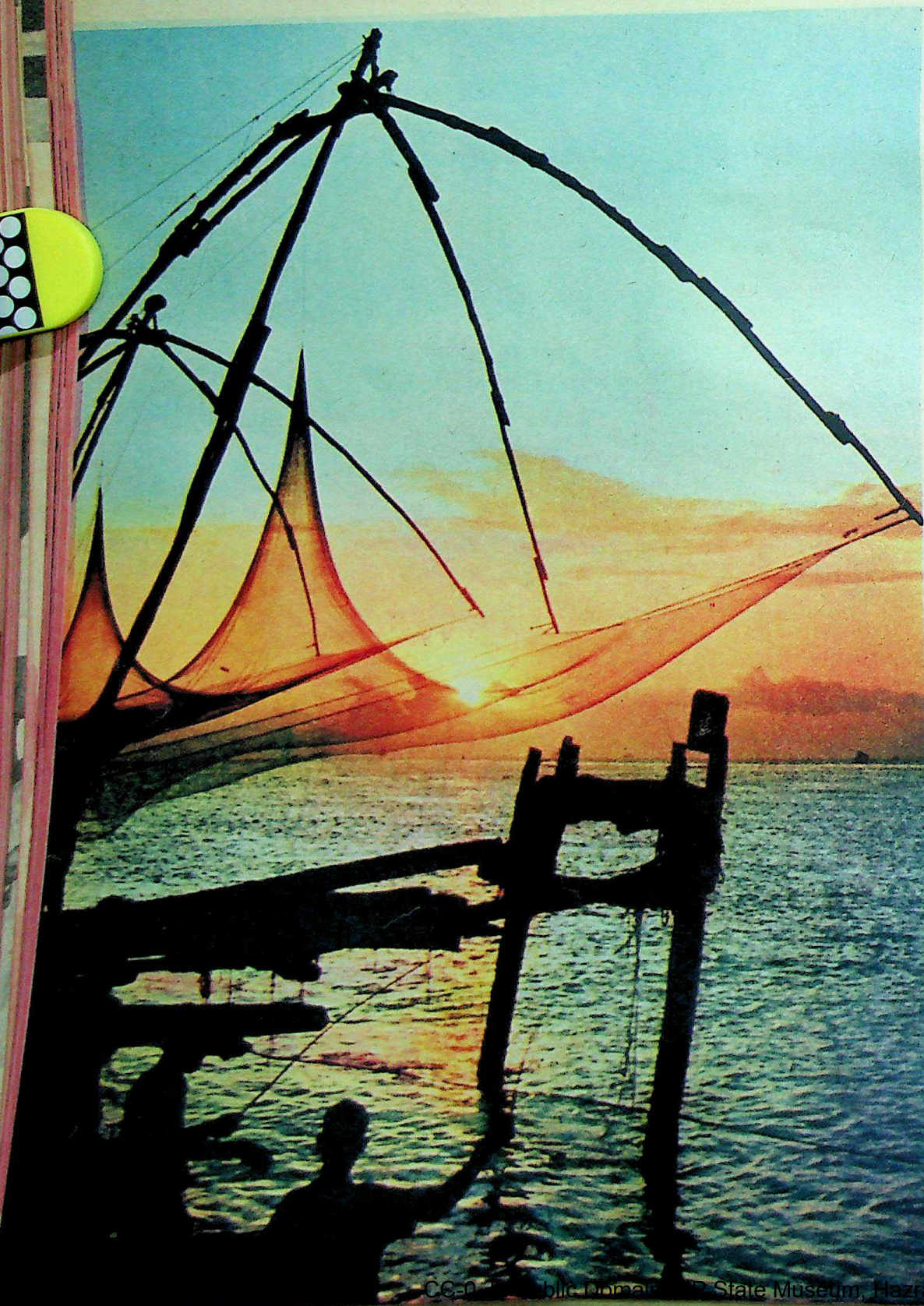
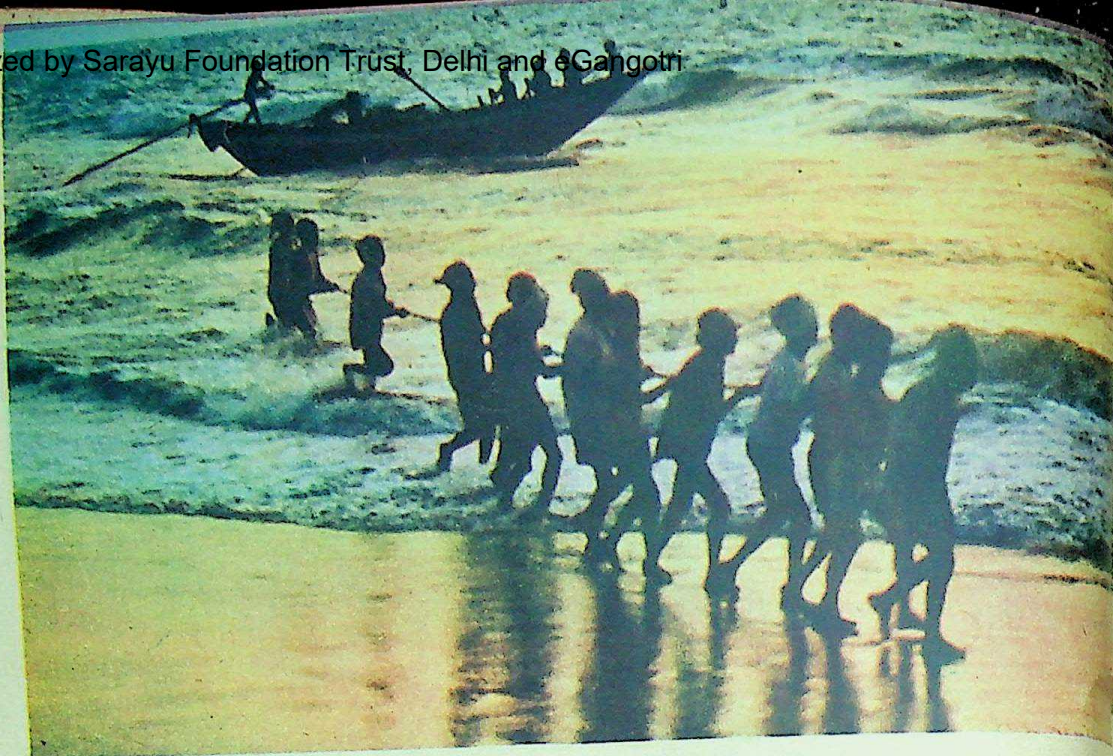
The point I am making is that it is all very well to be holier-than-thou (a stance, alas, Mr Desai himself often assumes) but that should not mean we should not extend charity even to sinners. Newspapermen should be especially chary of criticising others. As for politicians, what can one say about those ministers and others keeping a death watch at Jaslok Hospital just to be able to say how devoted they are to the Loknaya-ak! I find it hypocritical.

M. V. K.

MATSYANYAYA

Big Fish Eat Small Fish

—Avinash Pasricha



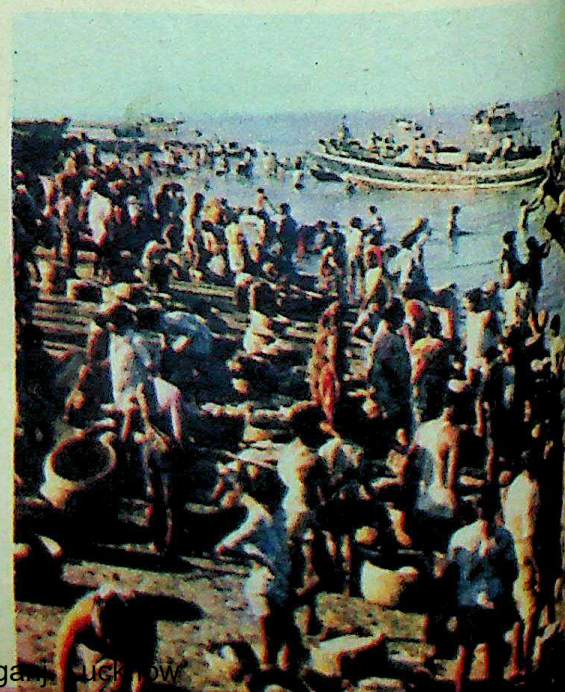
India's export of seafood reached an all-time high of Rs 200 crores in 1978. But the price of fish in local markets has also risen and supplies have been steadily falling. This is the inevitable result of an export-biased Government policy.

The unthinking encouragement given to mechanised craft and capital-intensive technology in a sector which is traditionally labour-intensive has resulted in growing hardship for the fishing community, who are sometimes forced to resort to violence to safeguard their interests.

by **AYESHA KAGAL**

A deceptive calm descends over Velsao, the little Goan fishing village. The hamlet is deserted. No country craft are out at sea, the edges of their nets ringed by seagulls. They lie upturned on the sands, unused. No groups of men sit under the palm-trees mending their nets or playing cards—those who have not been arrested have fled the village. Their wives do not know where they have gone or when they will return. At night, afraid of police raids, they are said to shelter in the convent run by

—Rajiv Nair



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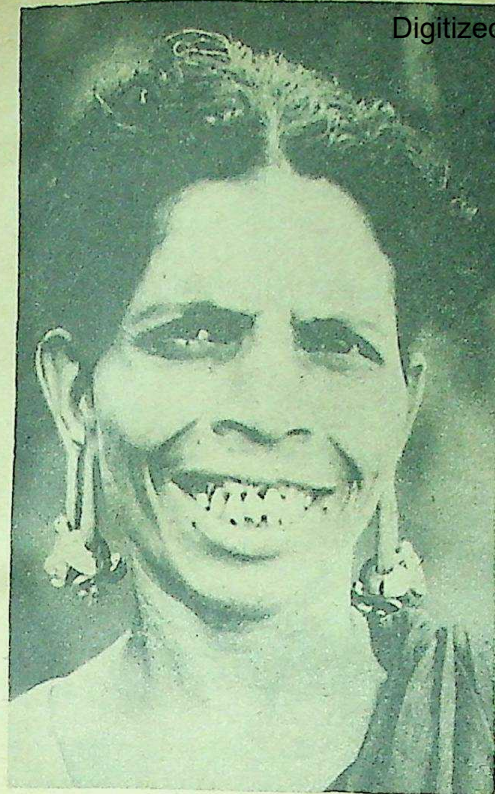
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—Avinash Pasricha

GRIN AND BEAR IT. Many fisherwomen live in constant dread for the safety of their husbands and families. Since the Velsao incident, many of their men have fled from the village or have been arrested by the police.

boats nor the Coast Guard reserves to implement it.

All along the coast, groups of fishermen have been forced to tackle the problem themselves, resorting to *morchas*, *dharnas* and finally, when all fails, arson. In Cochin recently, after a number of trawlers were gutted, Section 144 was imposed on the seas. In January this year, an 18-year-old boy, Basu, from Kattur, Alleppey, was killed when a trawler rammed into his country craft off the Kerala coast. In Tamil Nadu, there has been a bitter struggle going on between catamaran fishermen and owners of mechanised craft and there is virtual open warfare on the high seas.

Protected Zone

In July 1978, 13 unions from the maritime states came together and formed the National Forum for Catamaran and Country-boat Fishermen's Rights and Marine Wealth. Their demands include the establishment of a 20-km protected zone, the establishment of Naval Coast Guards to enforce the law, a regulation-net size to be specified and a stiff penalty for violation of the reserved zone.

On February 26, Surjit Singh Barnala, the Union Agriculture Minister, announced that the State Governments were being sent a model Bill for the demarcation of operational zones for different categories of fishing vessels. It remains to be seen how much improvement is made on the 5-km order. Innumerable committees have been set up, countless seminars have been held, endless reports have been compiled, all of which talk of the need to take "firm steps" and pass "punitive laws" to prevent decline of fish stocks and to better the lot of fishermen who "eke out a subsistence living".

The fishermen too have tired of promises. As a grizzled, elderly fisherman from Vengurla said: "Till we get justice from the Government, we just have to fight for it ourselves."

A BRAHMIN IN A FISHING VILLAGE

A *graharattil Kazhuthai* (The Donkey in the Brahmin Quarter) is a Tamil film that has received much undeserved acclaim. I am reminded of it in recalling a situation with the same type of irony implicit in it as in the title of the movie: the visit of a Brahmin to a fishing village. That the Brahmin happened to be this writer is mentioned at the risk of the derision that will undoubtedly be caused by the apposition of the donkey and the Brahmin.

I visited the fishing village near Quilon at the invitation of G. J. Fernandez of Esmario Export Enterprises. I love fish more in the water than out of it. Also my caste inhibitions came in the way of my living freely in the company of fisherfolk. In the Esmario plant I saw for the first time crustaceans—shrimps and lobsters—lying in heaps. I also learnt painfully for the first time that fish out of water—or for that matter crustaceans—take a few minutes to die. I saw the sea plundered by greedy and hungry men, men in a hurry to make a fortune or trying desperately to subsist with all the wealth of the sea around them. I remembered *Chemmeen*, Thakazhi Sivasankara Pillai, Karuttamma and the womanly virtue of a helpless fishwife pitted against the fury of the elements.

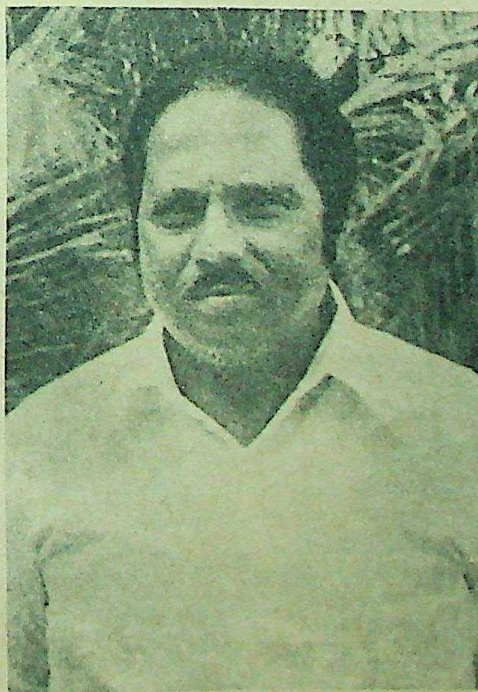
Like much else in Kerala the fishing village was tidy. The Esmario plant was almost clinically clean and Mr Fernandez presided over its workers like a benign father. He started his fishing enterprise in 1968 and managed it so well as to qualify in 1969-70 for the national award for outstanding export performance—hardly two years after it was started Esmario was able to export marine products worth Rs 154.63 lakhs.

If Kerala leads in the fishing business it is not only because its coast is blessed by nature: it has able entrepreneurs like Mr Fernandez. The pioneer of the fishing industry is Mr R. Madhavan Nayar. He was the first man in India to start a quick-freezing plant and export seafood to the US, Japan and Europe. Kerala accounts for only one-tenth of India's coastline but some 40 per cent of the country's marine catch is landed in that State which also has the major share in seafood exports. There are more than 100,000 country craft operating and the number of mechanised boats is about 5,000. There are hundreds of fishery plants dotting the Kerala coast—Cochin alone has more than 60.

Country craft account for 80 per cent of the catch. The fisheries are a big source of employment in Kerala. They give jobs to more than 40,000 educated girls. The Kerala girls, it is claimed, have a "monopoly" in the preliminary processing of crustaceans, so they are recruited by fishing units in other States like Tamil Nadu, Maharashtra and Karnataka.

A unique phenomenon off the Kerala coast is known as *chakara*. For two and half months during the monsoon shrimps appear in massive shoals, as a prodigious gift of Varuna. All that the fishermen have to do is to gather the harvest in their country craft. Such richness of the sea has, however, given rise to complacency. It is no longer true that there is as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Fishing is not carried out on scientific lines in India. Hardly any steps are taken to promote breeding and conservation—it is thoughtless, indiscriminate exploitation of the inshore waters.

R. G. K.



—S. N. Kulkarni

G. J. FERNANDEZ is an award-winning exporter of seafood. Right: R. Madhavan Nayar was the first to export frozen shrimps to the US, Europe and Japan.

Quiet Flows The Kwai

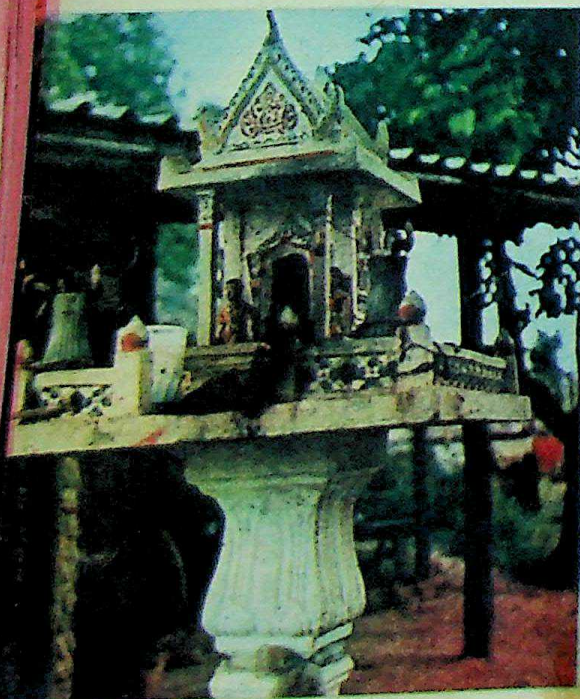
Thailand is the fleshpot of the Orient. A wanderer in the neon forest of its cities can get just about any thrill he possibly desires. But there is a more charming side to this "Land of Smiles".

The author captures a flood of memories from his visit to Thailand.

Text and Photographs by MILON MUKHERJEE



A CHINESE SENTINEL sculpted in stone outside Wat Phra Keo, the temple of the Emerald Buddha in Bangkok.



And quiet flows the Kwai. They call it *menam* (meaning river) Kwai. The notorious bridge is not at all imposing. Where is the sound of bombshells bursting all around, of 16,000 prisoners crying their guts out, shattering the "Death Railway"?

Today, there is only dew-drop silence here and the Kwai is quiet. It has carried all the sounds, the bits of flesh, nuts and bolts of this bridge to drown them in the sea through all these 36 years. The black bridge standing on concrete pillars with its patched-up girders is not the least concerned about the movie by David Lean. As if it knew that the *Bridge on the River Kwai*, the film based on the famous novel by Pierre Boulle, was shot not in Thailand but in Ceylon.

A small family walks across the bridge. The child is munching on a corn cob. A motor-cyclist limps through the slips of the railway to go to the other side of the river, the green valley... Bang-bang-bham-bhat-bhat...

"Unofficial" Massage

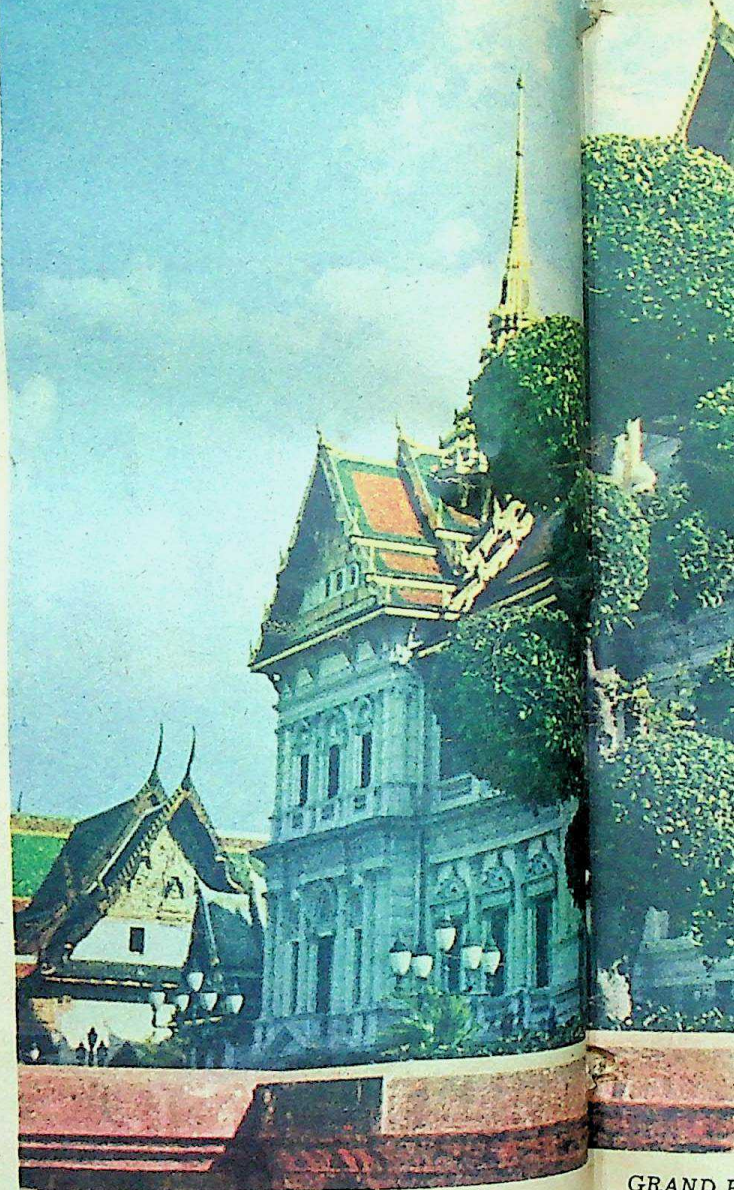
Sue, our Thai guide, called out to me. The bus started. No sooner had we reached the green-top hotel called River Kwai Village-Jungle Resort than I asked for a masseuse. The manager said: "We don't have one, but we can send for one, if you do not mind an 'unofficial' massage. She will be sent to your room in the evening."

The hotel room is spacious, with two windows looking out on the thin waterfalls cascading from the river. The ceiling and the furniture are teak.

The icy water of the Kwai sent goose bumps down our backs as my companion and I swam in the river together. This girl-child, a thinly built elfish Thai, reminded me of Bangkok's Patpong—a short, privately owned street that runs between Silom and Suriwong roads. Here you can get just about any form of amusement you could want. It is an unbroken neon forest of bars and nightclubs where touts hawk their "attractions" at every doorway. The cabbie (his name was Glua, which means "salt" in Thai) showed me a card printed in several languages—a mind-blowing menu of vices catering for every imaginable taste. "The street running parallel is Patpong II," said Glua.

Most nightclubs had some gimmick to attract tourists—go-go dancing, topless service, dart-throwing contests and illegal "special" shows. A group of delectable-looking

A "SPIRIT" HOUSE. The Thai believe that the entire world belongs to the spirits and human beings have to recompense them for occupying lands and houses by building miniature shrines.



young ladies caught my eye. But Glua did not stop despite my frantic signalling. "They are not ladies, they're *kra-toeys* (transvestites)," he laughed.

Parlours in Bangkok do offer traditional massage, but there is also a variety called "Because" in which the masseuse works with her entire body as well as her hands.

From a one-way glass window you could choose your masseuse. Numbers were pinned to their left breasts. I selected No 47 on an impulse and proceeded to a comfortable private room with a massage table and bath attached. A bottle of *mekong* whisky was brought. My masseuse led me to a large tub brimming with hot water. After the bath, as

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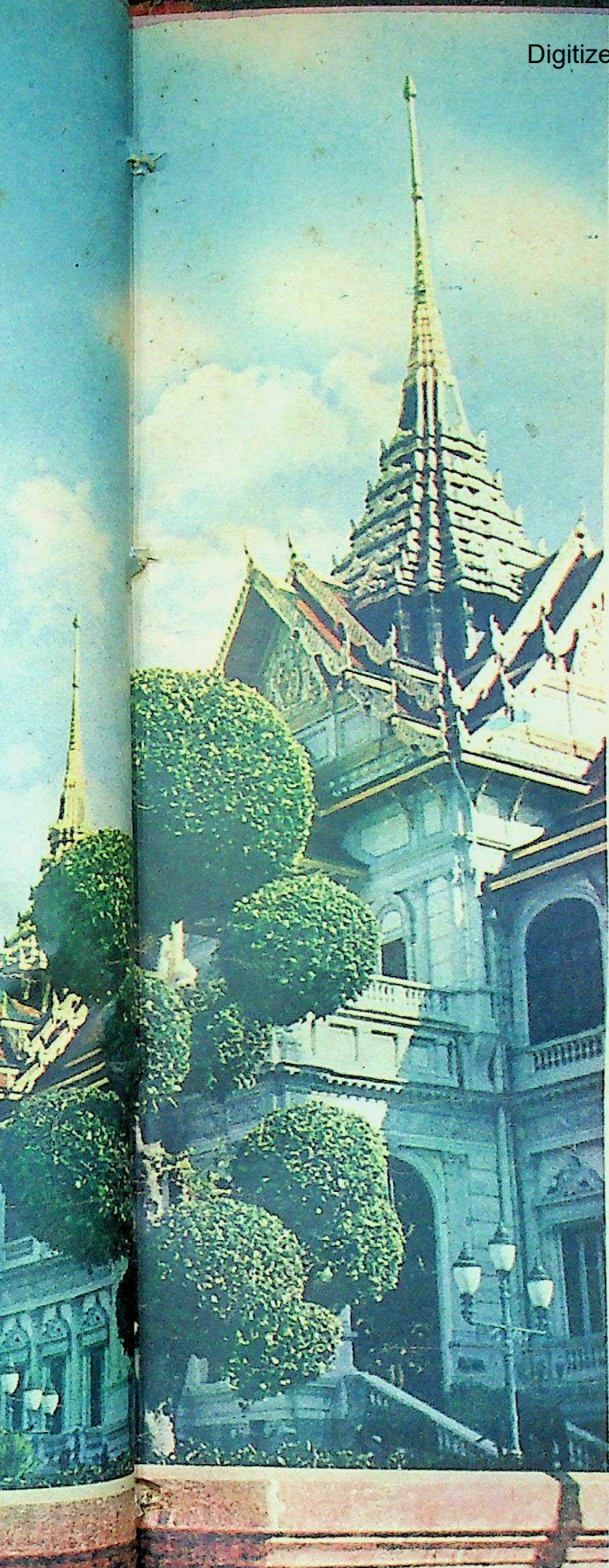
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GRAND PALACE. Tourists are only allowed in one of the many palatial rooms.

I lolled on a huge table, I was surprised to see her touching my feet, doing *namaskar*. "Why this?" I asked.

"It's my duty. You are my honoured guest."

"Is it your custom?"

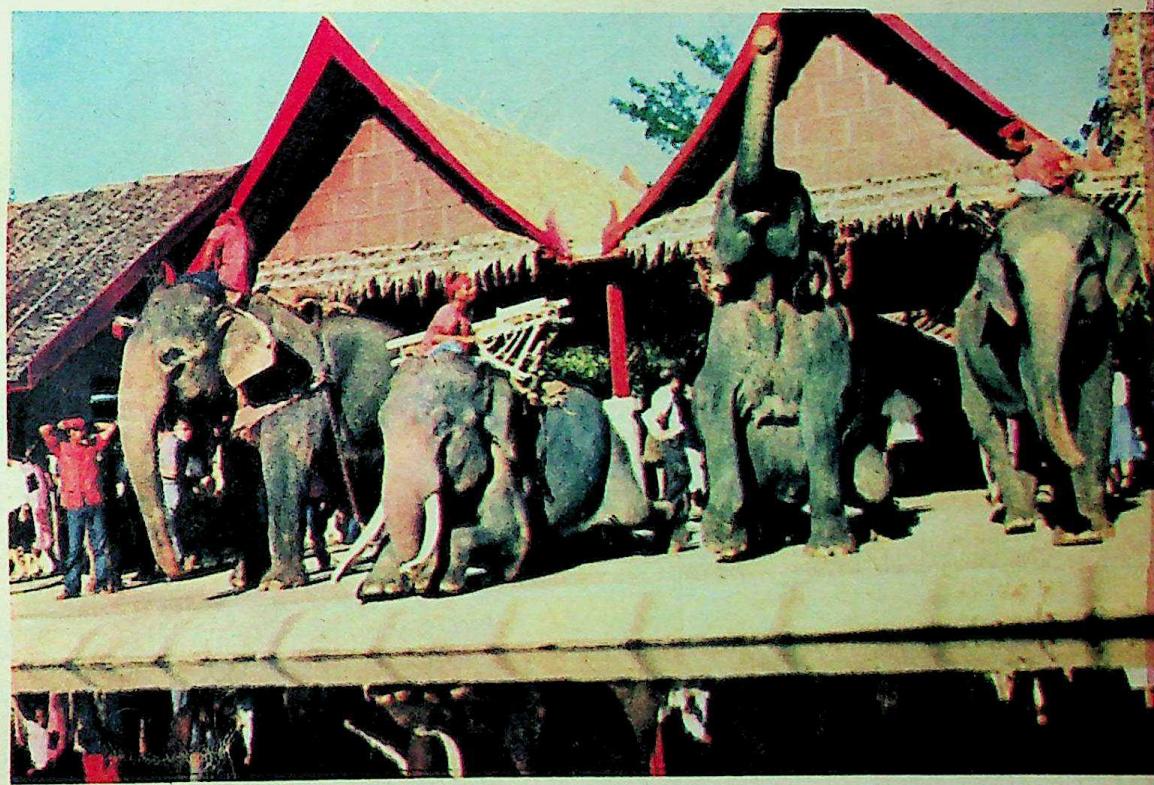
"Yes, I'm a Buddhist."

I remembered my ancestral village. My parents, even I as a child, used to be greeted with *sashtang namaskar* by "low-caste villagers".

The massage lasted an hour. The price varies from around 60 *bhat* (equivalent to



A COLOURFUL THAI WEDDING CEREMONY. Below: Gaily caparisoned elephants perform their antics for the benefit of tourists at the famed rose-gardens in Bangkok.



Rs 25) to several hundred *bhat*, which includes tips for what are euphemistically referred to as "special services".

Next morning I went boating on the Kwai. Near Nam Tok, there was an enchanting waterfall. "It's the Gao Pang Falls," the boatman told me. We disembarked and trekked through a mile of terraced ricefields to reach the foot of the hill near the falls.

A slippery climb of 20 minutes and we reached the gaping maw of the Thum Kung limestone cave. A small boy carrying a huge pressure lamp on his head led the party. The awesome stalactites and stalagmites cast eerie shadows that leaped and danced as we moved along. With us was a newly married

couple from Milan, Fernanda and Georgio, who were honeymooning in Thailand. Fernanda felt uneasy about being in a cave, so we turned back. We proceeded to Sai Yok village on the Kwai by speedboat.

The Sai Yok waterfall takes a 150-ft plunge here. Houses on stilts and feathery bamboo forests created a misty ethereal effect. Some raft-houses had shopping centres and restaurants where we found people gambling merrily with cards.

The fiery Thai food reduced my Italian friends to tears, although I munched through mounds of chillis and spices with gusto. We slaked our inflamed throats with *singha*, the local lion-brand beer.

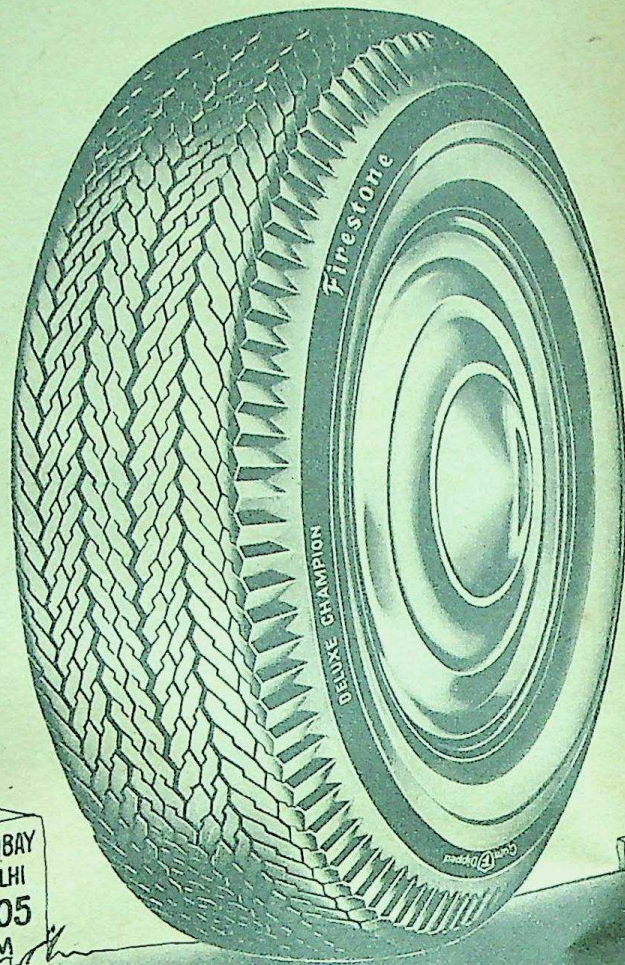
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In the teakwood farms near by, we spot labourers from the distant Mon tribe in Burma, sweating it out in the midday sun. Georgio discovered an exotically beautiful violet orchid (*famuee*), which he said would cost more than 13 dollars back home in Italy.

The villages around the Kwai have lilting names like Lum Sum. Sandy roads and green forests make this village a tourist haven.

The province of Kanchana Buri (the name could be translated as "golden old woman") is about 233 km north-west of Bangkok, near the Thai-Burmese border. It was from here that the Japanese began laying the notorious 415-km rail track to the Three Pagodas Pan across to the Burmese border with forced labour from allied prisoners-of-war and captive Thais. Nearly 7,000 crosses in the peaceful Allied cemetery here bear mute testimony to the agony of the incarcerated workers, more than a lakh of whom are still said to be unaccounted for.

"What time is the next train over the river Kwai?" I asked the lone guard on the deserted Lum Sum station.

"No fixed time, sir," he answered. "Maybe within the next minute, maybe hours later... but it's bound to come."

Luckily, it took only two hours. The three-compartment "iron-horse" matched the knock-down station which had nothing more than a locked shed and two concrete benches under a corrugated-iron roof—not even a ticket-checker nor booking windows and tickets!

Some Train!

The train chugged along at 10 km per hour, making unearthly sounds as it crossed wooden viaducts and the infamous bridge on the river Kwai. A sheer 300-ft drop yawned below the rickety single-track line. (A fall would surely mean *jalasamadhi* for all of us.) The hills around the bridge were lush green, as if bursting with the sap of life. And, on the way, we passed more stations with singsong names: Wang po, Chong Khap and Wong Yag. Nam Tok was the fifth and the last.

The Chau Phya river in Bangkok always seems to be in spate. Although it is November, the *klongs* (canals) are swollen with

THE GOLDEN BUDDHA is 5½ tons of solid gold and is 3 metres high.



THE CREAM OF THAILAND

water flowing on to the streets; our car cuts a hissing spray through the flood. We are on our way to the Grand Palace which was built by the first king of the Chakri dynasty in 1782. Every Thai ruler since has added to it, so that the buildings here present a *melange* of styles ranging from traditional Thai to the baroque and the Victorian.

The palace is only used for state banquets and royal ceremonies. We are only allowed to see the reception room of the Chakri Mahaprasad (the men are not permitted to enter without their jackets; the women are required to wear long skirts), the royal residence built during King Rama V's reign.

Adjoining the palace is Wat Phra Keo, the temple of the Emerald Buddha. Built originally by King Rama I in 1782, it ranks among the world's great shrines. It is a dazzling collection of gilded spires, pavilions and sculptures.

We see scores of ardent worshippers inside, prostrating themselves on the marble floor before the golden altar. The noisy supplicants, the heaps of floral offerings and the overpowering incense from joss-sticks all remind me of the Jagannath temple of Puri.

The main deity is small, only 75 cm high. It is Thailand's most sacred idol. Phra Keo or the Emerald Buddha sits atop a grilled altar, 11 metres high, a nine-tiered umbrella serving as a canopy for the idol. On either side are crystal balls representing the Sun and the Moon. The temple walls are decorated with huge murals depicting the life of the Buddha. But the houses are all represented as pagodas. I tell my guide that the Buddha Sakyasingha was born in Kapilavastu in 557 BC. How could his dwelling have been a pagoda?

On the walls of the cloister surrounding the temple are murals from *Ramakien*, Thai version of the *Ramayana*. Here, too, you see pagodas which are supposed to be palaces of the solar kings in Ayodhya!

The Wat Po temple, the oldest and largest in Bangkok, has the gigantic idol of the Reclining Buddha. It is 46 metres long and 15 metres broad and is entirely covered with gold leaf. The soles of the feet, two metres, are inlaid with designs made of mother-of-

pearl. These depict the 108 auspicious signs of the Buddha.

When you start for Bangkok's floating market, you realise why the city has been called the "Venice of the East". You boat down the Chau Phya and, at the Klung Thep bridge, you turn right into the Dao Kanong canal. Then, floating down the smaller *klungs*, you eventually reach the centre of the market near Dan Canal.

A wizened old man bows and wishes us good morning: he has been greeting tourists like this for the last 30 years, says our guide. Hundreds of small boats are on the Thonkuri *klong*. They are loaded with fruits, vegetables, dried fish, rice and other goods and punted and rowed by pretty Thai women who wear broad-brimmed lampshade hats.

I have my breakfast, of noodles, fried bananas, fresh coconut milk and little custard-like sweets wrapped in banana leaf, in a floating restaurant. There seem to be as many tourist boats here in the canal as floating shops, but then you will not get a colourful sight like this anywhere in the world.

An even more enchanting sight awaits us at the Eastern Gulf at Pattaya. The dazzling white beach here seems to clasp the azure sea in a gently curving embrace. I refuse the offer of a chair on hire from a gracious beach hostess, squat on the clean golden sands and order spit-roasted frogs and beer. The shoreline is crawling with sunbathing tourists—a myriad shades of sun-tanned flesh sizzling on the sands. In the evening, the foreigners go for a fling in the fleshpots of South Pattaya.

From the beach to the depths of the clear waters off the southern end of Koh Larn is a 15-metre drop. The visit to the underwater aquarium here is like a trip to a fantastic fairyland. In the dimly lit world of the deep, rainbow-coloured fish dart and frolic among columns of coral that are bathed in unearthly light.

Next morning I taste a different kind of wealth of the sea—a hearty meal of broiled lobster, giant crabs and delicious shellfish.

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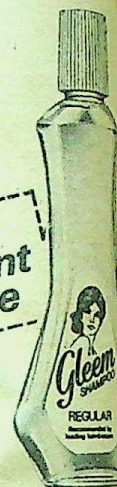
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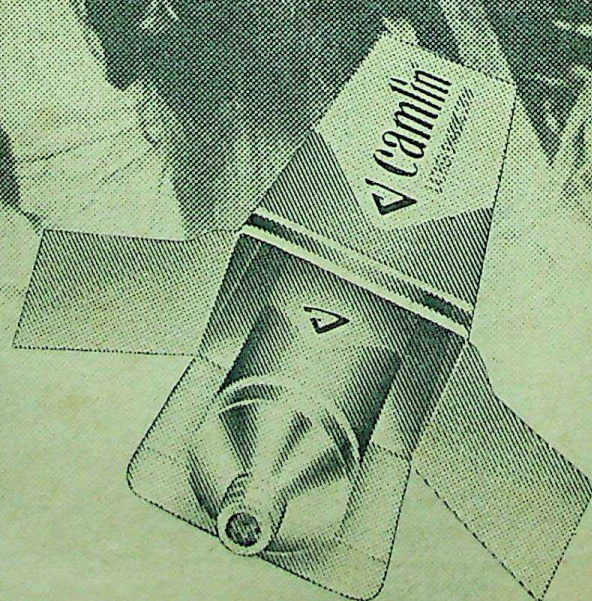
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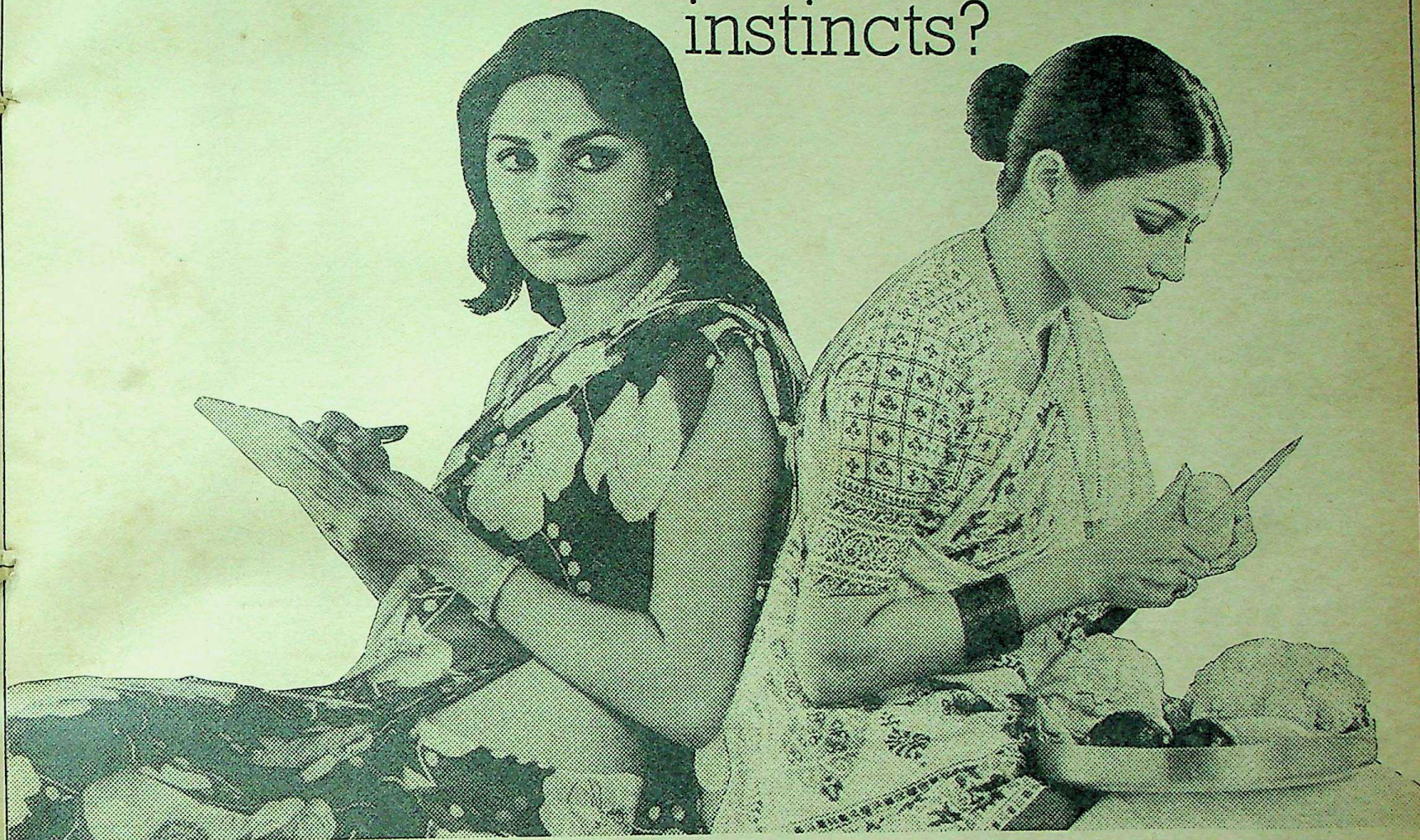
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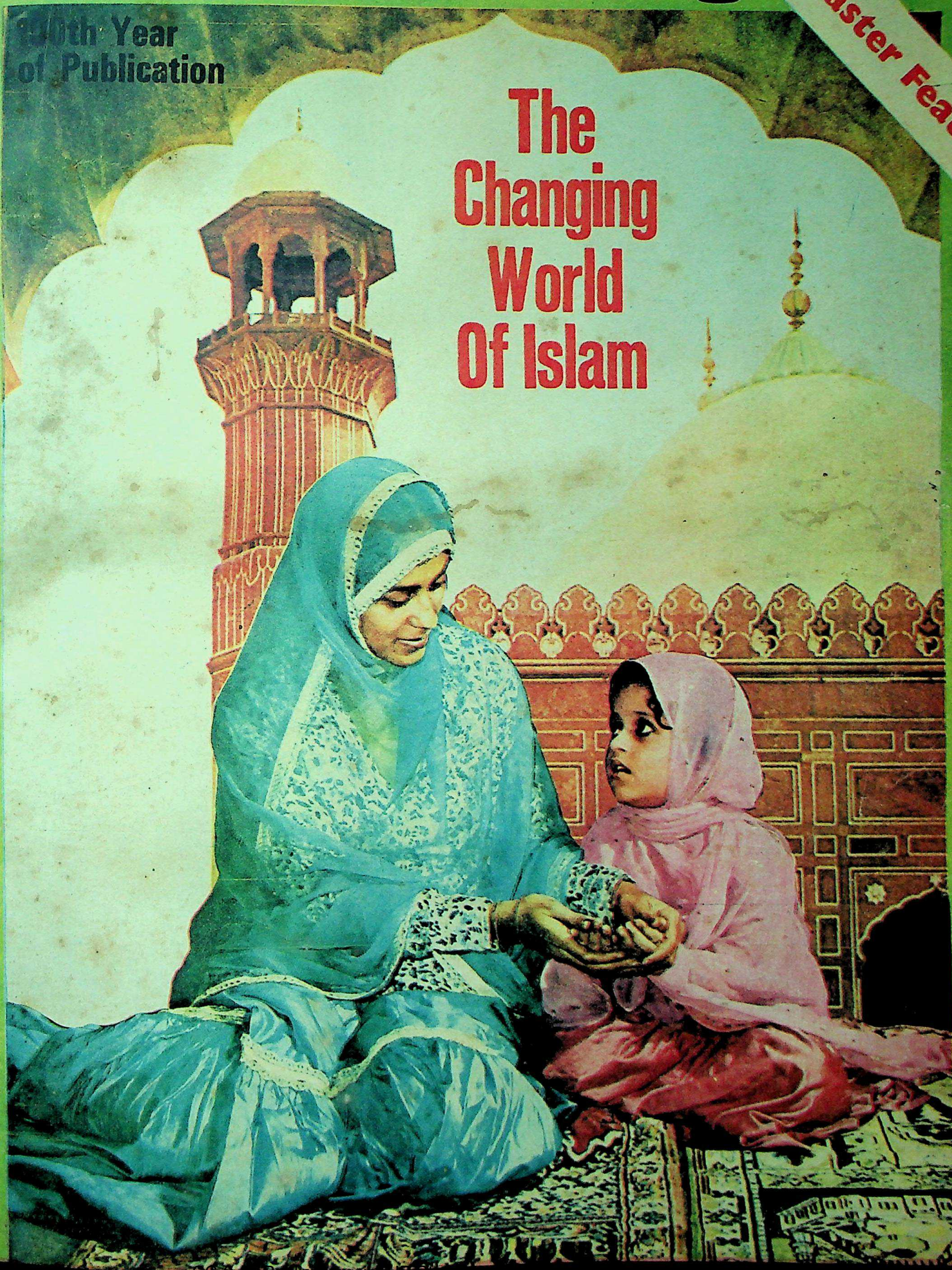
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The Changing World Of Islam



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A Question

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Abu Dhabi

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Incidentally, the book deals with the story of a dramatist-turned-script-writer.

Bhopal

R. S. PILLAI

What's In A Name?

Sir—The feature, "Beauty and the Bhuta" (February 25), contains a reference to Ballal, a name that has intrigued me for quite some years now.

As a substitute for Bala, Balaji, Ballal is used in Marathi. In some cases, it is a surname also, which seems to originate from one of the five place-names in Maharashtra, all beginning with Ballal and ending with either *pur*, *khed* or *wadi*.

The intriguing part, however, was that in Ghazni (in Afghanistan) Ballal is a folk festival held outside the village limits where the pounding rod (*musala*) is carried in procession. The *musala*, in Hindu mythology, is the weapon of Balarama, elder brother of Sri Krishna. It was a regular weapon of war and fighters were trained in its effective use.

Is all the similarity only accidental? Can some experts throw light on it?

Bombay S. R. TIKEKAR

Is God Dead?

Sir—What made you jump to the conclusion that the gods are "non-existent"? ("All Things Considered", February 25). Are you a born atheist (I hope not), have you been disillusioned with life (my sympathies) or have you been reading the books of J. Krishnamurti? (congrats!).

Secunderabad JAYA CHOCHAN

A Question of Courage

Sir—In "All Things Considered" (February 25) you pay a tribute to Dr Karan Singh for having the courage to go it alone and depict him as a man fighting for his principles. This does not sound very convincing. I cannot help asking why Karan Singh failed to muster courage to go it alone when he was a member of Mrs Gandhi's Cabinet. There is no record of his having uttered a word of protest when the very principles of which you speak were trampled underfoot during the Emergency.

So much for fighting for his principles. In his anxiety to share the spoils of office, Karan Singh let the principles go overboard without any qualms. He is now merely making a virtue of a necessity by "going it alone". It is wrong to associate courage with such acts of expediency. Courage is made of sterner stuff.

Abu Dhabi

M. SALIM

VOL C 15 SUNDAY APRIL 15, 1979 ESTD 1880

The Illustrated Weekly of India

Regd No MH By South-25. Registered as Newspaper in Sri Lanka

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The Changing World Of Islam

A "Back to Islam" movement has gripped the entire Muslim world. Will this mean going back to the benighted early centuries or will the new fervour inspire Muslims to forge ahead to greater progress and achievements? Fatma R. Zakaria analyses the developments.

Cover by P. S. Sathe. Photos by S. N. Kulkarni and Balkrishan.



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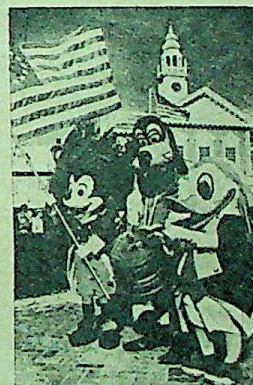
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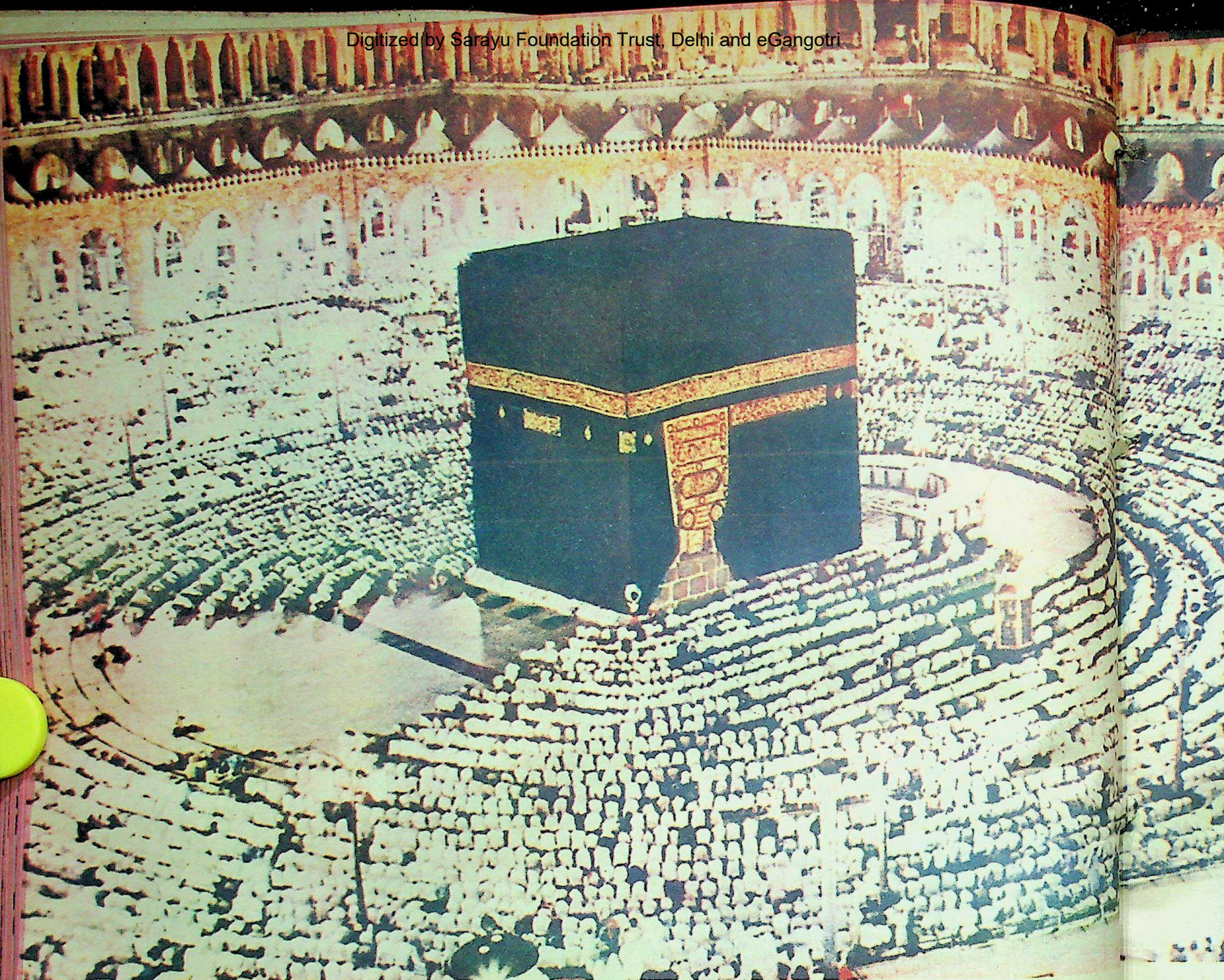
THE WILTING OF AMERICA: By M. V. Kamath. Recent developments have taught the USA that it can no longer consider the world's natural resources as its private domain. Now, with the Iranian oil squeeze, are the Americans preparing to live with recession, unemployment and curtailed consumption?

CONGESTION IN BOMBAY PORT: Benedict Costa shows how these delays have hit our economy, our exports and our shipping industry.

DARK WATERS: Beginning H. M. Marathe's shocking, searing novelette. The Government of Maharashtra's suit against it was withdrawn after eminent critics hailed the work as a significant contribution to Marathi literature. Translated into English by Leila Bawdekar.

THE KANJHAWALA MUTINY: Braj Mohan exposes the tense situation in this once-sleepy village.

SADHU VASWANI'S MISSION OF LOVE: By Patanjali Sethi. Next in our series: "Great Men and Their Institutions".



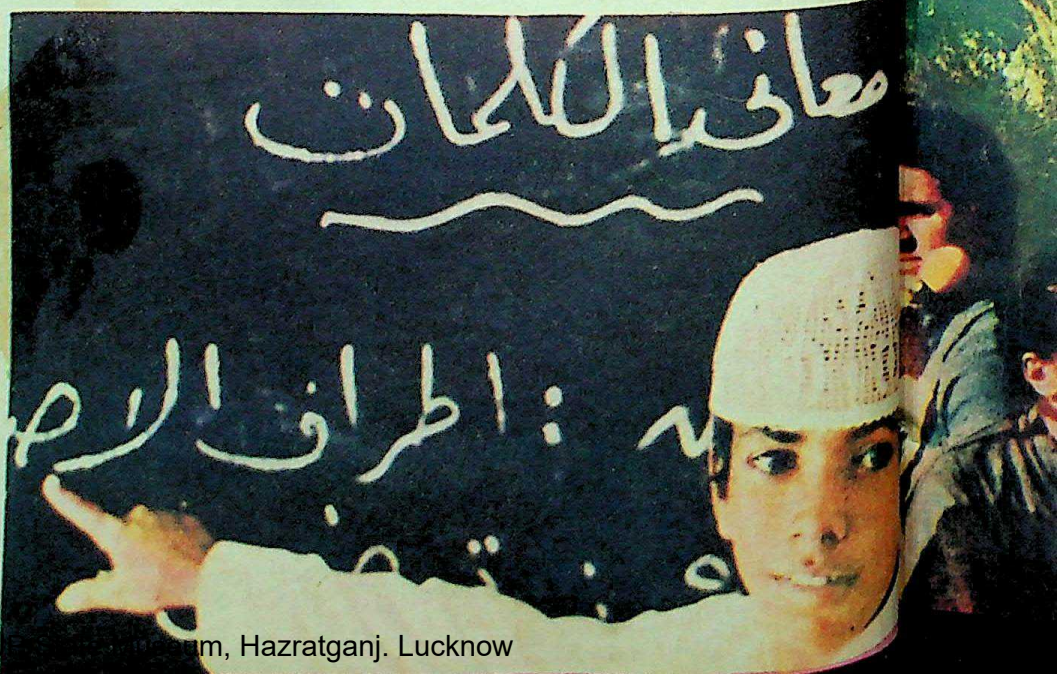
The present upsurge of Islam has shaken the whole world. The international press is full of its echoes and the political implications of the resurgence are being closely studied by the countries of the West. All over the Muslim world events are taking place with such rapidity that the rise of the Crescent is being watched nervously in many of the centres of power.

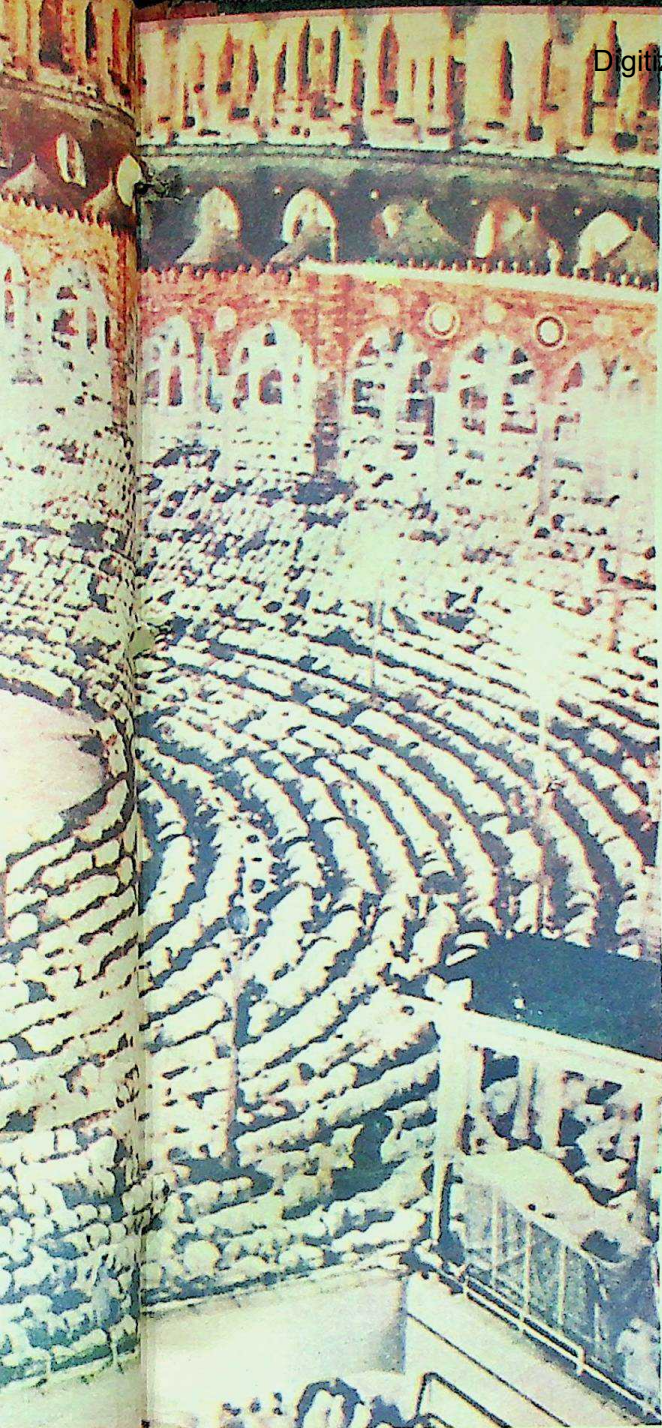
Do developments in the Islamic world point to a return to the mores of seventh-century Arabia? Or do they mean a reassertion of the moral and spiritual values enshrined in the Quran and a revolt against the imposition of the garish aspects of the alien Western culture.

The author surveys the whole turbulent scene and examines the currents and cross-currents that this resurgence has unleashed.

The Changing World Is

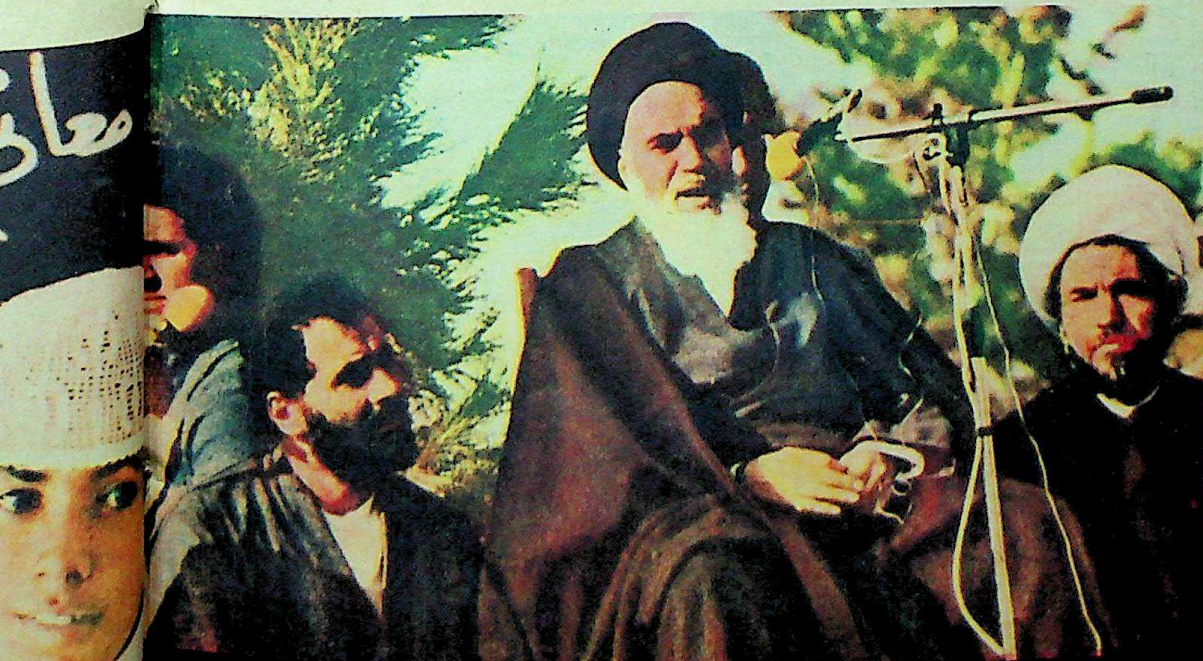
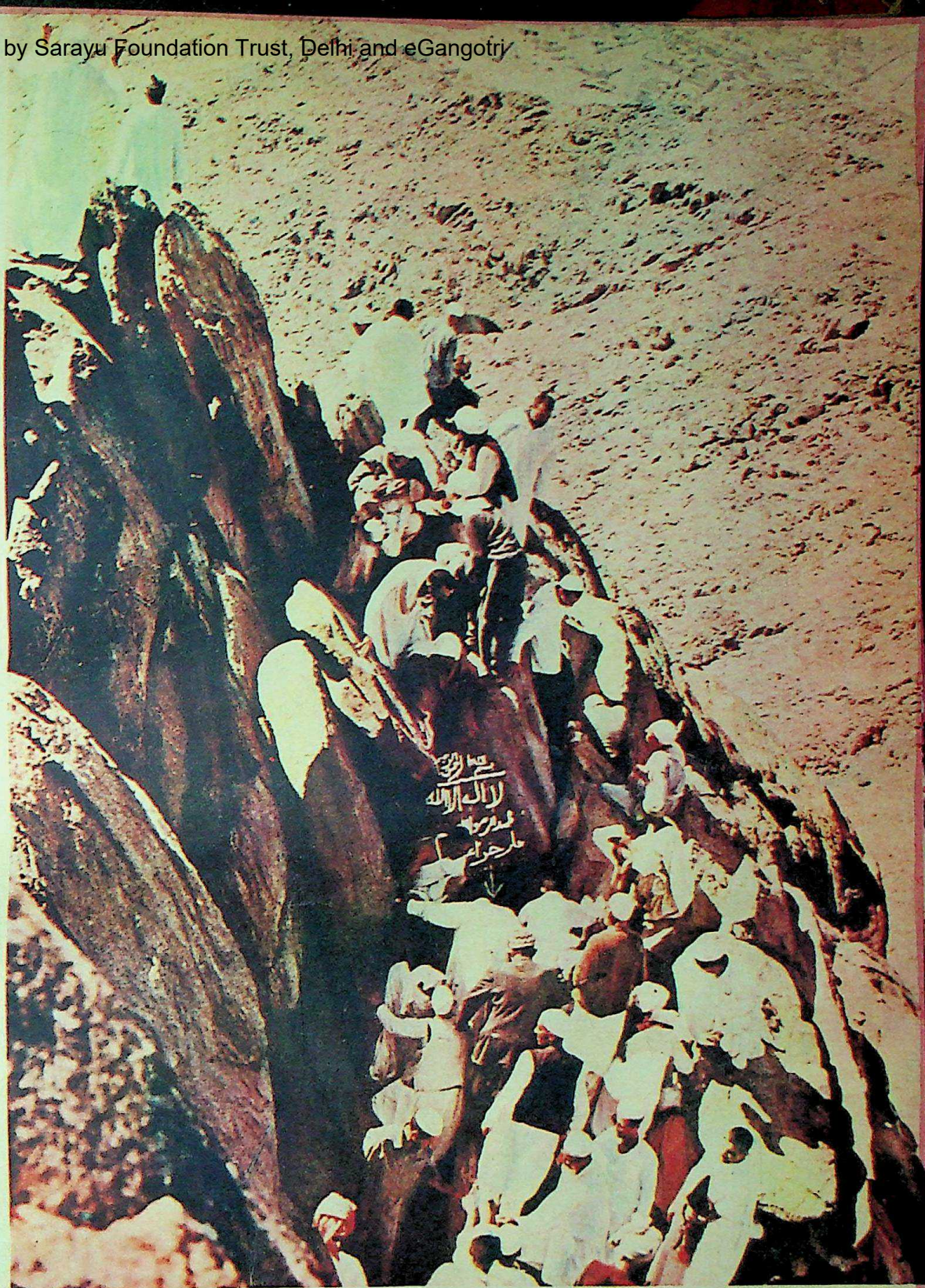
by





World of Islam

by FATMA R. ZAKARIA



THE PILGRIMAGE. Haj is the largest concourse of pilgrims from all over the world. It draws 1½ million to Mecca and the number grows by 100,000 every year. (Around 20,000 Indians go on Haj annually.) This vast annual congregation expresses and enhances the unity and dynamism of modern Islam. Facing page, top: The Kaaba in the centre of the holy mosque—Masjid ul Haram. Above: Mount Hira at Mecca where Prophet Mohammed recieved the first revelation through angel Gabriel. Every Muslim must go on pilgrimage to Mecca—Haj—at least once in his life.

STRONGER THAN THE SHAH-EN-SHAH. For the Islamic people, Ayatollah Khomeini's revolution is the epochal event of the century for it has restored in the Muslims much of the trust in themselves which they had lost in recent decades

THE CHANGING WORLD OF ISLAM

Muslims On The March —Forward Or Backward?

Islam is on the comeback trail, compelling worldwide attention. After the lapse of centuries, the religion of Mohammed is again asserting itself rekindling a new flame of spiritual pride and fervour among the Faithful and imparting to them a rediscovered confidence. The entire Muslim world stretching from Morocco in North-West Africa to Indonesia and the Philippines in South-East Asia is in a state of turmoil. Muslims in most of the countries in this far-flung region are restlessly reaching out for their age-old traditions and values. They are making an attempt to return to the conservative Islamic way of life in the face of increasing materialism and their disenchantment with Western concepts is urging them to revolt against the decadent excesses of modernism.

The dramatic resurgence of Islam has taken the West by storm. Day after day its media carry banner headlines that proclaim: "Militant Islam Is On The March"; "Soldiers Of Allah Advance"; "Back To Medievalism"; "Muslim World Rekindles Its Militancy". Lengthy articles are published which view the "Islamic Uprising" with concern, anxiety and even dismay.

Political analysts in the West and elsewhere are convinced of the disastrous consequences of religious revivalism. "Muslims," they point out, "are trying to opt out of history... They will only cripple themselves." "They do not seem to be fully conscious of the challenges and requirements of modern times." "Their answer to every crisis is to withdraw into the past."

Return To Traditional Islam

The Muslim intelligentsia is divided in their reaction to this phenomenon—especially regarding the attempt by many Islamic governments to return to the Shari'a, the Muslim legal code which is based on the Quran and the traditions of the Prophet (Hadith).

"Iran's problems can only be solved through an Islamic Republic," says Ayatollah Khomeini. "In Islam lies our salvation, both worldly and spiritual," declares President Zia-ul-Haq. "God has given us all the rules of the game. So a thing punishable by God must be punishable by the state," says another Muslim leader.

"The Egyptian Government is damned because it denies the Sovereignty of God," say the orthodox Fundamentalists of the once outlawed Muslim Brotherhood that has recently resurfaced in Egypt.

"The problem is the extremists," said the Malaysian Prime Minister Datuk Hussain Onn in an interview. "You get a lot of them coming from Pakistan teaching these very orthodox views. They insist on women

"Let him who wishes to pray do so at the mosque and him who takes part in politics do so through the legal institutions."
—President Sadat of Egypt.

going around with a lot of curtains around them. We don't practise that here. They want us to do what the Prophet did. The Prophet did not ride in cars. He rode a camel. But these people will not use camels. They want us to wear green as good Muslims. The Prophet used green in the desert because it stood out clearly and was pleasant. You wear green here and you may not be seen with all the green around."

Muslim reformers argue that the laws of Shari'a are tailored to fit a primitive society and the Prophet could not have intended that they be applied forever. An Islamic scholar in Cairo who considers the legal code obsolete observes with sarcasm: "Today em-

plement is not done by hand but brain, so logically you should chop off brain or cut off the neck and not the hand for an act of theft."

There are other scholars who disagree with the view that Islamic laws are not relevant to modern times. According to them the image of Islam as a negative creed of prohibitive measures and harsh punishments is largely the product of Western media. They emphasise that, though the final authority in Islam is the divine law, it is not inflexible and that it is the lawyers and politicians who take a rigid view of it. "The Shari'a is capable of meeting the needs of society regardless of place and time."

The debate continues. Muslims are divided on this issue, but not on the familiar lines of the West-oriented and universal educated urban elite being ranged against the orthodox, tradition-bound rural folk. In fact in most of the Muslim countries it is the universities that the Fundamentalist movement has taken root. Students returning home after taking their degrees in Europe are in the forefront of



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—Genevieve Chanvel

"President Gaddafi of Libya is perhaps the most puritanical exponent of Fundamentalism among leaders of the Muslim world."

Movement against "West-toxication" and aggressively advocate a return to their own tradition and culture.

The most spectacular expression of Muslim revivalism has of course been seen in Iran where as Dr Ibrahim Yazdi, the Deputy Premier for Revolutionary Affairs in the Ayatollah government, says, "A new era of Islamic struggle and a new Islamic awareness have been triggered by our revolution. From now on, all Islamic movements that were dormant or apologetic in their approach to change or action will come out in the Muslim world."

"We are not anti-Shah, we are pro-Allah. The Shah made a mistake in not aligning himself with Allah," say the Iranians who have triumphantly brought in their exiled leader to establish an Islamic Republic after having overthrown a Shahen-shahi who was not able to appreciate their urge to retain their own identity, both religious and cultural.

"Freedom" That Was Imposed

Apart from the fact that the regime of the Shah as well as that of his father Reza Shah before him was excessively repressive, both father and son were in a tearing hurry to turn Iran into a modern industrial state. And in this hasty and reckless process of Westernisation they trampled upon Iran's Islamic values, its culture and its traditional way of life. For instance, in 1935, Reza Shah abolished the *chador* (veil) in a bid to emancipate the women of Iran. But those for whose benefit the measure was meant were not yet socially or psychologically ready to accept this imposed "freedom" and they put up a stiff resistance to it. The Shah ordered troops into the streets to tear the *chador* off the women who refused to go without them. Women in veils were forbidden to appear in public and shopkeepers were not allowed to serve them.

Until 1941, when Reza Shah was deposed, many old women would rather not leave their homes than take off their veils. In those days, the households in many Iran-

ian towns and villages did not have a bathroom and the men were forced to carry their womenfolk in sacks to the public bath.

It is therefore significant that, during the demonstrations against the present Shah, the women came to the protest rallies in their thousands, wearing the black *chador* as a symbol of defiance against the imposition of imported values.

Among those who have taken to the veil are many young educated women who have come home after studying in European universities; today they are demanding a return to the Islamic way of life as a means of liberation from "the repelling atmosphere of a decadent and permissive society".

The Veil Reappears

It is not in Iran alone that the veil has reappeared. You can see more and more women taking to it in the most enlightened and modern sections of society in Egypt, Turkey, Tunisia, Algeria, Indonesia and Malaysia.

In Egypt, the orthodox Muslim Brotherhood, which was founded in 1929 and which claimed two million members in the 1940s, was quashed by President Nasser after one of their members had made an attempt on his life. The organisation has risen once again and has grown immensely in the last three years. The present Iranian leadership considers the Muslim Brotherhood to be a potent force today in the political life of Egypt which will inevitably spearhead an upheaval in that country.

"Politically, Anwar Sadat has lost the game," says Dr Yazdi. "The Egyptians have looked to the West and then to the East and then to Arab Nationalism without finding an answer to their problems. Now what we see in Egypt is an ongoing Islamic ideological revolution and it is bound to get a big boost from our success." The movement has an added dimension because Egypt is the most populous nation in the Arab world and 85 per cent of its 50 million people are Muslims.

The Brotherhood has been able to influence a large section of Egyptians, especially the student community, to return to Islamic puritanism. Their hold is particularly evident on the campuses of the 12 universities in the country where half a million students are enrolled. In the past two years more than half of the student unions have come under the leadership of Fundamentalists, and in the other they are a strong force.

Egyptians Demand Change in Law

Students in Egypt are now demanding segregation of sexes on the campus; they don the Islamic dress; on Fridays and other holy days more and more people throng the mosques for the congregational prayers. Two years ago, in the wake of religious riots, President Sadat had to agree to amend the Constitution to bring it in line with Islamic orthodoxy. Pressure is mounting today to make Shari'a "the source" for legislation, and not merely "a main source" as in the present Egyptian Constitution. Warning the Fundamentalists, Sadat recently said, "Let him who wishes to pray do so at the mosque and him who takes part in politics do so through the legal institutions."

Col Muammer al-Gaddafi of Libya is perhaps the most puritanical exponent of Muslim Fundamentalism among leaders of the Muslim world. He was the first to hail the victory of the Ayatollah in Iran. He has based the Libyan legal system on the Quran and the Shari'a and has attempted to enforce strict observance of religious injunctions by banning the sale of alcohol and by proscribing some Western customs.

President Habib Bourguiba had succeeded in making Tunisia a secular democratic state modelled on the West. But today we witness an upsurge of Islam even in that country. Its religious leaders have attacked the change in the Muslim Personal Law, which was introduced by Bourguiba in 1956, forbidding a Muslim from having more than one wife.

Mosques in Tunisia are thronged with Namazis every time the muezzin chants the

call for prayer. Young women are shedding the Western dress and taking to long white robes that cover all the body except the hands and the face. Students refuse to speak French or shake hands with women. Sportsmen play football wearing shorts down to their knees and abstain from fighting or using abusive language.

In Sudan, the Muslim Brotherhood movement has begun to stir the people towards a return to Islam. In the last two decades Islam has spread rapidly across Africa from Zambia and Senegal in the west to Kenya and Tanzania in the east.

In Socialist Algeria, although Islam has been the state religion, the law is based on the French civil code and an attempt was made to build a modern secular state. However, two years ago President Boumedienne was constrained to make major concessions to orthodox elements while framing a new constitution for his country. The Iranian leadership finds the ruling regime of Algeria (along with Libya) "closest to our idea of an Islamic government". The Syrian Government too has had to take serious note of the ferment created by orthodox elements in some of their big towns and cities.

Religion Goes Underground

Turkey has been witnessing a reaction against modernisation ever since the death of Kemal Ataturk in 1938 and especially after World War II. In the 1920s Ataturk, attributing Turkey's backwardness to its subservience to Islam, replaced the Shari'a with a meld of Swiss, German and Italian laws. He prohibited polygamy, suppressed Islamic religious institutions such as the Pilgrimage to Mecca, the teaching of the Quran in Arabic, the saying of the Azaan (prayer call) and the Namaz in Arabic (it had to be said in Turkish instead), introduced European dress, banned the Fez cap and turned Turkey into a Westernised secular republic.

In 1950, after Adnan Menderes came to power, having won an absolute majority in the election to Parliament on the basis of Islamic sympathy, the restrictions on religious practices were lifted. The anti-Islamic reforms had forced religion to go underground; once the pressure was released, Islam has once again come back to Turkey and is gaining strength steadily.

In Sunni-ruled Iraq, where the Shias are the largest single community, the ruling Baath Party is being challenged by orthodox forces in the country. Nowhere has the Khomeini victory been welcomed with such jubilation as in Lebanon.

Saudi Arabia and the Gulf countries like UAE and Kuwait which have always adhered to the traditional Islamic way of life continue to do so. The rulers of these countries have their roots in the lives of its people. Any ordinary citizen can approach King Khaled or Shaikh Jaber or Shaikh Zayed with a complaint at their daily *diwania*. The rulers maintain their links with the country's religious leaders. The advice of the *Ulema* is sought on major issues.

—M. Swaruum

In Malaysia and Indonesia, as in most other Muslim countries, more and more young men and women are becoming deeply attached to the orthodox Islamic way of life of prayer, fasting, austerity and dress. (Picture of a Malay wedding.)

Even the Soviet Union has not been free from the impact of the Islamic resurgence. For the Muslim community is becoming an increasingly important and distinct group in that country. Of the 261 million Russians, 40 million are Muslims who are still wedded to their old faith. And even after six decades of Marxist propaganda and the official profession of atheism, Islam still retains its hold.

Russian Islam

The Muslims in the USSR live in the five Republics in Soviet Central Asia; they speak and learn their own languages; they marry among themselves and tend to live their lives in their own way, among their own people. A large number of them even today go to the mosque to pray. 50 mosques are believed to be regularly visited by the devout in Uzbekistan alone and, although religious observances may not be practised with great regularity, important Muslim holidays are widely observed especially at the magnificent Islamic shrines in Samarkand and Bukhara. That is why the Grand Mufti of Central Asia has declared that a bright future is assured to Islam.

In Afghanistan, one of the most orthodox Muslim countries, the Mullahs have always played a dominant role. The overthrow of the progressive king Amanullah in the early thirties was as a result of the orthodox religious reaction. And the present regime which came to power after the *coup d'etat* staged by Taraki and his colleagues, though supported by Communist Russia, swears by Islam. It has been reluctant to interfere with any religious rites and practices and is cautious about its modernisation programme.

However, recently, the Pathans have taken up arms against the government which, according to them, is trying to restrict the role of the Mullahs. The Government incurred their wrath particularly be-

cause the leaflets dropped from the air urging them to surrender carried incorrect quotations from the Quran. This has now become the symbol of their revolt.

The Soviet Union is so conscious of the Islamic sentiment of the Afghan people that it has been making a special effort to win them over by appealing to their Muslim fervour instead of carrying on Communist propaganda among them. They have been at pains to persuade the tribesmen that the regime in Kabul toppled by the April 1978 coup had been "profoundly in conflict with the basic principles of the Quran". In a broadcast beamed to Afghanistan, a Soviet Muslim official said: "Those who ruled your lives before the blessed April maliciously distorted the blessed principles of the Quran." He went on to argue that the new regime had done what "is preached by Holy Islam".

Chinese Muslims

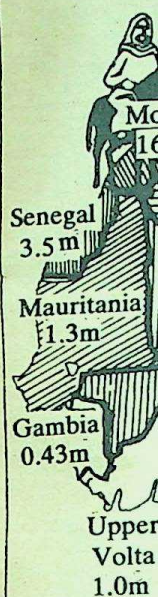
China's 25 million Muslims are concentrated in the north-western provinces along the country's border with the Soviet Union. In the last 10 years Peking, anxious to develop its relations with Muslim countries, has permitted religious observances to be resumed at least in some mosques.

For the last six years, the Moros in the Philippines have been fighting for Muslim autonomy in southern Mindanao where most of the country's 2.8 million Muslims live. They are supported financially and materially by both Saudi Arabia and Libya and thus President Ferdinand Marcos has been cautious in dealing with their rebellion.

Under Mujibur Rehman Bangladesh was staunchly secular; but a few months before his death Mujib realised that his people were too wedded to religion to be kept away from



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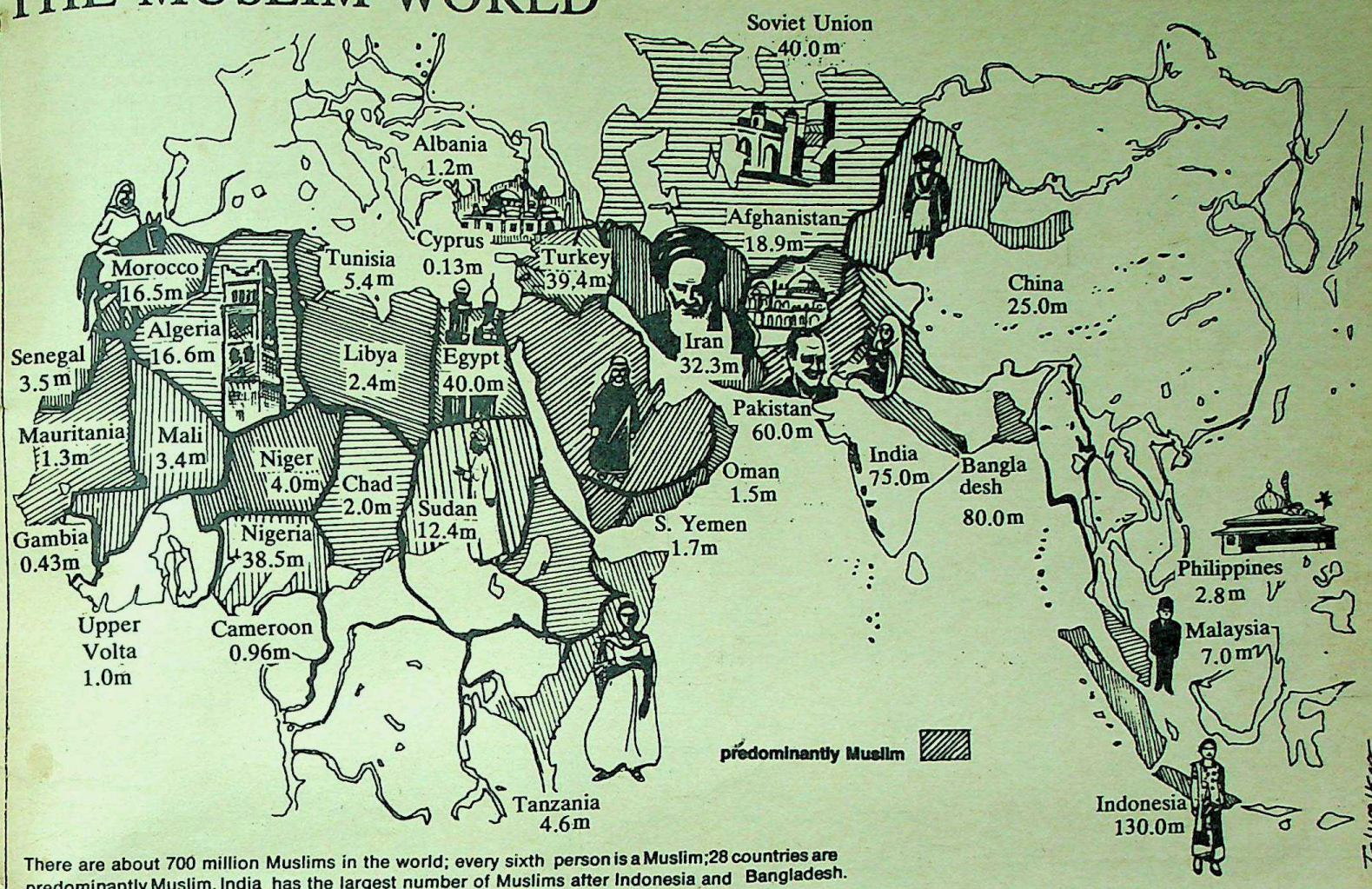
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THE MUSLIM WORLD



the all-comprehensive hold of Islam. The Arabs, especially Saudi Arabians, were also unhappy that the major part of the erstwhile Pakistan had ceased to be an Islamic state. After Mujib, the pendulum swung almost to the other extreme and today Bangladesh is struggling hard to reassert its Islamic character.

In South-East Asian countries like Malaysia and Indonesia, where Islam is the predominant religion, there is a growing interest in traditional Islam among young people. More and more Muslim men and women are becoming deeply attached to the orthodox Islamic life of prayer, fasting, austerity and dress. In Jakarta there are 1,186 mosques today as compared with 460 in 1965, apart from the 4,000 smaller prayer halls called *mushallahs*.

In all the big cities and towns of these countries the educated young seem to realise the emptiness within them and seek solace in religion. In Malaysia, the *dakwah* (missionary) movement which has spread all over the country is attracting many new members from all sections of society. The *dakwah* at one time was mainly interested in gaining new converts but in the last few years it has been concentrating all its energies in revitalising Islam.

Zia's Draconian Laws

Among all the Muslim countries where Islamic revivalism has been pronounced, it is Pakistan which is drawing the attention and comment of the entire world. The much-publicised draconian punishments of chopping of hands for stealing, stoning of the

adulterous and flogging for consuming alcoholic drinks have brought consternation and dismay to the rest of the world.

General Zia-ul-Haq, who seized power in a coup in 1977, has declared Islamisation of Pakistani society as his major goal. As a first-step he announced the introduction of *Nizame Islam* including a package of Islamic penal laws.

The publicity that these laws have received has distracted attention from the main issue facing the Muslim world, the revival of Islam and the reasons inspiring this revival. Muslims have for centuries been nursing a feeling of humiliation, diffidence and insecurity. They have harboured a grievance against the West for its misrepresentation of Islam and the distorted view it has taken of that religion from the Middle Ages. This conflict began with the spectacular spread of Islam within a hundred years of its birth from the Arabian Peninsula in the seventh century into large parts of Asia and Africa and stretching into Europe as far as what are now Hungary and Yugoslavia.

Then came the direct confrontation with Christianity when Muslims drove the Christian crusaders out of Western Asia. Islam retained its dominant position until the mid-16th century when it attained its height of power and glory under the Ottomans.

The tremendous sway that Islam wielded and the military victories it won gave rise to deep resentment among the Western intelligentsia who in the subsequent centuries portrayed the religion of Mohammed in

the darkest colours, ridiculing the Prophet, distorting his teachings and branding his followers as barbarians who wrought nothing but insane destruction.

Muslims Feel Humiliated

With the fall of the Ottoman Empire, Islamic influence began to decline and the Christian powers felt emboldened to make incursions into the Islamic world, ransack its economy, cause disturbance in its society and destroy its traditional fabric. After World War I, the situation worsened. Ever since the Islamic society has continued to be utterly demoralised. In recent times the shame of Israel's victories over the Arab armies in 1948 and later in 1967 further aggravated the feeling of despair among Muslims. With a proud record of martial valour and conquest behind them, the entire Muslim community—and not merely the Arabs—became painfully aware of the scorn to which they were exposed.

It was the Arab-Israeli War of 1975—the Yom Kippur or the Ramzan War—which was the turning point in the history of the Muslim world. The war restored the pride of the Arabs in their military prowess: during this encounter they came close to defeating Israel and agreed to sit at the negotiating table only after putting up an honourable fight.

Simultaneously another powerful weapon came into their hands: oil and the West's dependence on them for it. This, once again, gave a large part of the Muslim world a dominance that compelled the Great Powers

to take them seriously and deal with them on more or less equal terms.

The accession of strength stemming from this immense wealth gave Muslims a sense of renewed confidence. They began to cherish their religion and their cultural heritage with greater enthusiasm and pride. After the lapse of centuries they had regained their identity and they now felt an urgent and fierce need to assert it.

Islam Rises Again

The religion of their birth appeared more attractive when the West, which was once so powerful and seemed unassailable, got beset with problems and got deeper and deeper into one crisis after another. Consequently a conviction began to take root in the Muslim world that imported Western concepts had failed to provide abiding solutions to its social and economic problems.

The forced pace of industrialisation along Western lines upset the social mores and economic pattern of life in most of the Muslim countries where the fruits of modernism were monopolised by a few at the expense of the vast majority of population. Rural migrants in city slums, disoriented by the strange new surroundings, sought solace in the religion of their birth. The widening gap between the rulers and the ruled, between rich and poor, between urban and rural people made them nostalgic for traditional Islam which taught simple living, austerity and piety and inculcated a spirit of brotherhood and reliance on one another.

Muslim youth, reacting against the inadequacies and the hollowness of materialism and the ostentations imported from the West, began to yearn for traditional Islam. Many of them, who are frustrated by lack of economic and political opportunities in these countries, find in religion spiritual solace if not an outlet for their energies. More and more of them are repelled by the permissive society and the "Coca-cola" culture of drugs, pop music and pornography.

As a result, a new attachment to Islam has grown among the Faithful not stirred so much by theological discourses as by the acute awareness on their part that under an Islamic Republic, man is better assured of a more purposeful existence.

A Passing Phase

Islam, it is being said, is on the march. It is made to look as if Muslim legions are all out to take over the world. While there has indeed been a revival of the faith among the Muslims, the phenomenon has no aggressive overtones or undertones. The followers of Mohammad are addressing themselves and only themselves; they are seeking to protect and preserve their cultural identity as all great peoples do when other civilisations threaten to overwhelm theirs. The Muslims are not turning their back on science and technology and all that is great and noble in Western culture. They are only trying to reject its ugly, garish aspects which appal many Westerners themselves.

But Islamic revivalism cannot express itself on a spiritual plane alone, for Islam is a total faith, a complete way of life and not just a religion. It has as much to do with worldly affairs, including social, economic and political life.

Muslim society is thus undergoing a traumatic change. In their prevailing mood,

Muslims are likely to over-react to modernism and make a violent swing to the other extreme. The chador and the veil are as much an expression of the convulsions that Muslims at large are going through as is their urge to follow a code of life strictly according to the Shari'a. But they are minor manifestations of a passing phase; once the dust settles down these symbolic manifestations of protest must ease.

Obscurantists Damage, Not Purify

In case any of these are pressed into action as was done in Iran when the veil was made obligatory by the Ayatollah a few weeks ago, there is bound to be stiff resistance from the educated Muslims. The same women, who had voluntarily donned the chador a few months earlier against the Shah, discarded it with equal defiance when it was thrust on them against their will.

However, there is a genuine fear that the resurgence of Islam might bring the orthodox Fundamentalists from the peri-

phery to the centre of activity. If this happens and, if religious obscurantism gets the better of the progressive elements as in Pakistan, then the clock of Muslim progress may be put back by centuries. For, in their attempt to purify society, the obscurantists are likely to damage it perhaps irreparably.

The reversion to the strict Islamic penal code which, for example, prescribes stoning for adultery and amputation for theft is giving a wrong image to Islam. The penal code is only an insignificant peripheral aspect of an all-embracing social and religious code of conduct based on the Quran and the Hadith as elaborated by Islamic jurists more than 1,000 years ago.

The severity of these punishments is, however, tempered by a number of factors which mean that in practice the law is not always rigidly applied. For instance, to prove adultery under Islamic law, four male witnesses of known integrity and good faith are required to witness the act itself.



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As for theft, if it has been committed by someone out of necessity the judge is not even allowed to reproach him, let alone try him, because the offence is attributed to the failure of society to feed all its members.

Charging of Bhutto Un-Islamic

In Islamic law there are several degrees of murder and only murder in the first degree is punishable by death. Thus if Mr Bhutto had been tried by a proper Islamic court under the Laws of Islam, the charge of murder would never have been sustained because neither did he wield the weapon with which the crime was committed, nor was he present on the scene: he was implicated by the dubious confession of an accused-turned-accuser, which is not valid as evidence in Islamic jurisprudence.

There is also a great deal of misconception about the status of women in Islam. To say that Islam has accorded a low status to woman is not correct; in fact it placed her higher than ever before at a time when she was everywhere held in subjection; and it gave her a dignity and freedom which had no parallel in European society.

As Will Durant says in *The Age Of Faith*, woman in Europe in the Middle Ages was considered "a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a painted ill". She was placed lower than slaves by St Thomas Aquinas who said: "Woman is subordinate to man on account of the weakness of her nature, both of the body and mind." He also bids "children to love their father more than their mother". The European civil law ruled that the word of a woman could not be admitted into a court of law because of her frailty.

Women And Islam

As against all this European-Christian tradition, the Quranic law was liberal to women. It assured them half a share of what was allotted to men. The Prophet's reforms placed reasonable limits on polygamy in the days when society all over the world was unrestrictedly polygamous.

Also, it must be remembered, monogamy was not only the ideal but also the rule in Islam; polygamy was permitted only under exceptional circumstances. In the early Islamic period, which was characterised by religious wars, the women outnumbered the men in Arabia and a system of restricted polygamy went a long way in bettering the lot of widows of soldiers who would otherwise have been without protection or sustenance.

A Muslim can take four wives but with certain reservations: "You may marry two, three or four wives, but not more... but if you cannot deal equitably and justly with all, you shall marry only one." "...You will not be able to deal equally between your wives however much you may wish to do so." (Q 4:129)

The wearing of the veil or purdah is yet another misconception regarding the Islamic way of life. During the lifetime of the Prophet, there was no segregation of the sexes. Women attended divine service daily in the mosque, worked in the fields and even enlisted in the army where they not only nursed the wounded and urged their menfolk on to greater deeds of valour but even fought shoulder to shoulder with them.



Ayesha, the wife of Mohammed, commanded her own troops at the famous "Battle of the Camel". Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet, frequently participated in the discussions regarding the succession to the Caliphate.

Islam therefore has been a modernising influence in the past. From its very inception in the seventh century, it was a catalyst for progress. Today we are witnessing a great turmoil among its followers. They have unequivocally reasserted their identity and reaffirmed their faith in the traditions and values of the religion of their forefathers. But it remains to be seen whether Islam has recovered its vitality sufficiently to once again fill the role of a modernising force.

There have been times when the Ulema, especially after the fall of the Abbasid Caliphate, tried to close the door to new ideas and stultified Islam by insisting on the strict application of Quranic laws. This was in conflict with the spirit of the Quran itself which encourages *shura* or consultation among the learned. Most of the Islamic laws are in fact the creation of the Four Schools founded by the four great Imams who flourished many centuries after the Prophet. Often they gave liberal interpretations to the words of Allah and by their genius brought them in conformity with the requirements of their times.

The same intellectual liberalism is the need of the hour; even according to the theologians, *ijma* or consensus is the third most important source of Islamic laws. The best *ijma* in modern times is the decision arrived at after mature deliberation by the representatives of the people. Any attempt to throttle the democratic urge of the Muslims is a disservice to the faith of the man who came to shatter the chains of bondage.

Says the Quran: "You have a pivotal role to play in the service of mankind—you must act as a model to others as the Prophet was a model to you." (Chapter 2: 153)

—Jitendra Arya

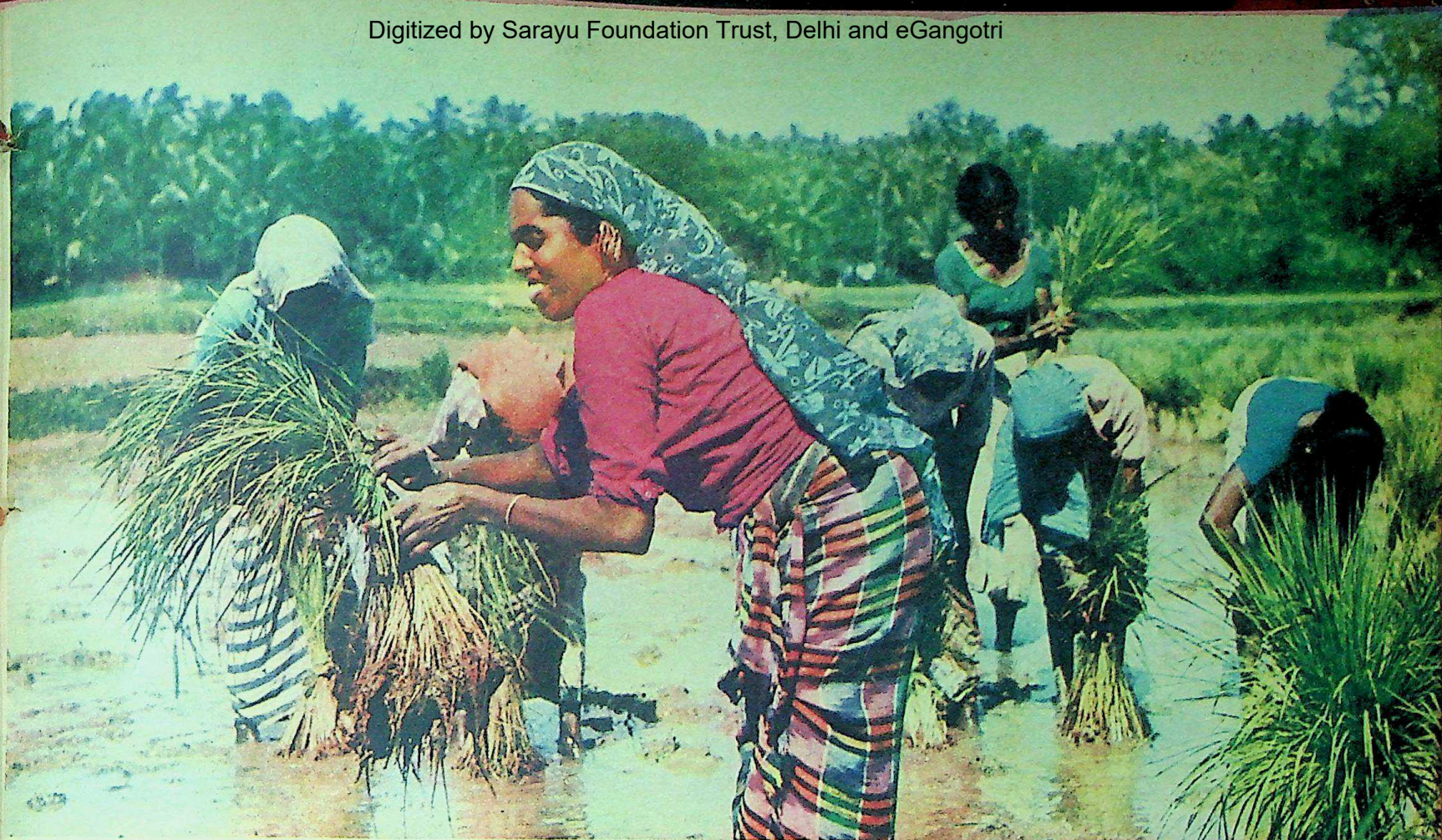
"Paradise lies at the feet of the mother."—Prophet Mohammed.

—S. N. Kulkarni



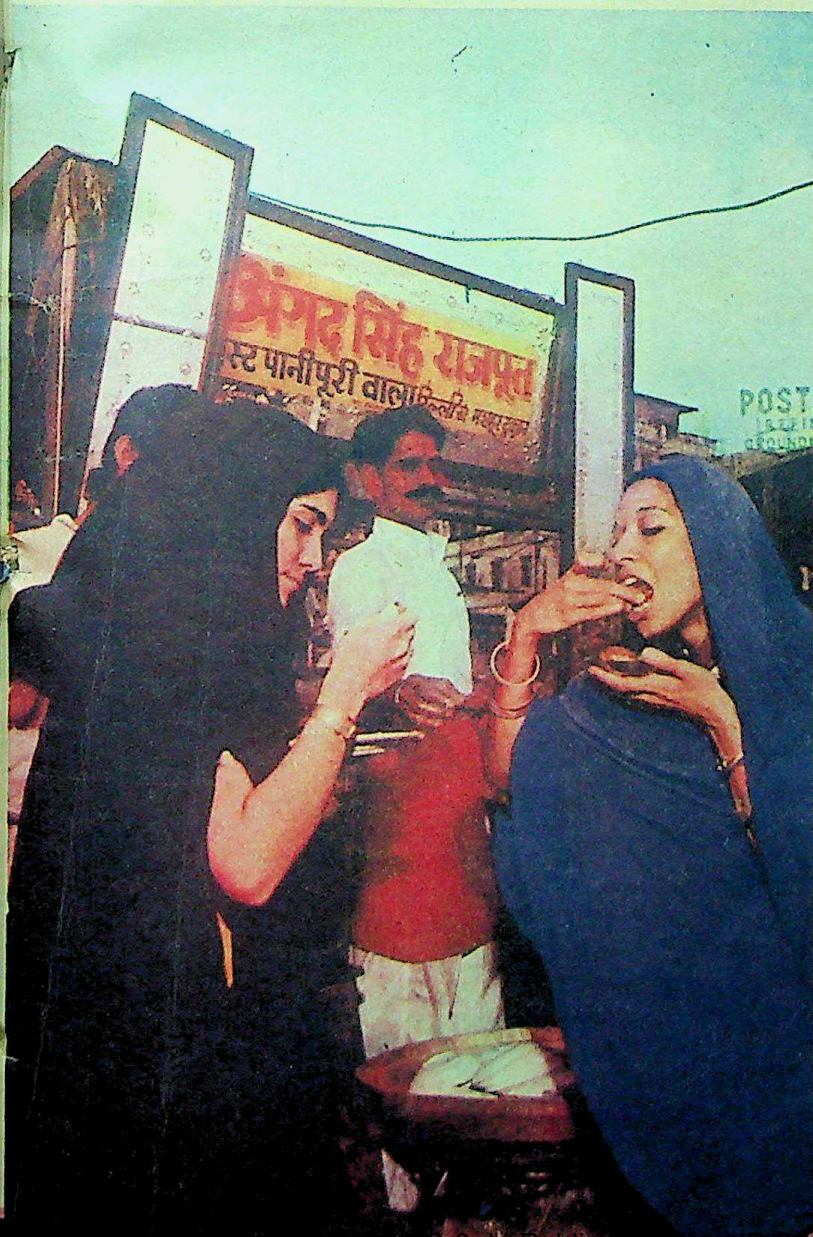
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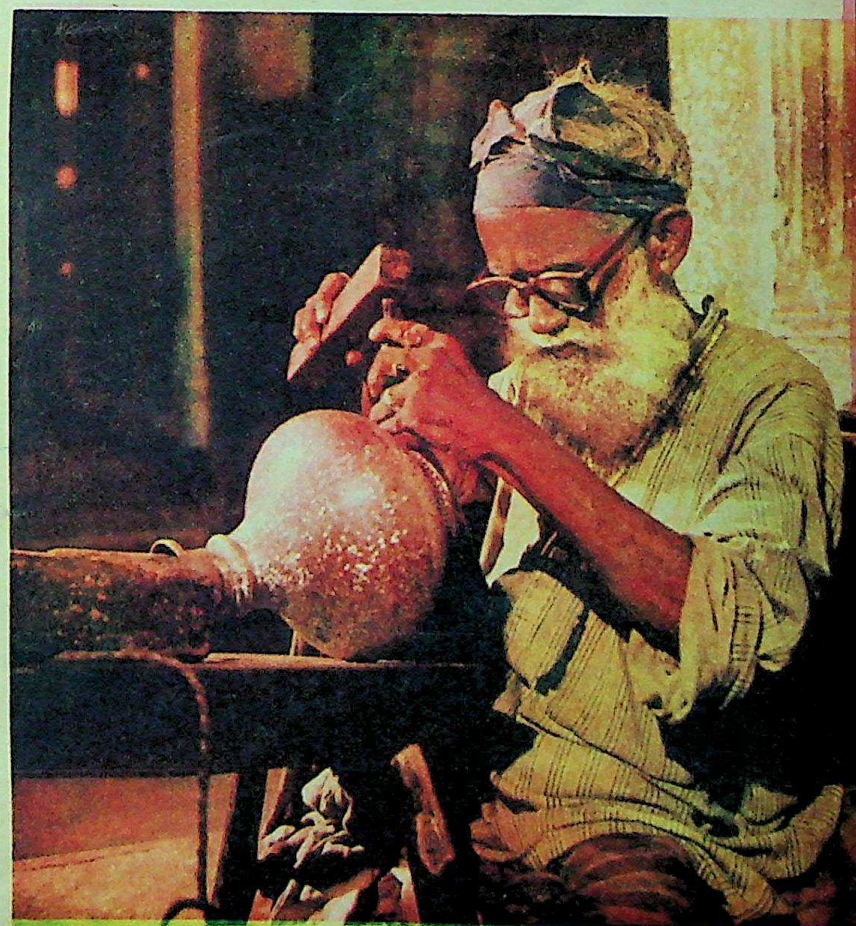


—Neena Balan

Islam raised the status of woman higher than ever before at a time when she was held in subjugation everywhere. "Be good to women," exhorts the Quran, "because they are given to you by Allah as a trust . . . they are a raiment for you and you are a raiment for them."

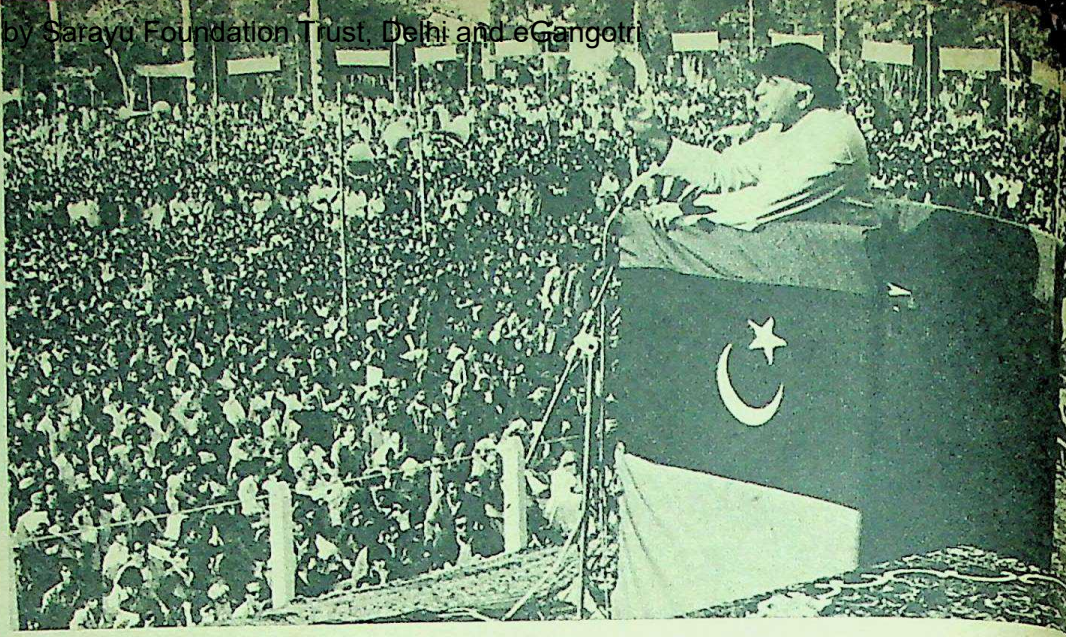
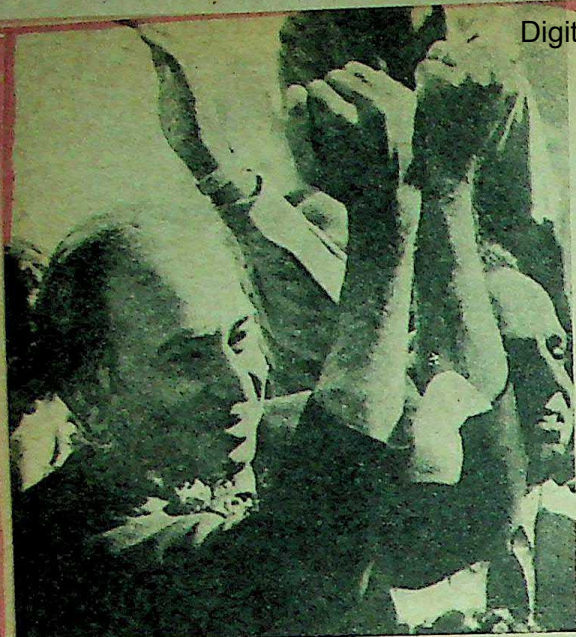


—S. N. Kulkarni



—Balkrishnan

"A man shall be asked concerning five (things) on the day of resurrection; concerning his life, how he spent it; concerning his youth, how he grew old; concerning his wealth, whence he acquired it; concerning his life; in what way he spent it; and what was it that he did with the knowledge that he had acquired." (Hadith)



What Next In Pakistan?

Who has been hanged—Bhutto, Zia or Pakistan?

by INDER MALHOTRA

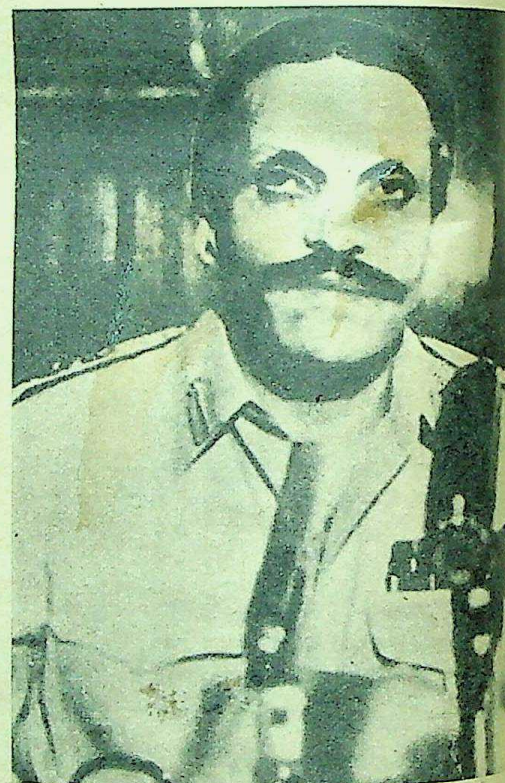
Even the deepest of tragedies can sometimes have a touch of grim humour, as became clear during the chilling moments when the first flashes about Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's execution came in. Since one of these announced that the hangman, Tara Masih, had received Rs 25 for his labours, a colleague commented: "What? The poor fellow has been shortchanged. He ought to have got the proverbial thirty pieces of silver."

"The payment," growled someone else in the crowd clustered round the teleprinter, "is reserved for General Zia-ul-Haq. Tara Masih is a poor menial. The real executioner is the moustachioed mullah in khaki. He is also the modern Judas." Harsh words, perhaps, but true.

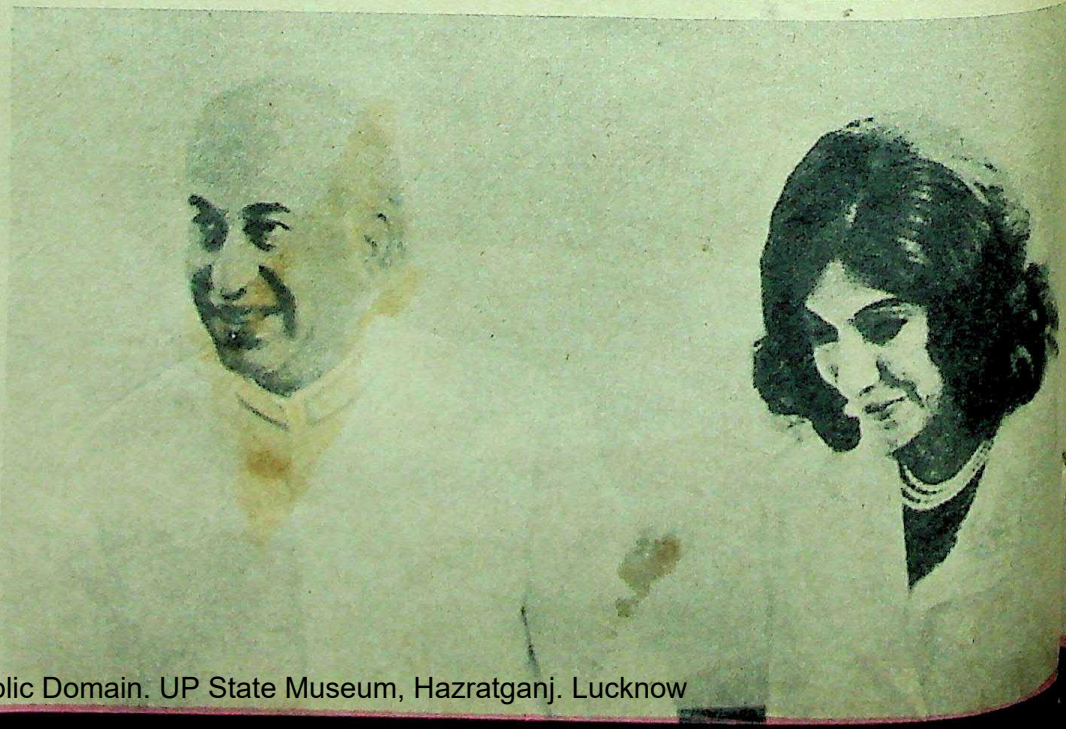
Further Break-Up?

However, the moment of anger and even tears has passed, though many might yet weep for the brilliant leader so brutally liquidated. The time has come to worry about the future of the luckless country next door.

Over seven years ago, another military dictator, denounced at that time by his peers



MURTAZA (above) and Benazir (below), Mr Bhutto's children, and Nusrat his wife (right below).



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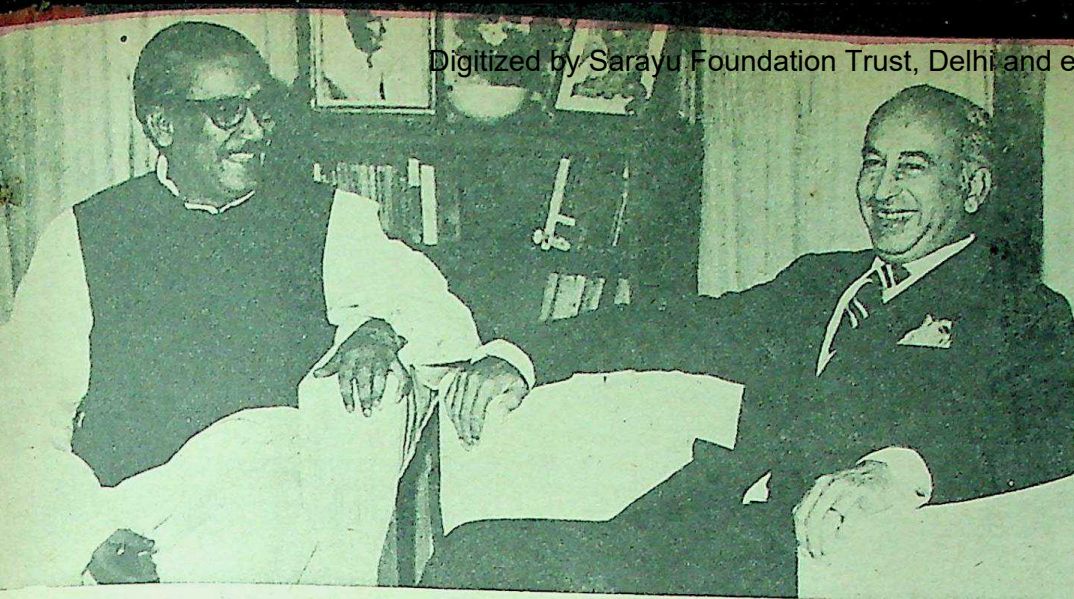
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as a "drunken pig", presided over the break-up of Pakistan into two. Unlike General Yahya Khan, General Zia is a teetotaler, but, compared with today's Chief Martial Law Administrator, even the inebriated Yahya was a genius. Moreover, after the defeat and humiliation in Bangladesh, there was Bhutto to shore up the country's shattered morale. The execrable mediocre who occupies the seat of power in Islamabad today is likely to break up Pakistan, not in parts, but into pieces, with no Pakistani of any stature around to pick them up. There may, therefore, be a scramble among interested foreign nations to grab what they can. And this is where China's foresight in building the Karakoram Road at a phenomenal cost comes in.

To say this is not to suggest that Pakistan's disintegration is round the corner. But the danger is very real because a chain of events, with utterly unpredictable consequences, has been set into motion. Pakistan is already down the slippery slope. It would make very little difference whether Zia lives another few years to strut around the stage or is meted out his just deserts and replaced by another General or Brigadier even more ambitious than he.

After all, it should not be forgotten that Bhutto's overthrow in July 1977 became not only possible but also popular with the Pakistani people because they then felt that the imperious "Lord of Larkana" had cheated them of their democratic rights by rigging the elections. They had by then looked up to the Army and the Judiciary to hold a fresh, free and fair poll without delay.

No Saviour.

Now, thanks to Zia's perfidy, his own ambition and, even more so, his ability to suborn even the highest judiciary in the land for his macabre and ignoble purposes, both the Army and the Judiciary stand thoroughly discredited.

Consequently, there is no institution or individual left in Pakistan to stand between that country and chaos, the bureaucracy having been emasculated, if not wholly destroyed, by Field-Marshal Ayub Khan, Yahya and, above all, Bhutto himself. This is the key to the present Pakistani situation. And it is this which makes the dangers facing Pakistan far more ominous than ever before even though it has been used to living from crisis to crisis.

A dead Bhutto as a rallying point makes his Pakistan People's Party an even more formidable force than it would have been had he lived. It follows, therefore, that even if Zia has any intention to hold elections in November or on any other date—and this is extremely doubtful, to say the least—he simply cannot afford to order them now because of the fear of the PPP's return to power. And yet those Pakistani politicians who have cynically gone along with him in Bhutto's judicial murder can be expected to band together to bay for Zia's own blood and to demand that the Army must transfer power to a civilian government at once!

It is no mere coincidence that the first politician to disown any share in the responsibility for Bhutto's execution is Maulana Mufti Mahmood, leader of the PNA, Zia's principal political partner in crime. The Mufti in his flowing white robes and the General in his bemedalled uniform are both firm advocates of Pakistan's return to medievalism.

Bitter Divisions

Neither seem to have the sense to realise that far from being a unifying factor, their common craze is bound to aggravate the already bitter divisions within Pakistani society, including the armed forces. For let it not be forgotten that many junior and some senior army officers have deep sympathy for both Bhutto and his attempt to modernise Pakistan. Far from sharing Zia's zeal for orthodoxy and obscurantism, most military officers like their peg of whisky every evening, no matter how sinful this might be according to General Zia.

To cap it all, the Indus has always been a great divide in the polity of Pakistan. When Baluchistan and the NWFP are not at war with the rest of the Punjabi-dominated country on the other side of the river, there is only a state of armed truce between the two sides. The vengeful men who have invested Bhutto with a halo of martyrdom ought to ponder a paradox: with the Punjabi masses, the liquidated leader remains as popular as before for there can be no other meaning of the demonstrations in Lahore, Rawalpindi, Faisalabad (formerly Lyallpur) and elsewhere. And, yet, his own province of Sind has begun to seethe with discontent against his Punjabi murderers.

If all this does not spell Deep Trouble for Pakistan what else does it do?

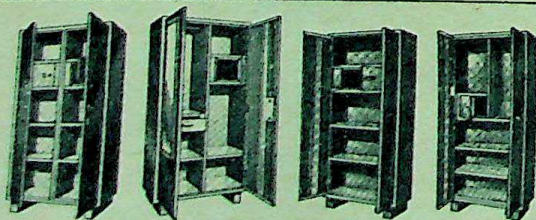


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Born Tellers Of Tales

When the *Illustrated Weekly of India* invited children between the ages of 10 and 14 to send short stories and paintings for a competition to celebrate the International Year of the Child, the thought did not cross our adult minds that we may possibly be inundated with entries. And this is just what has happened. We have received over two thousand entries in both departments from all over the country; what began as a dribble ended in a flood.

It has been a tremendous and revealing experience to read many of them, after a preliminary selection was made by staff members. What crosses a child's mind? What interests children most? Adventure, obviously. Science fiction. Mystery. Thrills. Ghost stories. Tales of the biter being bit. In fact, barring sex and politics, (for which, thank God!) whatever interests grown-ups as well. I have been impressed by the writing talent of our youngsters in a language foreign to them. But obviously foreign it isn't, as their ability to express in it so abundantly indicates. The prizes will be announced soon. This is just a note to all participants to tell them that they have not been forgotten. We will announce the prizes for the paintings a little later.

Those on the staff who have done the preliminary sifting feel that a good many children may feel genuinely left out, so well-written have been many manuscripts. Hopefully we will repeat the competition next year and the year after and the year thereafter. There is superb story-telling talent out there in a world we know so little about. Children, I suspect, are born tellers of tales.

Death of A Statesman

It is an article of faith with me that any man's death—even that of an enemy—diminishes me. John Donne put it beautifully. "Any man's death," he wrote, "diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind. And therefore never send to know for

whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee." Which is why the execution of Bhutto saddens me. There will be many, I am sure, who will be pleased that he has been hanged. Bhutto, of course, was an enemy of India. There is no need to forget that. But in death there should be forgiveness. Only barbarians kick a fallen foe. I had never had much respect for those in this country who distributed pedas and celebrated the event when Nathuram Godse shot Gandhiji. They were sick people. So was Godse.

A Pat From Godse

My acquaintance with men who have been hung for crimes has never been extensive, a lacuna in knowledge readers perhaps will forgive. But the death sentence passed on Bhutto reminded me of Godse whose trial at the Red Fort I covered in those days for the *Free Press* group of papers. I had started with a burning hatred for Godse but, as the trial progressed, I began to have a certain fascination for the young man. He was remarkably composed when the presiding judge pronounced the death sentence on him. I see him now, giving a stiff salute to the judge, as if acknowledging that justice had been done.

I wrote a lengthy account of the final day and not long after my colleague, D. V. Gokhale of the *Navashakti*, received a letter from Godse saying that my coverage of the trial was the best he had read and please will he let the reporter know? Godse apparently had asked for Marathi papers to read in jail and *Navashakti* happened to be part of the *Free Press* group which had published my report. I thought it was rather nice of a man condemned to death to take the trouble to write a note of thanks and must confess that I was somewhat touched by it. My feelings again: the man were still raw and I did not care to acknowledge the thanks. Perhaps I should have. But these are thoughts stirred after nearly thirty years. One hopefully matures with the years.

Prepare Yourself

I can imagine the sufferings of Bhutto's wife and children as they saw him for the last time. It can never be easy. To face death with courage and equanimity requires a good deal of inner spiritual preparation. When Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya saw his son dying, it is said, there was that rich understanding of what life—and death—is all about "Beta," he is supposed to have said, "tum ab ek yatra par jaane wale ho, is ke liye tayyari karo." (Son, you are about to go on a pilgrimage—make preparations for it.) Panditji was one of the greatest of men in this land—a true Hindu. To treat death as a pilgrimage and to face it with disdain needs strength. That, evidently, Panditji had in ample measure.

Nisargadatta Maharaj

This reminds me of a book of conversations with Sri Nisargadatta Maharaj, a saintly man, compiled by Maurice Frydman, who is himself no more. Both probably need an in-



ZULFIQAR ALI BHUTTO

roduction except to the former's large group of admirers and the latter's innumerable friends. I must confess that I had never heard of Sri Nisargadatta Maharaj until Sudhakar Dikshit sent me a copy of Frydman's book, *I Am That* (Parts I and II published by Chetana of Bombay). Maharaj's brief life story has been sketched in *I Am That*, and of godmen he must be one of the godliest.

But Frydman was quite a character. A Polish Jew born in Cracow, he came to India some 52 years ago and made this country his home. He studied Indian philosophy and culture, met many Indian saints and sages but never, evidently, got converted to any beliefs until he met Sri Nisargadatta Maharaj. After that his surrender was complete. I can well understand why. *I Am That* explains it all rather beautifully. Maharaj spoke only in Marathi and his conversations with many who called on him seeking peace Frydman recorded and translated into chaste English. One extract interests me:

Question: We are all getting old. Old age is not pleasant—all aches and pains, weakness and approaching end. How does a *jnani* feel as an old man? How does his inner self look at his own senility?

Maharaj: As he gets older he grows more and more happy and peaceful. After all, he is going home. Like a traveller nearing his destination and collecting his luggage. He leaves the train without regret.

Maurice Frydman died at the age of 75 in the home of a friend in Bombay. Dikshit, who was present as Maurice lay dying, quotes him as saying: "There's a light all around, beautiful light, multi-coloured. Oh, how beautiful..."

Also at the bedside were Sri Nisargadatta Maharaj and Apa Pant (one of India's distinguished diplomats). Pant asked Maharaj: "Maharaj, where is Maurice going? What is happening to him?" And the latter's reply was: "Nothing is happening. No one is dying, for no one was born."

I Am That is a book I would recommend to all seekers of truth. It bears the authenticity of a true saint.

M. V. K.

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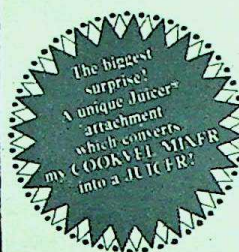
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The Shroud Of Christ?

The strip of linen which has been venerated for centuries as the burial cloth of Christ and which bears the mysterious imprint of His body was exposed to the public and subjected to scientific scrutiny in Turin, Italy, in 1978.

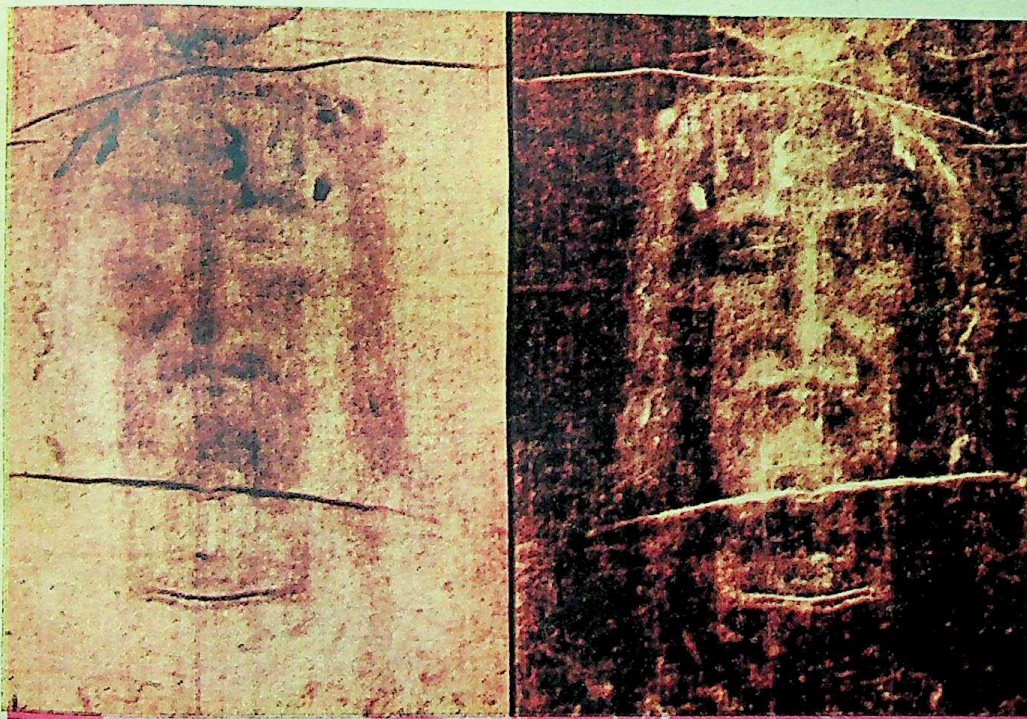
The author, who attended the exposition on behalf of the "Weekly", reports on the latest tests being carried out on the Shroud to prove its authenticity and to discover from it new facts as well as confirm the existing ones about the death and crucifixion of Christ.

Special Feature for Easter

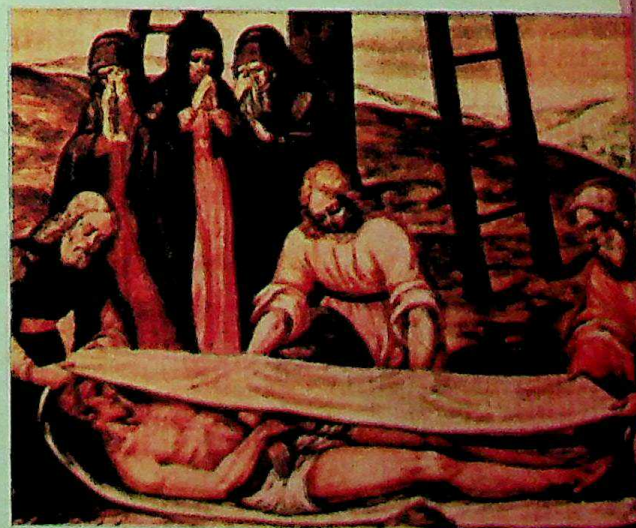
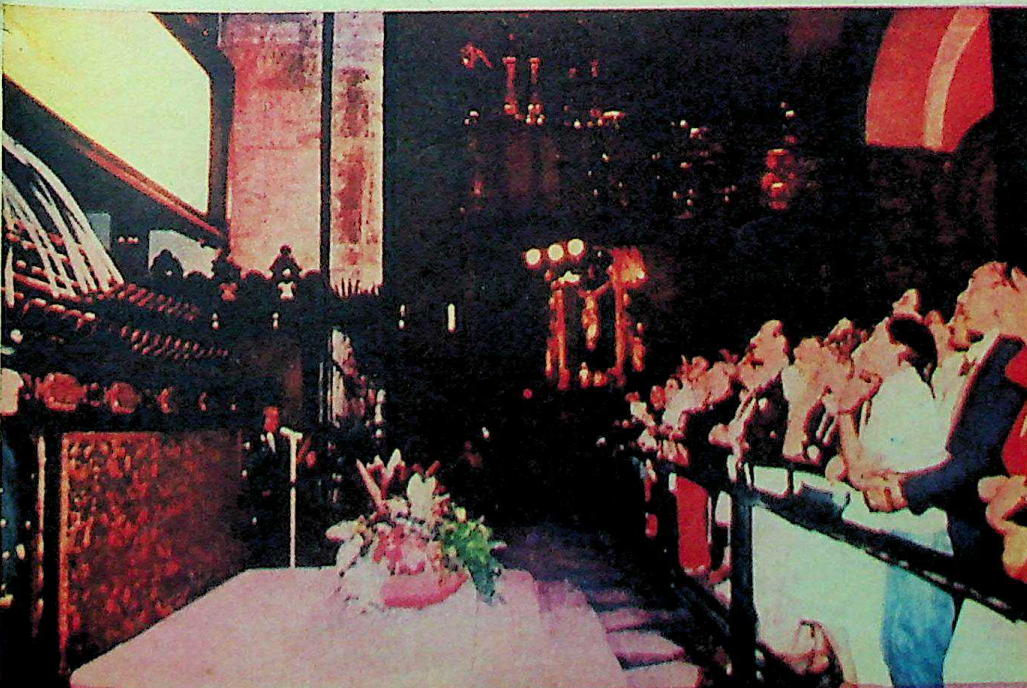
by FRANCIS FREITAS

It was an incredible sight, something I had not expected to witness any more in modern, swinging, agnostic, pleasure-seeking Europe. In the vast squares of Turin, Italy, surrounding the imposing Cathedral of St John, hundreds of thousands of people stood patiently, 20 abreast, in queues that

were three miles long—silent, reverential, prayerful groups of men, women and children, of nuns, of families, of priests and bishops, the sick and the aged—all waiting for several hours in the chill mountain air from the encircling Alps for a two-minute look at a piece of cloth hung in front of the main



CHRIST'S FACE on the Shroud of Turin. On the right is the picture which developed on Pia's photographic plate when he snapped the Shroud in 1898. It is a photo positive, revealing the startling fact that the image on the cloth is a perfect negative (left). Right: Full view of the Holy Relic. Below: The exposition in St John's Cathedral, Turin, last year. Below right: Detail from a painting showing how the Shroud was draped.



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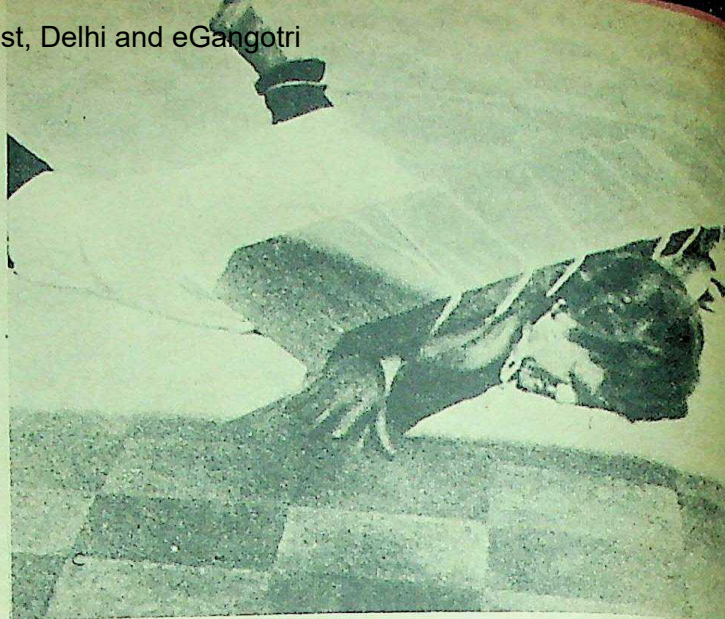
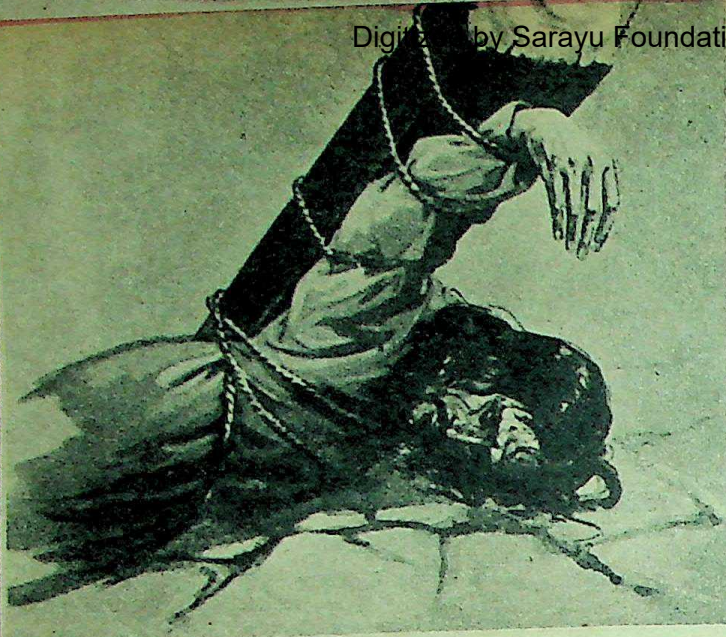
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A FIFTH GOSPEL—ACCORDING TO THE SHROUD

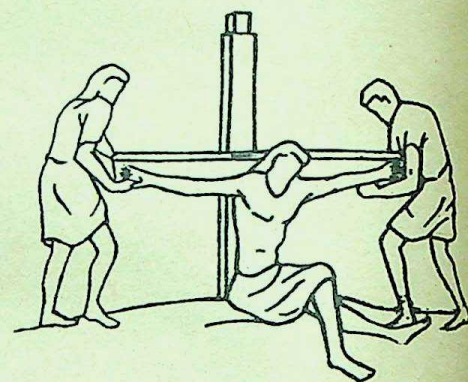
During the last 75 years the Shroud of Turin has been subjected to scrutiny by scientists, doctors, historians, art critics and forensic experts. Their investigations have become a science—sindonology—and an International Centre of Sindonology has been set up.

The Shroud has been termed a Fifth Gospel because the image and markings on it provide a remarkable fund of information, some of which is not recorded in the four Gospels of the Evangelists.

Contrary to popular belief, Christ did not carry the whole cross to Calvary. On the Shroud there is a circular wound-mark on the left shoulder blade and another on

the right shoulder, both superimposed on the marks of the scourging. These are what we would expect from the carrying of a heavy beam, not from the dragging of a whole cross which would injure only one shoulder. This would indicate that Christ carried only the crossbar to the place of execution (above left). He was nailed to this beam which was then raised and inserted into the vertical post which was already fixed in position.

The photograph at right (above) shows one of the experiments conducted to re-enact the falls that Jesus had while carrying the cross-piece. At right is a drawing showing how the crucifixion was carried out.



altar of the Cathedral, which is claimed to be the 2,000-year-old burial Shroud of the crucified Christ and bears the mysterious imprint of his tortured body.

All was in perfect order; no raucous cries of vendors or street entertainers; no sale of relics or candles or flowers or curios; only the sound of muted prayer and hushed whispers; none of the noise or tamasha that is part of any concourse in our country, religious or otherwise.

For 40 days from August 27 to October 8, people gravitated towards Turin from all over Europe, the U.S. and other parts of the world till the total number of pilgrims touched 4,000,000—a colossal response to a reawakened yearning for things spiritual, and an indication perhaps of a revival of the religious spirit in Europe.

Space-Age Tests

If the 40 days of the exposition were reminiscent of the great devotional festivals of the Middle Ages, there was a startling comeback to the modern age the day after the public exposition ended. When the vast square of the Cathedral had been emptied and the last pilgrim had returned home, there rolled into the piazza huge trucks containing huge cases of equipment of space-age technology brought by the scientists who had been permitted to submit the Shroud to a series of non-destructive tests in an effort to answer some of its many questions. They contained a giant frame with soft

magnets to hold the 14'3" by 3'7" Shroud and subject it to a succession of tests such as x-rays, fluorescence examination, infra-red exposition or thermography; extensive high resolution photography to get photographs suited for computer analysis; equipment for taking surface transfer samples for chemical identification of the image composition; micro-vacuum cleaners to collect particles for micro-Raman analysis; these and other sophisticated machinery to be used for a variety of tests on the Shroud. Besides the scientists, specialists in other disciplines—artists, historians, archaeologists and writers—were permitted to examine the Shroud over a period of five days round the clock. Over 30,000 photographs were taken.

It was a veritable meeting of science and religion in Turin in that October week. An international conference to evaluate current historical and scientific research on the Shroud marked the close of the exposition, which I attended both as the Corresponding Member of the International Centre for the study of the Shroud, Turin, and as a member of the Press representing *The Illustrated Weekly of India*. Here were gathered the leading world authorities on the Shroud, top people in their own professions and technologies who had devoted years of study to this fascinating subject, come together to pool their knowledge and to plan new techniques to unravel the mystery of the Shroud. The multilingual proceedings were easy to follow as there was simultaneous translation into English, French and Italian. I was invited

to address the conference on the progress of Shroud studies in India.

What is this Shroud that is the subject of all this attention? It is an ivory coloured handwoven linen cloth of triple herringbone weave, such as was in use 2,000 years ago in Egypt and its neighbouring countries. On it is imprinted a faint, anatomically correct image of a crucified man lying in attitude of death, hands crossed over the pelvis.

Image Is A Negative Imprint

It was assumed to be the burial cloth of Christ and so venerated till, in 1898, modern science stepped in in the person of Secondo Pia, its first photographer. As Pia processed his plates, he was astounded to see that the image that appeared was not a characteristic negative in which light areas are dark, dark areas light, and right and left reversed. The negative showed all the qualities of a positive print with gradations of tone that gave the body depth and contour. It was the image itself that was the negative film.

In fact, as various speakers at the conference emphasised, the Shroud is a perfect negative imprint, so perfect that the line and shading is strongly defined. One can read an astonishing volume of information about the manner of death of the man on the Shroud. It is also a rare thing—a two-dimensional imprint in which the optical density corresponds inversely with the distance of the object from the image.

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in an ordinary photograph. Scientists have ruled out the various methods of image formation that suggest themselves. It is not a "smeared on" image obtained by contact with a bloody corpse. It is not a painted on image because there is no hint of directional brush strokes, nor is there any penetration of the pigment into the threads of the texture. The image is entirely on the surface of the fabric, and the reverse of the fabric is clear of any markings. Nor has the most exacting scientific examination discovered any substance, organic or inorganic, encrusted in the fibres of the cloth.

The central figures of the Turin conference were undoubtedly the American team of space scientists led by Dr John Jackson and Dr Eric Jumper who had together pioneered the use of space-age technology in studying the Shroud. Accustomed to the image enhancing and synthesising techniques employed on space photographs of the Mars flyby mission, they were attracted to the problematic image on the Shroud, and conducted a very successful preliminary

analysis of it, working from existing photographs.

Very soon they became the nucleus for a group of scientists of varying religious affiliations but with complementary scientific disciplines. They obtained image analysis data for computer 3D studies and for image enhancement. The three dimensional studies established that the image on the Shroud can be converted into three dimensional reliefs to provide, for instance, pictures of the face of Christ with features correctly defined. Jackson and Jumper have obtained through a computerised milling machine a three dimensional figure in wood of the body of Christ, which they exhibited at the Turin conference.

Computer-Aided Research

Image enhancement through computerised data has provided a more detailed structure of the Shroud image and perhaps an indication of how the image has been formed. The image-forming process did not depend on direct contact with the body, and,

whatever it was, acted uniformly on both sides of the body. Further, image enhancement brought out a new fact that coins had been placed on the eyelids of the dead body; so, if the coins can be identified, the Shroud can be dated.

What was of greater importance to a group of committed Shroud scholars such as Monsignor Gimlio Ricci and Dr John Robinson, was the actual testimony imprinted on the Shroud and now clearly readable because of the image enhancing and analysing aids. If the Shroud is what it is claimed to be, it bears on it, according to Mgr Ricci, the marks of Christ's passion and death, in awesome detail.

There are the excoriating marks of the lashes whose number, direction and depth of penetration into the flesh can be gauged; marks of the cap of thorns that have torn the skin of the skull; marks of the abrasion across the shoulders where the cross beam was placed for the journey to Calvary; the buffeting on the face; the falls on the way to Calvary; the wounds of the



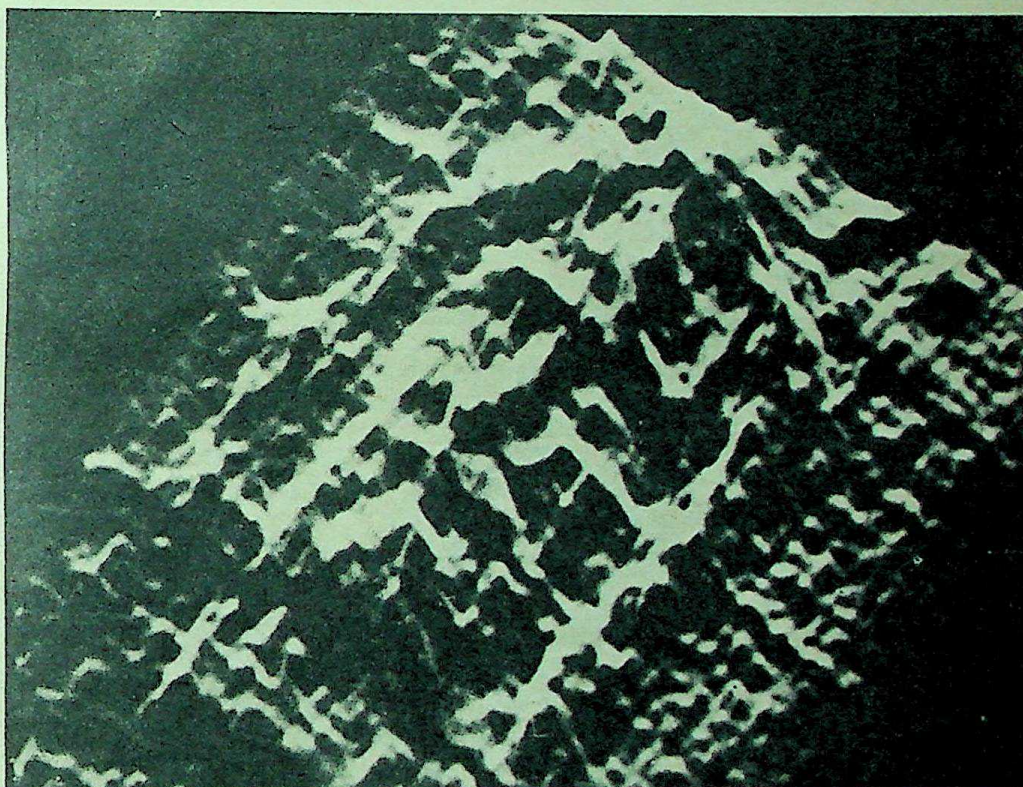
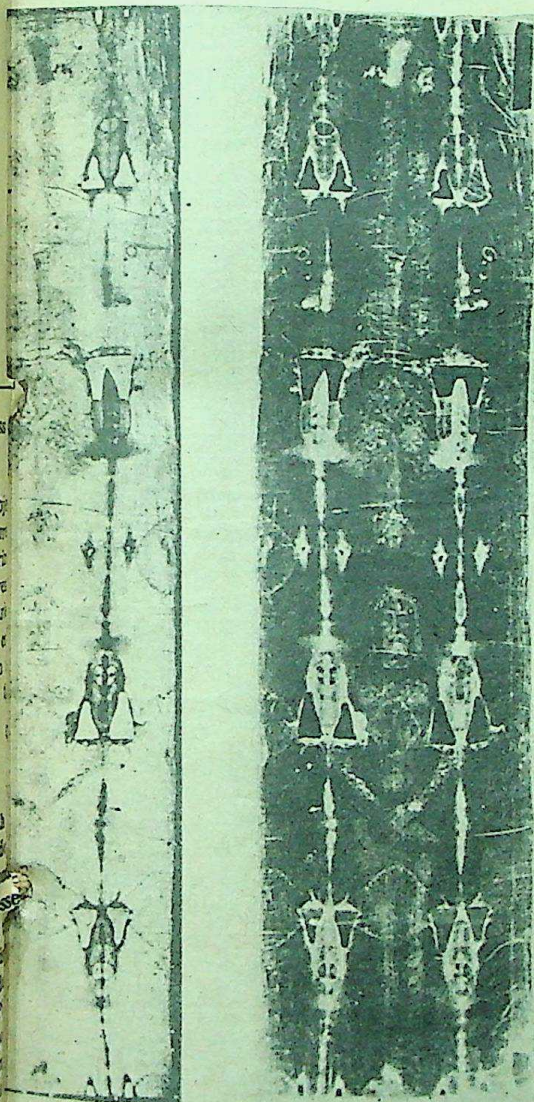
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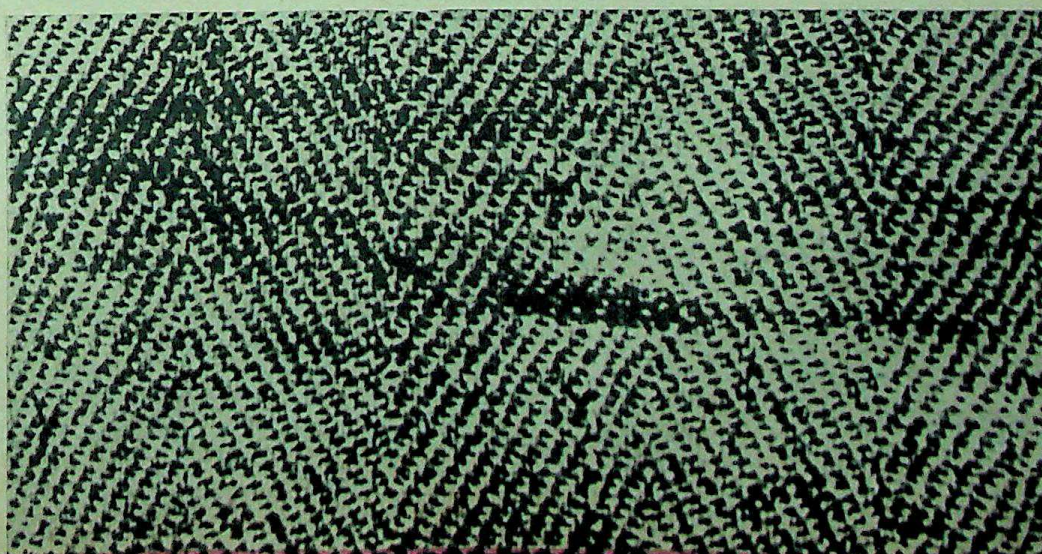
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THREE-DIMENSIONAL IMAGE produced by an image analyser from the US Space Agency. Not a trace of paint is found from a chemical analysis of the cloth, ruling out the explanation that it is a medieval painting. Besides, the artist would have to be a student of anatomy and pathology and also understand the principles of photography five centuries before the camera was invented. Below: The Shroud weave magnified. It is a twill in herringbone pattern. Research has established its manufacture to the time of Christ when weaving in Palestine was highly developed, rivalling that of Egypt.

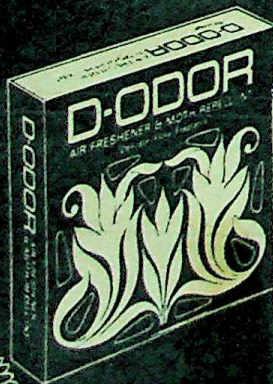


CHRISTENDOM'S MOST FAMOUS RELIC. The 14-foot-long ivory coloured burial cloth, revered as the cloth of Edessa till the 6th century, was subsequently dubbed the Mandylion when it became part of the Byzantine emperor's collection. In 1204, it disappeared and was presumed to have been taken to France by returning Crusaders. Finally, in 1453, it was bequeathed to the House of Savoy, ex-rulers of Italy. It was damaged by fire in 1532—the vertical lines are burn marks along the folds.

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heavy nails that held the body up on the cross at the wrists and on the feet; and of the heavy flow of blood and water from the side which was pierced after Jesus died. Even the position adopted by the tortured body as it hung in agony is indicated by the image of the flow of blood. The Shroud even shows the involuntary folding in of the palms over the pierced wrists, and the rigor mortis that set in before the body was placed in the Shroud.

On the basis of this information provided by the Shroud, Mgr Ricci, who is an artist as well as a writer and biblical scholar, has painted and sculpted realistic reproductions of the crucifixion markedly different from traditional work. I had visited Mgr Ricci's studio in Rome some years ago, and renewed our friendship now at Turin. The passage of time has not dimmed his enthusiasm for probing the secrets contained in the Shroud.

A Shroud Enthusiast

An enthusiast of quite another calibre is Dr John Robinson, an Anglican bishop, Dean and Lecturer in Theology, Trinity College, Cambridge, an acknowledged and world-renowned authority in New Testament studies, and author of the controversial book, *Honest to God*. Curiosity drew him to the Shroud, and he has remained its staunch propagandist with a self-imposed world mission. He was my guest in India a year ago when he stopped over in Bombay on a global lecture tour. He attended the American Congress on the Shroud at Albuquerque in 1977, where the results of computer aided researches on the Shroud were first reported.

Bishop Robinson holds that the details revealed by the Shroud bear out in accurate harmony the evidence of the descriptions contained in the four Gospels regarding the crucifixion of Christ; so much so that it leaves one with the overwhelming mathematical probability that the Shroud could be the death covering of no other person in history than Christ. Christ is an historical figure, and it is no matter for wonder that



WAITING FOR THE DARSHAN. During the 40 days of the exposition—from August 27 to October 8—the number of pilgrims touched 4,000,000. After the public viewing the Shroud was subjected to scrutiny by space-age scientists from all over the world. Hundreds of tests were conducted and over 30,000 photographs taken. It will take at least two years for the results of these investigations to be known. The ultimate enigma is: What caused the image to be imprinted? Some scientists have concluded that it must have been caused by a flash of radiant energy—a theory that conforms with the concept of a “shining resurrected” Christ.

something material connected with him exists. To Dr Robinson, the Shroud goes in some manner even beyond the Gospels. “It is a unique story, complete with exclusive picture. But the picture is the latest and final testimony.”

However, for historians and archeologists such as Prof Georges Gharib, Prof Piero Cazzalo and Prof Umbreto Fasola, who ad-

ressed the conference on this matter, the question of historical authentication still remains open. The Shroud of Turin can with certainty be traced back to the 1350's when there are records of its first appearance in France, but the family that owned it was secretive about its origins, and the local bishop decried it as a forgery until the Pope himself intervened to permit its display.

Before that date, a picture “not made by hand” on cloth of the face of Christ, known as the Mandylion, was venerated in Constantinople till 1204, the year the city was captured by the Knights Templars. The Mandylion had been brought to Constantinople in the 9th century from Edessa in Syria, where the picture had a discontinuous history, legend describing it as a prized possession of its kings in the first century itself. It disappeared when the city's fortunes fell, until it was rediscovered in the 6th century in a carefully contrived niche in the city gates.

Dr Ian Wilson, an English historian, provided the conference with a fairly continuous account of the travels of the Shroud. Dr Wilson, who has made the Shroud his life's study, has written the script for a film on the Shroud and a well-received book, *The Shroud of Turin*, an authoritative documentation of historical research. His findings are that the Edessa cloth, the Mandylion and the Shroud of Turin are one and the same.

In the first two cases, the cloth was folded in four and placed in a golden frame with only the face showing. He has been supported in this by two circumstances: one, that since the sixth century, i.e. after the

THE WAY HE DIED

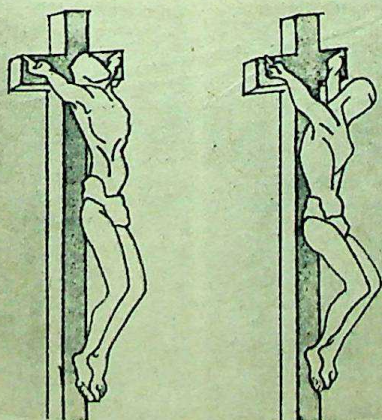
If a man is nailed to a cross his body hangs on his arms and this places a terrific strain on the chest which is fixed in inspiration—one is not able to breathe out. In order not to suffocate he has to lift himself up on his feet which are nailed to the cross, and take a breath. This painful movement is repeated till death intervenes. To hasten death—as an act of mercy—the legs of the victim were usual-

ly broken so that he could no longer lever himself up by his feet, and died of asphyxiation.

But from the Gospel accounts we learn that Christ's legs were not broken and therefore he did not die of asphyxiation but from sheer pain and exhaustion. This is why he was able to speak and cry out till the last moment.

All these facts are borne out by the angle of the streams of blood which flowed from the wrists and forearms. The sagging or hanging position and the raised position can be reconstructed from the Shroud.

The nails were not driven through the palms of the hands as painted by artists to this day. The palm would tear away from the nail with the weight of the body. From the details revealed in the Shroud, it has been established that the wrists were nailed to the cross. The pierced median nerve must have caused excruciating shooting pain in the arm, similar to a red hot wire or rod being pushed up the arm.



GROW MAN GROW! AND LADIES TOO!

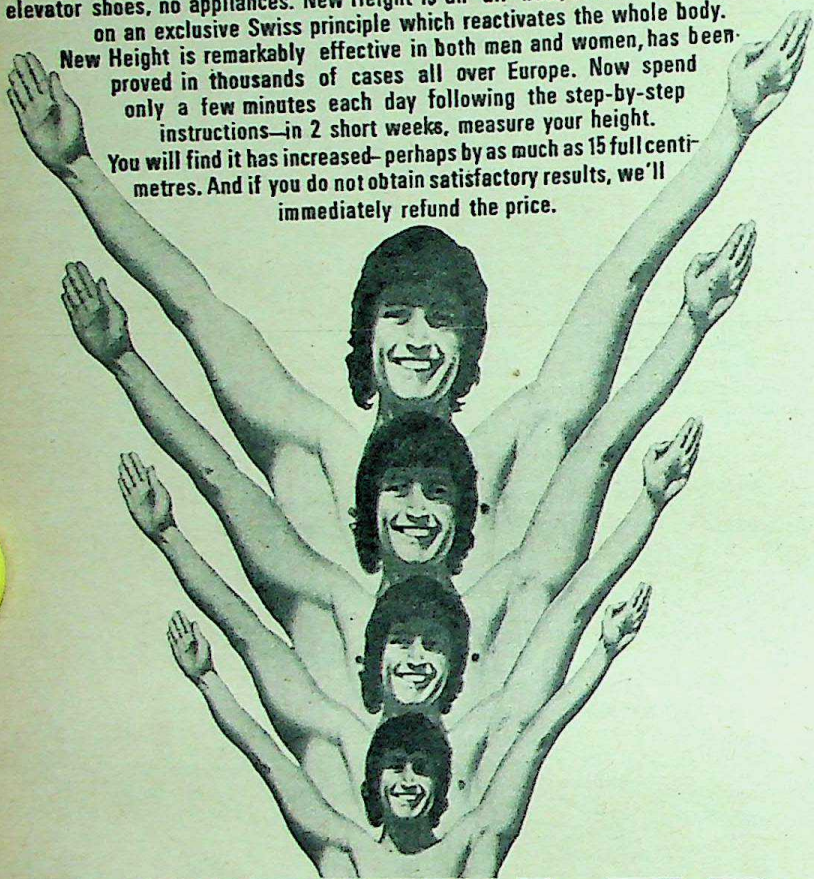
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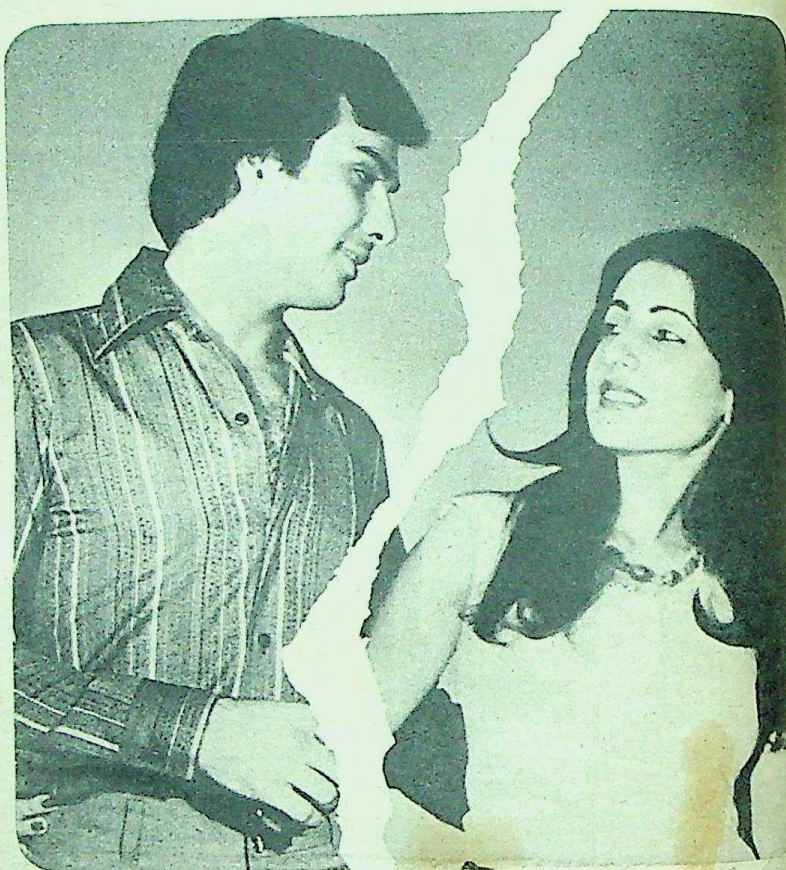
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April 23—May 7, '79

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Cap of Thorns



From all the studies in a wide spectrum of scientific disciplines, it has been established that the Shroud of Turin is the shroud of a man scourged, crowned with thorns and crucified according to Roman practice about 2,000 years ago.

The stains on the cloth suggest that the crown of thorns was not a coronet as depicted by most painters, but was in the shape of a cap. The movements of the tortured head are indicated by the "flow" of blood as seen in the Shroud.

The imprint of the body—which is in the negative on the cloth—and the blood-stains reveal that the man of the Shroud was mercilessly scourged. Though normally a condemned man was scourged on the way to the place of execution, Christ was scourged bent over a column. The blows, inflicted by the Roman flagrum (a whip with two thongs weighted with metal or bones) were 60 in number. Two men on either side or one man who changed sides (deduced from the criss-cross pattern) delivered the strokes, skilfully avoiding the area near the heart so that the man should not die.



THE AUTHOR, Francis Freitas, is a Corresponding Member of the International Centre for Sindonology, Turin, in which capacity he attended the exposition and the International Scientific Conference there. He is acquainted with the leading scholars and scientists engaged in research on the Shroud and has written extensively on the subject both in India and abroad.

Edessa picture was rediscovered, the representation of Christ in religious art abruptly changed from the Apollo-type Grecian style then prevalent to a brooding picture of a fork-bearded, long-haired, wide-eyed, markedly Semitic face with a number of distinctive markings on it. Ian Wilson's contention is that this change was due to the then universal acceptance of the Edessa picture as the face of Christ—which is the face seen as a negative on the Shroud, the wide open eyes actually being the impress of closed eyelids as has now been found in the positive.

The second circumstance is in a totally different area of research. Dr Max Frei, a Swiss criminologist of international repute, a palinologist and forensic expert of the Zurich University, has found that various particles of pollen found on the Shroud are characteristic of pollen from plants that grew only around Palestine, Turkey, France and Northern Italy, thus confirming with scientific precision the itinerary of the Shroud as traced by Wilson. Pollen particles are virtually indestructible and, under the microscope, reveal very distinctive shapes, and hence are a very definite means of identification and dating.

I had an extended interview with Dr Wilson during which he enlarged on his theories as well as on his personal assessment of the Shroud. His first encounter with it was through art. He was fascinated both by its visual complexity and by its historicity. He was an agnostic when he began his studies, but his disbelief has now given place to a deep religious faith, in a manner similar to the experience of Dr Robinson.

Pioneers In Shroud Studies

Other dedicated sindonologists whom I met in Turin were the Americans, Fr Rainaldi, who pioneered all Shroud studies and was the moving spirit behind this conference as well as behind the 1977 American Scientific Conference at Albuquerque; and Prof Francis Filas, a communications specialist who has for 25 years telecast a Good Friday programme on the Shroud over several national networks. According to them, the Shroud is generally accepted as authentic as far as its age is concerned, though this problem could be finally settled by a carbon 14 dating test. Carbon 14 dating involves the destruction of portions of the Shroud, and as organic matter collected on the Shroud during its long history can prevent accuracy, permission for this radical test has been till now withheld by the Turin authorities. Now, carbon 14 dating has become a very accurate process, needing very little material for a destructive test, and consequently I am informed the Shroud may very soon be subjected to this conclusive check.

Today, the real problem of the Shroud is not the fear of its being a fake. It is accepted that no painter or artist, now or in the past, could have painted the image on the cloth in the negative, showing an uncanny awareness of the reversal values of light and shade. The faking, if any, should have taken place before the 14th century, for since 1352 there is unimpeachable evidence of the continuous presence of the Shroud. Such a possibility is more mind boggling than the acceptance of a miraculous origin to the Shroud. Besides, as a writer has put it, "the hypothesis that the Shroud is a fake in-



STUDIES OF POLLEN from the Shroud done by Dr Max Frei, a Swiss botanist and criminologist, have thrown remarkable new light on the whereabouts of the relic during its history. The pollen is similar to that found exclusively in the Dead Sea area of Palestine.

volves far greater difficulties than the hypothesis that it is genuine".

The baffling problem today is the nature of the image it bears. How was this imprint made, and when? Not by any process as yet understood. It is not an impression, a stain or a painting. It is not a vaporograph formed by the action of ammonia fumes caused by the body's urea, for the projection of the body marks are too well defined and clear-edged, and the image is formed with equal clarity on the front as on the back. It is not any radiation image in a high frequency field, such as caused by an atomic explosion, for that would destroy the fabric or, at best, form a silhouette image. It is not a Kirlian image formed by bio-radiation nor a thermography caused by body heat or body emanations in any manner now known to scientists, for these forces have to be intensified a million times over for an image to register. It cannot be a normal scorch image by momentary intense heat, for the clarity of the image and its incredible detail cannot go along with a search hypothesis.

Driven to the wall, the baffled researchers confess that the only logical explanation is that the image is the result of an intense momentary radiation of an unknown nature brought about by a supra-natural event, such as the resurrection of the body of Christ. The Shroud would thus hold not only the prints of Christ's sufferings and death, but also the proofs of his rising from the dead. That is why the Shroud is perhaps the most exciting piece of cloth on earth. Will space-age science be able to solve its mystery? Within the next two years the results of the tests carried out last October in Turin may provide an answer.

Islam Through The Ages



AURANGZEB, the last of the great Moghuls. Indo-Islamic culture has enriched almost every field of art—architecture, painting, literature, calligraphy and the exquisite crafts of making carpets, textiles and jewellery.

Said Mohammed, the Prophet of Islam: "Acquire knowledge. It enableth thee to distinguish right from wrong. It lights the way to heaven; it is our friend in adversity; it is a guide in good pursuits, and by its guidance their deeds are imitated and held in respect."

(Ibn Abd al-Barr)



THE BILLA-RANGA CASE

Six months after the most macabre and sensational murders that sent shock waves through the country and made Billa and Ranga the most dreaded names of the underworld, the two have been sentenced to death. But they can go in appeal.

by USHA RAI

For the public that cowered every time it heard the names of the assailants and followed the proceedings of the court in great detail, not even the fire and brimstone of hell was punishment enough for the manner in which innocent Geeta Chopra, 17, and her brother Sanjay, 15, were done to death. Billa alias Jasbir Singh and Ranga alias Kuljit Singh have been convicted.



GEETA

seem to have been realised and the investigations that followed were marked by high drama culminating in the arrest of the alleged culprits, almost two weeks later.

Police Had It Easy

Even after the arrests, people wondered if Billa and Ranga were the real culprits. Had the police picked up any two criminals in an effort to redeem its image? As gossip mounted and some politicians even tried to capitalise on the crime, the police silently carried out their investigations and gathered clues. The police was more than fortunate in the case. It did not have to labour at all as it received information about the bodies through a cowherd. So also the culprits were unknowingly picked up and thrown into the laps of the Delhi Police. Without any effort, it learnt that the children had been given a lift up to Dhaula Kuan by Dr M. S. Nanda.

Billa, Bombay's notorious criminal, was involved in five murders, several cases of rape, at least two cases of kidnapping. In one of the kidnappings, he is alleged to have demanded a ransom of Rs 300,000 which, however, he failed to get.

Among the murders for which he was wanted was that of his close associate, Sampurnananda (who, he thought, would squeal to the police), of Pramodra Shah, a businessman of Bombay, and of two Arabs.

In the case of the Arabs, he is alleged to have driven in front of the taxis and kept sprinkling nails till one of the taxis ground to a halt with punctured tyres.

Like a good samaritan he then approached the two Arabs and offered to take them to their destination. He is then alleged to have killed them (inflicting 22 wounds) and decamped with their belongings.

He was also involved in the rape of three girls who were returning home late at night from a party at the IIT, Powai. There is really no count of the crimes in which he



SANJAY

was involved, from auto thefts to other heinous crimes which went undetected.

Baby-faced and slightly built, Billa hardly looks a tough hoodlum. He has thick curly hair, a trimmed moustache, some gold-capped teeth and invariably wears black trousers. He is hooked on drugs and is a rare combination of brawn and brain. An expert with cars, he is reported to have boasted to the Bombay Police: "Give me a car and no force on earth can track me down." But his passion for murder is believed to have developed after a co-prisoner accused him of being a weakling and challenged him: "You should kill people, only then will you know what fun it is."

A Trail of Murders And Rape

Billa would rob people and kill them. Sometimes he would rob couples, drive the man away and then rape the woman. The stolen property was disposed of in Madras where he set up his mistress, Sushila Sagar. Sushila was arrested in July last year. When Billa himself had been arrested in March 1978, property worth Rs 2 lakhs had been recovered from her.

Ranga is more in the mould of a criminal. Six feet tall, sallow-faced, he has a drooping moustache and a wolfish look about him. He worked as a cleaner on a truck in Bombay and went on to learn driving. His family is believed to have got him a taxi which he plied for two years before it was wrecked in a road accident. He then drove hired vehicles till he met Billa. Both are in their mid-twenties.

Initially the two did not betray signs of committing such a gruesome crime but later Ranga confessed before a magistrate his involvement in the crime. A few days later Billa also confessed.

The confessions, as recorded by the magistrate, ran over 100 sheets for each of them. There was no material difference except that the two blamed each other for the murders.

A small report in the local papers about the missing children turned out to be about the most ghastly murders four days later when the bodies, bearing multiple wounds (Sanjay had 25, mostly on his right arm, and Geeta had a gaping hole in her neck) and in a highly decomposed state, were found opposite Buddha Jayanti Park on the Upper Ridge Road, just 5 km from their Dhaula Kuan residence.

Anguish In Delhi Schools

Parliament rocked with the noise of infuriated politicians. The police were abused for their inefficiency and anguished school-children marched to Rashtrapati Bhavan demanding greater security. One of the biggest manhunts was launched for the criminals. Right from the beginning the suspicions were on Billa and Ranga, two notorious criminals of Bombay who were involved in similar cases of kidnapping, rape and murder. Billa had just then escaped from the crime branch lock-up in Bombay and its ace detectives were in town searching for him.

Investigations began with the usual dilly-dallying tactics and the police refusing to lodge a report about the children having been seen in a car crying for help. To assuage the heightened public feeling, the Station House Officer of Rajinder Nagar police station was immediately suspended. It is only thereafter that the gravity of the crime and its impact on the police image

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Ranga in his statement claimed that he had pleaded with Billa to leave the kids alone when he found that their father was a naval officer whom it would not have been easy to rob. Billa is believed to have said: "These are living snakes. I had once spared children in Bombay. Now I will not."

Billa in his confession said Ranga too had raped the girl. He claimed that Ranga had administered sedatives to Sanjay to make him drowsy. He was then taken into the bushes by Ranga.

By the time he returned, Billa claimed he had raped the girl. Billa wanted to know where he had been and what he had done to the boy. Ranga told Billa he would tell him later. Thereafter, he too raped Geeta who was fighting desperately.

Mr D. D. Mathur, public prosecutor, said that the doctors who conducted the post-mortem had said the body was too decomposed to establish rape. The only shred of evidence of criminal assault, if it could be considered evidence, was the fact that the undergarments which Geeta was wearing were missing.

But, even before the trial began, the two retracted their confessions and took the stand that these were not voluntary. They claimed they were coerced into making the confession under the pain of torture to them and their families. They also wanted the case to be entrusted to the CBI claiming the crime had been foisted on them by the Delhi Police. The plea was rejected even by the High Court.

Declined Court's offer

Billa declined the court's offer for a counsel to conduct his defence. He chose to be his own lawyer. Ranga, on the other hand, chose to have a former Additional Sessions Judge, Mr R. K. Sinha, to defend him.

The day the trial began, the courtroom was stormed by people trying to get a glimpse of the two criminals. The police had to regulate the entry to the courtroom. But, as the trial progressed, public enthusiasm waned and, surprisingly enough, the only people in the courtroom were the accused, the witnesses, the lawyers and the press reporters.

The 100-day trial saw Billa and Ranga in different moods—angry, jovial and sometimes even worried. One day Billa begged the judge not to award him capital punishment even if he found him and his co-accused guilty. There was an attempt by Billa at jail-break.

Billa's stand was that he was not even in Delhi on the day of the murder. He claimed to have left for Bombay on August 25 and returned only on September 1. There was excitement when he announced he could produce 20 to 25 witnesses in his defence. Two of the witnesses cited by him were rejected by the court for lack of proper particulars. Among those summoned were Mr Raj Narain, the editors of *The Hindustan Times* and *Indian Express*, the Superintendent of Tihar Jail, the editor and the publisher of a small Delhi weekly, Louis, a mechanic of Bombay, four Bombay taxi drivers and some others. The taxi drivers and the mechanic,

he said, could prove his presence in Bombay on the day of the murder.

Mr Raj Narain said he had never seen the accused before. His statement in September that he could reveal the real facts of the case was based on information conveyed to him by an anonymous telephone caller. Both the editors too claimed they had no knowledge of the source of information for the stories that their papers carried on the double murder. Some of them did not even turn up. And none of those witnesses who appeared supported his plea of alibi.

Damaging Evidence

The most damaging evidence that the prosecution produced against Billa was the scar on his forehead inflicted by Geeta even in her dying moments on the ridge. After the crime the two accused went to Ram Manohar Lohia Hospital (formerly known as Willingdon Hospital). Billa posed as H. R. Vinod of Fatehpur and Ranga as Harbhajan Singh of Moti Nagar. Billa, when asked to sign the register at the hospital, put his right-thumb impression instead of the left. Forensic experts, however, confirmed it was Billa's fingerprint. Billa had claimed he had been attacked by some hoodlums and had suffered the injury.



BILLA

The radiologist of the hospital told the court categorically that the X-ray of the skull of Vinod, taken on August 20, and that of Billa, taken on September 10, were identical and belonged to the same person. The doctor who had stitched the wound could not identify the patient or the person accompanying him but he said it was a clean, lacerated wound on the left side of the forehead. He said the injury seemed to have been caused by a blunt weapon. A private medical doctor of Agra who removed the stitches confirmed that the accused was the same person who had come to him.

The Prosecution Witnesses

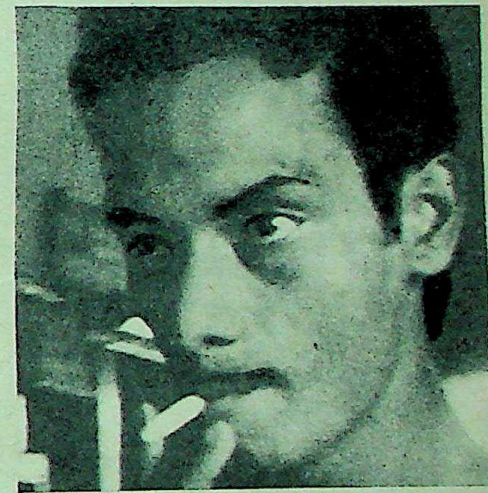
Five prosecution witnesses, Mr Inderjit Singh Nota, a junior engineer of the DDA, two auto-rickshaw drivers, Mr Amrit Singh and Mr Narinder Singh, Mr Bhagwan Dass, a spare parts dealer of Paharganj, and Mr Babu Lal, a labourer in the telephone department, said they had actually seen the two children struggling in the car with two persons. Mr Inderjit Singh, who chased the car some distance, said he saw the girl pulling

the hair of one of them and the boy had pressed his face to the window and pointed to his shirt which seemed bloodstained. Mr Bhagwan Dass's cycle was knocked down by the speeding mustard-coloured Fiat which bore the number, HRK 8930. Both of them had lodged complaints with the police stations at Rajinder Nagar and Mandir Marg respectively.

Fake Number Plates, et al

The two painters, who gave the accused number plates for their cars and changed the number plates they had brought, also deposed before the court. One of the painters, Mohinder Singh of Subzimandi, identified the accused as the two persons whose number plate he had changed from DHI 280 to DHD 7034. Sunil Kumar of Kingsway Camp said, on August 27, that two people had come to him with the number plate HRK 8930 which they wanted changed to 5411. Sunil Kumar testified to changing the number plates but could not identify the customers.

The mustard Fiat was found abandoned in a vacant plot in the North Delhi suburb of Majlis Park. The car had blood smears, strands of hair, clear fingerprints (which tallied with those of Billa and Ranga), fake



RANGA

number plates, lock-breaking implements and two strips of mandrax. The car bore the number plate DHD 7034 which was given by Mohinder Singh. It had dents and scratches on the left side, the side which hit the cyclist. Witnesses from Majlis Park where the culprits were residing in a rented room, including the landlord, had claimed that Billa and Ranga had come very late on the night of the crime and Billa's forehead was bandaged.

The two weapons of offence—a kirpan and a sword—were recovered by the police on the basis of disclosures made by the accused. The bloodstains on the two weapons tallied with the blood group of the victims and two shopkeepers of Delhi testified they had sold these weapons to the two accused.

There were no eyewitnesses to the murders but the jigsaw puzzle fitted together and there was sufficient circumstantial evidence. The very fact that the victims were last seen with the accused was damning enough.

THE ANTI-CONVERSION BILL

ILLEGAL CONVERSIONS

Is there need to curb the activities of the missionaries? The author propounds his views in favour of the Bill.

by RABINDRA HAZARI

It is the bane of secular India that religious leaders of all communities periodically whip their followers into a communal frenzy so as to protect their own vested interests. Religious conversions, a delicate topic, ideally lends itself to such religious hysteria. Mr O. P. Tyagi, MP, has introduced a private members' bill in the Lok Sabha which seeks to ban conversion by "fraud", "force" and "inducement". This Bill which is in consonance with the IPC and the recent Supreme Court judgement is being deliberately misrepresented as a device to persecute the minorities.

The Bill is modelled on the lines of the Madhya Pradesh and Orissa Acts, the terms "force", "fraud" and "inducement" being nearly identical. These State Acts have been upheld in the Supreme Court; if the Supreme Court felt that the "terms" were vague and liable to be used in a mischievous fashion, the learned judges would have made such a remark and removed the offending portions.

The frequent allegation that foreign missionaries who insist on the "right" to convert to Christianity in Secular India come from theocratic countries which prohibit or make difficult all conversions from Christianity, is substantially true. In Italy, the Roman Catholic religion is the State religion, conversion from Catholicism is banned and it is only the Catholic religion that is provided unqualified protection under the Penal Code (Article 402-405) against public abuse and libellous attacks. Catholic Spain and Portugal also place severe restrictions on conversions from Catholicism.

In the Scandinavian countries the Lutheran Church is the State Church, is supported by the State, the monarch necessarily being a Lutheran. In England, not only is the monarch the head of the Anglican Church but it is statutory that the Prime

Minister too be an Anglican while twenty-two Bishops and two Archbishops are members of the House of Lords. Socio-religious freedom can be gauged by the fact that King Edward VIII had to abdicate when he wished to marry a divorcee.

Christian theologists agree that in the European scramble for colonies in Asia, Africa and the Americas, the Church was reduced to being the handmaid of colonialism. Prof Boxer, an eminent authority on Indo-Portuguese history, related that the role of the Church in the Portuguese empire was essentially a rapacious one. The Papal Bulls of 1452 and 1567 authorised the king to take into slavery those inimical to the Church. The Ecclesiastical Decree of 1567 authorised the destruction of non-Christian temples, the burning of non-Christian religious texts and official and legal discrimination of all the non-Christians. The Portuguese also instituted the Inquisition in Goa to check reversion to Hinduism and Islam among those Goans who had been forcibly converted.

Their Outstanding Contribution

The contribution by dedicated Christian missionaries to the growth and spread of educational, medical and social relief facilities are truly outstanding. These public services have stimulated Hindu reformist movements like the Arya Samaj and the Ramakrishna Mission to establish schools, colleges and hospitals.

The Niyogi committee which inquired into Christian missionary activities in Madhya Pradesh in 1954, declared in a carefully researched study—"most conversions have been doubtless insincere, admittedly brought about in expectations of social service benefits and other material considerations". The committee also found that money-lending with a view to conversion was carried out by the Roman Catholic Church. Both Protestant and Roman Catholic churchmen co-operated in the findings of the Niyogi committee though subsequently the Catholic Church withdrew its cooperation and moved the High Court for a mandamus petition which was rejected.

It is unfortunate but true that Christian missionaries, while propagating their religion frequently revile Krishna, Mohammed and Buddha. Non-Christian students in Christian schools are made to recite Christian prayers and there is a concerted move to make them ashamed of their religion.

In my extensive tour of the sensitive north-east region, army and intelligence officers whom I met complained bitterly that foreign Christian missions, particularly the American Baptist missions, were extending financial support to the Mizo and Naga rebels who are predominantly Christian. In 1950-54, as per statistics compiled by the Reserve Bank, a sum of Rs 29.27 crores has been received from foreign missions with more than Rs 20 crores coming from the USA. Some church organisations working in India have close links with the CIA. Ex-CIA agent Philip Agee, in his book *CIA Diary*, lists the names of church organisations and churchmen who are CIA fronts.

In Frontier areas like Arunachal Pradesh it has been felt wise not to disturb the region with new forms of religion which compete with others for allegiance. It has been found in practice that the effect of some of the Christian missions on the tribes of eastern India has been to create a separatist mentality, both towards India and among the tribals themselves. The Horo faction of the Jharkand party mainly consisting of Christian adivasis, which has been agitating for a separate Jharkand state is known to be financed by foreign missionaries, mainly the Lutheran mission. Hindu reformers, too, who preach vegetarianism and teetotalism and other taboos unknown to tribal society, are equally destructive of tribal harmony.

There is a deep-rooted feeling in our sub-conscious that whatever is tribal is inferior; forgetting that the Vedas and the Old Testament were written when the Aryans and Judaeo-Christians were essentially tribal.

Photographs by BALKRISHAN

CHRISTIANS AT A HUGE PROTEST RALLY IN BOMBAY.



CHRISTIANS DEMAND JUSTICE

The Tyagi Bill has upset Christians all over the country. What do they feel about it?

by GEORGE MENEZES

It is a hot Thursday afternoon in Bombay. I am standing on a red moving jeep on a road that leads from Azad Maidan to the Council Hall. In front of the jeep, Church dignitaries of all denominations and Christian civic leaders stand eight abreast at the head of what has been described as the biggest and most disciplined procession in Bombay's living memory. Behind me over 125,000 people follow, singing hymns about freedom and brotherhood. Men, women and children, the young and the old, the feeble and the strong, the rich and the poor, bankers and the bankrupt, the often timid the seldom bold, poets, prophets and priests, nannies, nurses and nuns, cooks, clerks and collegians, stenographers and soldiers, their voices rising in hosannas of courage and alleluias of faith.

Yesterday I was a hardnosed business executive negotiating with trade unions. Today I have turned crusader shouting slogans till my voice is hoarse. Yesterday I was a kindly writer of humorous prose, today I am an angry maker of passionate speeches.

The question is why? The answer lies in the text of an infamous Bill called "Freedom Of Religion Bill 1978" that Mr O. P. Tyagi has introduced in Parliament some time ago. From Kashmir to Kanyakumari there have been howls of protest.

Let me explain the Bill as Christians everywhere in India have understood it, free from legal jargon. The Bill states in its objectives that "the State's protection is required where conversion from one religion to another is sought to be attained by threat, undue influence, allurement or wrongful inducement. The importance of providing this protection to persons belonging to the Scheduled Castes and Scheduled Tribes is all the more necessary and cannot be ignored".

What Is Fraud?

Our contention is that the State's protection is already provided for in Sections 25, 349, 415, etc., of the Indian Penal Code. Moreover, the definitions of the terms force, fraud and inducement are so mischievous as would enable an ordinary Inspector of Police to arrest Mother Teresa on a non-bailable warrant if the Christian act of picking up a leper from the streets is interpreted as "inducement".

The word "fraud" is so defined as to include any benefit either pecuniary or otherwise i.e. a Christian who believes that it is his primary duty to share his goods and services with others could be punished.

Fraud includes misrepresentation and according to this statement one who believes that his is the true faith may be regarded as committing a crime.

"Inducement" itself is given as an unlawful means of propagating one's religion. The

Oxford Dictionary gives the meaning of "inducement" as "what induces, attraction that leads on to". It is clear that the word will include also lawful forms of attraction towards a religion one intends to accept.

Besides, the word "inducement" is said to include "gift or gratification either in cash or kind and shall also include the grant of benefit either pecuniary or otherwise". This description of inducement makes a Christian who is engaged in the uplift of the socially downtrodden people (according to the precepts of their Lord and Master Jesus Christ, who came to preach the Gospel of love, particularly of the poor) very vulnerable if anyone who has received any benefit would feel inclined to adopt Christianity.

As regards "the importance of providing protection to the Scheduled Castes and Tribes", the objective is questionable. Oh Harijan, what crimes are committed in thy name! Protection from what? Is Mr Tyagi trying to say that Scheduled Castes and Tribes require protection from a handful of Christians in the presence of 600 million Hindus, despite legal provisions available in the IPC?

Ultior Motives

The truth is that the forces behind this Bill are not happy to witness the better health conditions, better education, the sense of dignity and self-confidence that Christian ministrations bring to the Harijans and tribals. The more backward they remain, the easier the prey for social, commercial and political exploitation.

That the Bill is directed against Christians is evident from the fact that it follows in the wake of the Arunachal Pradesh Freedom Of Religion Bill. Although it was amended before receiving the President's assent, the fact that Christianity was not included in the Bill amongst the list of indigenous religions clearly indicates the ulterior motives of the Arunachal Pradesh Government. Monsignor Eustace D'Lima, Secretary, Catholic Bishops' Conference of India, says: "By the same standards, Buddhism would be alien to all Asians outside India, Islam alien to India and Christianity alien outside Galilee." Mr G. S. Reddy, MP, said that if Christianity was in India for the last 300 years or more, what had happened now to require enactment of such laws?

Mrs Rano Shaiza, MP, has said that "Christianity was being looked at as a foreign religion and a base for anti-national activities". This implies that the patriotism of those who follow the teachings of Jesus Christ in India is being questioned.

What an exercise in intellectual impotence and a bankruptcy of integrity that people should still flog the dead horse of Phizites and anti-national activities and bring up the exploded myth of foreign missionaries! Today the armed forces have in its ranks innumerable Christians and other minorities who have been decorated for valour, including Admirals, Air Marshals and Generals. There is not one foreign missionary for miles around Arunachal Pradesh.

The 125,000 people who marched in protest against the injustice to Christians were

not forced or induced to do so by foreign missionaries. The morma consisted of ordinary Christians like me who have worn uniforms against the Pakistanis and the Chinese and who wrote open letters to Indira Gandhi during the Emergency so that people like Mr Tyagi might live to introduce oppressive measures.

Coming to the Tyagi Bill. What gives people the courage to attempt to bring about such legislation? Why did President Reddy give his assent to the Arunachal Pradesh Bill? The reason is that similar Bills in Madhya Pradesh and Orissa were held to be valid by the Supreme Court during the Emergency. Many legal luminaries however feel that the Fundamental Rights enshrined in Article 25 (1) of the Constitution are being violated.

Erosion of Human Rights

Dr Ramatulla Khan of the Jawaharlal University, an expert on International Law said that "the Act violated one of the recognised components of the Constitution: freedom to practise, profess and propagate one's religion, as well as the Universal Declaration of Human Rights".

Mr R. Jethmalani, Janata MP and Supreme Court Advocate, who made a courageous appearance at a rally in Bandra, said that "without committing contempt of Court, I find that the Supreme Court's verdict during the Emergency upholding such laws is wrong, and I am sure some day the Court, more properly and adequately informed, would reverse the decision".

What kind of conversions is Tyagi talking about anyway? Let us have evidence so that we can face the truth. How many of those who have milked dry the Christian cow of educational institutions, orphanages, free hospitals and clinics and homes for the destitute, have been forced to change their faith? Let him stand up and be counted! Is this Bill not an insult to millions of enlightened, genuine Hindus who, as Madhu Mehta said, are equally concerned about the erosion of human rights? Is it not an insult to the beautiful Hindu religion, as Mother Teresa said, that Mr Tyagi believes Hindus would change their faith for a handful of rice? If we wanted converts to increase our numbers, would we concentrate on orphans, the sick, the dying and the destitute? If there are stray cases of fraudulent conversions is a nuclear bomb, Mr Tyagi, required to kill a fly?

Lest this movement against the Bill be misinterpreted by fanatics of all denominations including Christian fanatics, certain final things need to be understood.

Christ said: "Inasmuch as you do unto these the least of my brethren, you do unto me." The basis of Christianity is love, specially for the poor. Hence our work amongst them. Secondly, our love for our Hindu brethren including Mr Tyagi is unqualified. We believe Mr Tyagi is misinformed. India has a record of religious tolerance which is unparalleled in history. We admit it. Our movement is to prevent that this record is tarnished in a moment of anger and blindness.

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BAISAKHI IN AFGHANISTAN

Every year during Baisakhi (mid-April), Sikhs, Muslims and Hindus from Afghanistan, Iran, Pakistan and India visit Sultanpur in Afghanistan where Guru Nanak had journeyed hundreds of years ago on a mission of peace and goodwill.

Text and Photographs
by H. S. GILL

Eight kilometres from Jalalabad, on a dusty road lined by stunted fir trees, lies the village of Sultanpur, basking in the warm Afghan sun and the great Guru's name. Hundreds of years have passed since Guru Nanak journeyed to distant Kashmir, Kabul, Jalalabad, Kandhar and the Persian Gulf in search of peace and goodwill. Today his word lives on. Every year in April, on Baisakhi, his followers from Afghanistan, India, Iran, Pakistan and other parts of the world flock to Jalalabad to start their holy trek to Sultanpur.

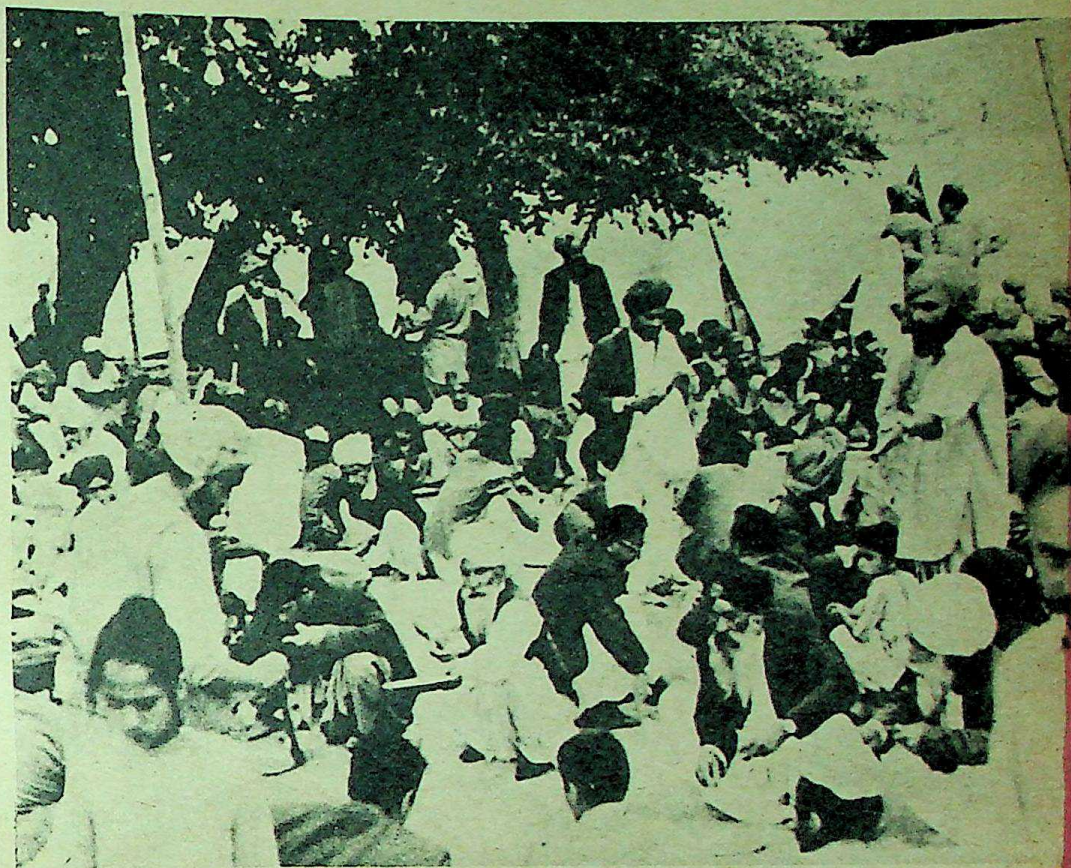
The procession of trucks carrying the *Guru Granth Sahib* or the holy book leaves the double-storeyed Jalalabad gurdwara a day before Baisakhi and, winding its way through the narrow bustling bazars of the town, finally emerges into the sunny countryside of this beautiful, unspoilt land. Sikhs, Muslims, Hindus, all walk alongside, chanting the Lord's hymns, clearing the road for the Guru who is amidst them and invoking his blessings in all their enterprises.

Birth of The Khalsa

On this day of the birth of the Khalsa (April 13), the Sikhs are out there under the sun, in their multicoloured turbans, Afghan *salwars* and *kurtas* and, just so that they do not appear to be dated, some in coats and ties too! The womenfolk are in their flowing white *chaddars* and some of the mod young Khalsa youths in their Jalalabad-tailored, Western-style flares.

In India, women sometimes wear white as a sign of mourning. But here they wear white because it is synonymous with the Lord's purity and goes well with the serene, snow-clad hills looking down at this colourful procession.

There are portraits and photographs of leaders of Afghanistan too in this procession. On reaching Sultanpur, tents are pitched up in their thousands for the night and the seven days' stay that will follow. It is like a carnival, for the organisers of the fair have already set up the swings, the side-shows and the refreshment stalls in the open fields beyond. Nearby, where the *Akhand Path* is to begin the next day, is the *sarowar* or the brick-lined water tank, fed from a perennial spring. After the long march, the faithful



THE GURU KA LANGAR feeds thousands of people who have made the trek from Jalalabad to Sultanpur. Below: On the third day of the festivities, community marriages are solemnised.

have reached their destination and this is where they will remember their Gurus and celebrate the birth of their sect.

There is no gurdwara at Sultanpur or any other building, relic or tell-tale sign dating back to the days gone by. Out here in the open fields, under the clear blue skies, at the place adjacent to the water tank where pilgrims will bathe and pray, the Baisakhi festival is celebrated with great gusto.

Community Marriages

On the third day of the commencement of the *Akhand Path*, the *Bhog* takes place and, on the same day, community marriages are solemnised. Within an hour, scores of couples are joined in wedlock at a simple and solemn ceremony. The *Guru ka Langar* feeds thousands of people for all the seven days. There is no distinction of caste or creed in the congregation and, without exception, everyone partakes of the vegetarian meals. The Afghan Government's *bandobast* is meticulous and everything from the loudspeakers and microphones to the lighting and the traffic control is organised to perfection.

After the seven days, when the *Path* and the festivities are over, the followers of the Guru are back in Jalalabad, waiting for next year's Baisakhi and their tryst with the Guru again at Sultanpur.



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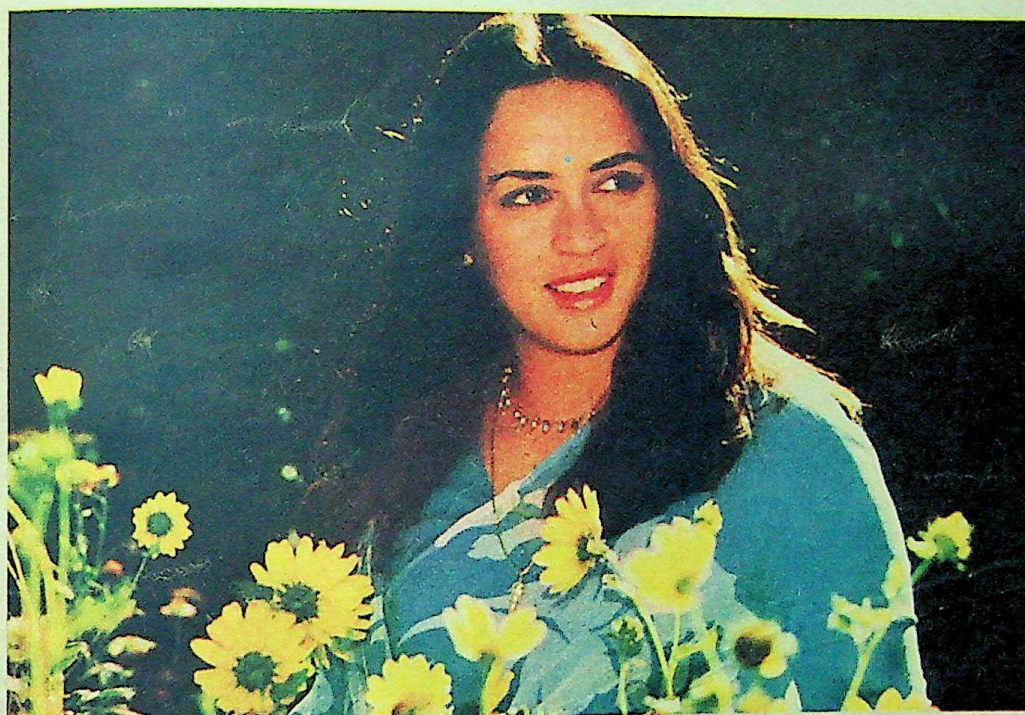
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"JUNOON Was A Real Challenge"

— SHYAM BENEGAL



SHYAM BENEGAL WITH HIS JUNOON HERO SHASHI KAPOOR. Shyam makes the point that, since the Rohilkhand Pathans are not as big-built as other Pathans, Shashi is ideally suited to the role he plays in Junoon. Left: Nafisa Ali who makes a noteworthy debut in the film. Seeing how far Zeenat Aman has gone, Nafisa's anglicised background need prove no bar to her making good on the Hindi screen.

by GIRIJA RAJENDRAN

His kind of films and the kind of films Raj Kapoor makes have very little in common by way of style or substance. Yet these two, Raj Kapoor and Shyam Benegal, have one thing in common: their films get talked about long before their release, they are eagerly looked forward to and keenly discussed thereafter.

This probably explains why there has been such a sharp divergence of critical opinion on the merits of Shyam Benegal's *Junoon*. When *Junoon* was picked as the inaugural movie for the recent Film Festival in Delhi, it was not only well received by the public but also favourably noticed by the press. Yet, when the film came to Bombay, it received adverse reviews in more than one prominent daily. I tried to get Benegal's own reaction to this, but by the time *Junoon* came to Bombay he was in the USA!

Junoon has been written about as Benegal's first attempt at conquest of commercial cinema. But, if you meet Benegal himself, he is very clear on one point—that any cinema, to be meaningful, has to go before an audience. He therefore does care about reviews but is not overbothered if his film gets slated by the press. Benegal himself will not say so, but he has clearly reached a stage in his career where he has to be prepared for a bad press.

There are those who are apt to dismiss Shyam Benegal's films as cleverly contrived. But there are an equal number who feel his films have done much more to draw the common viewer to a better class of cinema than those arty-arty movies that are too highbrow for mass comprehension or consumption.

"Very few authentic historical films have been made in India," says Shyam Benegal. "We've had lavish costume dramas in the name of 'historicals', but we've never had a really properly chronicled 'period' pic based on a fact of history. To this extent, 'Junoon' was a real challenge."

'Junoon' shares with Bimal Dutta's 'Kasturi' the 1978 National Award for Best Hindi Film.

JENNIFER KENDAL, Shashi Kapoor's wife in real life, makes a tremendous impression in *Junoon*. Her portrayal of Mariam is so compelling that at no point in the film do you think of Shashi and Jennifer as man and wife. Jennifer was the other woman in Shashi's life in Merchant-Ivory's *Bombay Talkie*.





JENNIFER KENDAL, Ismat Chughtai and Shashi Kapoor in a vivid moment from Junoon.

Opinions may differ but one undeniable fact about Shyam Benegal's movies is that they have been able to draw an effective via media between art and commerce.

Actually, Benegal himself is the first to admit that he studiously aims his films at an audience because, as he says, "without an audience, no matter how great the value of a film, it is a failure even before it goes into the theatre".

"I do, therefore, make a conscious effort to see that my films are appealing enough for the audience to want to see them and I'm not

ashamed to admit this," says Shyam. "For, if any film-maker thinks differently or says he thinks differently, he has no business to be in show business. Remember, cinema is the costliest of all media. In this field, you invest vast sums of money on a project, so to expect the investor not to want a return is unrealistic. I'm very conscious of this fact that I'm playing with somebody else's money and, as such, have a responsibility to see that that somebody gets some kind of a return."

Benegal is one director who has sold any theme. Varied as his themes have been from

When Shashi Kapoor and Shyam Benegal agreed upon the idea of filming Ruskin Bond's *Flight of Pigeons*, Shyam knew that his historical film had to be different from those already seen on the Hindi screen if it was to make an impact. "Actually," Shyam points out, "we've had lavish costume dramas in the name of 'historicals', but we've never had a really properly chronicled 'period' pic based on a fact of history. To this extent, *Junoon* was a real challenge. Here I feel proud indeed to acknowledge the extent of help I received from a Lucknow lecturer, Yogesh Praveen. Praveen dug out all there was to know about the Rohilkhand Pathans, the community to which our hero belonged. You'll find this particular sect of Pathans near the Ganga-Jamuna confluence in places like Shahjahanpur, Rampur and Bareilly. The social anthropology of the Rohilkhand Pathans was gone into in great detail in drawing up the characteristics and the behaviour patterns of this sect. Hence the choice of Shashi as Javed, for these Pathans are not as big-built as Pathans in other areas.

"Even Kayastha culture was investigated in detail, as were the living habits of the Britishers settled in India during the period. Mrs Jennifer Kapoor designed the English costumes with the help of research work carried out in British museums. And, would you believe it, some of the Indian costumes were designed by Saba Zaidi from the

actual fabric these things film, even gloves worn authentic. for a proper theme. Some actual local took place. get a real

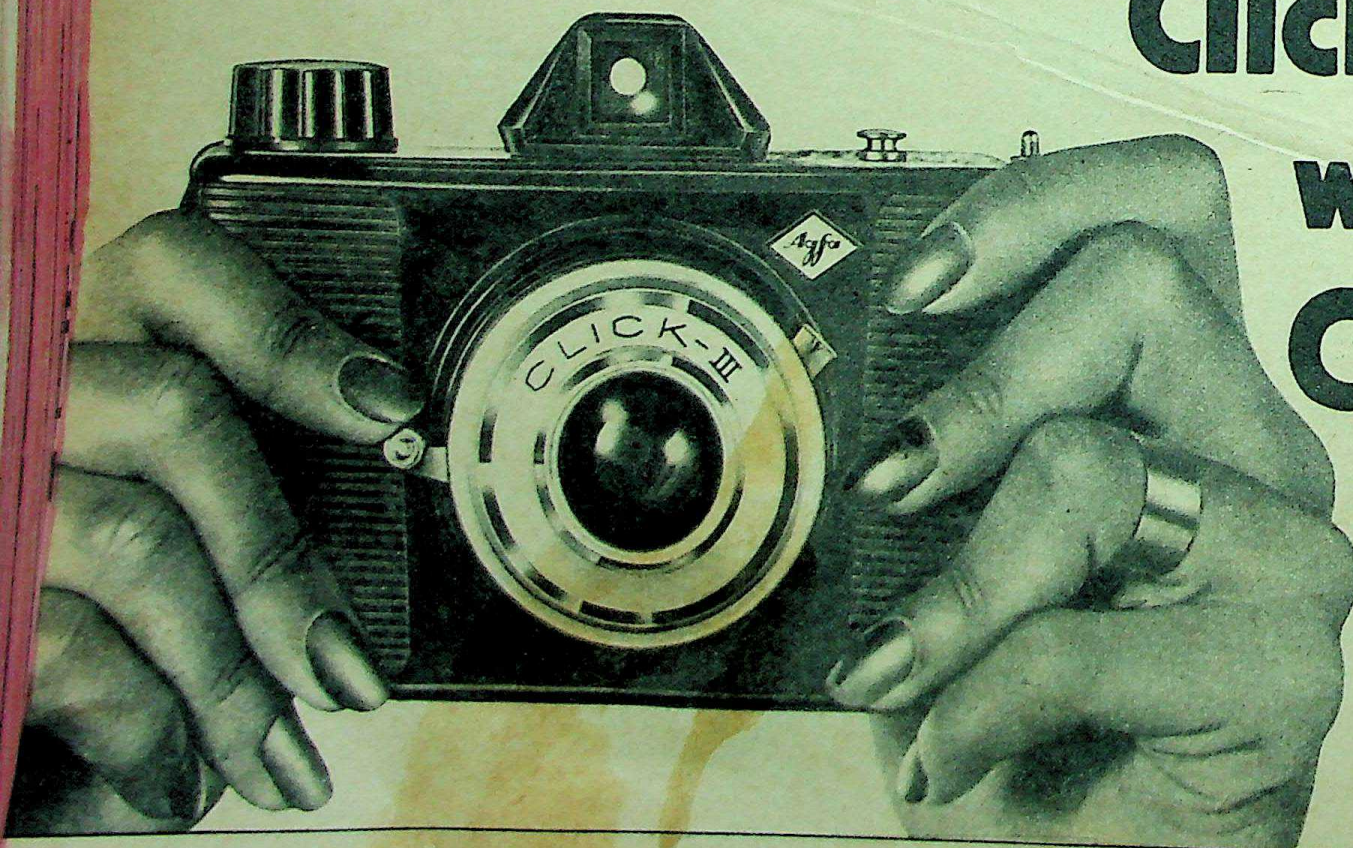
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actual fabric material of the period. Though these things may be barely noticeable in the film, even the parasols, the mittens and the gloves worn by my characters in *Junoon* are authentic. Authenticity of dress is very vital for a proper atmospheric build-up in such a theme. Some of the scenes were shot on actual location where the real-life incidents took place. This way my characters could get a real feel of the period."

Of course, right from the beginning, Shyam knew the vastness of the script and that it needed a big canvas to put it effectively across. Even so he had to discard many characters from Ruskin Bond's story because, as it was, *Junoon* was peopled by many more characters than had been the case in any of his other films. Therefore, Shyam selected from Bond's story only such characters as were vital for the development of his film's narrative.

Junoon has a strong narrative moving from point to point in following the fate of a group of characters from vicissitude to vicissitude. "Its most complex aspect, if also the most interesting, was the delicate yet strong inter-community relationships in India, how they continued to live together in spite of the stress and the tension even during the period of war and mutiny," says Shyam.

Though *Junoon* has so many characters for the director to deal with, Shyam did not have the least difficulty in handling his artistes, so that he has drawn telling cameos even from the smallest player. Shyam would like to think of *Junoon* as being "every single artiste's film" in the sense that each

of Shyam's Foundation Trust, Delhi and eGangotri her teeth into and, therefore, a definite contribution to make to the evolution of the theme.

Once An Actress Always An Actress

In the beginning, it needed a lot of persuasion to get Jennifer Kendal Kapoor to accept the role of the British widow who is left at the mercy of the Pathan who hates her like hell but loves her teenaged daughter (Nafisa Ali) to distraction. "Not that I had any doubt about Jennifer's calibre as an actress, for I'd seen her work both on the stage and the screen and knew exactly what I wanted, and could get, from her," says Shyam. Only Jennifer herself felt slightly diffident, for she had not acted for such a long time. But once an actress always an actress, as the Jennifer of *Junoon* proves."

Shabana Azmi, who plays Firdaus in *Junoon*, is, of course, Shyam's favourite actress. Of her, he says: "In spite of doing all sorts of films and roles, Shabana's not let her talent be blunted. The moment she gets an inspiring role, she rises to the challenge with all the histrionics latent in her. I'd say Shabana Azmi and Smita Patil are in the same histrionic street, for both these girls have no end of talent—the sky's the histrionic limit when a director's working on them. But their outlooks on their profession differ. With Shabana, acting is a way of life—her very existence depends on her profession. With Smita, who has all the comforts provided for in life, acting is not a compulsion, so she's apt to take a more detached view of her career. Still, make no mistake

about it, these girls are two of the best talents on our screen. They are always surprising you with the unexpected when you're working with them."

Shyam defends an artiste's need to work in all kinds of films. "A director," he says, "can afford to make one film and be idle before another offer comes along. But an artiste has to keep on working for acting is a dependent profession. An artiste can't afford to work in one film a year and remain idle for months on end after that. An artiste is finished when the question, 'Whatever happened to him?', is asked. A one-year gap of no film for an artiste and he's as good as forgotten. For myself, I've always picked up my artistes according to the demands of the script and not on any star's standing, be it Shashi or a little-seen face like Kulbhushan Kharbandha who shelters the British family on the run in *Junoon*. It's sad that, whereas the focus in our cinema is all the time on star faces like Shashi, real talents like Kulbhushan, Naseeruddin Shah, Sushma Seth and others are neglected. But times are changing. Today Naseeruddin is no longer an actor who works in offbeat movies alone. He has been accepted by the commercial cinema too."

To the question if he will make another 'commercial' film like *Junoon* with Shashi or anyone else, Shyam has a ready answer: "Each of my films is a commercial venture in the sense it's expected to reach an audience and bring a return. To that extent, my *Bhumika* was no less a commercial venture than is *Junoon*. That cinema is redundant which does not go before an audience."

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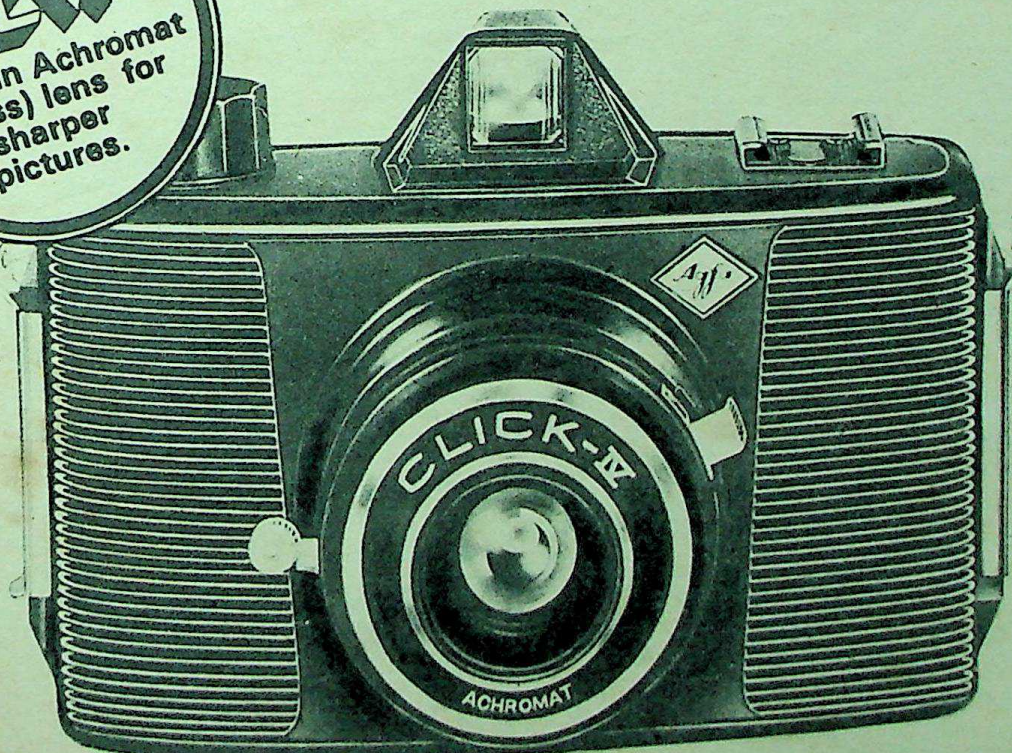
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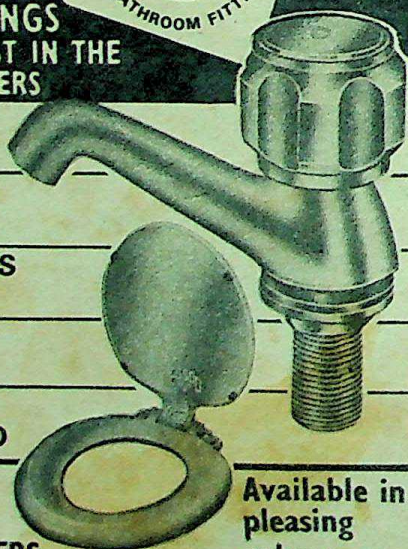
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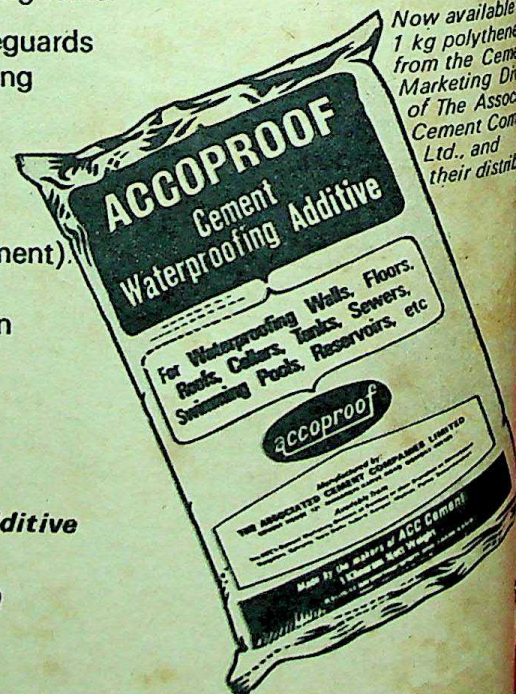
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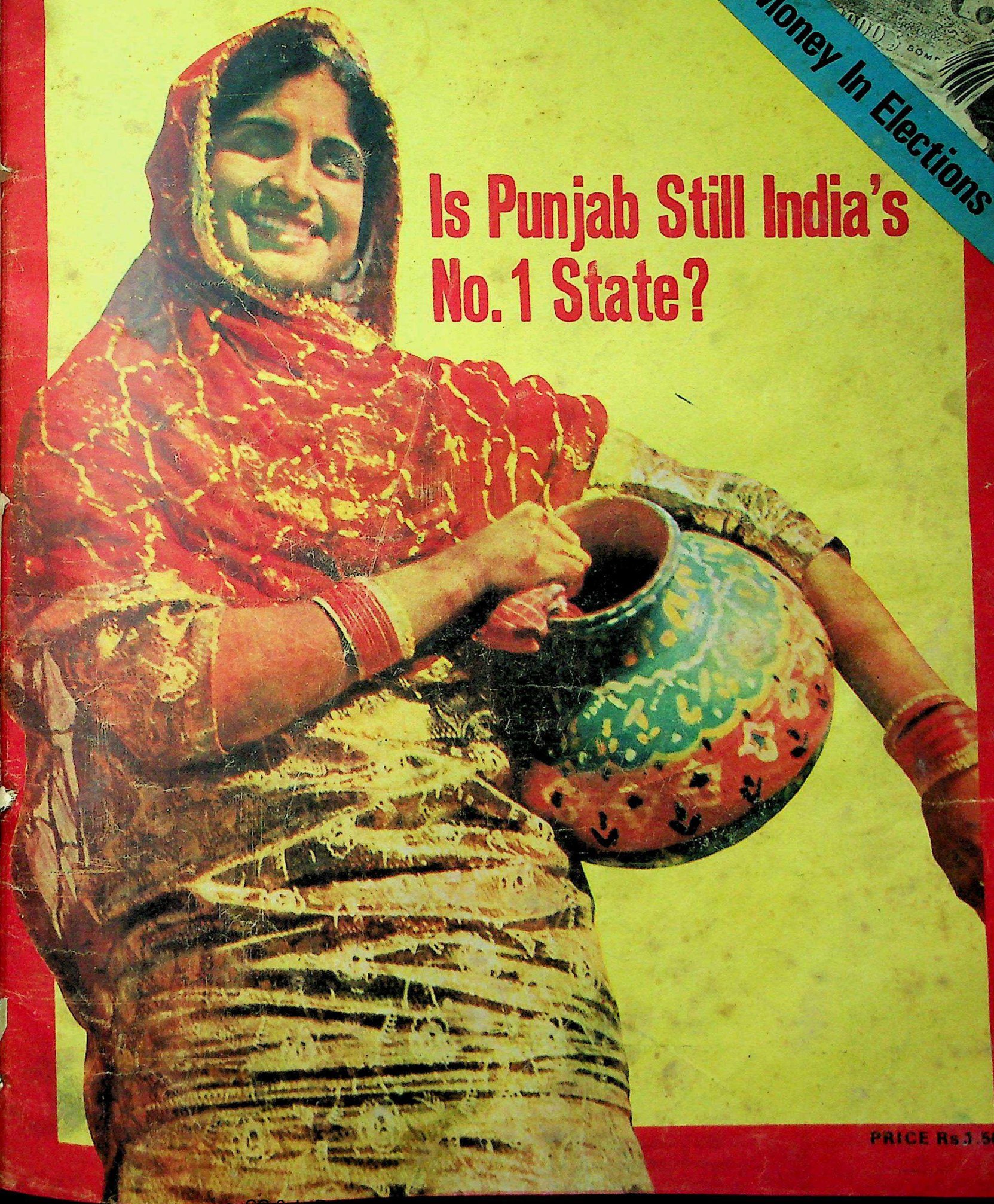
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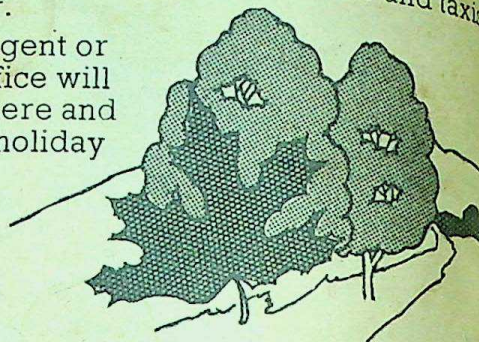
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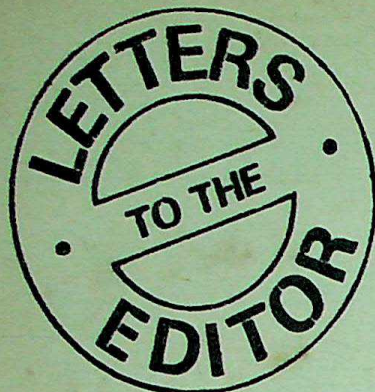
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Indian Airlines Miscarried

Sir—In the lead article, "What Is Wrong With Indian Airlines?" (June 3), Mr Bagchi, General Secretary of the Indian Commercial Pilots' Association (ICPA), is reported as saying that "adhesion to safety rules would promote air safety". In the March 1973 crash, the commander of the ill-fated aircraft was a member of his association and, landing in below-minimal visibility or even attempting such a suicidal act does not conform to safety rules.

Mr Malik maintains that for the sake of "on-time performance", pilots are persuaded to carry on with snags. Statistics show, however, that IA has amongst the lowest on-time performance and maximum aircraft utility record in the world. Cases are not infrequent when aircraft have been held up for as long as half a day due to lack of instant snag rectification facilities.

The article fails to give an unbiased picture of IA. Its title could well have been "Memorandum of charter of demands by ICPA".

PARTHA P. BANERJEE
Calcutta

Sir—A magazine such as yours should not publish an article containing only one-sided views, distorted facts and misquotes involving the reputation of a national carrier such as Indian Airlines.

Cochin S. J. CHANDRAN

Sir—Why is the rate of accidents in India higher than the world average?

It is a scientific phenomenon that at regular intervals the sun is subjected to titanic disturbances. Violent eruptions of the magnitude of several million hydrogen bombs take place which throw out clouds of solar gas that hit the earth at a speed of about 4,000 miles per second.

These electromagnetic storms of mammoth proportions disrupt radio communication and compass

needles do not stay steady; teleprinters receive illegible messages; electronic instruments fail to read accurately; and pilots lose contact with their ground control.

At several places in the world, air crashes have occurred at the time of these "solar explosions". The years 1971-73 had witnessed a large number of air crashes as well as solar storms. Just when the Boeing crash took place in 1973, there were crashes in Mexico too, and the pilots complained of sudden radio failure.

Tropical regions are the most affected areas due to the increase of solar radiation. This may be one of the reasons why we have proportionately more crashes.

Dehra Dun K. M. VAID

Sir—An important cause for aviation accidents was found missing: stray cattle. Recently about 120 passengers, in an aircraft about to land at Nagpur, had a narrow escape. The pilot, in spite of hitting four cows (killing all of them), somehow managed to land safely.

Nagpur DR P. J. MOKADAM

Stop Chanting The Vedas

Sir—"Are The Vedas Dying Out?" (June 3). They will, if the obscurantist grammarians continue to have their way of teaching the scriptures. No sensible person these days will ever consider sending his child, as the pictures in the article appear to suggest, to a pathashala where he must sit in a dhoti, bare-chested and learn the scriptures by rote.

To say that because of the necessity of correct pronunciation involved, the Vedas can be learnt only by chanting in the presence of a guru does not make sense. At present, the system of phonetic spelling is so well developed that it can easily be adapted to write the Vedas. Secondly, for teaching the scriptures there should be a minimal emphasis on grammar. They should be taught by the direct method. I am sure this will ensure 90%, if not more, accuracy both in the pronunciation and knowledge of the subject matter.

Calcutta K. KISHORE

Sir—The author laments that "academicians have neglected the inner meanings of the Vedas". I want to point out that even many of the "traditionalists" would stop chanting the Vedas once they know their meaning. Here are some specimens of the "wisdom".

"Women cannot be taught, for women have little intellect" (Rig Veda 8/33/17).

"Women cannot prove to be good friends, for they have cruel hearts" (Rig Veda 10/95/15).

Women's libbers, take note!

SANKARA NARAYANAN
Bombay

Sir—I think it is time the Vedas were translated into the regional languages so that more people could have access to them.

D. V. RAMAKRISHNA
New Delhi

Sir—The author has observed that the Vedas propound the relationship between man and nature as well as between man and man. Their salutary effect on the first connotation can be accepted but the claim for the second one is dubious, for the sanctity of the caste system is derived from these very Vedas.

Bhilai SAAFERAN
Looking After Our Policemen

Sir—This is in reference to the article, "Policemen Revolt" (June 3).

It states that no action was taken by the Government to remove the grievances of the policemen. The fact is that after taking office in June 1977 the Chief Minister of Punjab, Sardar Parkash Singh Badal, used a part of his special fund for police housing and also sanctioned Rs

THE TIMES OF INDIA RELIEF FUND

Devastating floods in Gujarat, Rajasthan and the Vidarbha area of Maharashtra have caused incalculable damage to property and taken a heavy toll of life, bringing suffering to thousands of people. In keeping with their tradition, Bennett, Coleman & Co Ltd have decided to contribute Rs 25,000 to the Times of India Relief Fund to provide help to the victims of the natural disaster. We sincerely appeal to our readers, who have spontaneously responded to our appeals for help to victims of such calamities in the past, to contribute generously to the fund. The contributions will be eligible for tax relief under Section 80-G of the Income Tax Act 1961. Contributions of Rs 20 and above will be acknowledged as usual in "The Times of India". Cheques/drafts drawn in favour of "The Times of India Relief Fund" or cash contributions may be sent to any of our offices in Bombay, Delhi, Ahmedabad, Calcutta, Madras or Pune.

10 crores under the Sixth Plan (1978-83) for this purpose.

One year ago the Punjab Government changed the uniform of policemen making it the same as for the Inspector-General of Police and a constable. They also provided proper messes in all the thanas complete with cooking utensils and furniture. The Government also substantially enhanced the grant given to the family of a policeman who died on duty.

The notification regarding the appointments of the Punjab Pay Commission for reviewing and rationalising the pay scales, allowance, etc, of Government employees including policemen was issued on December 1, 1977. Naturally the Government could not take up the revision of pay scales when the report of the Commission was expected shortly. It was received on May 8 and the Government took the decision a few days later.

Before the report a constable got a starting salary of Rs 396 per month. The Pay Commission had recommended a scale of Rs 400-525. The Government, by allowing two advance increments in the same scale, raised it to Rs 420. Was the Government really "so nervous"? Does this revision by Rs 24 after 11 years "provide gunpowder"? The new pay was announced after the Government had dealt firmly with the agitation and controlled it completely.

Other concessions, namely a slightly enhanced rate for kit washing, a fixed medical allowance, and a month's extra pay for the loss of more than 100 holidays in a year, are included among the Centre's guidelines to improve the policemen's working conditions as given at the Chief Ministers' Conference in Delhi on June 6. Punjab did earlier what is sought to be done elsewhere now.

KULWANT SINGH VIRK
Chandigarh

MacBride Commission

Sir—At the fag end of his article, "Unbiased News! Ah Well..." (June 3), Chanchal Sarkar asks whether the MacBride Commission, established by UNESCO's Director-General, "can do anything to bring about the investment needed in communications, the loosening of controls, the acquisition of software skills and the reining in of transnational corporate interest?" The dash of rhetoric in the question is somewhat misplaced because the Commission does not have a mandate to solve the problems that plague communications. It can only identify them, bring

them into shape, analyse their impact on the life of individual nations.

DILEEP
Bangkok

"The Edge"

Sir—Mr R. story, "The Edge", is a sharp, incisive indictment of a programme of His portrayal is unique and ham Greene clean".

Anantapur

Sir—"The Edge" is a once again a masterpiece of appreciation of a fascinating story of a man's life in Bangalore.

Never Too Late

Sir—With your editorial on (June 3), the facts regarding pregnancy are

According to Mary's Child, Surrey, it was a majority with the definition of more of more gone the a Later observed light in child mity known. Moreover, it cause abort.

Dr Pillai, says that no government nor restrict the tablets in our by the USA tablets are like hot pe

Therefore, ing, though not too late.

Pune

Save Our

Sir—The the popular count went twittering about hunted bust a peep on Himalayan being chased mainly by come here pose and s for a great tors in Japan.

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The Punjabis have the highest income, pay the most tax and have the highest life expectancy in India. How has the State achieved all this without its own coal, heavy industry or oil? M. V. Kamath makes an on-the-spot study.



Cover Photograph by D. P. SHARDA

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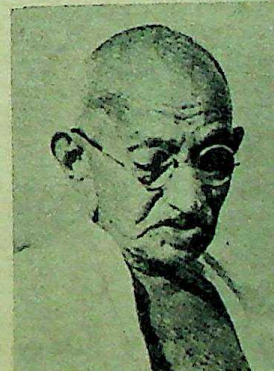
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IF BAPU WERE ALIVE... Would Gandhian methods like satyagraha and fasting work in the present messy political situation? How would Bapu have tackled the situation? By Acharya J. B. Kriplani. Also, views from K. Santhanam and Dr G. Ramachandran, Vice-Chancellor of Gandhigram Rural University.

35 YEARS OF LATA MANGESHKAR: Raju Bharatan touches on little-known high spots of the melody queen's career as she reaches yet another landmark in her life.

CONSTITUTIONAL DILEMMA: H. V. Kamath continues the debate on "Should The Constitution Be Changed?"

IS CHARAN SINGH FIGHTING HIS LAST POLITICAL BATTLE? The Charan Singh alliance almost seems eclipsed in the face of the battle between the Janata Party and the Congress (I)? An analysis by Ramesh Chandran.

HIMALAYA—HIGHER AND HIGHER: A. R. Crawford, the world-famous geologist, says that the Himalaya will stand long after other mountains have gone.

them into sharper focus and analyse their incidence on the lives of individuals, communities and nations.

DILEEP PADGAONKAR
Bangkok

"The Edge" Was Sharp!

Sir—Mr R. K. Narayan's short story, "The Edge" (June 3), gives a sharp, incisive but cryptic indictment of our family planning programme and the mess it is in. His portrayal of characters is unique and his English, as Graham Greene puts it, "admirably clean".

Anantapur G. AZEEMODDIN

Sir—"The Edge" has sharpened once again the edge of my appreciation for R. K. Narayan's fascinating narration of an ordinary man's life.

Bangalore JANET CALEBS

Never Too Late

Sir—With reference to your editorial on Dangerous Drugs (June 3), here are a few more facts regarding the Hormonal Pregnancy Test (HPT).

According to Dr Gal, of Queen Mary's Children's Hospital at Surrey, it was observed that a majority of the children born with the deformity, 'Spina Bifida', were of mothers who had undergone the above hormonal test. Later observations brought to light in children another deformity known as 'Hydro-Cephalus'. Moreover, it may sometimes even cause abortion.

Dr Pillai, who reported this, says that not only did our Government not take any action to restrict the sale of these hormone tablets in our country, as is done by the USA and Britain, but the tablets are also being sold here like hot peanuts.

Therefore, your cry of warning, though not quite early, is not too late.

Pune A. R. ACHUTHAN

Save Our Butterflies

Sir—There was a roar from the populace when the tiger count went down and quite a twittering about the about-to-be-hunted bustard, but there is nary a peep on behalf of the lovely Himalayan butterflies who are being chased out of existence—mainly by Japanese tourists who come here for that express purpose and sell the fragile bodies for a great profit to avid collectors in Japan.

My husband and I recently spent ten days on Tiger Hill in Darjeeling District. We saw one live butterfly.

MARY ANN DASGUPTA
Calcutta



Report On Punjab

Is Punjab Still India's No.1 State ?



"Yes," says the author after an extensive tour. "It has all the characteristics of West Germany..."

Of every 100 kg of wheat the Union Government buys, Punjab provides 63 kg and, of every 100 kg of rice, Punjab's contribution is 56 kg. In wheat yield per hectare it has bettered the USA, Canada and Russia; in rice, China. To this green revolution has now been added a white revolution which is eclipsing Gujarat's. Punjab has become India's anna bhoomi.

Scores of success stories can be found in the small-scale sector as well. Punjabis have the highest income in India, pay the most tax and have the highest life expectancy. All this without coal, heavy industry or oil in the State.

by M. V. Kamath

HE CAN AFFORD TO RELAX. The consumption of liquor as well as milk in the State is the highest in India. Top: A time to celebrate. The Punjabi's zest for life is evident both in his work and in his leisure.

Is Punjab really India as Punjab? Has Punjab from the Centre from Chief Minister to the peasant in

I set out on early May from out the answers from India's dust one must be the highway in the four hours, I caught, one occurred overloaded trucks lously both the emerged unhurt. subsequently to inspection of load is minimal. It was a gesture and obvious ana and Punjab

Punjab is not of mind. And Punjab people. They are somewhat external it is the cohesive deep sense of identity together have made

Today's Punjab great Punjab of Hindus are a substantial Little purposes a Sikh the stress is on script, the large Hind Samachar tion: 65,500) and desh Chander, Similarly, while their mother tongue medium schools

The Best 'West

Punjab has Germany—except partition the State towns and cities with communal virtually the entire of the best land

Add to it other coal nor wheat yield per has bested the Union, Canada has bested China well. The motto kg of wheat Punjab provides of rice, Punjab this from a State treats it as something is sick.

How come State (after deficit of 35,000 surplus State much of North train that chug it thousands Uttar Pradesh embark, I was pounce on the "It is like a man told me willing workers

Is Punjab really the Number One State in India as Punjabis claim it to be?

Has Punjab any right to demand more from the Centre as everyone in the State from Chief Minister Parkash Singh Badal to the peasant in the field feel it has?

I set out one searing-hot afternoon in early May from Delhi to Chandigarh to find out the answers. The Grand Trunk Road from India's dusty capital to Punjab's shared one must be the most dangerous stretch of highway in the world. In the bare space of four hours, I came across five major accidents, one occurring right ahead of me. An overloaded truck turned turtle and miraculously both the driver and his assistant emerged unhurt. In most such cases, I was subsequently told, death was certain. Inspection of loading and brakes, apparently, is minimal. It would indicate police negligence and obvious corruption both in Haryana and Punjab of measurable proportions.

Punjab is not just a State. It is a state of mind. And Punjabis are more than just a people. They function as a family, if a somewhat extended one. One suspects that it is the cohesiveness of Punjabis and their deep sense of identity with their soil that together have made Punjab what it is.

Today's Punjab is a far cry from the great Punjab of pre-partition days. Though Hindus are a substantial minority, the present-day Little Punjab is for all practical purposes a Sikh State. But paradox: while the stress is on Punjabi and the Gurmukhi script, the largest paper in Punjab is the *Hind Samachar* printed in Hindi (circulation: 65,500) and its youthful editor, Romdesh Chander, will not let anyone forget it. Similarly, while Sardarjis may swear by their mother tongue, the number of English-medium schools is increasing.

The Best Went To Pakistan

Punjab has all the characteristics of West Germany—except cleanliness. Soon after partition the State was in a total mess. The towns and cities lay desolate, spattered with communal blood. Two of the five rivers, virtually the entire canal system and some of the best land went to Pakistan.

Add to it the fact that Punjab has neither coal nor heavy industry nor oil. Yet in wheat yield per hectare the Punjabi farmer has bested the United States, the Soviet Union, Canada and Pakistan. In rice yield he has bested China and plans to beat Japan as well. The motto is: "Can do." Of every 100 kg of wheat the Union Government buys, Punjab provides 63 kg and, of every 100 kg of rice, Punjab's contribution is 56 kg. And this from a State that does not eat rice and treats it as something to be eaten when one is sick.

How come that what was once a sick State (after partition Punjab had a food deficit of 35,000 tonnes) has now become a surplus State that not only provides food for much of North India but jobs as well? Every train that chugs into Ludhiana brings with it thousands of labourers from Rajasthan, Uttar Pradesh and Bihar. When they disembark, I was told, Sardarjis literally pounce on them with lucrative offers of jobs. "It is like a slave market," one newspaperman told me, "except that these men are willing workers and many have worked for



—S. K. Rode

THEIR PROSPERITY IS SHOWING. Punjab today is a far cry from the total mess that the State was in just after partition. From a food deficit State Punjab has become a surplus State which not only provides food for much of North India, but jobs as well. Below: In their Sunday best, children take part in a pageant.



their Sardaris before—and return to their farms faithfully."

These labourers come without their womenfolk and are spread out on several thousand farms. Estimates of migrant labour vary, from a low 500,000 to a high 1,000,000. They get free food and tea twice a day (some say, liberally laced with opium to make them work longer hours) and get paid anything up to Rs 1,200 a year. At this rate Punjab must be paying out a maximum of Rs 120 crores to labour from sister States—a princely sum. As one wag put it: It is Punjab's agriculture that makes possible Uttar Pradesh's culture.

There is no study, to the best of my knowledge, of the problems the migrant labour face in Punjab. My official escorts assured me that Punjabi host farmers and non-Punjabi guest workers got along well. At two Focal Points, one at Kalah and another at Raipur Pharala, I noticed that when farmers came to greet me, the Punjabi farmers were in one group and the migrant workers in another. But both were united in their demand for more machinery, threshers, combines, whatever. Time was of the essence. The quicker one crop was garner-



—D. P. Sharda

AT THE HELM. Chief Minister Parkash Singh Badal feels that the Centre is not giving as much assistance as the State deserves and would like to recast Centre-State financial relations. Left: Gurdwara Shri Keshgarh Sahib at Anandpur in Ropar district. At this site Guru Gobind Singh, the tenth Guru, created the Khalsa on Baisakhi day in 1699.

ed, the more time was available to sow a short-term money crop like *moong*. Idleness is not for the Punjabi farmer. For him time is money.

The green revolution was made possible by several factors: the abolition of absentee landlordism, consolidation of land holdings, the introduction of tubewells, the egalitarianism of a peasant society, the availability of expertise and the sheer persistence of the farmer. The Vice-Chancellor of Guru Nanak Dev University, Dr K. S. Gill told me that in Jullundur district, for example, some 33 per cent of the people were Harijans. But, he added, when events came, the Sikh landlord and his untouchable farm help both sat together to drink the same illicit liquor in happy camaraderie. It is not that caste does not exist in Punjab. It is just that its role is marginal.

Knowledgeable Farmers

At Punjab Agricultural University, Ludhiana, its Vice-Chancellor, Dr A. S. Cheema told me that liaison between his staff and the farmers from the surrounding countryside is close. Some 10,000 farmers flock to the University's vast grounds before every sowing season to listen to the professors and exchange information with the experts. "They should hear them talk," Dr Cheema told me. "They put the professors in their place." The farmers are thirsty for information and guidance and the University provides it. Nearly a lakh of rupees worth, printed in Punjabi. No greater cooperation exists between academician and farmer elsewhere in India.

Much of this *gung ho* is attributed to the late Partap Singh Kairon whose portrait, with a nice touch of revisionism, is to be found

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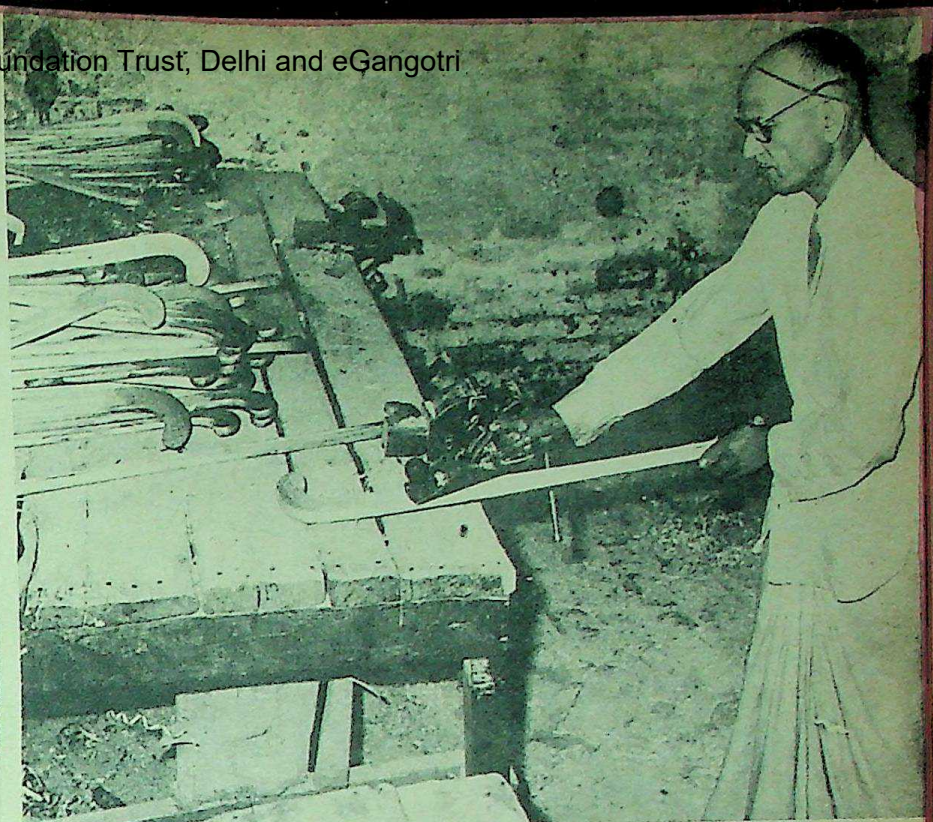
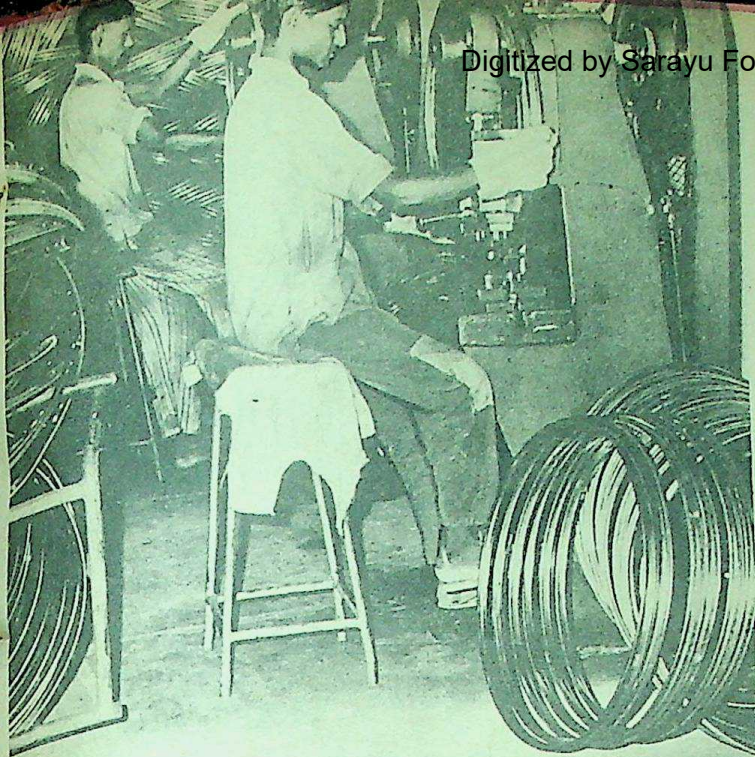
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—R. C. Bali

—R. C. Bali

THEIR PRODUCTION IS NOT SMALL IN SCALE. The bicycle industry is one of the success stories of the small-scale sector in Punjab. Hero Cycles manufacture four lakh cycles a month and Bicycle Manufacturing Corporation (BSC) makes 2,000. Right: Diwan Chand's hockey sticks are among the best in the world. Jullundur exports sports goods worth Rs 14.5 crores—nearly 90 per cent of India's total export of sports goods. There are 2,000 registered industrial units in the State with an annual turnover of Rs 250 crores.

everywhere. It was Kairon who set the State on the road to the green revolution. The State has not only surpassed itself in the green revolution, it is now well on the way to a white revolution. Gujarat is served notice that Punjab is pushing hard from behind! Ubiquitous in Punjab today is the Milk Bar. The refrain one hears everywhere is that if only the Centre will give more power to Punjab, it will get paid back to the whole nation a hundredfold.

There is about Punjabi towns an air of people on the go. People and goods seem to be moving constantly on bicycles, rickshaws, bullock-carts, hand-carts, scooters, tractors, buses, trucks... In Ludhiana one has to see people at work in the two huge industrial districts and virtually every side street to know what an industrious people can do. There are some 2,000 registered industrial units employing some 45,000 people with an annual turnover of Rs 250 crores. Many of these units possibly will not pass muster under the Industrial Safety Act—but who cares? Productivity is all.

The Sky's The Limit

Whether in Ludhiana or in Jullundur, it is the small-scale sector that shows the economic muscle of the State. Jullundur exports sports goods worth Rs 14.5 crores or nearly 90 per cent of India's total export of sports goods, but that is nothing, according to the proprietor of Beat All Sports (BAS) Co who says that India's sales barely form 0.89 per cent of world exports of sports goods. If the industry could be geared up, the sky's the limit.

Success stories can be counted by the dozen. The big success story is that of Hero Cycles. It started in 1956 with an industrial licence to manufacture 25 cycles a day. In 1979 its production schedule is for one lakh cycles a month! There are not more

than four such factories in the entire world that produce more. Hero Cycles is a family concern run by Om Prakash and his brother Brij Mohan Lal and their sons. Nearby is a smaller cycle unit, Bicycle Manufacturing Corporation (BSC), which started with making 200 bicycles a month in 1950 but now manufactures ten times that number.

Then there is Basant Works which manufactures power presses. It was started 30 years ago with two people. Now it employs 80 and has an annual turnover of Rs 80 lakhs. It exports power presses to Bangladesh, Kenya, Nigeria, Russia and Canada at one tenth the cost of European presses!

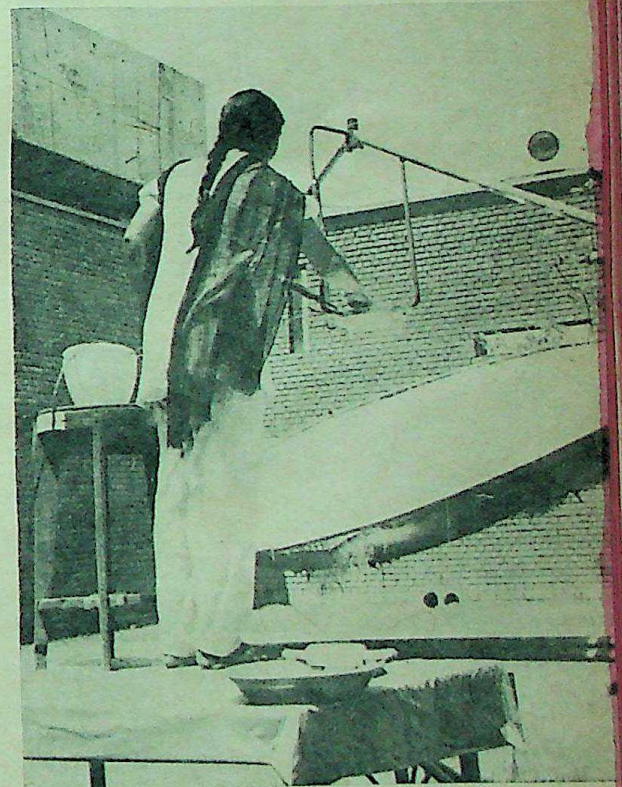
"Shan-dar" Sewing Machines

Labh Singh, Managing Director of Panesar Mechanical Works, has another success story to tell. His company manufactures Shan sewing machines. In 1951 it made 127 machines. In 1979 it is manufacturing at the rate of 28,600 a year. In 1960 the company exported 394 machines. Last year it exported 12,500. And the demand is increasing, Labh Singh said smilingly. No doubt he had reason to smile and to offer me afternoon tea with enormous amounts of halwa.

Talk to Yash Mahajan, joint director of Punjab Tractors Ltd. The company was started five years ago but nobody gave it much of a chance to survive. There was a Punjabi saying about the tractors that is quoted today with accompanying hilarity.

*First it won't be made.
If made it can't be sold.
If sold it won't run.*

But today, says Mahajan, the company sells 5,300 tractors of various horse power a year. And several are being exported as well. The company is run by a youthful team—average age of the top management cadre is 31 years. I was introduced to G. S.



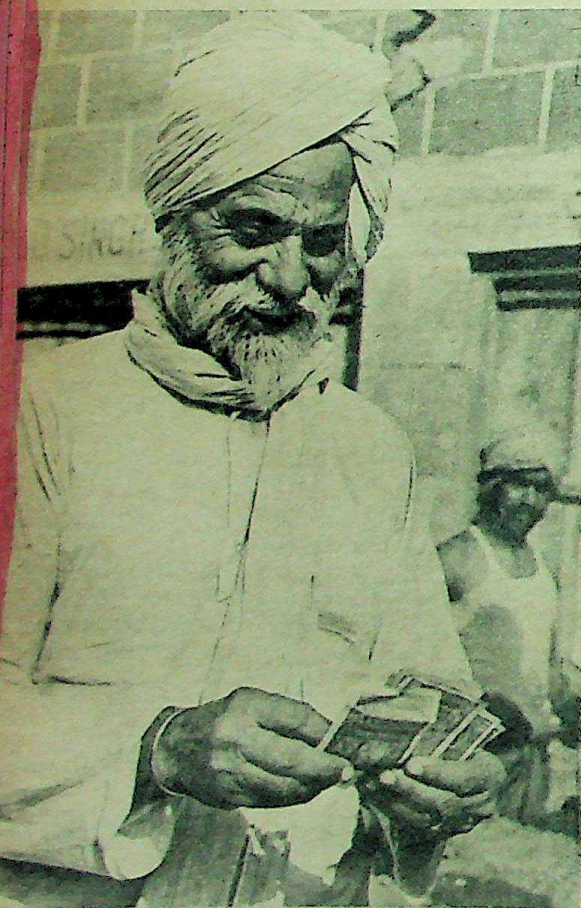
—Inderjeet Singh

CHAPPATIS BY SUNLIGHT. This solar cooker was designed at the College of Agricultural Engineering of the Punjab Agricultural University, Ludhiana.

Rihal, father of the first model tractor. A quiet, unassuming man, still frightfully young; it was hard to believe that it was his native genius that designed and put the tractor together. In 1974 the company had lost Rs 88 lakhs. In 1979 the profits were of the order of 16.32 lakhs.



FROM PUNJAB WITH PRIDE. Tractors on their way to Sudan from Ropar. Punjab Tractors sell 5,300 machines a year in India. The company's profits added up to Rs 16.32 lakhs in 1978-79.



—R. C. Bali

THE SARDAR WAS IN HIS ELEMENTS, COUNTING OUT HIS MONEY. Right: At the Punjab Agricultural University, Vice-Chancellor Dr A. S. Cheema talks to young farmers about new technology.

What makes this possible? The average Punjabi, my escort told me, thinks he is *sava lakh* (equal to 1,25,000 others). (Nobody has ever accused the Punjabi of modesty or moderation.) Like the American, of whom it was said during the Second World War that the difficult he did immediately but took a little time to do the impossible, the Punjabi has shown that he can wrest gold out of poor soil, machines out of molten metal. (Production of rice during the last two years has increased by 76.8 per cent, highest ever world record). It should therefore come as no surprise that Punjabis have the highest income in India, pay the highest tax in return, have the highest life expectancy in the country (65 years as compared to the national average of 47) and, for a people who drink liquor by the gallons, have the highest per capita consumption of milk. Whatever the Punjabi does, he seems to be doing it in style. As the saying goes:

Khada peeta lahey da

Bakee Ahmed Shahey da

(What we earn we eat and drink, for the rest go to Ahmed Shah, the invader!)

Some believe that Punjabi prosperity has been made possible by money coming from Sikhs living abroad. To a small extent, possibly. In Jullundur district alone, according to one report, the Punjab National Bank has foreign exchange deposits worth over Rs 270 crores. Punjabis want all that money to be used in Punjab for development purposes. They say it is all "their" money. The Reserve Bank, however, is chary of liberalising credit facilities. Punjabis resent this.

Central Aid Unsatisfactory

All that Punjab wants, Chief Minister Sardar Parkash Singh Badal told me over the breakfast table, is recasting of Centre-State financial relations. That meant, he added, modification of the Gadgil Formula, reduction in the indebtedness of the State to the Centre, change in the pattern of loan assistance from the World Bank and equitable sharing of market borrowing between the Centre and the States. Mr Badal said that the plain fact was that Punjab had been financing its Plan effort largely through its own resources and that he was most unhappy with the declining trend of Central Plan

assistance to Punjab. Later, Finance Minister S. Balwant Singh explained that the debate on fiscal autonomy should not be confused and has nothing to do with separatist trends in politics. Akalis are not separatists.

Punjabis feel that, given facilities for transporting fruits and vegetables, they could feed all of the Middle East and gain foreign exchange for the nation. There are expressions of pain and anguish on the face of farmers who raised huge potato crops only to see them rot. The Government had to step in to purchase some 7 lakh tonnes of potatoes incurring a loss of Rs 150 lakhs. At the same time cotton growers are angry because prices have been declining. Punjabis want textile mills to be set up in their State. Why should Punjabi cotton have to go to Maharashtra to be spun and woven and sold back to Punjab at a profit? This they call in their naivete an example of colonialism.

Sikhs Rule

With the establishment of Haryana and Himachal Pradesh, Punjab is for all practical purposes a Sikh State and as important as the Punjab Government is the Shiromani Gurdwara Prabandhak Committee (SGPC) which is capable of displaying as much authority as the Government itself. It is sometimes hard to find out where politics end and religion begins in Punjab. The majority Shiromani Akali Party has clout; it was opposed to the Emergency and, during 1975-77, as many as 45,000 volunteers of the party reportedly courted arrest. The party is opposed to Mrs Indira Gandhi. Jotendar Jeevan Singh Umra Nangal, Revenue Minister, was emphatic that Mrs Gandhi can never come back to power.

The Akalis and the Janata Party together run the Government of Punjab with the Akalis, of course, having the upper hand. They want, as Jotendar Jeevan Singh told me, greater autonomy for the State so that they can aim at results without having to clear everything with Delhi. As for the RSS, the Jotendar does not think it is dangerous to the country. "Let them do their exercises," he says nonchalantly. In that sense the Akalis are very tolerant; I suspect, even more, that they are very self-confident and



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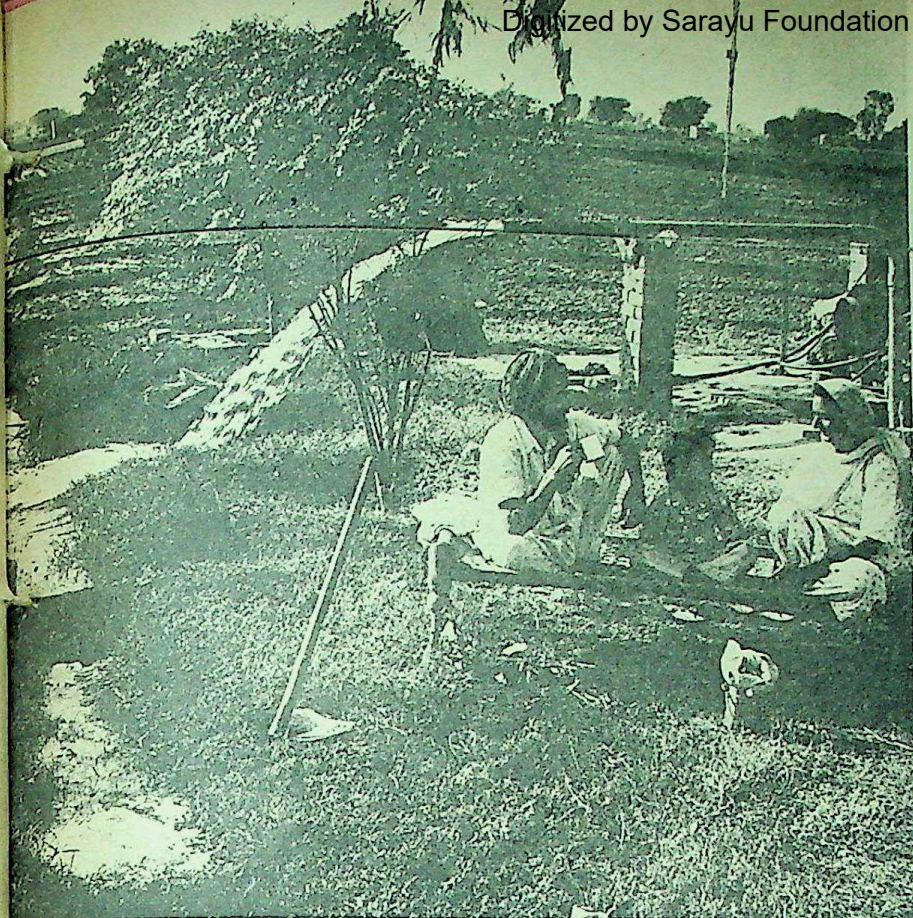
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R. C. Bali

EVERYTHING IS COMING UP TUBEWELLS. The farmer relaxes with his family while the pump irrigates his lands. Right: Prosperity in the village—brick houses, cars and TV sets are a common sight in Punjab.

would know how to handle the RSS if it comes to that point. For, in what is practically an Akali-dominated Legislature, I was surprised to find that among the legislators was one Mr Viswanathan, as South Indian as one can be, who speaks Punjabi as to the language bred. And the Chief Secretary to Punjab is another South Indian, Mr Krishnamoorthy, who not only speaks Punjabi like a Punjabi but whose Gurmukhi handwriting is apparently a thing to be admired. I did not test his capacity to down Patiala pegs, though.

Total Commitment

The most admirable thing about the Punjabi is his commitment which is almost total. Punjab is the first State to have embarked upon a Rs 302-crore Integrated Rural Development Programme and it is apparently doing well. The programme calls for the establishment of "Focal Points": centres within 5 km of a group of villages which will have a branch of a cooperative bank, a depot for the supply of fertilisers, pesticides, seeds, etc, an agro-service centre, a marketing yard, a diesel/petrol pump, a post office and a veterinary centre, not to speak of a shop for selling daily consumer needs like soap, cloth, sugar, vegetable oil and toilet preparations. Detractors of the Focal Point concept call it "fokat point". I visited two Focal Points which seemed to be doing very well indeed.

At Raipur Pharala the Focal Point serviced five villages with 312 families owning up to five acres of land each, 109 families owning between five and 7½ acres each and 88 families having more than 7½ acres of land. Some 13 hectares of alnd had been reclaimed. There were 115 electric tubewells and 798 diesel tubewells, 15 tractors and 104 threshers. When I pointed out that the farmers seemed to be prosperous (the re-

turns on loans were 100 per cent), one of them said: "Ah, but we have expenses!" I have never known a farmer yet who said he has been making money.

In Ludhiana I visited another Focal Point where the local branch of the cooperative society showed a comfortable profit. In fact wherever I went I was told that the farmer was an excellent risk—something that T. A. Pai, a former banker, had told me from his own experience in the Syndi-

JOTEDAR JEEVAN SINGH UMRA NANGAL, Revenue Minister, wants greater autonomy for the State. About the RSS, he said, "Let Raj Narain prove that it is detrimental to the country."



cate Bank. At this Focal Point I met a young Sikh, Meher Singh, who had returned from Toronto and was happy he was back. He was fish-farming. He had a fish pond roughly a fifth of an acre and he said he had made Rs 11,000 in the last two years. He expected to make more this year. He waded into the pond to fetch me a fish just to show what he had: carp. I told him it would make an excellent curry.

Efforts are being made to link Sikhs like Meher Singh with Punjab's prosperity and the Government has set up a new Emigrant Affairs Cell, probably the first State in India to do so. No Punjabi should let down another Punjabi seems to be the idea. One can bet one's bottom rupee that he won't.

Many Firsts

Considering what Punjab is doing for Punjab and what the Punjabi is doing for India's food production, he has a case for more help from the Centre. After all, how many States can boast of so many firsts? If you speak to Development Minister Atma Singh, he will overwhelm you with statistics. Punjab is India's *punya bhoomi*—the land of Lava and Kusha, of Valmiki (whose ancient ashram, now being resuscitated by a benevolent Government, I visited). It is now becoming India's *anna bhoomi*—the land of food. From giving *anna*, the Punjabi is gaining *punya*—but in the process he would not mind getting some additional subsidies from the Centre as well. After all, he says, *punya* comes in the next life. The Punjabi believes more in today than in the hereafter, as he drinks his *lassi* in the morning and scotch in the evening. After sundown, Manohar Singh Gill, the Chief Minister's Private Secretary, told me, no Punjabi drinks anything else: I believe him.

Black Money In Elections

Our political morality has sunk to the lowest depths. Public men have been compared to prostitutes. But I think this is unfair to the gentle ladies who perform a public service and are paid for it. Our politicians, on the other hand, have everything free—paid for by dishonest businessmen through black money. The unholy alliance between politicians and moneybags is a two-way traffic, based on give and take: businessmen fork out lakhs from their hidden funds and politicians grant them "concessions" for piling more wealth.

by BENEDICT COSTA

The late Chief Minister of Maharashtra, Mr V.P. Naik, held an at home for Bombay's top building contractors in 1973. Rajni Patel, fund-raiser for the Congress, was an invitee. As the moneybags munched their chicken sandwiches, word went round that the Congress wanted from them Rs 2 crores for electioneering.

The contractors wanted their *quid pro quo*: they demanded the supply of cement at the controlled rate of Rs 13 a bag (it was then selling at Rs 30 in the black market). They got their cement and the fund-raisers their money. All these goings-on coincided with the Backbay Reclamation building boom when Government land was sold (without tenders) to these same builders for prices ranging close to Rs 4,500 a square yard.

What the politicians got in 1973 was chicken feed compared to the enormous amounts they received in 1977. In that year the grand alliance between politicians in search of funds and dishonest businessmen in search of "concessions" reached elephantine proportions.

There is another poll round the corner. Will industrialists and politicians again strike a deal together? Will builders of skyscrapers rush to fill the coffers of ambitious men? Will smugglers, known to be willing contributors, surface once again?

Party Accounts Are Never Audited

The Central Bureau of Investigations has revealed that during the last elections Mrs Gandhi's party got Rs 113 crores from industrialists and foreign sources.

Not that the record of the Janata has been without a blemish. Madhu Limaye charged that Kanti Desai collected Rs 90 lakhs last year. The Janata had empowered a committee under Viren Shah and Nanaji Deshmukh to collect funds. How Kanti Desai made himself into a private collector of election money is a question that has not been answered. The Janata, like other parties, does not maintain audited accounts.

There was a time when a stalwart of the undivided Congress, S. K. Patil, could in a matter of a few hours and through a couple of phone calls raise lakhs. Collections were made in a straightforward manner—as companies were allowed to give 2½ per cent of their gross profits to political parties. Patil told a reporter: "We were able to collect Rs 2 crores, most of it in cheques, and I was responsible to the AICC for every paisa."

The present mid-term poll is only three months away. Industrialists are already worried. One of them said: "Political beggars have already begun pestering us. Some demand lakhs of rupees. Others, who are of less consequence, are sent away with a few thousands. If we don't pay up, these men can—if they come to power—make our lives intolerable. They can deny licences and permits, put all sorts of restrictions and urge income-tax sleuths to raid our houses. Ultimately, it is the common man, the buyer of our products, who bears this burden when we raise prices."

Paupers of Yesterday

"Are you sure that the money you donate goes to the party or is a slice of the melon swallowed by the enterprising fund-raiser?"

"There is no way of finding this out... But everybody knows this is happening or else how can paupers of yesterday become millionaires and shareholders of firms today?"

Our captains of business and industry have begun trembling at the sight of political highwaymen calling out: "Pay up or else..."

Black money is a powerful weapon in the armoury of political parties. This is the root cause of the widespread corruption which has eaten into our democratic values. Like a waterfall, corruption always has its source at the top.

According to the law of the land, no candidate can spend more than Rs 35,000 (now sought to be raised to Rs 75,000) for the Lok Sabha elections. This ceiling is an eyewash.

A few instances of the scandalous manner in which some candidates spend money can be cited. During the last poll, the late Mr H.R. Gokhale plastered the walls of houses with four-colour posters which are known to have cost a fortune. His rival, not to be outdone, is reported to have gone about distributing saris, cooking utensils and similar knick-knacks to the voters.

First Election And Thereafter

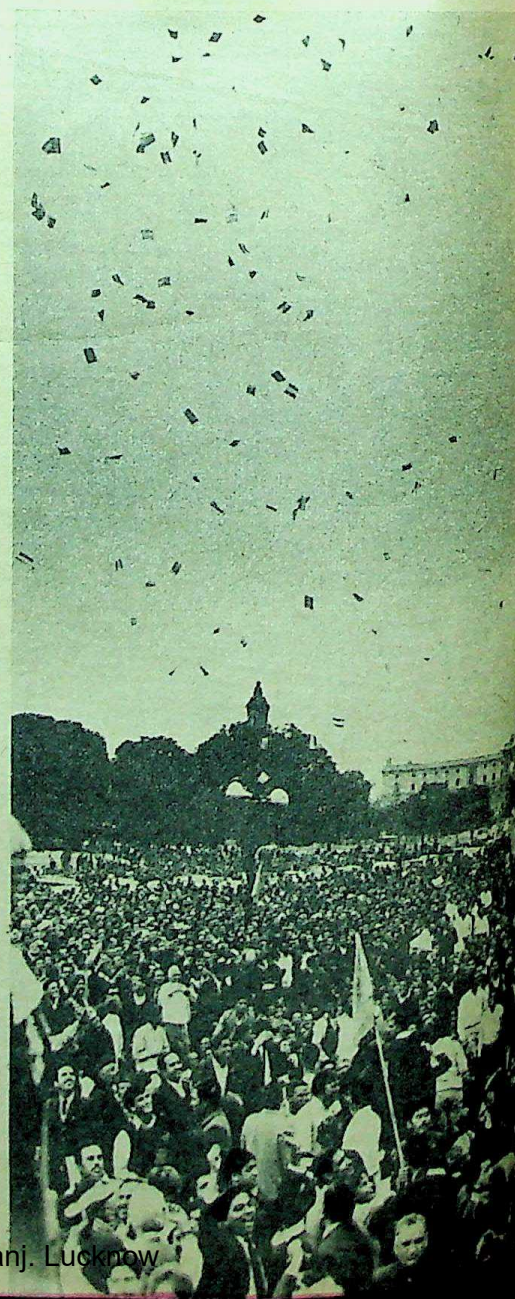
In 1952, during the country's first elections, based on universal adult franchise, a candidate had to spend Rs 1 lakh on campaigning. Today he needs ten times as much for petrol, cars, trucks, loudspeakers, leaflets, posters, workers, etc. Can a poor coun-

THE CONGRESS SPECTACLE. During the 1971 elections, party flags, leaflets and other memorabilia were flung from a plane which circled over the heads of the partymen.

try like ours afford such extravagance? Aren't our elections becoming a game played by dark forces exploiting gullible, illiterate voters and using them as pawns?

In the first general election, donations by companies were a trickle. As time went on, fund collectors became bolder: they came to realise how vulnerable the grain dealers, cementwallahs, building contractors and businessmen were. Nobody worried about such small things as honesty and integrity.

In 1957, several companies even took the unusual step of amending their memoranda of association to enable them to make donations to parties. One company went to the extent of applying to the Bombay High Court for such permission. The application was allowed because there was no legal impediment to its acceptance.



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But it was "with considerable uneasiness of mind and a sinking feeling in the heart" that the Chief Justice, Mr M.C. Chagla, before whom the matter was placed, rejected the plea of Mr H. R. Gokhale, counsel for the opposing shareholder, that the application be rejected. Mr Chagla observed: "It is nothing short of buying over the party so that the party should pursue a policy which would be in the interests of the commercial and industrial concerns which make contributions to the funds of the party."

Chagla's Observations

The Chief Justice commented: "Before parting with this case, we think it our duty to draw the attention of Parliament to the great danger in permitting companies to make contributions to the funds of political parties. It is a danger which may grow apace and which may ultimately overwhelm and even throttle democracy in this country. Therefore, it is desirable for Parliament to consider under what circumstances and under what limitations companies should be permitted to make these contributions."

"Democracy," he added, "cannot function unless the voters have all the necessary information about the parties for whom they are going to vote. Wide power is conferred upon the directors to make these contributions. As we know from experience, in a large number of cases, the so-called sanction of the company is merely camouflage. Either the directors control the company or some powerful person holds some large block of shares so as to control the voting. The least that Parliament can do is to acquire the sanction of the court before any large amount is paid by the company to the funds of a political party."

Instead of heeding these observations the Companies Act was amended to enable

THE RICHER THE CANDIDATE, THE BIGGER THE NOISE. Electioneering is a costly business—with a fleet of trucks and cars and the loudspeakers blaring at all odd hours. In the first elections held in 1952, a candidate required a minimum of Rs 1 lakh to conduct his campaign. Now he needs ten times as much.

business houses to contribute up to Rs 25,000 or 5% of their net profits.

Between 1962 and 1966, Rs 126 lakhs were donated by various companies to the political parties: Rs 109 lakhs to the Congress, Rs 15 lakhs to the Swatantra Party and stray thousands to other political parties.

From 1966 to 1969, it is reported, 75 companies paid Rs 187 lakhs, of which Rs 144 lakhs was the share of the Congress.

The 1969 Ban On Donations

In the 1962 general elections the ruling party (the Congress) got the lion's share from donations. But, in 1967, the trend changed when the Congress found that its majority at the Centre had shrunk and, in fact, it was in the opposition in several States—those in charge of the Congress treasury feared that the money would flow to other parties. So they came up with a bright idea according to which, in 1969, the law was amended once again, imposing a total ban on donations. This way the rulers devised new methods of bulldozing those willing to be fleeced.

Meanwhile, a year after the Emergency, Sanjay Gandhi at a rally on October 29, 1976, warned: "I have heard that in Bombay a lot of money is being collected in the name of the Congress. The Congress is a party of the workers and those collecting money for it are not Congressmen. I request the people to refuse money to those who come for contributions. No action will be taken for refusal and, in fact, action will be taken against those who seek donations."

Soon after, an industrialist who refused to contribute found to his dismay that his office, residence and factory and the residences of the directors of his company were raided by the income-tax sleuths.

On January 20, 1977, Mr Nawal Kishore Sharma, Joint Secretary to the Congress,

INDIAN YOUTH DEMAND

STOP THIS FLOOD OF AMERICAN & C.I.A. MONEY

AND LET US HAVE FAIR ELECTIONS

NATIONAL YOUTH FRONT

wrote to various companies to say that his party was going to publish 14 "Republic Day Special Souvenirs" in various languages—and the Republic Day was only six days away! The last date for receiving the material was February 10, 1977. The advertisement tariff for each insertion was mind-boggling: cover page and art paper (full page): Rs 50,000; colour printing paper (full page): Rs 25,000.

This was the biggest money-spinner for the Congress. Huge payments were made for souvenirs which were never published. Most of the advertisers were business houses and companies which, under the 1969 law, were barred from contributing to political funds.

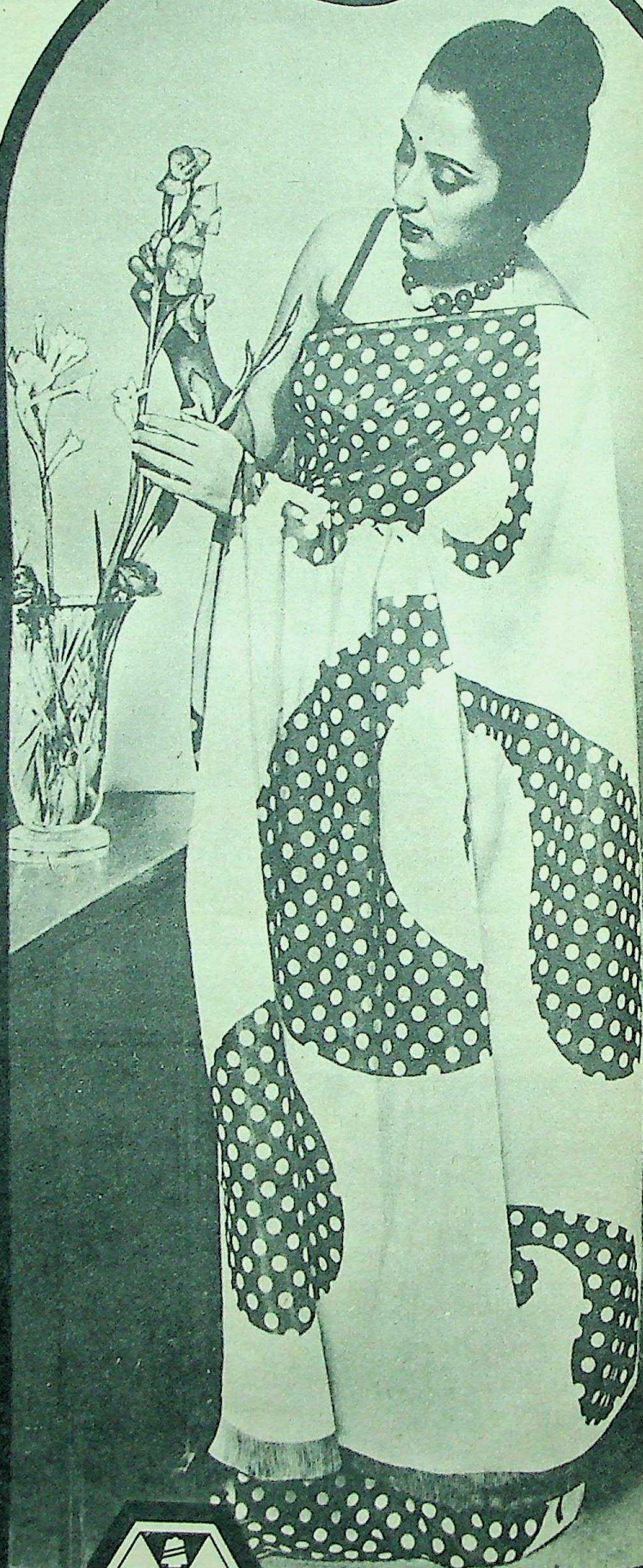
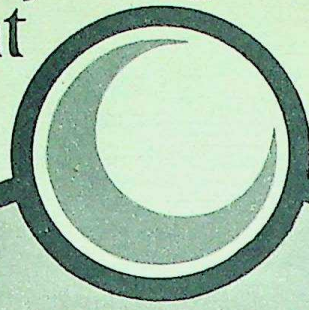
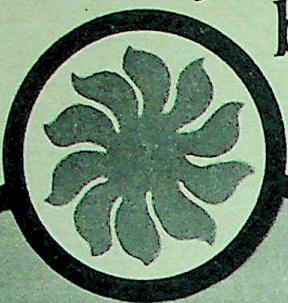
This is what some of the firms are reported to have paid:

Birla Group: Century Spinning Mfg Co (Rs 6.5 lakhs), Birla Jute (Rs 1.5 lakhs), Century Enka (Rs 1.75 lakhs) and Texmaco (Rs 1.85 lakhs).

Tata Group: Telco (Rs 15 lakhs), Tata Power (Rs 5 lakhs), Tata Hydro-Electric (Rs 5 lakhs), TISCO (Rs 15 lakhs), Tata Exports (Rs 4 lakhs), Tata Sons (Rs 2 lakhs), Tata Chemicals (Rs 2 lakhs), Voltas (Rs 2 lakhs), Tata Robins Fraser (Rs 1 lakh), Tata Finlay (Rs 14 lakhs). Others included: ACC (Rs 7 lakhs), Crompton Greaves (Rs 5.5 lakhs), Greaves Cotton (Rs 5.5 lakhs), Mafatlal (Rs 5.01 lakhs), NOCIL (Rs 9.80 lakhs), Scindia (Rs 15 lakhs). The list of big contributors also includes Dharamsi Morarji Chemicals, Golden Tobacco, Indian Organisation Chemicals, L&T, Mahindra and Mahindra, Garware Nylon and Chowgules.



always **Ambica**... always right
by day, by night



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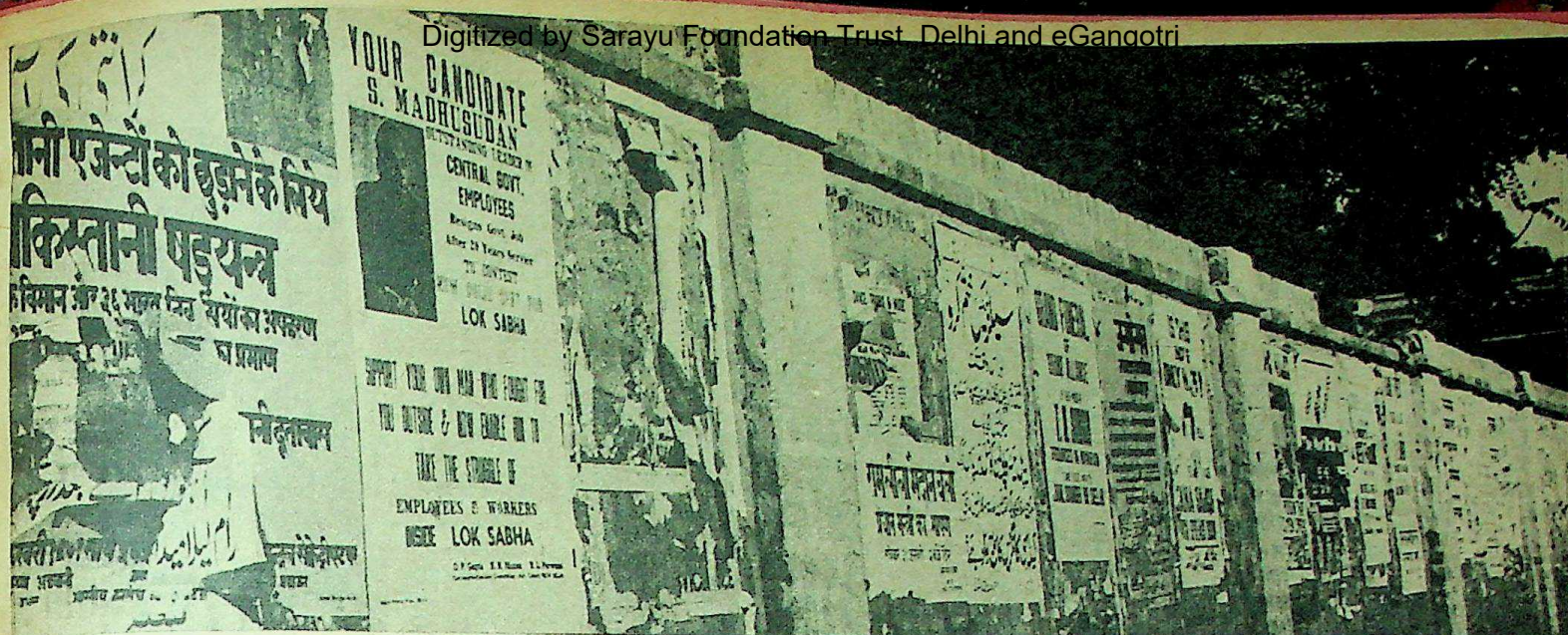
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THE POSTER WAR IS GETTING MORE EXPENSIVE. During the 1977 mid-term poll a candidate plastered the walls of houses in his constituency in Bombay with posters done in four colours. Candidates in Delhi did the same (above).

When the election results started pouring in, the Souvenir Committee office of the AICC was reported to have been busy obliterating all evidence that Rs 30 crores collected from about 2,500 private companies for advertisements were prohibited political contributions.

The Janata Government made a pretence of prosecuting 900 chief executives of these 185 business enterprises for contravening the Company Law.

Despite all its pronouncements, the Janata has, by and large, followed in the footsteps of the Congress. It looks that no Government is really in a hurry to stop the flow of funds—whether from internal or foreign sources.

In this the party in power enjoys the greatest advantage: the Government's distribution of permits and licences to industrial houses is linked with such donations.

Corruption: A By-Product of Donations

According to the Hazari Commission Report, over 85% of the industrial licences in the past have gone to a few business houses as a *quid pro quo* for the munificent donations to the ruling party. These donations have never been accounted for.

The ban on company donations has had a multiplier effect on corruption. It would be foolish to suppose that the recent ban will stop businessmen from contributing.

K. Santhanam, former Chairman of the Corruption Inquiry Committee, said that the fact of advertisements being not the only way by which large sums were extracted from companies had been known to many. Cash contributions of unaccounted money were made on a large scale and these were adjusted in the accounts of companies in various ways—as entertainment expenses and special allowances to officers and in other ways.

Printing bills of Congress candidates and of the Congress organisation as well as the petrol and taxi bills of the candidates were paid almost automatically. A scrutiny of the list of companies revealed that it covered all important industries. It was obvious that these extractions were almost like taxation and the entire business community had to submit without protest.

Mr Santhanam felt that, while the extraordinary power given by the Emergency was responsible for such large collections, it had to be admitted that, even under normal conditions, the same corruption was likely to prevail, perhaps in a smaller measure.

How To Stem The Rot

Mr Santhanam has made three significant suggestions to stem the rot. We may enumerate them. First, the ban on company donations should be expanded to all kinds of indirect contributions, like advertisements to souvenirs. It should be made clear that it is the duty of the directors and managers of companies to ensure that no payments are made to political parties in any form directly or indirectly and, if they are made, they should be personally held responsible for the breach of law.

Secondly, collections made by political parties must be brought under the control of law. As in the case of the Federal German Republic, there should be a law registering all political parties and compelling them to keep proper accounts and publish them regularly. The Election Commission should be authorised to appoint auditors, if necessary, for the scrutiny of such accounts. It should be the obligation of the Election Commission that, within six months of each general election, a statement showing the amounts collected and spent by each political party was given.

Thirdly, in regard to the maximum amount that could be spent for election by candidates, the limit should be prescribed for the political parties together with the candidates and this combined limit should be enforced strictly. This was necessary, as the provision, at present, was being practically nullified by debiting much of the expenditure to the account of the political party of the candidates.

Party Funds In Private Pockets

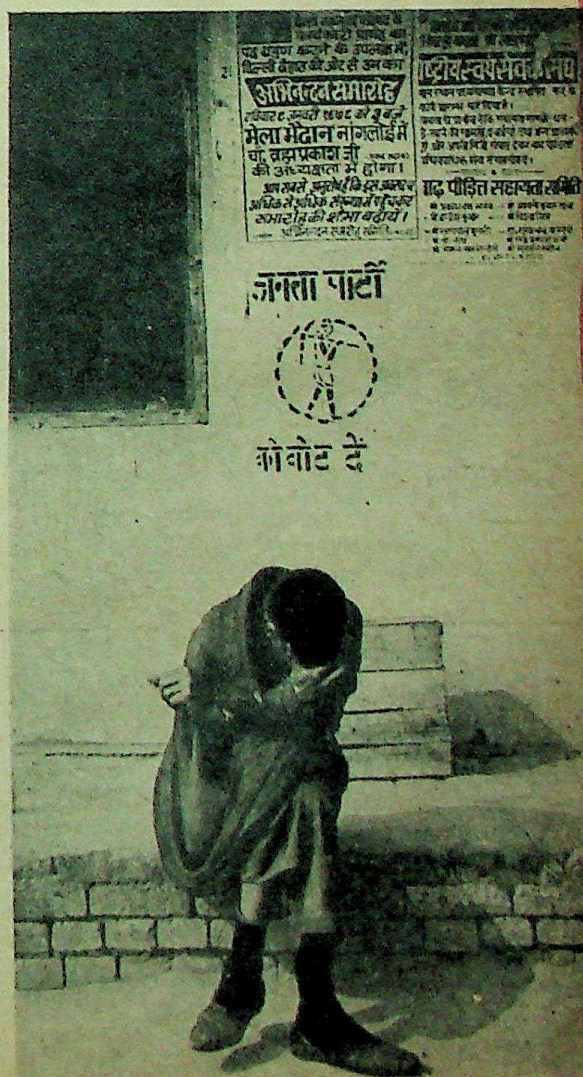
It is always inspiring to hear politicians of all hues taking a pledge to uphold freedom and democracy at the drop of a coin. But the greatest impediment to these lofty ideals has been the practice among individuals, groups and political committees to collect money from the rich and use it without keeping any accounts. How much of this money goes into private pockets is a

matter that has reached scandalous proportions.

Whenever money is collected from a company, not only their accounts must be audited, but also the officials responsible for the contributions, including the chief accountant, should be held responsible before the law. All payments should be made by crossed cheque.

It would be a healthy procedure if those aspiring to be President or Vice-President voluntarily declare their assets at an early date after the elections. The Central and State Ministers, MPs and MLAs, must also be coaxed to do so.

THE CANDIDATE who loses in the end—the voter.

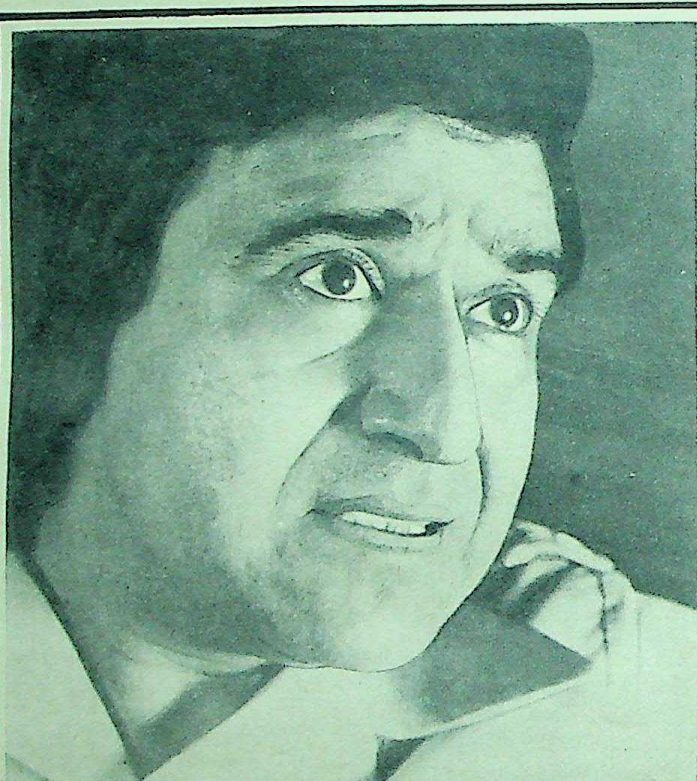


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Last year, U reached Rs. 7 jump of 112% year. This year a further 30% last year.

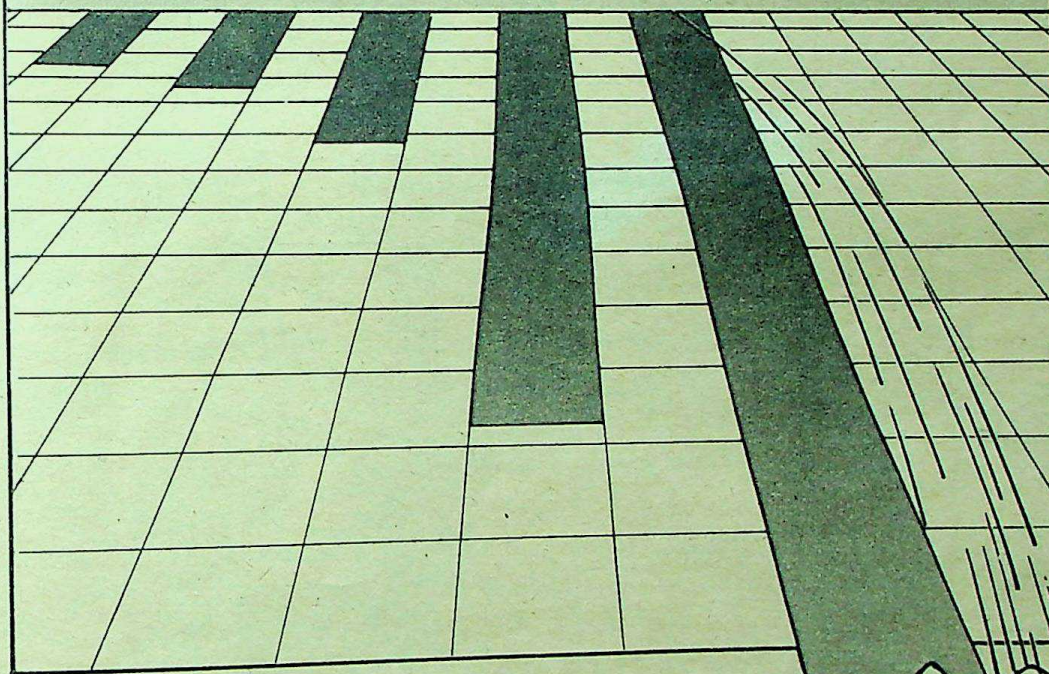
In fact, we Rs. 95 crores. the target of the year. This entrusted to walks of life, Our family of has grown co people bough taking the nu holders up to

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We adverti all the media Chief Repres semi-urban a Got support

JAISONS A

Unit Trust better last year's sales performance.



**Taking sales
a further
30% up.
Over an
impressive
112% jump!**



Last year, Unit Trust's sales reached Rs. 73.3 crores—a record jump of 112% over the previous year. This year, our sales recorded a further 30% increase over last year.

In fact, we mobilised Rs. 95 crores, thus nearly reaching the target of Rs. 100 crores set for the year. This amount was entrusted to us by people from all walks of life, all over the country. Our family of Unit account-holders has grown considerably. 1,21,000 people bought Units this year, taking the number of Unit account holders up to 8,90,614!

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We advertised through almost all the media available. Appointed Chief Representatives in urban, semi-urban and rural areas. Got support from major banks,

that accept applications for Units. And continued our unique method of reaching more people...by talking to them in their homes!

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Of course, the major draw continues to be the substantial benefits Units offer: a unique blend of safety with attractive returns, liquidity, and tax benefits.

Besides the decided popularity of general Units, the two Unit Schemes are doing well too. Sales under the Children's Gift Plan went up by 18%. And under

the Unit-Linked Insurance Plan, sales shot up by an astonishing 113%! What's more, the trend continues!

All this has led to a phenomenal growth in our capital base—Rs. 320 crores under general Units alone, at the last count! We invested this money on our Unit account-holders behalf, in a very carefully selected investment mix to earn the maximum possible returns.

So obviously, it's been a good year all round. We've had record sales, earned a record income, put by a substantial amount in reserves...

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—Anand Mahajan

Punjab—The Continuing Miracle

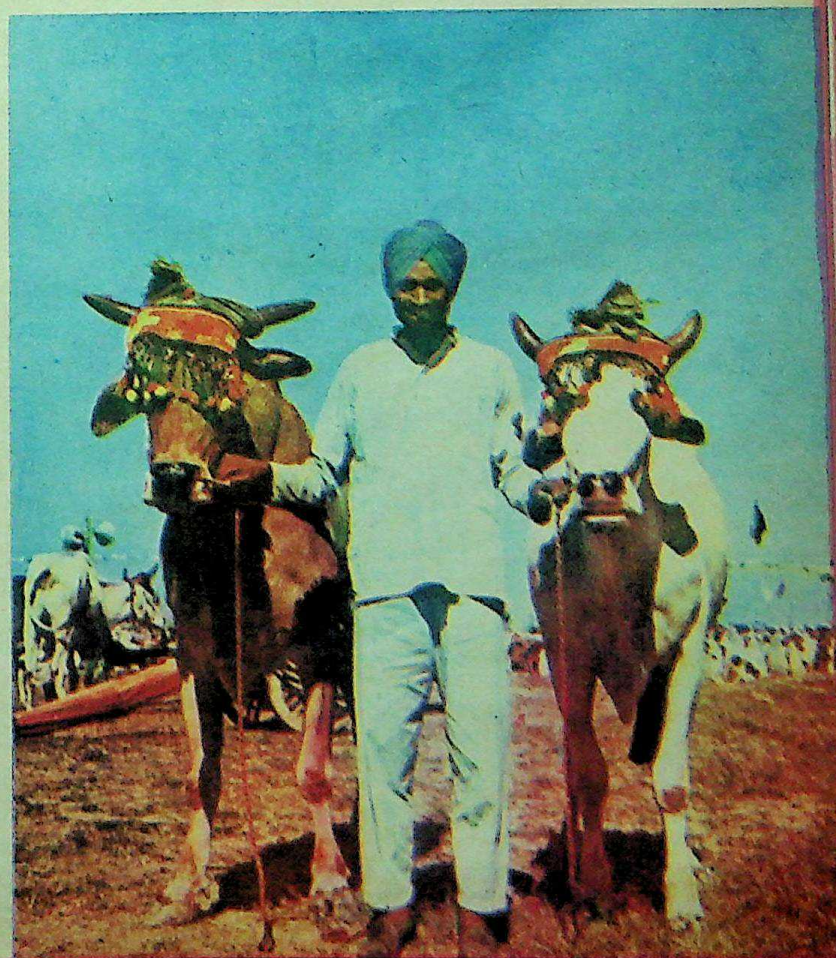
The State has achieved a foodgrains production level unparalleled in the world—from 34 lakh tonnes in 1965-66 it now produces nearly 110 lakh tonnes. Though the green revolution there was essentially a revolution in wheat, a crop it has cultivated for centuries, the rice story is even more exciting. Rice was once a rarity on the Punjab agricultural scene. Today the leading rice State is not Tamil Nadu or Andhra—it is Punjab.

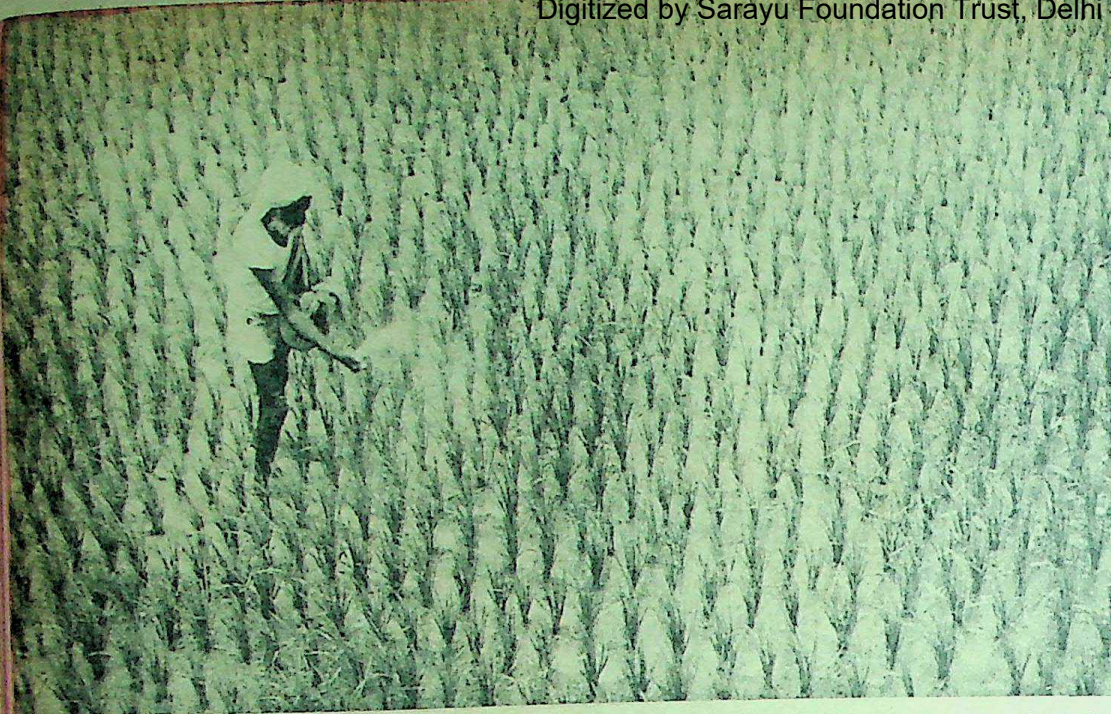
This success story is the result of the maximum investment in agriculture. But more than that, it is the peasant, intensely devoted to his land and willing to try new methods, who has really been responsible for Punjab's prosperity.

by MANOHAR SINGH GILL

—D. P. Sharda

A PROUD FARMER WITH HIS BULLOCKS. It was former Chief Minister Partap Singh Kairon who set the State on the road to the green revolution. Punjabis feel that given the facilities for transporting fruit and vegetables they could feed all of the Middle East. Top: In the green fields.





NOURISHMENT FOR GROWTH. Borlaug's miracle hybrid wheat seeds introduced into India in 1966 require heavy dosages of water and fertiliser. Punjab solved this problem through an effective cooperative network which gives short-term crop loans. These totalled Rs 115 crores in 1978-79. The fertiliser distributed on loan amounted to Rs 34 crores in 1971-72. 87 kg of fertiliser per hectare was used in 1978.

In 1966 the miracle Borlaug wheat seeds were brought from Mexico and offered to all States in India. While other States hesitated in experimenting with the Mexican hybrid, Punjab took the plunge. It has never looked back.

The green revolution in India during the sixties and early seventies was essentially a wheat revolution. What is more, it was chiefly a Punjabi phenomenon. The 1965-66 wheat crop in that State was a little over 1 lakh tonnes. In 1966-67, with the use of the Mexican variety for the first time, it jumped to 24.5 lakh tonnes. In the next four years, the output rose rapidly, with the figure in 1971-72 standing at 56.2 lakh tonnes. The increase from 1 to 56 tonnes, over five years, was indeed an unparalleled achievement.

Credit Benefits

The record of most other regions of India, or for that matter of West Punjab (Pakistan), fell far short of this performance. In comparing the two Punjabs (Indian and Pakistani) I had shown in an article in the WEEKLY of August 10, 1975, that the wheat yield in the West was only half that of East Punjab. The production in other wheat-growing States in India also was a long way behind. The reason was simple enough. The wheat revolution was essentially a revolution of inputs. The new seeds required heavy dosages of fertiliser and water, and to obtain both these the farmer needed large and cheap credits. The first State to make the administrative arrangement for the efficient supply of these was bound to reap the maximum benefits from the new miracle seeds. Indian Punjab, through an effective cooperative network, was able to meet the farmer's needs of credit, fertiliser and water, while other Indian States and Pakistani Punjab were unable to do so.

Figures tell this story dramatically. In 1966-67, the Indian Punjab cooperative gave Rs 25 crores in short-term crop loans, out of which only Rs 4 crores was for fertilisers. By 1968-69, the total loan had jumped to Rs 62 crores, with fertiliser accounting for

Rs 27 crores. And in 1971-72, the fertiliser distributed on loan had increased to Rs 34 crores. To help farmers sink tubewells, the long-term loans given by cooperatives (31 lakhs in 1960), had risen to an annual figure of Rs 16 crores in 1972. Thus, the Government of Punjab ensured a rapid increase in easy credits and this enabled the farmers to use the necessary inputs. To ensure efficient and timely distribution, the Punjab MARKFED maintained nearly 5,000 fertiliser depots for the 11,000 villages in the State. These also sold pump-sets. That is how Punjab was able to almost triple its wheat production between 1966 and 1972.

However, by 1972 it appeared that even in the Indian Punjab, the green revolution, which was confined to wheat, had run its course. The production of 56 lakh tonnes in 1972 fell to 54 lakh tonnes in 1973, 52 lakh tonnes in 1974, and 53 lakh tonnes in 1975. Experts felt that even in the Indian Punjab the green revolution had come to an end, with wheat yields having reached a plateau.

Still On The Ascent

The last two years have, however, demonstrated that such is not the case. The Punjab wheat yield is once again showing a dramatic rise—from nearly 58 lakh tonnes in 1976 to a little over 66 lakh tonnes in 1978. This increase gives rise to the hope that Punjab is still on the ascent as far as wheat is concerned.

The story of rice is no less remarkable. Writing in the WEEKLY in January 1971, I had indicated that Punjab's rice production would be 6.8 lakh tonnes as against 2.0 lakh tonnes in 1966. I had then expressed the hope that very soon the State would give a million tonnes of rice to the nation as a surplus. What the farmer has achieved, however, is almost unbelievable. The figures (in lakh tonnes) from 1972 to 1977 are as follows: 9, 9.5, 11.4, 11.8, 14.5, and 17.6. In the last two seasons, the jump has been truly remarkable. In 1978, the production was as much as 25 lakh tonnes. In 1979, it is expected to be 31 lakh tonnes. It would be difficult to find another example anywhere in the world of such a dramatic in-

crease: 70 per cent rise in the space of two seasons.

It is even more astonishing, considering that rice has not been a traditional crop of Punjab. And yet over the last few years, under canal and tubewell irrigation, the Punjabi farmer has started growing rice as successfully as wheat. The leading rice State in India today is not Tamil Nadu or Andhra Pradesh but Punjab. In 1977-78, out of the total all-India procurement of 51.64 lakh tonnes of wheat, Punjab contributed 32.34—63 per cent. In the same year, the State gave 8.8 lakh tonnes out of the total Central procurement of 33.6 lakh tonnes (56 per cent). Punjab thus can truly claim to be the bread basket of India.

Comparable To World's Best

All this has been achieved by a rise in productivity, which, for both crops, is the highest in the country and comparable to the best in the world. The wheat yield has risen from 1,238 kg per hectare in 1966 to 2,537 kg per hectare in 1978. Rice has risen from 1,000 kg per hectare in 1966 to 2,910 kg in 1978. In wheat, only Mexico does better than Punjab by producing 3,757 kg per hectare. The USA's yield is a little over 2,000 kg, USSR's 1,420 kg, Canada's 1,822 kg and Pakistan's 1,475 kg. The world's highest yield of unhusked paddy is Japan's, 6,166 kg per hectare; Punjab's 4,365 kg comes next, followed by China's, 3,325 kg.

The revolution achieved by Punjab in foodgrains production is illustrated by the fact that, from 34 lakh tonnes in 1965-66, it has risen to 103.5 lakh tonnes in 1978—the figure is expected to rise to 110 lakh tonnes in 1979.

Commercial Crops Too!

The performance in commercial crops is equally impressive: cotton from 3.51 lakh bales in 1969-70 has risen to an all-time record of 13.25 lakh bales in 1978-79. The 1978-79 yield of 360 kg of lint per hectare is the highest in the country.

The State is a major producer of potatoes: from 2.16 lakh tonnes in 1970-71 to a record 8 lakh tonnes in 1978-79. The yield has also risen from 12,781 kg per hectare in 1970-71 to 22,408 kg per hectare in 1978-79.

Punjab was considered not suitable for sugarcane. Thanks to the outstanding work done by Dr J. C. Kanwar of the Punjab Agricultural University, sugarcane has gained greatly in importance. His new COJ 64 variety has helped to increase the average yield of the State from 39 tonnes per hectare in 1971-72 to 56 tonnes in 1977-78. In the sugar mill areas, the yield is as high as 65 tonnes. Once the new variety spreads to the whole State—at present it covers about 30 per cent—the State yield should rise even further. Punjab has now emerged as the leading State in cane production and sugar recovery in Northern India. Soon it may prove a rival to Maharashtra. The point to be noted is that all the progress in sugarcane has been entirely due to indigenous research work.

Such has been the increase in the production of these three cash crops that this year there has been a crash in the market. Cotton prices have tumbled and potatoes are rotting in the fields. Even sugarcane has had to be supported by the State Government.

Maximum

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Punjab its sister inherited the British Punjab wa canals of u the poorer deficit in tion system the people of tube ed through canals. It the Bhak from the built out State Gov cessive F

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Punjab gives a large share of its electric power to its farmers. All villages are electrified and tubewell connections are readily given. Agriculture is the single largest user of power in the State. In 1977, 42 per cent of the power was used by agriculture against 36 per cent by industry, and 12 per cent by domestic. The annual per capita consumption of electricity for irrigation in 1976 was 61 kwh for Punjab, 64 for Haryana, 38 for Tamil Nadu, 29 for Gujarat, 15 for Maharashtra—the all-India average was 14.5.

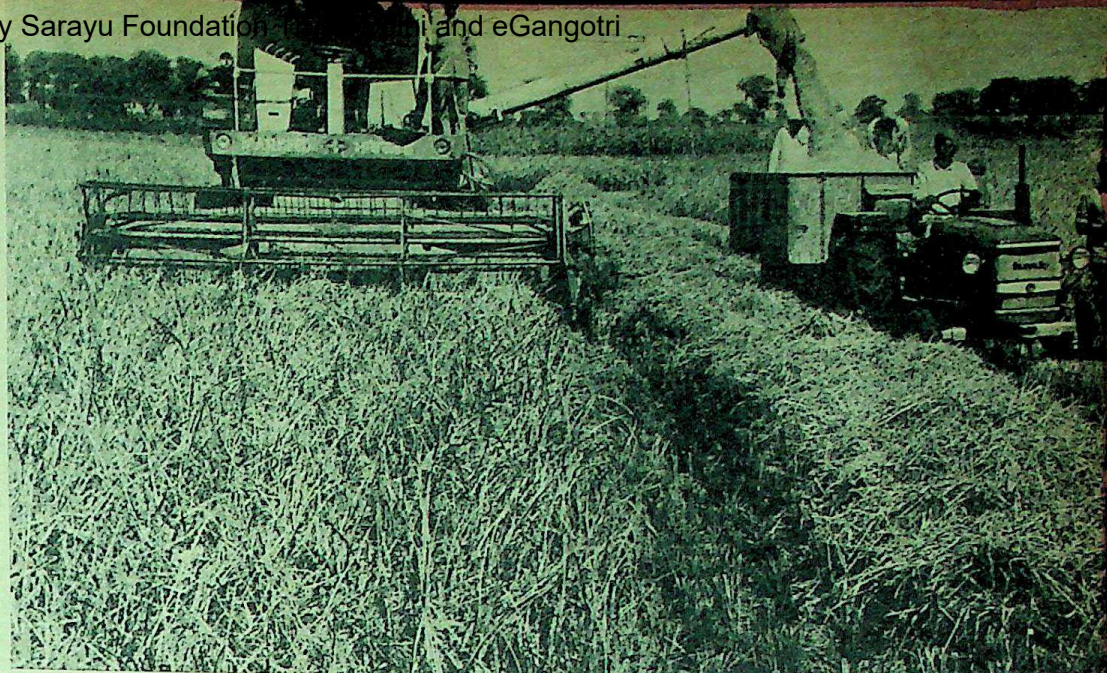
Maximum Power For Agriculture

Even today the Government is doing its utmost to add to the availability of power by taking up major projects such as the Thein Dam, and the 1,000-megawatts Ropar Thermal Plant. Side by side, its directive to the State Electricity Board is to give the maximum number of power connections for agriculture. Against the 77,450 electric connections for tubewells given during 1972 to 1977, 47,429 have been given between June 1977 and February 1979.

Punjab has invested more wisely than its sister States. The belief that the State inherited a vast network of canals from the British is not true. In 1947 the Indian Punjab was left with only 30 per cent of the canals of undivided Punjab. It also had much the poorer half of the land, and was itself deficit in food by 35,000 tonnes. The irrigation system that we now see was created by the people after 1947. A massive programme of tubewells has made Punjab irrigated through tubewells rather than through canals. It is also sometimes claimed that the Bhakra Dam was a gift to Punjab from the nation. As a matter of fact, it was built out of the normal investments of the State Government, over the course of successive Five-Year Plans.

While in most other States a great deal of the investment has been concentrated in the cities, in Punjab the money has been spent so as to benefit the entire State. The investments in agriculture have given

NOT MANNA FROM HEAVEN but the reward of their hard work. Punjab is also a major producer of potatoes. The State's population is stabilised in the villages, with no increase in the urban population.



—D. P. Sharda
BRINGING IN THE HARVEST. There is almost total mechanisation in the State. Agriculture is the single largest consumer of power in Punjab—in 1977, 42 per cent went for farming and 36 per cent for industry. The annual per capita consumption of electricity for irrigation in 1976 was 61 kwh—the all-India average was 14.5. All villages are electrified.

the countryside a growth and richness unparalleled elsewhere. The surpluses produced by agriculture have in turn helped to finance the growth of small industries, and the general rise in income of the urban areas. The prosperity of Punjab is shared by all and is well spread. Punjab and Maharashtra have nearly the same per capita income, but the percentage of people living below the poverty line in Maharashtra is twice that of Punjab. In Maharashtra, the wealth is concentrated in the Bombay-Pune belt, and a few other pockets.

The renewal of the countryside through agriculture has also produced another interesting result. The world over, there is a constant migration to the cities. Even in

England and America, the land is empty and managed by a few, while almost the entire population lives in the large urban centres. This has naturally produced undesirable results. Punjab is one example of a land where the population is happily stabilised in the villages.

During 1951-61, the urban population in Punjab increased by 33.3 per cent as against the all-India figure of 26.4 per cent. But during 1961-71 the Punjab figure came down to 24.9 per cent, while the all-India influx into the cities increased to 37.4 per cent. The three main cities of the State—Ludhiana, Jullundur and Amritsar—continue to stay around the 500,000 mark, a size of no importance, when compared with big cities in the rest of the country.

Rural Emphasis

What is Punjab doing for the future? Every Punjab village today has electricity, a metalled link road, a bus to the town, possibly a small hospital, certainly a school and a post office. The quality of life in the rural areas has been improved a great deal. But, if people are to be happily stabilised in their villages in order to ensure a population well spread out and linked to its cultural moorings, then they must be given the same quality of life and the same job opportunities which are available in the cities. To achieve this, an integrated Rural Development Programme has been launched. Its objective is to give full employment in the villages through a further improvement of agriculture and the expansion of rural and agro-based industries. This is sought to be brought about through 500 "Focal Points", which are fixed in such a manner that there is one for every 25 villages, and every village is within 5 km of such a centre.

At each of these Focal Points, a metalled market yard is being built so that the farmer does not have to go far to sell his produce. For services, there is a branch of the cooperative bank, a fertiliser depot,



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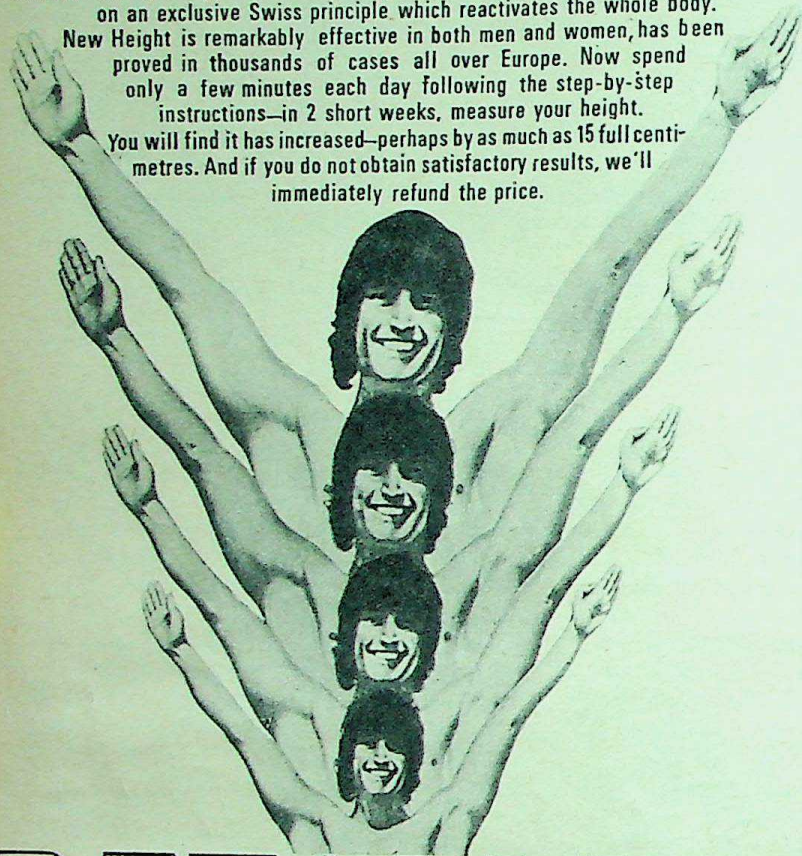
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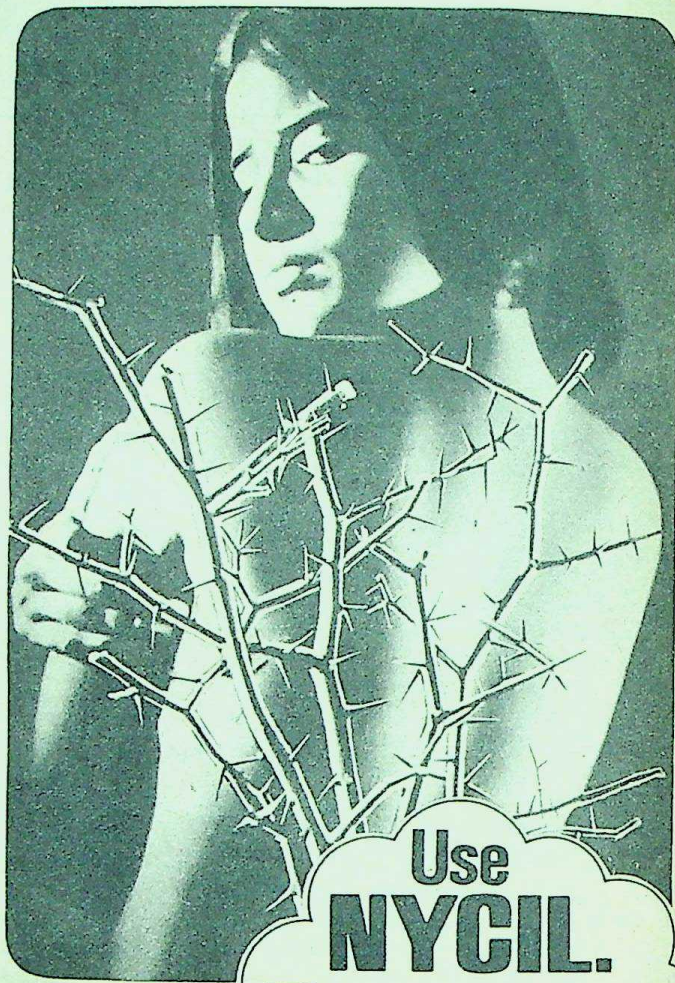
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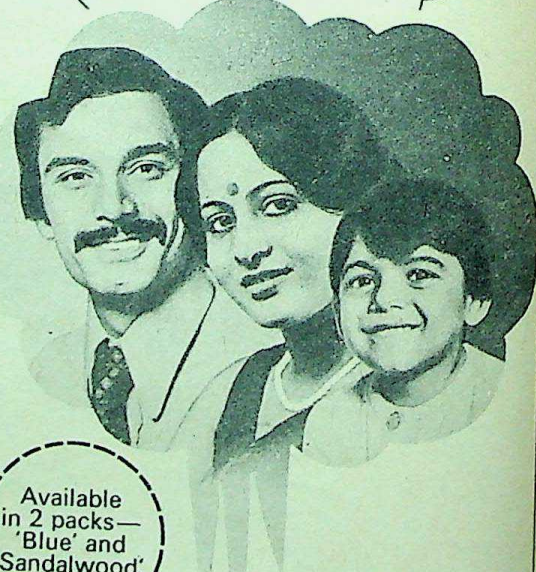
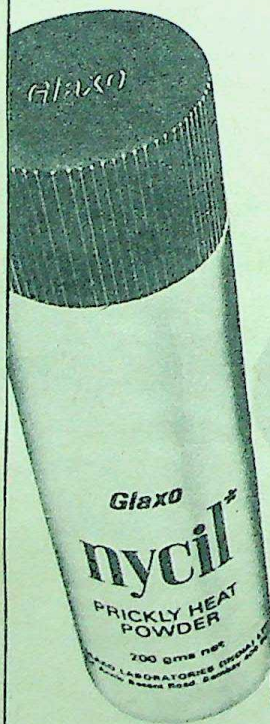
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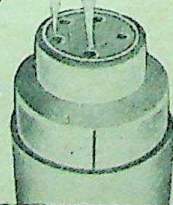


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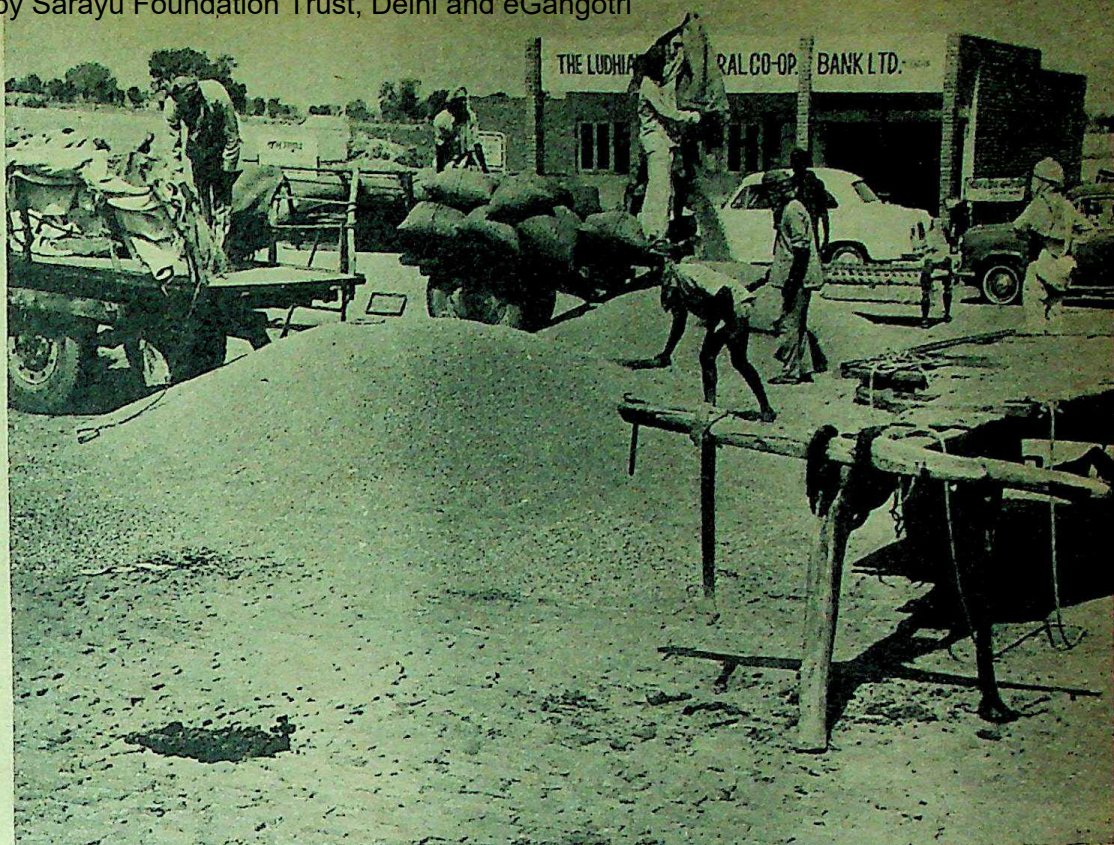
a veterinary hospital, an office of the State Electricity Board, and a branch of the co-operative consumer store. As the centres are established, more and more facilities will be added. The hope and expectation is that each of these Focal Points will ultimately develop into a small planned Mandi Township which in due course should expand to a population of 25,000 or so. Rural industries, too, are to be put up at these centres. The phenomenal rice production requires a very large number of rice shelters. These are now being put up at these Focal Points. Other mills for the processing of sugarcane, cotton, oil-seeds, etc, will all be encouraged to come up around these centres.

Land of Mopeds

Since all activities will revolve round the village, the rush to the cities will be further lessened, and the problems of slums, or lack of housing, will be avoided. The link road programme and the provision of buses to every village should help in this. In fact, I expect that Punjab, which is already a land of bicycles, will soon become a land of mopeds. To further improve the quality of life in the villages, the Government is building a 25-bed hospital staffed with specialists, in the rural areas of each of the 118 Development Blocks. To give quality education, so that the rural children can compete with those who live in the cities, the Government is putting up, to begin with, one Adarsh School in each Block.

Punjab faces problems paradoxically created by plenty. Whether it is wheat, rice, cotton, or potatoes, the Punjabi farmer is unable to get an adequate return. Given better marketing arrangements and a better return through exports, he will be capable of reaching new heights of achievement. The Middle East today is the biggest market for every kind of farm product. The Punjabi farmer is in a position to so increase his produce as to feed that market without reducing his commitments to the rest of the country.

THE FARMER AND HIS MIRACLE. Long-term loans for sinking tubewells have totalled Rs 78 crores to date. There are 5.70 lakh tubewells in the State. The number of electric connections for these wells was 47,429 from June 1977 to February 1979. With the new sugarcane variety developed at the Punjab Agricultural University, Jullundur, Punjab has now emerged as a leading State in cane production—it may rival even Maharashtra.



—R. C. Bali

AT A VILLAGE "FOCAL POINT". Punjab is the first State to embark on a Rs 300 crore Rural Development Programme through which "Focal Point" centres within 5 km of a group of villages will have a rural bank, fertiliser, pesticide and seed depots as well as a marketing yard, a petrol pump and shops.

In some ways, Punjab is economically vulnerable. Since there are practically no major public sector industries, industry's contribution to the State's GNP is one of the lowest in the country. Diversification is a crying need. The State is now making desperate efforts to go in for commercial crops and horticulture in a big way. It is also anxious to develop dairy, poultry and the meat industry rapidly.

Who is responsible for this unique success of Punjab? Agriculture scientists

—R. C. Bali

like Borlaug certainly deserve part of the credit. The State administration, too, has done much to take advantage of the new possibilities. But, above all, it is the simple Sikh peasant who is ever willing to take the risk of trying new technologies and new ways. In November 1974, when I first presented the till then unstudied comparison of the agriculture of the two Punjabs, before a seminar in Cambridge University, I quoted Sir Denzil Ibbetson:

"The Sikh Jats in the Punjab are proverbially the finest peasantry in India. Much no doubt is due to the sturdy independence and resolute industry which characterise the Jat of our eastern plains whatever his religion. But much is also due to the freedom and boldness which the Sikh has inherited from the traditions of the Khalsa."

Traditions of the Khalsa

I did so half seriously and I feared some obvious criticism. Two years later, however, Prof Gilbert Etienne of the Geneva Development Institute also made a study of the two Punjabs to try and understand the phenomenon of Sikh agriculture as it has developed in East Punjab. He too found much weight in Ibbetson's view. In a recent meeting of the National Development Council, Mr Mool Chand Jain, the Haryana Finance Minister, while trying to explain the disparity in the growth of agriculture in the Punjab and the Gangetic plain, referred to the work done by Baba Nanak and the Sikh Gurus in freeing the land of the five rivers from the shackles of caste and outmoded ideologies and beliefs. How else could one explain the phenomenon of Punjab's progress in relation to the rest of the Indo-Gangetic alluvial plains?

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Does Indira Gandhi deserve martyrdom? Should she be consecrated with an effulgent halo around her ingenious head? These are the despairing questions agitating the big wheels of the Janata Party. According to them Mrs Gandhi would find a place in the political hagiology of India if she were to be disqualified from contesting the elections because of the indictment of the Gupta Commission.

As per the percipient calculations of Babu Jagjivan Ram and the Jana Sangh stalwarts of his Janata Party, nothing could be more counterproductive. From the point of view of election strategy itself, it is felt that, while the Commission's strictures could be handy ammunition for campaigning, any severe action like electoral disqualification will invest her with an aura of lofty eminence. Besides, the astute Janata Party leaders argue, this caretaker government which at no time had any parliamentary sanction or even faced parliament had no moral right to issue any ordinance of far-reaching nature.

The Janata Party does demand an expeditious follow-up on the Maruti Report and chastising Mrs Gandhi for her "misdeeds" during the malevolent days of the Emergency. They realise the Gupta Commission's strictures would be terrific fodder for campaigning, but she could elicit a massive flood of sympathetic votes if disqualified. It also feels Charan Singh's Government has no business to precipitate action against the former Prime Minister as it had never faced Parliament. Thus the tortuous spiral of political power play revolves unabated as the parties grope for "intense" campaign issues.

Virulent Campaign

The Janata Party already has one major grouse—that of the "injured party" which was denied a legitimate chance to form a Government by an "unfair" President. So for a while it proceeded to unleash a venomous campaign against the highest authority of the land till, suddenly, the Party President, the erstwhile Young Turk, Chandra Shekhar, stirred himself from his quiescent posture to launch a broadside against Mrs Gandhi and her alleged involvement in the Maruti affair. As the tirade continued for a while, the Party's most prominent figure, Babu Jagjivan Ram maintained a thoughtful silence. Why Babuji, one of our craftiest politicians, chose to maintain a low profile is beyond one's comprehension. Keeping him company in sullen silence is the Jana Sangh and its talented leaders.

The topic that intrigues most people today is: How powerful is the Janata Party now minus the BLD and the rival factions of Socialists and the CFD? The present composition of the Janata consists of Jagjivan Ram's 47 supporters, the 45 ex-MPs belonging to the former PM Morarji Desai's group, the strong Jana Sangh faction of 90 members and the 23 Socialists owing allegiance to the former Praja-Socialist Party. Together at a strength of 205 members, they were the largest group in Parliament.

The combination of Babu Jagjivan Ram, the most outstanding leader the Harijan community has thrown up since Dr Ambedkar, backed-up by the slick organisation of the Jana Sangh makes a potent and deadly tandem. For the critics of the Janata Party, it

How Powerful Is The Babuji-Jana Sangh Team?

The Janata Party led by Babu Jagjivan Ram and backed by the Jana Sanghis is tipped to perform extremely well at the polls. How correct is this assessment? What are the events that led to the "ostracisation" of the Jana Sangh constituent of the Janata and its coming together with Babuji's CFD?

by RAMESH CHANDRAN

is simply a "communal" organisation since it is tainted by the stigma of the RSS. For them, while the Janata is "communal", the Congress (I) is "authoritarian".

This is an unfortunate presumption as far as the Janata Party is concerned. There are two points of debate to this question of the RSS and the dual membership issue. One is not all Sanghis are part of the RSS camp and answer to its clarion call, although some of them openly swear allegiance to the "Hindu organisation". The other point is the overly exaggerated fears about the RSS; there are wild accusations made against it that it is responsible for every ill of our Indian polity. Today, as one columnist rightly pointed out, anyone who is not prepared to denounce the RSS in crimson prose for want of sufficient information runs the risk of being branded as a communalist.

How much veracity can be attached to such a description of the RSS as a bogey? In a highly skilled analysis, the *Hindustan Times* wrote: "When a communal riot takes place, no time should be lost in seeing the RSS hand and pointing out that the carnage had been meticulously planned several weeks earlier. The fact that Mr Balasaheb Deoras, the *Sar-Sangh-Chalak*, had been in or near the affected area a month or two before is enough to prove the RSS connection.

"Elements of Goodness"

"Is the RSS a cultural or political organisation? The controversy on this topic will lose its edge once all Janata leaders accept Mr Jagjivan Ram's view that there are elements of goodness in it. No less a person than Sheikh Abdullah, who saw the hand of RSS leaders dripping with the blood of innocents, is now extremely reluctant to gang up with the RSS-baiters. Mr Abdullah's critics have alleged that there is a 'conspiracy' between him and the RSS to carve out communal zones of influence between themselves. But the positive aspects of the new Abdullah-RSS equation should not be missed.

"In the mean time, it will be suicidal folly to drive the RSS and the Jana Sangh into embittered isolation merely on the basis of vague suspicions."

Thus, while RSS-baiting became the choice pastime of some of our more combative politicians, the flak was aimed at the

Jana Sangh. How relevant was all this invective? To put the record in proper perspective we have to trace the formation of the Janata Party and the dissolution of the Jana Sangh just after the 1977 elections.

It was in April 1977 that the Jana Sangh general council, attended by over 5,000 delegates, formally disbanded the 27-year-old party and decided to merge with the Janata Party.

The resolution was put to vote after Vajpayee accepted most of the amendments moved by some of the delegates. Vajpayee had then regretted that some CFD leaders were "gheraoed" in Bihar by young people and were pressured to join the Janata Party. How profoundly prophetic his words were! Two years later, the major faction of CFD and the Jana Sangh had forged an alliance to fight a fresh election.

Choking with emotion, Vajpayee had then broken down while referring to party leaders (like S. P. Mookerjee, Deen Dayal Upadhyaya and Raghuvira) and cadres who through their "blood, sweat and labour" had brought up the party which had forged ahead and gathered strength despite the loss of those leaders. He added in stirring fashion: "The nightmare of a dictatorial regime had ended and the people were witnessing the break of a dawn of hope and freedom."

Referring to his party's role during the emergency and the elections, Vajpayee had said the Jana Sangh fulfilled its task of uniting the democratic forces in combating repression and dictatorship. He was glad that it was merging with the Janata symbolising the "democratic aspirations and ideals." The Jana Sangh would continue to work for the principles and ideas it had always cherished. But the form of organisation would be different.

In that impassioned speech, Vajpayee had quoted Tagore who mentioned the darkness (oil wick lamp) which dispelled the darkness of the night and finally flickered out just as dawn was breaking (*Diya* then was the symbol of the Jana Sangh).

Today those "democratic aspirations and ideals" had collapsed in a heap. The Janata Party had cracked into many factions—and Vajpayee's party was now fighting not only the former "dictator" but also his erstwhile colleagues.

JAGJIVAN

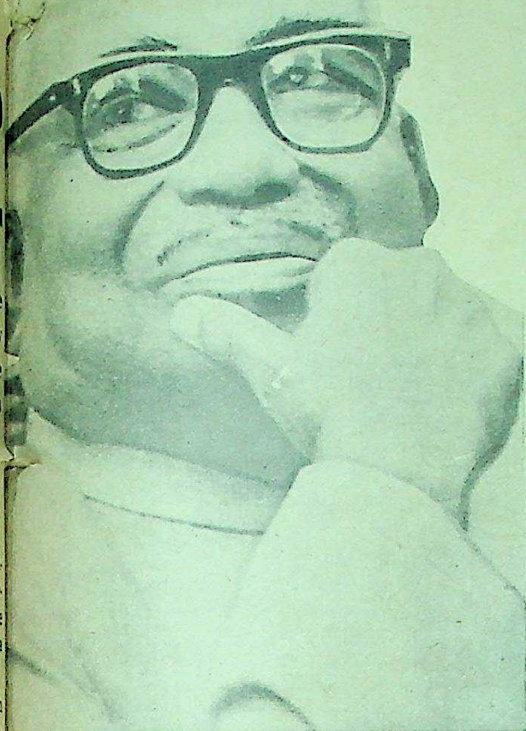
What was the Party? Why party quarrels? The fireworks of the BLD and positions both the Centre parties clear ideologies and clash. The essentially of medium and hearth and St. pathisers were who bore grudge (the classic the Bania be inevitable ideological another.

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JAGJIVAN RAM

—N. K. Sareen

What went wrong with the Janata Party? Why did two major segments of the party quarrel in such a pernicious fashion? The fireworks began when the two factions, the BLD and Jana Sangh, tried to better their positions both in the various States and at the Centre. It was inevitable that both parties clearly representing two distinct ideologies and two distinct interests had to clash. The social base of the BLD was essentially constituted by the prosperous medium and small farmers of the Hindi heartland States, whereas Jana Sangh sympathisers were mostly urban-based traders who bore grudges against the food growers (the classic archetype of the *Marwari* and the *Bania* belonged to this category). It was inevitable that such diametrically opposed ideological factions had to clash with one another.

Relentless Attack

The simmering differences spread from the roots to the very top—Charan Singh's bellicose hatchetman, Raj Narain, relentlessly attacked the more sophisticated group of Vajpayee, Nanaji Deshmukh and Advani. It was left to someone with a lot of verve and fire like Subramaniam Swamy to deflect much of Narain's criticism.

While the Jana Sanghis came in for harsh buffeting from various segments, they decided to protect their interests by counter-attack. Nanaji Deshmukh, a leading theorist in the party, made many pertinent points in an article in the *Indian Express* that traced some of the root causes of the friction in the party.

Nanaji pointed out that the Jana Sangh, from its inception, was never anti-secular or anti-democratic. He wrote: "It always stood for the betterment of the down-trodden masses. Its rank and file consisted of the lower middle class. The Jana Sangh

by Sarayu's advocated decentralisation of political and economic power. It was opposed to monopoly either of the individual or of state. It had always sought to give priority to the marginal farmers and landless labour. It stood for labour's participation in management. But the critics of the Jana Sangh systematically distorted the Jana Sangh stand.

"When Jayaprakash Narayan launched the historic Total Revolution Movement, the Jana Sangh went wholeheartedly with it while other parties were in two minds. At that time nobody raised any objection to the Jana Sangh's participation. Also, afterwards, all political parties persuaded the Jana Sangh to merge its identity in a new political party consisting of the BLD, the Congress (O), the Socialists and other like-minded groups. This was because they saw that, without the Jana Sangh, it would be impossible to weld a formidable and effective political alternative to the Congress (I) supported by the Communists. At that time, none of its present-day critics ever maintained that the Jana Sangh, dominated by the RSS, would prove anti-secular or anti-democratic.

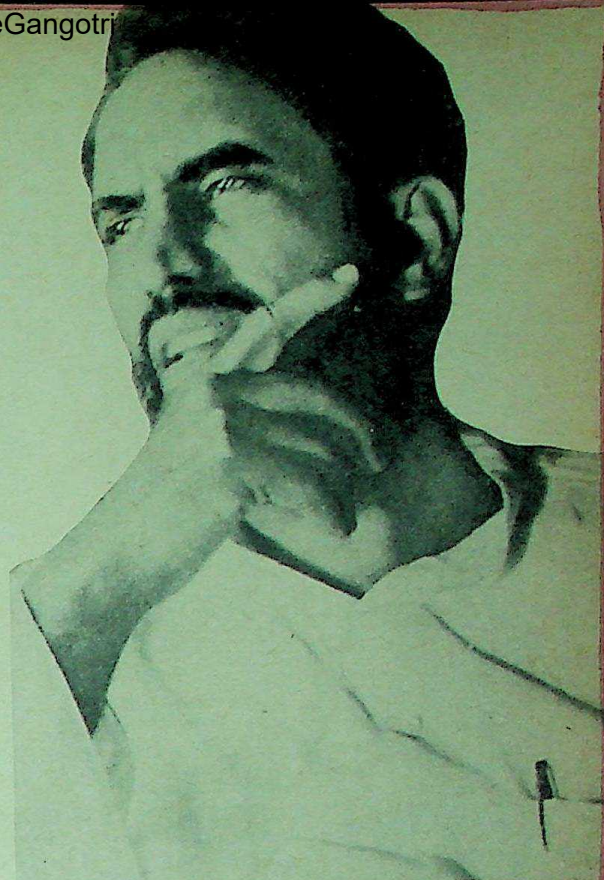
"It may be recalled that it was the Jana Sangh which put forward the considered plea that not merger but formation of a federal political party would be the ideal thing for the like-minded political parties to attempt. But others, particularly the BLD, did not agree to this viewpoint and insisted on immediate merger."

Ominous Signs

The attack on the RSS and Jana Sangh first took an ominous turn after the political developments in Uttar Pradesh. The Jana Sangh did not play its cards well and must hold itself responsible for the difficult position in which it found itself later. Initially the Jana Sangh working closely with the BLD led by Charan Singh had shared power with it in the Northern States. But at the Centre the Jana Sangh supported Prime Minister Desai. Thus in that peculiar and profligate manner the Jana Sangh sought to gain power both at the Centre and in the States.

The differences between the BLD and the Jana Sangh grew when Charan Singh was dropped from the Cabinet. Later the Jana Sangh changed its tactics and joined the efforts of others to rehabilitate Charan Singh. But the mischief had already been done. The glacial Chaudhury would not forgive the Jana Sangh and his rumbustious disciple Raj Narain, who had not been taken back into the Cabinet, vowed to take revenge on the "communalists". The leadership of the Jana Sangh ought to have foreseen the possibility of the former Congressmen coming together on anti-RSS and anti-Jana Sangh slogans and should have shaped their strategy more shrewdly. Was it possible for the Jana Sangh to reverse its strategy and to have joined hands with the BLD?

Perspicacious theoreticians like Madhu Limaye and others of his way of thinking had been consistent in their opposition to the RSS influence over a section of the party and, therefore, worked for its elimination. The attitude of the BLD group, however, fell in a different category—it co-ordinated with the Jana Sangh in sharing power in the six Northern Janata-ruled



CHANDRA SHEKHAR

—Bimal Maskara

States, and then turned a bitter critic of the "nickerwallas" (a sneering description of the RSS activists in the Jana Sangh). Whether it was the "positive" approach of Banarasi Das, who would consider for inclusion in the UP Cabinet only those who owed primary allegiance to the Janata Party, or the blunt demand of Raj Narain for the dismissal from the Union Cabinet of Vajpayee and L. K. Advani, because of their presence at a certain RSS rally in Delhi, there was no mistaking the BLD's hostility to the Jana Sangh.

Narain Is Piqued

Two explanations were available from the informal comments of party members for the BLD-Jana Sangh rift. First, it was the culmination of events touched off by the pique of Raj Narain over the way the Jana Sangh Chief Minister of Himachal Pradesh, Shanta Kumar, allowed himself to be used for the former's ouster from the Cabinet. Raj Narain and his BLD friends sought to retaliate at a place of their choosing—UP—where they were strong. The dismissal of the Jana Sangh Ministers by the former Chief Minister, Ram Naresh Yadav, was seen as part of the retaliatory move which led to the intended results, barring the miscalculation as regards himself. If this were to be accepted as the complete explanation, the trouble should have been confined to UP and not allowed to spread to other States, in particular to Bihar where the Chief Minister, Karpoori Thakur, was to have tested his strength in the State Legislature Party.

The second theory took a more explosive view of the situation. According to it, the Jana Sangh group, which proved a steady, unflinching supporter of Prime Minister Morarji Desai in his tussle with Charan Singh, was sought to be cut down

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to size because of its role at the Centre. The anti-Jana Sangh (or the anti-RSS) campaign was thus seen as the beginning of what might be a carefully-planned strategy to occupy positions of strength at the Centre. The attempt to win over the CFD, too, were considered part of this scheme, though it had its use also in the immediate context in UP both the theories being partially valid.

Raj Narain was set to give a national dimension to the fight against the RSS through the newly-formed National Unity Front. He explained the contradictions between his stand then and a year ago (when the BLD-Jana Sangh worked smoothly) by a disarming, Gandhian reply: "I apologise to the nation for the mistake we committed. But then one learns from experience, and it is never too late to rectify a mistake". As he argued his case, citing the attitude of the RSS before and after Independence, he seemed to be overwhelmed by the passion to give a fight to the Jana Sangh. As many realised, fearfully, it would be wrong to dismiss Narain's utterances as of no consequence. He represented a puissant lobby.

Ambition Fulfilled

The campaign against the Jana Sangh soon reached fever pitch. If Biju Patnaik was to be believed, the rehearsal for the RSS takeover of the Central Government was already taking place in Uttar Pradesh. Raj Narain could even see the vanguard of the khaki-clad army on the outskirts of Delhi. He even went on record to say that so real and imminent was the "threat" that he would not hesitate to join Indira Gandhi. That was proved right later when he sought the "arch-fiend" of the Emergency, Sanjay Gandhi, not to combat the RSS threat but to ensure that his beloved mentor, the Chaudhury, could become *pradhan mantri*. The latter, blissfully happy, told an ecstatic crowd of his supporters at his residence when he was invited by the President to form the Government that his "life's ambition had been fulfilled".

The BLD was not an isolated group suffering from RSS phobia. According to Mrs Gandhi too, the emergency was clamped down on the nation in June 1975 because the RSS and other "bloodthirsty" cabals were preparing to create widespread chaos. That she herself did not believe this to be true was shown by her statement in Bhopal earlier that Balasaheb Deoras wrote to her offering to support the emergency and her 20-point programme.

Pushed to a corner, the Jana Sangh constituent of the Janata hit back at its detractors. And it chose Bihar for the counter-offensive. Neither of these developments was surprising. The Jana Sangh had been under attack within the Janata for its association with the RSS for almost two years and it could not have continued to ignore the efforts to embarrass it after it had been excluded from the UP Ministry.

Wilting under the flagrant attack from all quarters, the Jana Sangh group in the Janata made a serious offer to quit the Union and various State Governments and support them from outside. Having been outmanoeuvred in UP, where a last-minute deal between Charan Singh's BLD and Jagjivan Ram's CFD deprived it of a lion's share in the new Government, it had played a major role in bringing down Karpoori Thakur and his Government in Bihar. But

the irony of it all was that if anyone was facing isolation in the Janata set-up, it was the Chaudhury and not the Jana Sanghis.

In New Delhi it had excellent relations with the Prime Minister; his group, the Congress (O), was cooperating with it in the states; and while they had alienated Jagjivan Ram in respect of UP, he became their closest ally in Bihar. Indeed, it was reported that, though Charan Singh was still fuming with these erstwhile allies of his, he was beginning to recognise the need for a fresh understanding with them. By that reckoning, there was no good reason why the Jana Sanghis should have been so desperate as to offer to quit the Government in New Delhi and the Janata-ruled States. There was doubtless a lot of talk in the Janata of realignment of political forces which was a euphemism for isolating the RSS-Jana Sangh on the one hand and Mrs Indira Gandhi and her loyal supporters on the other. But the Jana Sangh leadership was too shrewd to take it seriously at that stage in any case.

Finally with the exit of Raj Narain that triggered off a spate of resignations, and the fall of the Janata Government, the political scene in New Delhi has undergone a drastic change. With the elections round the corner, the myriad political alignments have resulted in a flexing of muscles.

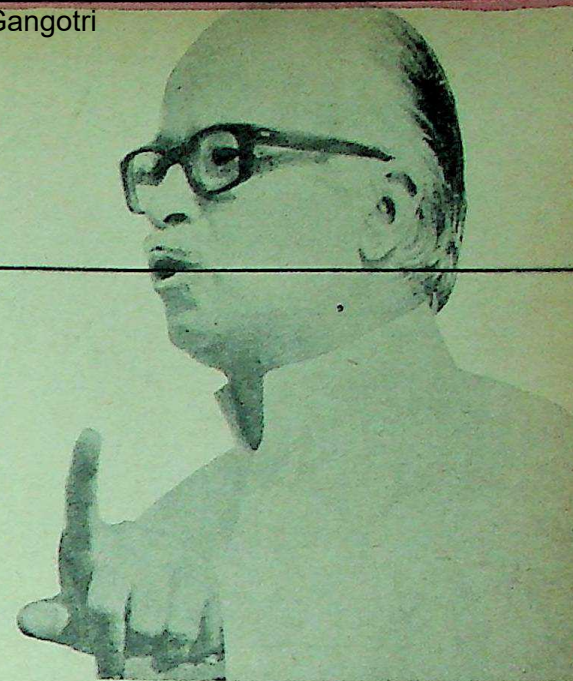
How pertinent is the Jana Sangh-Babuji alliance? First, the Janata Party would shrink greatly if this constituent was to leave it or to be driven out. Secondly, its presence in the Janata gives Babuji access to the well-regulated and well-trained RSS cadre which can play an important role in a keenly contested election since, apart from the CPM, no other party possesses such a cadre. Thirdly, the Jana Sangh is well entrenched in Madhya Pradesh, Rajasthan, Himachal Pradesh and the Union Territory of Delhi where it controls the administration and it is fairly influential in Punjab, UP, Bihar, Haryana, Gujarat and Maharashtra. For the first time it has gained a foothold of sorts even in South India.

What about the Muslim vote? One viewpoint is that Babu Jagjivan Ram never did have any special appeal to the Muslims—even if he had pulled out of the Jana Sangh alliance, he never had a 'messianic' lure that was associated with Mrs Gandhi. Despite the controversial sterilisation programmes of the Emergency days, she is still the only leader the minority community would flock to. Babuji essentially remains a Moses-like figure of the poor and the down trodden—the Harijans.

Caste and class issues will be a decisive factor in the forthcoming elections.

Many educated Indians find it reprehensible that political groups have to exploit caste-class issues. They time and again wonder why our politicians take to this recourse. One interesting explanation is offered by Rajni Kothari*. He wrote: "The alleged 'casteism in politics' is thus no more and no less than politicisation of caste. It is something in which both the forms of caste and the forms of politics are brought nearer each other, in the process changing both. By drawing the caste system into the web of organisation, politics finds material for its articulation and moulds it into its own

* "Caste In Indian Politics" — Edited by Rajni Kothari.



—N. K. Sareen

L. K. ADVANI

design. In making politics their sphere of activity, caste and kin groups on the other hand, get a chance to assert their identity and to strive for positions."

How much political clout does Party President Chandra Shekhar wield? A doughty champion of many causes, the erstwhile Young Turk remains an enigma. As Party President he was unrecognizable as the seasoned politician who had been schooled in the Praja Socialist Party and who had gained fame in the sixties for his blistering battles with the Birlas and helping his Government collect Rs 27 crores more in taxes; as someone who wrote those whiplash articles in the *Young Indian* denouncing governmental misdeeds besides being an arch critic of the Emergency which made him *persona non-grata* with Mrs Gandhi. He eventually had become a favourite *chela* of Jayaprakash Narayan (the transition took place smoothly for him—from the feet of Acharya Narendra Deva to JP). But as Janata Party president, he was derisively likened to a comic-strip character (*Charlie Brown*) for his "wishy-washiness". Whatever happened to the Young Turk's fire and brimstone, many wondered.

It was only after the fall of the Government, Chandra Shekhar stirred himself from his somnolence and displayed much of his old fire and spirit, first in denouncing the President for his "unfairness" ("Lilliputian Feuhrer" was how he described the benevolent Sanjiva Reddy) and then taking on Indira Gandhi and her son Sanjay for the notorious Maruti Affair. It almost looked like he was fed up of being a meek, goody-goody President. Suffice it to say it was good for the Janata Party for Chandra Shekhar's virtuoso performance was keeping it in the media headlines. As the powerful cliques of the Janata Party allies itself closer gradually, it is resolutely attempting to bury its differences. Some kind of *ad hoc* solution will have to be found to the dual membership issue that was disturbing pugnacious politicians like Mohan Dharia (he has already quit the Party on that issue). Yet the Janata Party is inexorably emerging as the most formidable force in the election arena and the battle-line credits almost seem to be proclaiming—"Janata vs Indira Gandhi."

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60 Years Of Punjabi Theatre

Has Punjabi theatre declined over the years?

by ASHOK CHOPRA

In a manner of speaking Punjab is still a barren land. The people in this frontier State have been so preoccupied with agriculture and religion that they have tended to neglect the creative arts.

Prior to 1947 Lahore was the centre of the Punjabi arts, films and drama. After Partition most of the artistes fled to Delhi. It was with this depletion of talent that the idea that "the only culture Punjab knows is agriculture" began to gain currency.

Punjabi theatre is only 60 years old. The first significant play to be staged was *Dulhan* (The Bride) written by Ishwar Chand Nanda, then a student of Dyal Singh College, Lahore. It was directed by Norah Richards who has earned the name of being the "godmother" of Punjabi drama. This Irish actress gave Punjab its first serious social theatre. And Nanda and Joshwa Fazal Din popularised themes dealing with widow remarriage, the evils of alcohol, dowry and money-lending. Nanda toured the villages with his troupe staging plays like *Subhadra* and *Lily's Marriage* (1930).

Punjab's Brain Drain

The amateur theatre in Punjab was carried on for about 20 years through colleges, clubs and small groups. Then stepped in playwrights in the capital like Gurdial Singh Khosla (a retired General Manager of the Railways) and the architect, R. G. Anand. They had neither any training nor any commitment and they presented a miserably tattered image of the Punjabi theatre. With the migration of great theatre personalities like Prithviraj Kapoor and Balraj Sahni to the film world in Bombay, the standard of Punjabi theatre could never rise, for instance, above Khosla's *Buhae Bethi Thai* (The Daughter at Home).

After Partition, Punjabi drama became an intellectual exercise in the hands of armchair playwrights like Sant Singh Sekhon, Kartar Singh Duggal and Harcharan Singh. Sekhon and Duggal, who started as short-story writers, have written a number of plays.

Sekhon has created a place for himself in Punjabi theatre with his left-wing plays with blank dialogues. To this day they pose a challenge for anyone wanting to stage them. His themes are daring but unfortunately their treatment is disappointing. He came out with interesting ideas in works like *Bhavi* (Fate). But his best plays are *Moyan Saar Nai Kai* (They Do Not Know They Are Dead)—a bitter comment on the successors of Maharaja Ranjit Singh and the Sikh chieftans who lost their kingdom; and *Waris*, the immortal love story of Heer-Ranjha as told from the Marxist viewpoint.

Harcharan Singh, on the other hand, has perhaps written quite a number of

one-act and full-length plays. However, he has earned respect only through sheer volume and persistence. He carries on the Nanda tradition by dealing mostly with social reform and marital maladjustment with a moralist's obsession. His *Anjor* is a classic example of his views on marriage.

Of late, Harcharan Singh has switched to Sikh historicals with a religious background like *Chamkour-Di-Garhi*. His venue too has shifted from the theatre to the Gurdwaras.

In the early fifties the People's Theatre Movement broke away from the intellectual preoccupation and took theatre to the rural masses. Sheila Bhatia composed and produced operas with themes drawn from rural life. Balwant Gargi wrote plays for the peasant gatherings and peace rallies.

Gift of Golden Voices

Sheila Bhatia even today dominates the Punjabi theatre. Her staging methods and directorial craft are not the result of any self-conscious training and do not reflect a trained directorial mind nor are they of a high standard in terms of design and dramatic sophistication; they are the result of a passionate, earthy, glowing folk quality. Her asset is her flair for attracting talent and keeping a talented set of people with her. The golden-voiced Madan Bala and Madendra Chopra are Sheila's gift to the Punjabi theatre.

Balwant Gargi, who has been hailed as the "theatre historian of India", has undoubtedly rendered pioneering service to the Punjabi theatre. Earthy passion, sex and the love-hate relationships are his themes. Gargi believed that theatre should employ body language, not just speech. His plays shocked the "cow-worshipping" people of Punjab.

After the division of Punjab into Haryana, Himachal Pradesh, Chandigarh and "Little Punjab" the Punjabi theatre once again received a setback. Whatever little theatre exists today is amateurish. The committed dramatists of the fifties have now been replaced by "opportunists" who write melodramas which, although based on the Punjabi scene, have highly exaggerated themes and improbable conclusions. Modern theatre in Punjab has "little artistry and a deplorable lack of quality".

However, during the sixties, a new crop of artistes and playwrights came up. This included H. S. Dilligir, Surjit Singh Sethi, Harpal Tiwana and his actress-wife Neena, Gursharan Singh, Ravneet Kaur of the Punjab IAS, Gurcharan Singh, Channi and Prem Jullundari.

At Patiala, the Panjabi University has a Department of Speech, Music and Drama headed by Surjit Singh Sethi (his students allegedly rebelled against him recently). The department has staged more than 25 full-length plays, besides the three or four studio productions that are presented every season. It is well endowed financially and



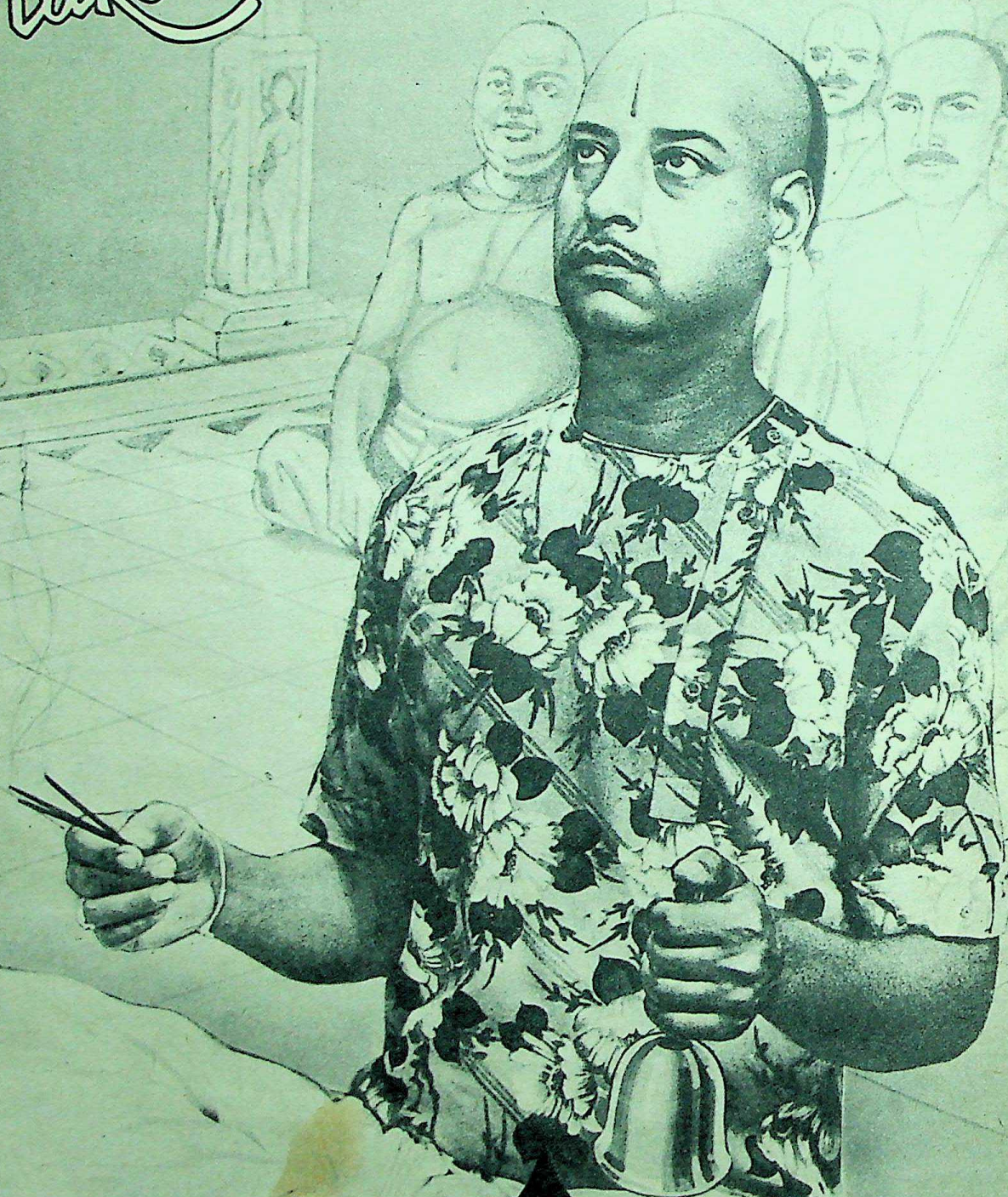
SHANNO KHURANA as Heer and Rekha as Sehti in *Heer Ranjha* (1957), written and directed by Sheila Bhatia.

the audiences, too, have been unusually patient with its productions. Sethi who insists on staging his own plays like *Marad Marad Nahin*, *Tiwin Tiwin Nahin* (Man Is Not Man, Woman Is Not Woman) has handled experimental plays with an utter lack of originality. His Punjabi version of Ibsen's *Doll's House* was a miserable flop.

Another popular group of Patiala which has now shifted to Ludhiana is run by Harpal Tiwana and his wife Neena. They have done a variety of productions in Punjabi including adaptations of Jean Paul Sartre and Albert Camus. Their production of *Annaha Khun* (The Blind Well)—an adaptation of Tolstoy's *Power of Darkness*—staged in Chandigarh created a storm of controversy from the ministerialists and politicians. The play was banned. Although somewhat disillusioned, the Tiwanas are carrying on their work with admirable pluck. The enterprising Tiwanas have now launched the Punjabi adaptation of the timeless epic, the *Ramayana*—scripted by Harcharan Singh. With it the Punjabi theatre enters a new movement with a classical base.

In Amritsar we have a little theatre group called the Amritsar Natak Kendra which has been active for nearly three decades. The man behind it is Gursharan Singh. His troupe has performed all over the State and has staged Gorky, Anton Chekov, Eugene O'Neill as well as Gargi, Nanda, Harcharan Singh and Gurdial Singh

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Phul. The late Balraj Sahni toured with this troupe whenever he visited Punjab. Gursharan Singh's work is commendable because he has been one of our few authentic dramatists in the sense that for years he has supplied the Punjabi stage with a steady stream of plays.

In 1968 the Punjab University at Chandigarh started a Department of Indian Theatre. During the ten years of its existence it has staged classical, folk and modern plays ranging from Girish Karnad's *Haya-vadan* to O'Neill's *Desire Under The Elms* to *Mirza Sahiban*. The department has made the citizens of Chandigarh theatre-conscious. Among the notable productions of the department have been *Kanak Di Balli*, directed by B. V. Karanth, Bertolt Brecht's *The Exception and The Rule*, directed by Amal Allana, and Gargi's *Mirza Sahiban*.

Five years ago what was launched as the Punjab Drama Repertory Company (PDRC) is today the Punjab Government Cultural Troupe. Started by Ravneet Kaur, the PDRC staged *Parai Kukh*—an adaptation of Brecht's *Caucasian Chalk Circle* in Punjabi, Balraj Pandit's *Lok U d a s i* and Tagore's *Mukt Dhara*. These were lavish and well-executed productions which were great hits. *Parai Kukh* was banned after ten tumultuous performances on the charge allegedly made by the friends of the former Chief Minister Zail Singh that it propagated Naxalism, Sardar Zail Singh ultimately also succeeded in getting the PDRC wound up.

Is the Punjabi theatre being run by the Public Relations Department of the Punjab Government today? The Akali

Minister, Atma Singh, has made it clear that he will rid the Repertory of all trash—of love drama and psychological themes. Instead, he prefers religious drama subserving the *Panth*. The Minister is also reportedly against women acting in the theatre. Nobody has perhaps told the Hon'ble Minister that to banish love themes from the stage is to ban Waris Shah, Shiv Batalvi, Gargi, Sheila Bhatia and even Kalidasa and Shakespeare and probably the entire ethos of the Punjab theatre.

The emergence of the Street Corner Theatre is a happening of great significance. Channi, the man responsible for this, needs to be encouraged.

The last four years have also seen the emergence of increasingly vulgar and bawdy plays. Much has been said and written about them and I don't think it is necessary to waste space on downright trite plays such as *Charhi Jawani Budhe Nu*.

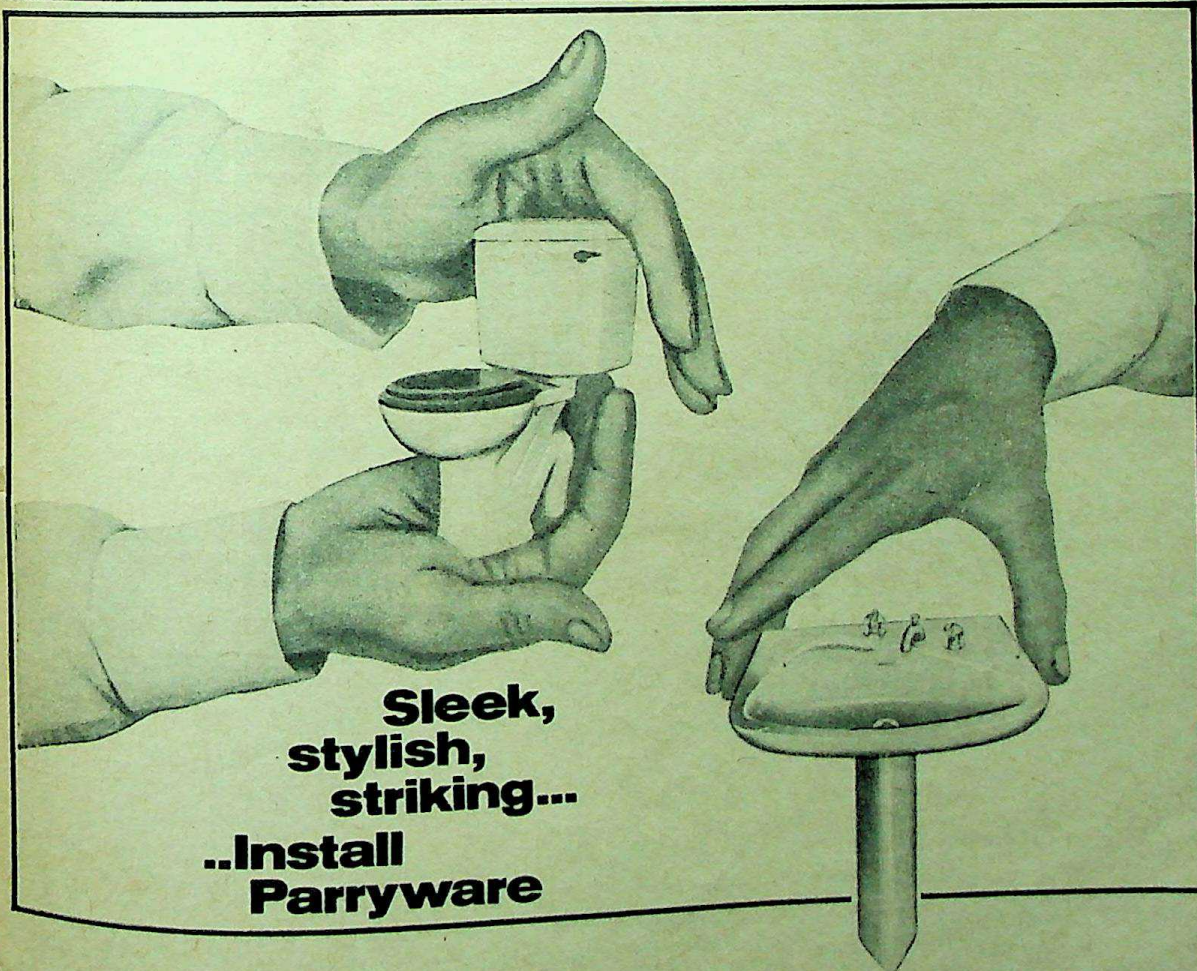
Dozens of groups run by people who proudly declare that "we are not professionals" have stacked their shelves with books and scripts. For to have a "scriptorium" has become a status symbol like owning a Mercedes or a Rolls-Royce or staging Chekov or Brecht—all imported, thank you. But these amateurs are the bane of our theatre.

No article on the Punjabi theatre today would be complete without the mention of Chandigarh which today is under the benevolent but ham-handed grip of the cultural do-gooders. Still new ideas, acting styles, techniques and play production have somehow emanated from there. Ten years ago

there was hardly any theatre to speak of in that city. Now, almost every third day, there is a new play splashed on the mar-quees.

However, the Chandigarh stage is also a mass of contradictions. One may readily speak of sophistication of the stage here and point to the subject-matter of certain plays which are scenically too heavy and vocally too loud. Some of the best plays are presented in a crude, even desultory and amateurish manner. The stage that presents the works of such distinguished literary figures as Jean Genet, Anouilh, O'Neill and Brecht appears equally receptive to the cheapest of farces and melodrama.

As for the audience, it is of a varied type. People in Punjab still enjoy and respect the stage as, say, the citizens of Delhi have ceased to do. They do not cavil and carp at the theatre. They listen to the actor eagerly, they believe he needs something like reverence, for they realise that even the least important artiste is sincerely trying to please them and has taken pains to learn his craft. They are rarely, if ever, impatient with minor flaws. A flimsy set does not disturb them and in the presence of real talent they are gratefully elated. In fact, it will not be wrong to say that there is a certain naivety about the majority of the theatre-going Punjabis who respond to a play like children "at a circus or loiterers at a street fair". The theatre is not a challenge to them nor is a poor production considered a swindle. The clientele comes to the theatre satisfied that the "fare would assure them an agreeable time".



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A Conflict Of Cultures

An account of the schism existing between the Punjabi Hindus and Sikhs.

by J. M. SHARMA

No two communities could be more akin to each other than the Punjabi Hindus and Sikhs and no two communities could be more dissimilar in their attitudes and reactions.

The Sikhs want an autonomous Punjab and the extremists among them agitate for a sovereign Punjab; the Hindus want the powers of the State further reduced.

The Sikhs have carried on a long struggle to secure for Punjabi the exclusive status of official language, while the Hindus disown it. The Sikhs take pride in Punjabi culture; the Hindus dismiss it as folk culture.

The Sikh migrants look to Punjab nostalgically and retain their links with it; the Hindu migrants feel relieved to have been spared the tensions of Akali politics.

The Punjabi Hindus are the least parochial barring the high-caste Christians of north-west India. When they leave Punjab they leave behind their language and their culture and adopt the language and ways of the host State. The heroes for them are not the Sikh Gurus who were themselves Hindus but Maharana Pratap and Shivaji, both non-Punjabis.

Whenever tempers rise between the separated States of Punjab and Haryana over the division of river waters and electricity, it is the Punjabi Hindus in either State who keep their cool.

The Punjabi Hindus, at once unorthodox and conservative, are more concerned about Hindu identity than about Hindu ritual.

One finds in history an explanation for these uncommon responses and reactions of the Punjabi Hindus. The three events which have had a major role in shaping their psyche are the advent of Islam in the beginning of the eleventh century; the arrival of Christian missionaries in the middle of the last century; and the separation of the Sikhs from the Hindus about the turn of the present century.

Islamic conversion marked the beginning of the long process of the de-Hinduisation of Punjab. For 450 years this went on unchecked and then there appeared, as prophesied in the Gita, a saviour—Guru Nanak. He regenerated Hinduism. Of the nine Gurus who followed Nanak, the first five gave spiritual strength and the last five reinforced Hinduism with armed might (since, to quote Guru Gobind Singh, tyrants could be subdued only with the sword). The Khalsa Army founded by him in 1699 burgeoned a hundred years later into the Sikh State under Maharaja Ranjit Singh. The Hindus looked upon the Maharaja as their own king. He employed them in high positions, banned cow slaughter and he brought back

from Kabul the doors of the Somnath temple which had been carried off by Mahmood of Ghazni.

The Sikh kingdom lasted only half a century. After its annexation by the British in mid-19th century came Christian missionaries. Their main target was the already thinned down Hindu population. The thought that whatever was left of them would be further engulfed in the Christian fold sent a wave of panic among the Hindus.

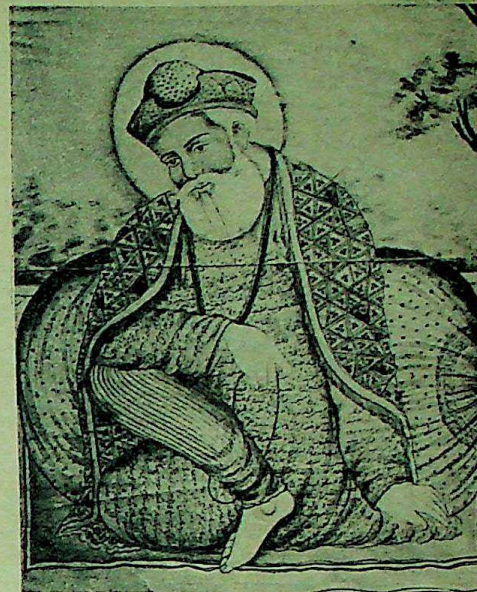
Every ten-yearly census showed that the Punjabi Hindus were on the decline. That was not all. A bigger shock was still to come. Towards the end of the last century, the Sikh Sabha, which had been formed to defend Sikhism against Christian attacks, declared that the Sikhs were not Hindus. There was a sharp reaction. To retaliate, the Hindus began disowning everything to which the Sikhs owed allegiance.

"Communal" Patriotism

The Hindus were now forced to devise a new strategy to protect their interests from the Muslims and the Sikhs. In this, they sought the help of the Hindus in other provinces. Although, they were a minority in Punjab, the Hindus, as a whole, were a majority in India. The new strategy was summed up thus by Rai Bahadur Lal Chand, one of the founders of the DAV movement: "Patriotism ought to be communal. The Hindus of the whole country should unite and then strike a settlement with other communities." They adopted the slogan *Hindu, Hindi, Hindustan*. They declared Hindi to be their language as against their mother tongue, Punjabi. They began purging non-Hindu elements from their social customs and religious rites. The dhoti and the sari were introduced as the traditional garb. Children were given Sanskritised names and, wherever they had their way, the streets, roads and parks were named after Hindu heroes. They found the Hindu Mahasabha closer to their hearts than the Indian National Congress.

But no encouraging response to Hindu nationalism was forthcoming from the Hindu majority provinces which found the Congress better suited to their interests. The Congress based its politics on territorial patriotism. From this viewpoint, India had no religious communities, only linguistic groups. That way the Congress tried to understate the gravity of the communal problem. A communal solution would have taken note of the Hindu minority in Punjab and would have guaranteed their rights. By the same logic the rights of the Muslim minority would have to be guaranteed in the Hindu majority provinces.

The Hindu majority provinces were opposed to this solution; although at first the Congress refused to accept a communal settlement, it was this very settlement to which it ultimately agreed. The country was partitioned into Pakistan and India. While the Hindus in India lost nothing, the Hindus in what was then West Pakistan lost



GURU NANAK portrayed by a Muslim artist. Verses from the Quran and the Jap embellish his robes. The founder of Sikhism actually regenerated Hinduism with his eclectic doctrine.

everything and they had to flee as refugees to India. The process of de-Hinduisation which started in the beginning of the eleventh century was thus completed in 1947.

However, it was not just the Hindus but also the Sikhs who had to leave West Pakistan. A majority of the Sikh refugees were accommodated in the Indian Punjab on the land left behind by the Muslims. But there was not much room for the Hindu refugees. The trades and professions in which they specialised were already crowded with Indian Punjabi Hindus. Moreover, the Hindu refugees, scorched by the divisive politics of the Muslims, wished to be settled away from the separatist politics of the Akalis.

The Punjabi Hindu refugees posed no problem to their host States. They made no special demands for their language and culture. They adopted the language of their hosts and tried to identify themselves with it. This adjustment was the result of their conditioning in pan-Hinduism as against territorial patriotism.

But what has helped the Punjabi Hindus outside Punjab is proving to be a problem for them in Punjab. They do not accept the regional language, Punjabi. They want Hindi instead. As long as Haryana remained part of Punjab, Punjabi could not be the sole official language.

In 1966 the Hindi-speaking areas were separated and Punjab turned into a unilingual State. The Punjabi Hindus felt piqued but gradually accepted the reality of Punjab as a Sikh majority State where they will have to play second fiddle. There is still no peace for the Punjabi Hindus. And there will be no peace for them until the Sikhs, conditioned to respond to be the stimulus of a sovereign Sikh State, relent.

Secret of The Monsoon

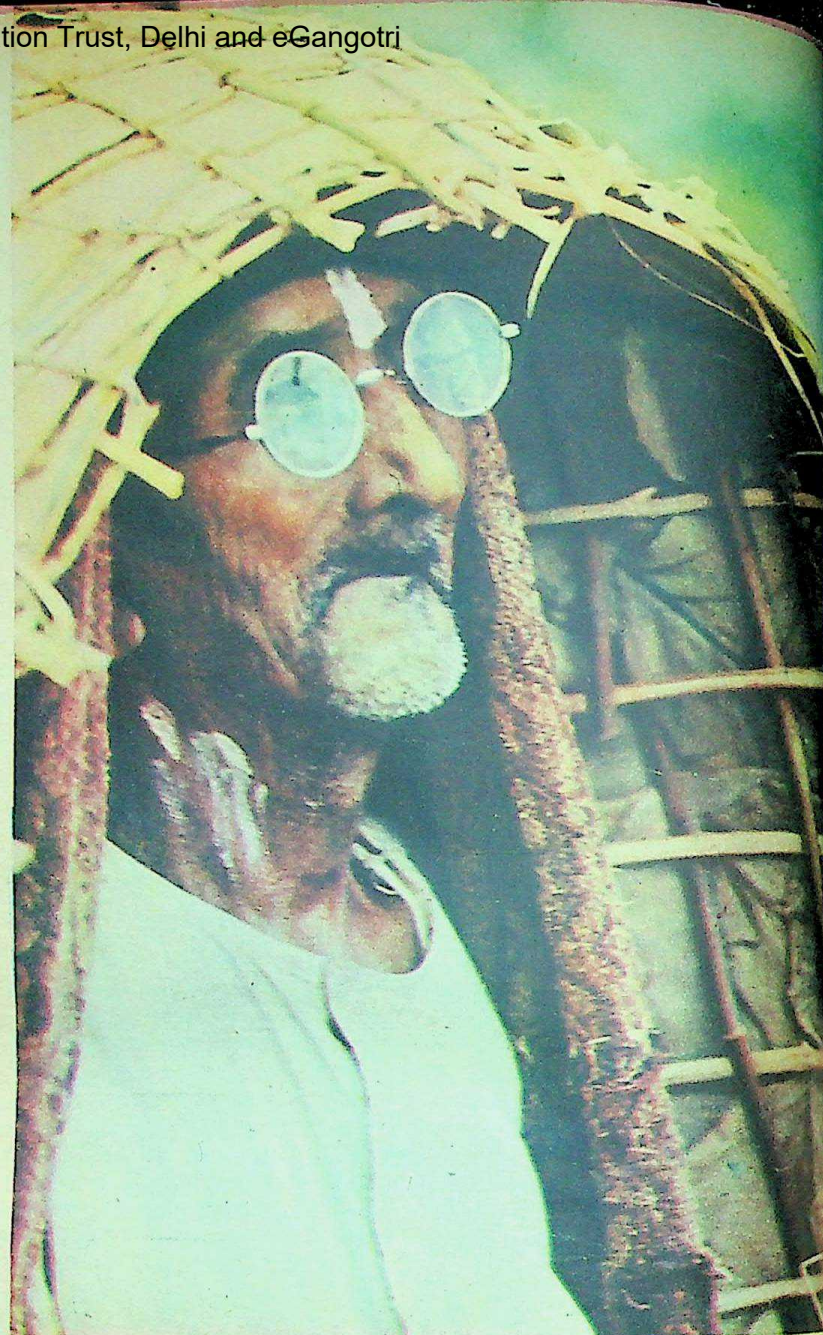
The erratic south-west monsoon this year has caused catastrophic floods in some places and severe drought in many others. The deficit in rainfall this year, as often before, has posed a serious threat to our economy.

The monsoon is still a little-understood phenomenon. And it is only of late that scientists have tried to understand its mystery. Can we unravel its secrets and cope with its vagaries?

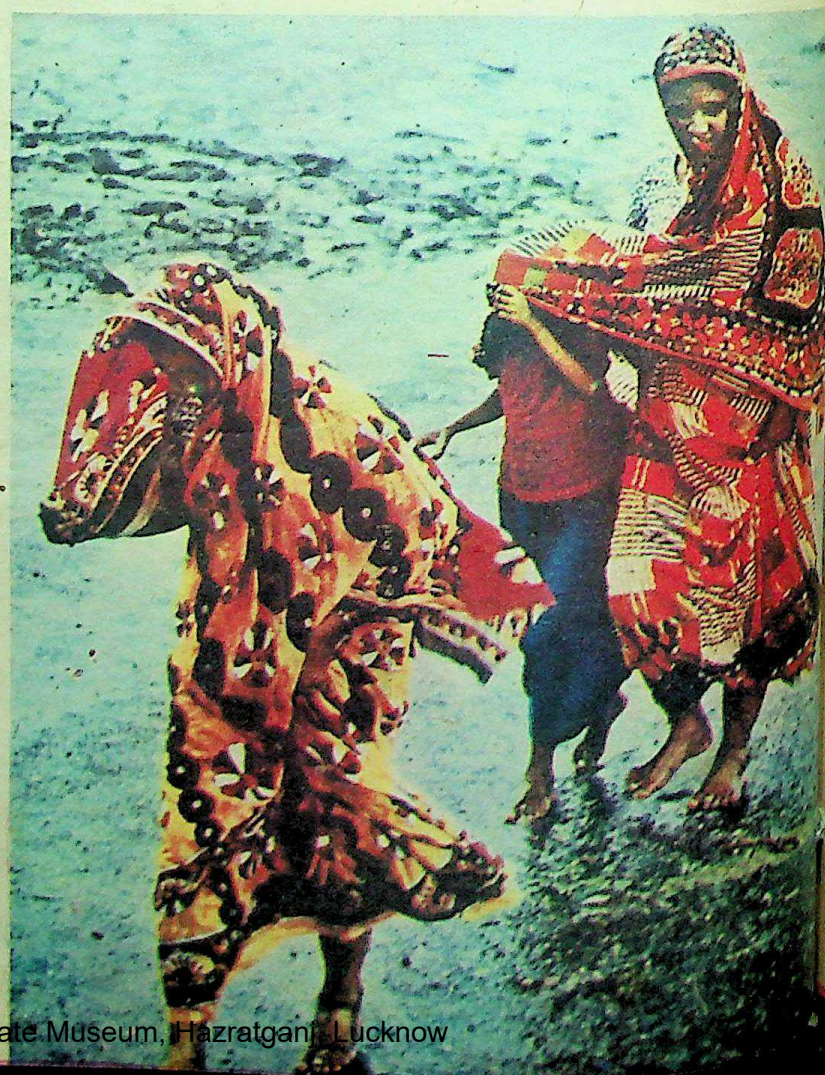
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Karmaita, Uttar Pradesh

They look like wood nymphs in the moonlight. A dozen girls, aged between 10 and 16, all unabashedly unclad, are ploughing the parched fields. Live frogs are tied to the wooden ploughshares. Women chanting plaintive hymns to the rain gods tramp through the furrowed, wizened soil.

The strange midnight ritual is meant to invoke the rain gods to save the village ravaged by drought.

Morvi, Gujarat

In just one day, the skies unleash as much rain on the town as normally falls over an entire year. The engorged waters of the Machchu river rip through the earthen dam... Thousands are killed in the worst dam disaster in recent memory—a prosperous town is in ruins.

These are just two examples of the havoc wrought recently by the vagaries of the south-west monsoon: too little rain in some areas and too much in others. The poor monsoon has caused one of the worst droughts in the last 25 years. Scarcity prevails even in States where floods have occurred. For instance, while floods hit 14 northern districts in Bihar, 17 other districts were in the grip of drought; standing crops worth Rs 500 crores withered and died. Among the worst affected States are Andhra Pradesh, Haryana, Karnataka, Madhya Pradesh, Maharashtra, Orissa, Punjab, Rajasthan, Tripura and Delhi.

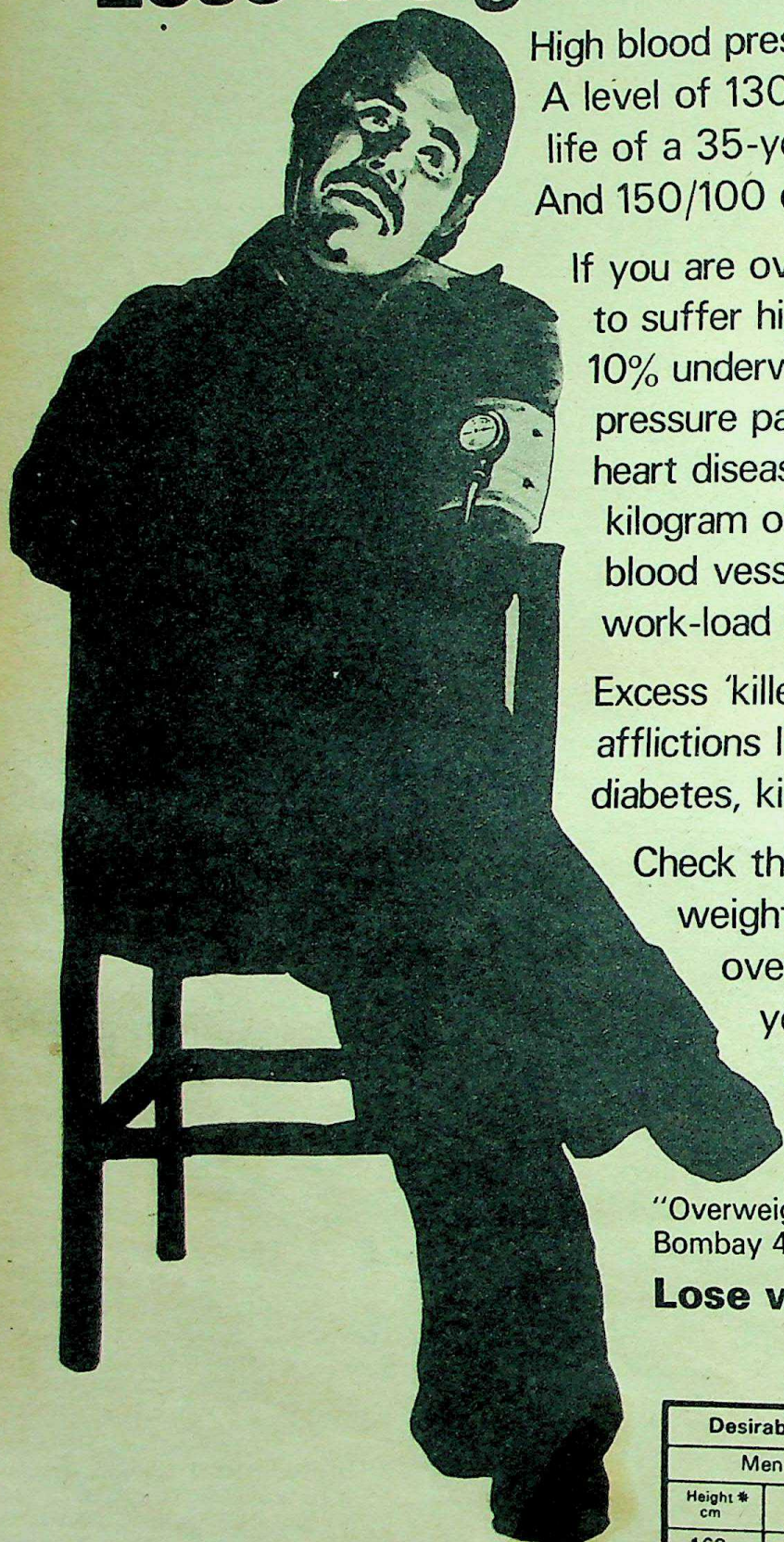
—Satyadev narayana Sinha

—Narendra Shah



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170	61-67	157	49-54
173	63-69	160	50-55
175	65-71	163	51-57
178	66-73	165	53-59
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According to Dr M.S. Swaminathan, Secretary, Ministry of Agriculture and Co-operation and recipient of this year's Bourlaug Award, the total rainfall for the south-west monsoon season has been below normal as recorded in as many as 13 meteorological subdivisions in the country. And even if the monsoon revives now—it looks unlikely that it will—this year's total may end with a probable shortfall in about 10 meteorological subdivisions: which means that 15 to 20 per cent of this year's *kharif* crop will be lost—last year's yield was 131.5 million tonnes. It is also feared that the lack of moisture in the soil after the *kharif* harvest will affect the *rabi* crop.

This year's almanac had forecast that the onset of the monsoon would be delayed. And meteorologists relying on the cyclic pattern of the rains did anticipate a lean season. But are our weathermen and *gyotishis* talking of the same phenomenon? To many of us the monsoon is rain or the season of rains. And we are not wrong. For the word is derived from the Arabic *mousim* meaning "season". However, meteorologists use the word to denote "persistent surface winds that seasonally reverse their direction".

To put it simply, the monsoon is a wind created by differences of land and sea temperatures. The sweep of this wind is set to the rhythm of summer and winter. The land becomes warmer in summer and cools down in winter, while the temperature of the sea around remains relatively constant. As a result, massive convective updrafts are set up over the land in summer and the air from the ocean travels inland to take their place. This passage of moisture-laden air is the summer monsoon. During the winter, when the land masses are cooler than the oceans, the process is reversed.

Twin Monsoons

Actually we have not one but two monsoons. The south-west monsoon is created by trade winds travelling towards parts of Africa, India and South-East Asia. The north-east monsoon is but a branch of the north-east trades moving southwards to South America, East Africa and North-East Australia. One "arm" of these winds sweeps across the Bay of Bengal and gives rain to the eastern coast of Peninsular India.

"By far the most pronounced monsoon winds of the world are those that flow over the Indian subcontinent between June and September each year," says Dr P. K. Das, Director-General of Observatories.

The monsoon is a grand old puppeteer. And we are but 630 million of his puppets. If that sounds preposterous consider how important the monsoon is. It brings us our most precious, refreshing and renewable natural resource—rainfall. It is rain which waters our crops, fills our lakes, rivers and reservoirs and ultimately sets our turbines humming with power. Naturally the failure of the monsoon is as disastrous to the life and economy of our people as is the surfeit of rain which can cause floods.

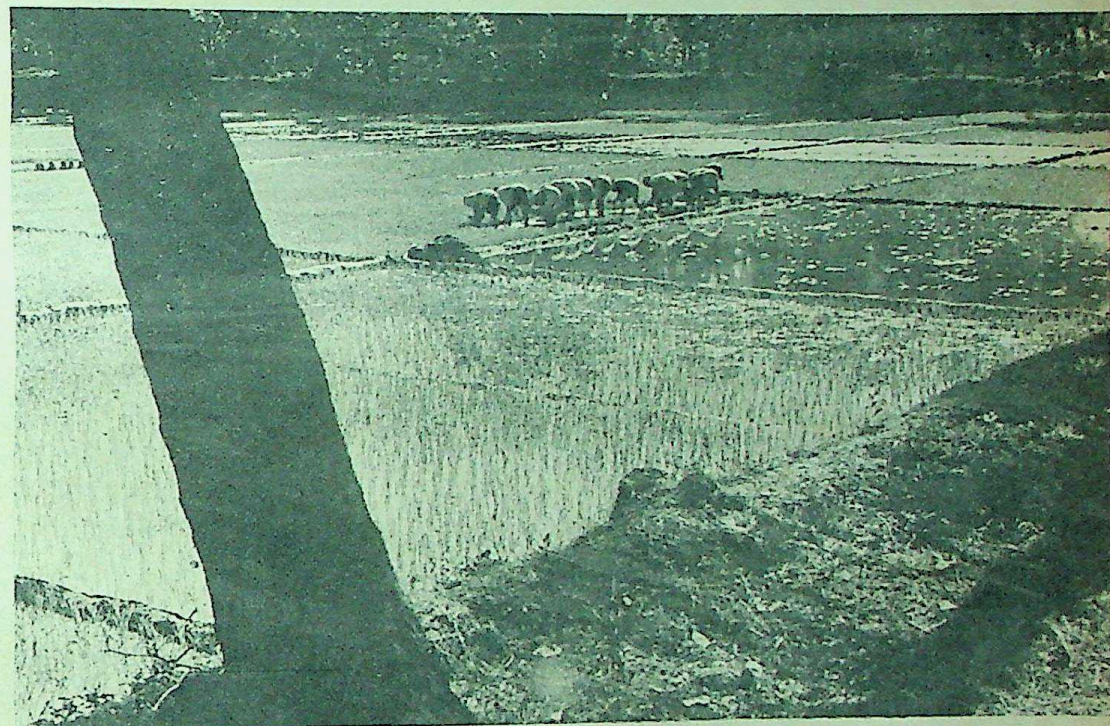
Nor is the importance of the monsoon ever likely to diminish. In fact, as our population grows at the rate of 33 per thousand, the monsoon's hold over our economy will only tighten progressively. How will this happen?

Unlike our exploding population, our water resources do not "grow": the total amount of the world's water is constant and

finite. And there is no more water in India today than there was, say, in the days of Mahavira and the Buddha.

Although three-fourths of our planet's surface is covered with water and something like 28 trillion trillion (28,000,000,000,000,000,000,000) drops of it exist, only 3 gallons out of every 1,000 are drinkable, because most of the world's water is locked up in the briny oceans (97%) and the polar ice-caps (2%). That leaves us just 1 per cent, of which a substantial quantity lies hidden beneath our feet under rocks and earth.

The water we draw from our lakes, rivers and wells is that which is recycled every year by the weather machine. In India some 13 million more people (roughly equivalent to the population of Australia) are annually added to the total. We have all to share the same fixed patrimony bestowed upon us by the monsoon.



—Subrata Kar

THE FOODGRAIN PRODUCTION target of 133 million tonnes may not be achieved this year because of the poor monsoon. In drought-affected areas farmers have been advised to abandon withered crops and to conserve moisture for the ensuing *rabi* season.

"Every person added to the population requires a certain minimum amount of water to survive," says Lester R. Brown, Director, World Watch Institute, Washington, USA. "Drinking water is only a minute part of that person's daily water needs. Producing enough food to keep him alive also requires enormous quantities of water.

"To grow the grain used in just one loaf of bread needs up to 120 gallons of water. And a pound of meat, which requires direct water consumption plus water to grow the animal feed, can require 200 times that amount. Energy production is dependent on availability of water. So is the production of consumer items from plastics and pills to soaps and steel."

"Irrigation particularly consumes large amounts of water," says Dr K. C. Mahanta, Director of Agriculture, Assam. "While 10,000 cubic metres of water can irrigate barely 0.5 hectare of rice, 0.8 hectare of cotton or 1.2 hectares of wheat, the same quantity could supply 100 consumers in a modern

industrial city for two years or could supply 100 luxury hotel guests for 55 days."

"Indeed, the demand for water to grow food will soon come into conflict with the needs of industrialisation in developing nations," says Brown. Where water-intensive industry, such as steel-making, becomes the focal point of development, the competition between agriculture and industry for water will intensify. The caprice of the monsoon which supplies water to the most crowded areas on earth will thus seem even more cruel to future generations.

Some experts offer less sombre prognostications. Says Philip D. Thompson, former President of the American Meteorological Society: "Looking at the earth's majestic hydrological cycle one can hardly think of rainfall as a scarce resource. Every year an estimated 95,000 cubic miles of water circulate between earth and sky. Of this

total, some 80,000 cubic miles are evaporated off the oceans and 15,000 cubic miles from land—from lakes, rivers, moist earth and vegetation. The atmosphere carries this moisture about and eventually returns it to earth again as rain, snow, sleet or hail, or as frost or dew.

"The average annual rainfall around the world is an estimated 40 inches. About a quarter of it—an estimated 24,000 cubic miles—falls on land. Thus, luckily for humans, the waters of the earth are distributed and the land receives from the air more than it originally gives.

"The total rainfall on land is enough to provide every man, woman and child with an average of more than 23,000 gallons of pure rainwater every day—a superabundance even on an increasingly crowded earth. But, as always, averages are deceptive. Where the rain falls depends on geographical factors and global winds like the monsoons."

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"In India, with some 330 million hectares of land area, we receive little more than a metre of average annual rainfall," says Dr Rama of the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research. "This bounty from the heavens is enough to flood 400 million hectares to a depth of one metre (400 mhm or 4,000,000,000,000 litres)."

This prodigious quantity of water would cause a veritable *pralaya* were it to descend all at once. Fortunately, rainfall is spread over an entire season and it also varies from place to place. For instance, the entire rain over the deserts of Jaisalmer adds up to a water level just enough to dunk your heels; while at Cherrapunji you could easily submerge a four-storey building in the mean annual rainfall of 40 feet.

A little more than half—about 230 million hectare metres—of the water that precipitates over India is returned to the atmosphere. This remarkable exchange is achieved by millions of "breathing" plants and thousands upon thousands of puddles, ditches, streams, jheels, lakes, rivers and mudflats that are quietly "shedding" water vapour through invisible evaporation.

Nearly a third of the remaining rain-water on land (60 mhm) percolates underground. The rest runs off into the sea. It is these subterranean waters, which regenerate rivers and feed springs and the riverine flow (110 mhm), that sustain our irrigation.

However, it is naturally only during the rains, when our irrigation demand is minimal, that our rivers and canals are full. The south-west monsoon delivers over 70 per cent of our yearly water supply in just four "wet" months. Thus during the summer months, when our irrigation demand is at its peak, we find our rivers, especially in Peninsular India, severely depleted, almost non-existent.

Harnessing Our Rivers

In such a situation, we can either store the waters received during the rains or transport them to areas which require them urgently, or, using new agricultural practices, we can increase the local *kharif* consumption. "All these three alternatives are being used. But not on a sufficiently large scale," says Dr Rama. With the result much of the streamflow runs waste into the seas during the rainy season. Even so, we are utilising the waters of some rivers like the Sutlej, the Beas and the Cauvery almost fully; while those of the Ravi, the Narmada, the Tapi, the Krishna, the Godavari and several others will probably soon be. But our two major rivers—the Ganga and the Brahmaputra—continue to defy our ingenuity and they also afford the greatest opportunity.

"Using the technology at hand we can double our irrigation capacity from 40 mhm to about 80 mhm," says Dr Rama. But he cannot foresee how we are going to harness the remaining 90 mhm water. "We are not even thinking about the problem seriously. The surplus waters of the Brahmaputra would need to be brought to Western and Southern India. The flood waters of the Western Ghats would need to be stored or transferred. All this would involve bold engineering and all our ingenuity. We must not, however, forget to recognise and respect the individuality of each stream that we wish to meddle with."

The *Economist* has something more heartening to offer: "You might call it, yes, a great cultural revolution," reports its special correspondent. "Unexpectedly and most desirably, in almost all of Asia east of Pakistan food production is rising and human fertility is falling; contraception and high-yielding grains are producing at last, a change in the general human condition."

However, such "common-sense revolutions" still cannot liberate our economy from the bondage of the monsoon. The monsoon remains what it has always been—*Bharatabhagya-vidhata*, the arbiter of our destiny.

Given this inevitable state of bondage, can we at least rattle and loosen our chains? Obviously, we must gain a deeper understanding of the monsoon to predict more accurately its behaviour and more efficiently manage our water resources.

That brings us to the secret of the monsoon. But it is surprising that, although the monsoon has been visiting India for thousands of years, much of the phenomenon is still shrouded in mystery. An Australian meteorologist has called it "a sea of question marks". Another expert refers to the monsoon as "a seething cauldron of complex, wildly fluctuating conditions".

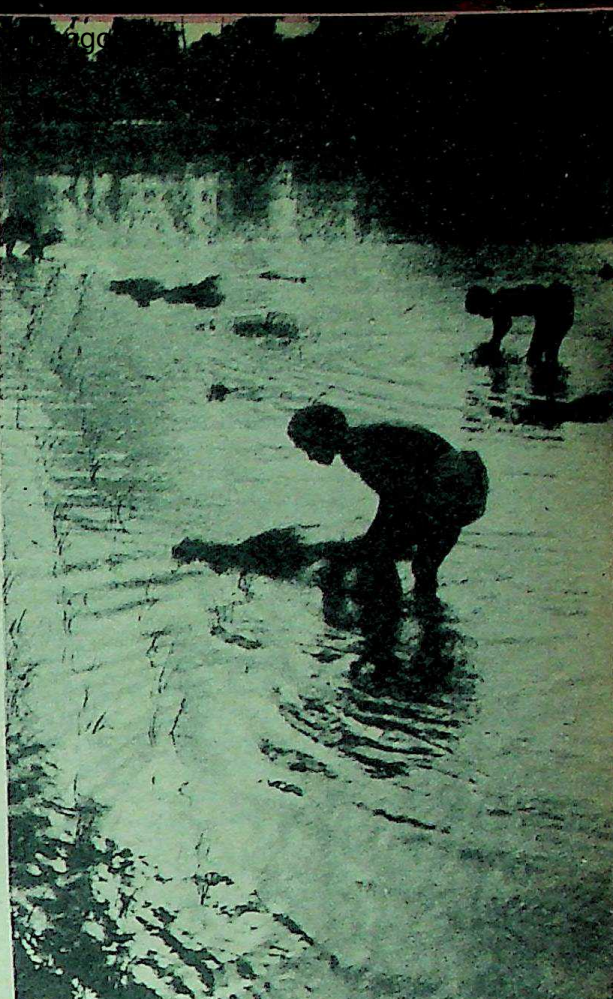
What are the conditions that lead to the onset of the monsoon? How does it get strengthened? How do dry spells occur and how is the withdrawal of the monsoon orchestrated? These and many other questions remain unanswered.

Majesty of The Monsoon

However, to say that we have but an imperfect understanding of the monsoon is not to belittle the work of our scientists. The monsoon's chaotic behaviour and complexity are on a grand scale. Its activity is truly transnational: spanning a huge theatre from East Africa across the Indian Ocean, the Arabian Sea over the Bay of Bengal, the South China Sea and the Western Pacific Ocean plus the colossal continental stretch of Asia. In just three months—June to August—during the height of the monsoon's activity, half the entire world's yearly exchange of air masses across the equator is accomplished in an area barely 1/9th that of the earth. And on a typical monsoon day some 770,000,000,000 tonnes of water vapour may be lifted to the Western Ghats from the Arabian Sea.

Apart from its gigantic scale, the monsoon also involves a mind-boggling interplay of diverse elements. The science of these movements (hydrodynamics) "presents without doubt the most complicated series of interrelated problems not only that we know but that we can imagine", warns the legendary John von Neumann; and he was one of the most brilliant and versatile mathematicians of modern times.

To get an idea of the complexity, consider for a moment the characteristics of a sample of air. It is an energetic mixture of gases. It exerts pressure; and has a "quantifiable" temperature, density and humidity. And it is a veritable menagerie of subtle particles—ions, particles called nuclei (condensed or frozen around which is water vapour), dust moats, ash and other flotsam and jetsam. These characteristics vary from instant to instant and they all interact.



—Subrata Kar

THE TOTAL RAINFALL received by the earth's land surface is enough to provide every man, woman and child with an average of 23,000 gallons of water every day. But it is not evenly distributed and much of it runs to waste.

A change in any one of them sets off a chain reaction that affects the entire sample.

Moreover, like the cloud-cow of Vedic literature, this parcel of air ranges in atmospheric "pastures"—upward, downward, obliquely in spirals and eddies—as it capers along it collides, intermingles and interacts with a "herd" of other complicated air samples.

The monsoon which is described as a "moisture-laden air stream" can be looked upon as an oceanic aggregate of a myriad such air samples. Add to this a medley of powerful destabilising factors: the force created by the rotating earth, the thermal influence of the sun and the oceans, the "heat budget" of earth and air, the turbulence caused by obstructing mountains and the turmoil of clashing warm and cold air masses. "The result," says a meteorologist, "is a self-perpetuating chaos, the accurate forecast of whose behaviour has defeated even the most rational scientific research."

How then can we unravel the mysteries of the monsoon? Until recently meteorologists have had a somewhat landlubberish view of the monsoon. Although we have an extensive network of inland observatories, much of the crucial monsoon activity occurs in the deep reaches of the Indian Ocean which are still poorly monitored. The atmosphere over India also needs to be studied much more intensively. Gaps in the land-based data have yet to be filled.

However, it is only because of the technological muscle acquired in recent years

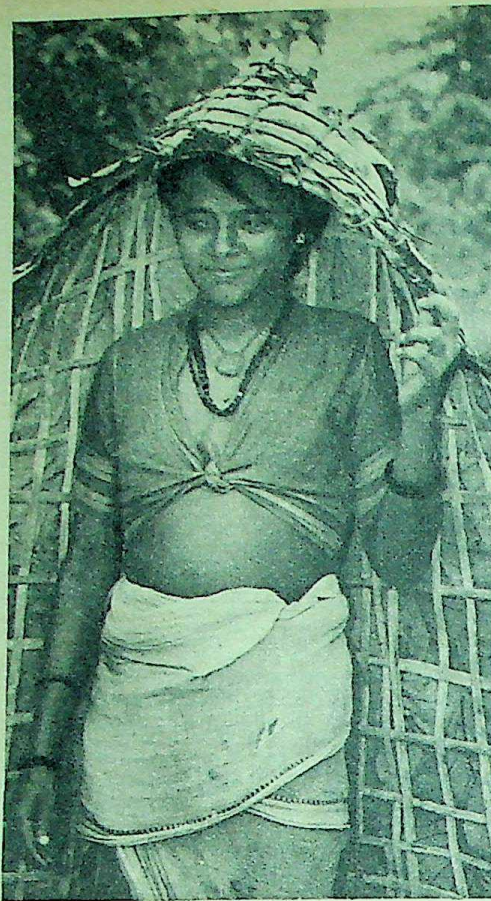
satellite, computer, electronic gadgetry and sophisticated aircraft—that scientists can think of taking on the daunting task of understanding the monsoon. The endeavour is naturally far too ambitious and expensive for India to tackle all alone.

Also, meteorologists in other countries can ill afford to ignore the monsoon. For, like a giant spanner in the global weather works, it disrupts and profoundly affects the planet's general circulation. "The thermal effect of the monsoon on the atmosphere over the mid-latitudes is considerable," says D. R. Sikka, Head of the Department of Forecasting Research at the Indian Institute of Tropical Meteorology, Pune. "No mathematical model of the weather can successfully simulate the behaviour of the global weather without taking into account the effect of the monsoon."

Divining The Weather

Neither can long-range forecasts be made accurately. For predicting weather three days in advance, information from the entire northern and parts of the southern hemisphere is required. And to make a weather forecast a fortnight ahead, meteorologists need data from the entire globe including the atmosphere up to 20 km, the ocean depths to hundreds of km, even sub-soil temperatures of the landmasses.

"But when it comes to long-range forecasts, no one knows the monsoon well enough to make worthwhile assumptions about its behaviour," says Sikka. Here one is reminded of Mark Twain's warning: "Weather is a literary speciality and so untrained hand can turn out a good article on it." To



—Balkrishnan

WAITING FOR RAINS.

make "good forecasts, meteorologists have been making attempts in recent years to expand their education on the monsoon.

Their efforts have already borne results. Several previously unknown features of the monsoon came to light during the International Indian Ocean Expedition (IIOE: 1963-1967) and the Indo-Soviet Monsoon Experiment (ISMEX-1973).

This year's Global Weather Experiment launched by the World Meteorological Organisation aims to "test the limits of weather forecasting and to investigate the mechanisms underlying climatic change". The Asian Monsoon Experiment (MONEX-79) is an important regional aspect of this global effort.

Extensive Experiments

Under the MONEX programme, extensive field experiments were carried out in the Arabian Sea, the Indian Ocean and the Bay of Bengal in the months May-August 1979. There were research ships for upper-air and oceanographic observations; sophisticated aircraft for special sorties; satellites for surveillance; high-altitude balloons; drifting ocean buoys and hundreds of scientists and technicians from many nations working together in the massive effort. The experiment was managed from an international Monex Management Centre in New Delhi. (The Government of India contributed Rs 25 crores to MONEX.)

"At the moment, we cannot be sure of the outcome of the Monsoon Experiment," says C. R. V. Raman, Director, MONEX. "However, we can be optimistic that all this effort on the part of thousands of scientists, technologists and the expenditure by most of the governments of the world of considerable resources will lead to significantly better understanding of the monsoon."

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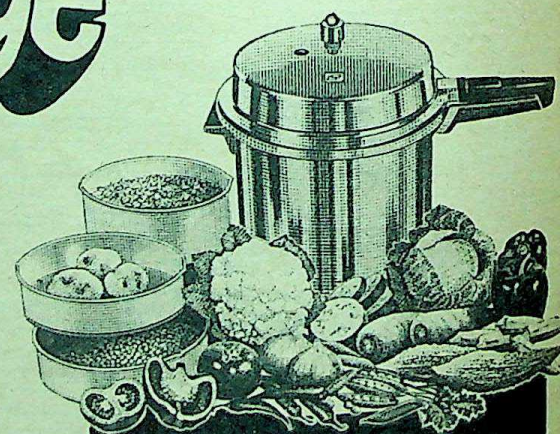
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Contemporary Punjabi Writing

Punjab has a rich literature, right from the devotional poetry of the Sikh Gurus to contemporary writing. The author makes an analysis of the better-known Punjabi writers of the past and present.

by MOHINDAR PAL KOHLI

Punjabi literature has a rich past. Like its counterparts in Northern India, it emerged as a powerful vehicle of literary expression around the 12th and 13th centuries with Sheikh Baba Farid (1173-1265) as a powerful harbinger. Coming quick in succession was the religious and transcendental poetry of the Sikh Gurus and their disciples. To the same period belong a number of romances and ballads. Right from the Sakhi literature (biographical accounts of the founder of the Sikh faith) down to the translations and adaptations of the Upanishadic, Puranic and epic literature, Punjabi prose was noted for the lucid exposition of the subject in question and mellifluousness of expression.

Then the all-pervasive influence of *Pax Britannica* took hold and, by the turn of the 19th century, it created a new effervescence. The socio-cultural revivalist movements among the Sikhs and the Hindus unfortunately fell apart where language was concerned. The period, however, produced a team of devoted writers led by Bhai Vir Singh, Puran Singh, Dhani Ram Chatrik, Giani Gian Singh and Bhai Khan Singh of Nabha who in the initial transitional period kept alive the flame of classical wisdom.

In the following period, our writers fell under the spell of the West with its leftist and realistic movement. The progressive fraternity and those who came under the influence of Freud committed themselves to the new notions with utter disregard of the native ethos. They spoke and wrote in a jargon that the majority of readers did not understand. These enlightened champions of the workers of the world had been more exercised over the civil war in Spain, over the Communist International and later over the Rosenberg episode and the Vietnamese struggle rather than over identifying themselves with the momentous predicament at home. I know a fire-eating poet who one day frantically tried to locate Vietnam in the atlas since he had planned to write a poem on the heroic Vietnamese.

Quantity And Variety

This exotic hybrid growth—though it meant the neglect of the indigenous genius—threw up works noted both for quantity and variety. Almost all the genres were employed to give expression to the new ideas. There were poets like Mohan Singh and Amrita Pritam; dramatists like Sant Singh Sekhon, Harcharan Singh and Balwant Gargi; novelists like Surinder Singh Narula, Jaswant Singh Kanwal and Kartar Singh Duggal; short story writers like Sekhon, Su-

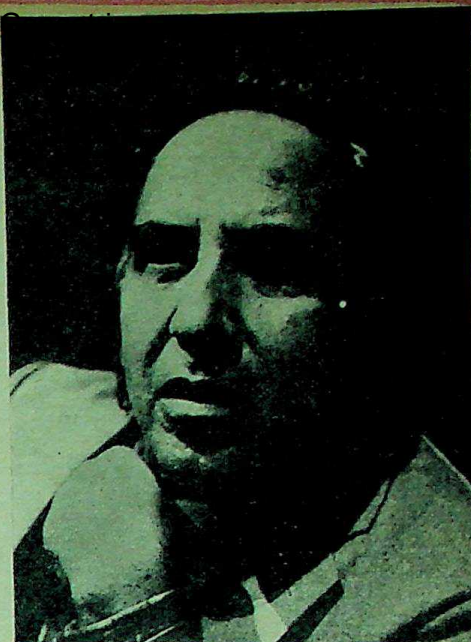
jan Singh, Duggal and Kulwant Singh Virk; besides, of course, stalwarts like Teja Singh, I. C. Nanda, Nanak Singh, Gurbux Singh, Mohan Singh Diwana and Roshan Lal Ahuja, who wrote genuinely inspired works though they were sometimes bitten by the ideological bug. Not all of them can be branded as being not genuine, though some have been overrated because of their affiliation with a particular political creed.

A number of them have been forced out of circulation as a result of the work of an organised band of committed critics. We have the phenomenon of a few journalists and authors of textbooks (prescribed by universities) being exalted, while others with a number of books to their credit remain unacknowledged, simply because they did not get on to their bandwagon. Without the least intention of belittling their literary worth, I must say that the readership that some of these writers have attracted is not because of any merit in their writing but because of the political recognition that the language has gained in the peculiar circumstances of the State.

Experimental Poetry

The literary activities of the State, which characteristically continued to be clouded by the 'progressive' tradition even after partition up to the fifties, underwent a change. There was a conscious recoil from the beaten track and studied novelty was sought to be introduced in verse which was christened as experimental poetry. The problems arising out of the slow and unregulated growth of industry in the State were equated with the problems of the highly sophisticated and industrialised society of the West. A disturbed, distracted, frenzied and demented human being indulging in self-flagellation was presented with the argument that, if such a man did not exist in the Punjab of today, he was likely to be born in the future! Jasbir Singh Ahluwalia, Ravinder Ravi, Ajaib Kamal, Pritam Singh and Sukhpal Vir Singh Hasrat led the vanguard.

Rich in imagination and aesthetic maturity is the poetry of Harbhajan Singh who is followed by Prabhjot Kaur whose work is remarkable for its nostalgic plaintive notes coupled with the depiction of man as a question mark. The mystic probe into man's predicament in the cosmos is best expressed in the poetry of Pritam Singh Safer and Jaswant Singh Neki who have still before them miles to go. They are the only two poets in the agonising period who represent *Anugrah* of Nataraja who signifies the repose of the soul indicated by his fourth hand pointing to the foot. Gurbani is their inspiration.



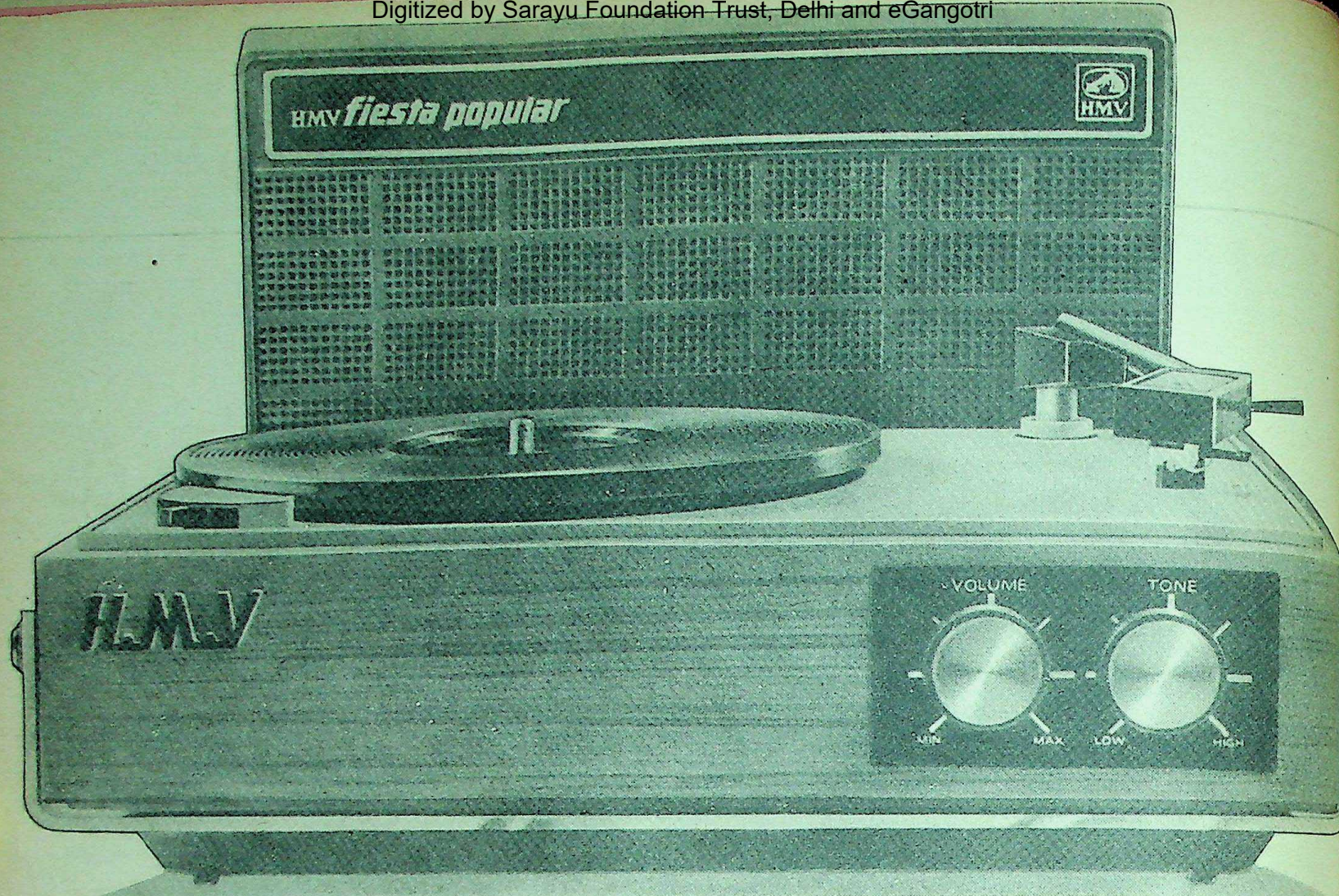
BALWANT GARGI, the well-known Punjabi playwright and theatre historian. He founded the Department of Theatre in Punjab University, Chandigarh. Among his better-known plays are *Gagan Mai Thal*, *Dhooni di Aag*, *Saukan* and *Kesro*.



AMRITA PRITAM, the renowned Punjabi poetess and novelist, has been writing since the age of 15. One of the first recipients of the Sahitya Akademi Award for literature, she has published over three dozen books, many of which have been translated into a number of Indian and foreign languages.

Sohan Singh Misha is a poet of modern sensibility. Shiv Kumar Batalvi, who died at the age of 37 in 1973, sang the lyrics of love and of separation, of the dark caves of death and of the agony of the soul singed with the fantasising burning faggots of despair.

The historical and modernistic novels of Narenderpal Singh, the realistic novels of Gurdial Singh and Dalip Kaur Tiwana, depicting the realities of the Malwa region of Punjab, the psychological and trendy fiction of Surjit Singh Sethi and Niranjan Tasneem and Mohan Kahlon and the meaningful novels of Sohan Singh Sital continue to attract readers. The only Punjabi novel of Maheep Singh, depicting a few characters entangled in the web of metropolitan life,



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A short-lived trend in Punjabi writing appeared in the late sixties. The Chinese invasion of India in 1962 aroused the imagination of our radical youth. Mao seemed to be around the corner. The Naxalite movement, with whatever little credibility it could achieve, gave birth to the literature of revolt. Avtar Singh Pash, Mohan Jit, Jagtar, Lal Singh Dil, Surjit Hans, Waryam Sandhu and Lok Nath turned their talents in this direction. It was in no sense a literary revolt like that of the Dalits, raising arms against the Mahajan literature. The hurricane over, the protests calmed down, eventually leading to divided political loyalties.

Blazing A New Trail

On the pattern of the Bengali *Patranu* (1969), many a mini magazine was started by the promising writers, blazing a new trail on the Punjabi horizon and breaking down the illusory communal barriers which have been a tragic hurdle in the realisation of a unified Punjabi culture. They are now almost all defunct—a sad reflection on our institutions started with the purpose of encouraging literary activities. Our literary Maecens, purblind to the new generation of writers, have ignored their literary endeavours. A number of writers grouped under the *Sahit Sabhas* (Literary Societies) are

actively engaged in producing new regional literature, both fiction and poetry. Ram Sarup Anakhi, Om Prakash Gasso, Basant Kumar Rattan, Prem Prakash, C. Markanda and Surjit Brar have kept themselves away from the literary imbroglio and are emerging with a new vitality.

The task of building a comprehensive culture cannot be left exclusively to the poets and artists. We sadly lack prose of quality and works on history, sociology and science. But for one readable piece of historical writing by Sohan Singh Joshi, nothing else of any worth has been attempted in recent years.

"Brahmin Conspiracy"?

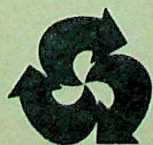
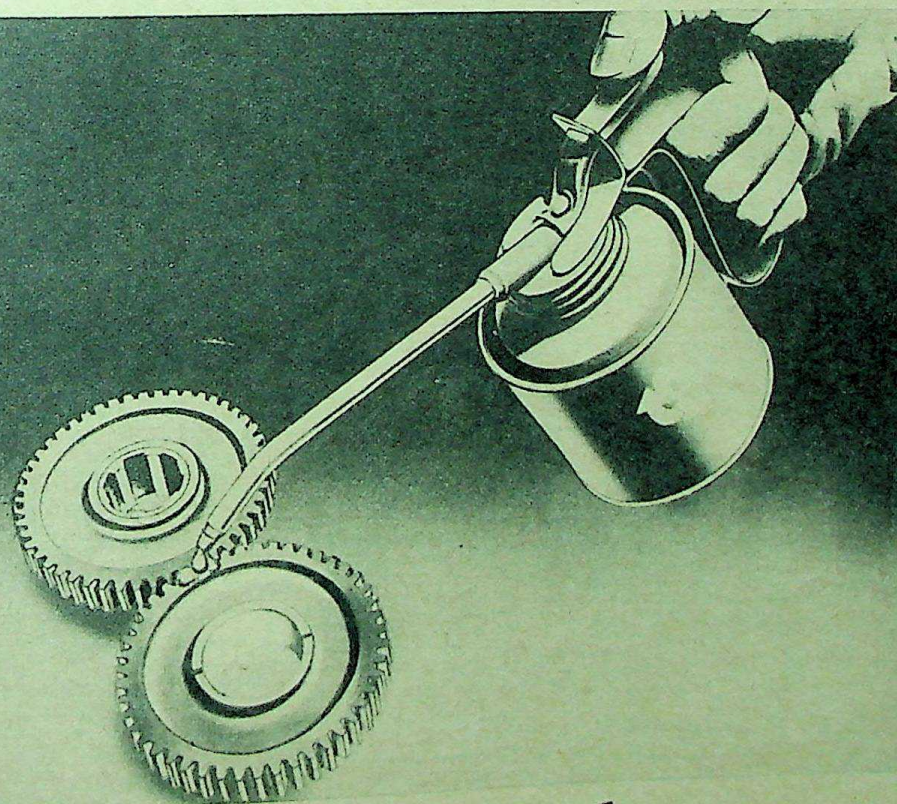
The development of the Punjabi language and literature poses a challenge. Lots of funds have been dumped into the universities of Punjab, where the educational structure, as in the rest of the country, is perched on an old creaking foundation. They have not been allowed to work freely. A few years ago a group of enthusiastic people threatened to burn the Punjabi University publications because they contained Sanskritised vocabulary introduced through the conspiracy of the "Brahmanic Central Government". When a Vice-Chancellor of a University harangues the writers not to be influenced by Sanskrit or Hindi, he pleases his political bosses but does not fulfil his academic responsibilities. The research and literary departments in our universities have

converted themselves into seminar departments, which perform the annual ritual of holding seminars but do little research and hardly contribute to the promotion of the language.



SANT SINGH SEKHON, noted Punjabi story writer and dramatist, is a recipient of the Sahitya Akademi Award. According to the author, writers like Sekhon wrote "genuinely inspired works, but were sometimes bitten by the ideological bug".

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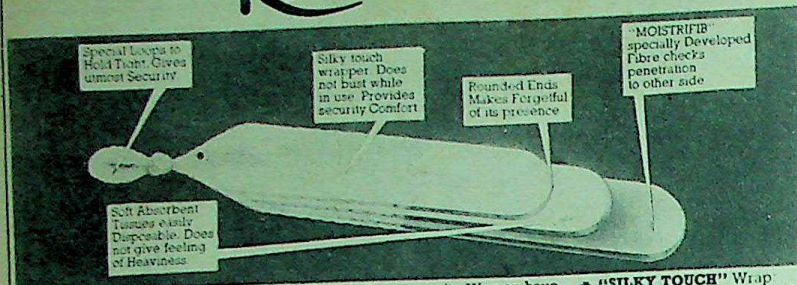
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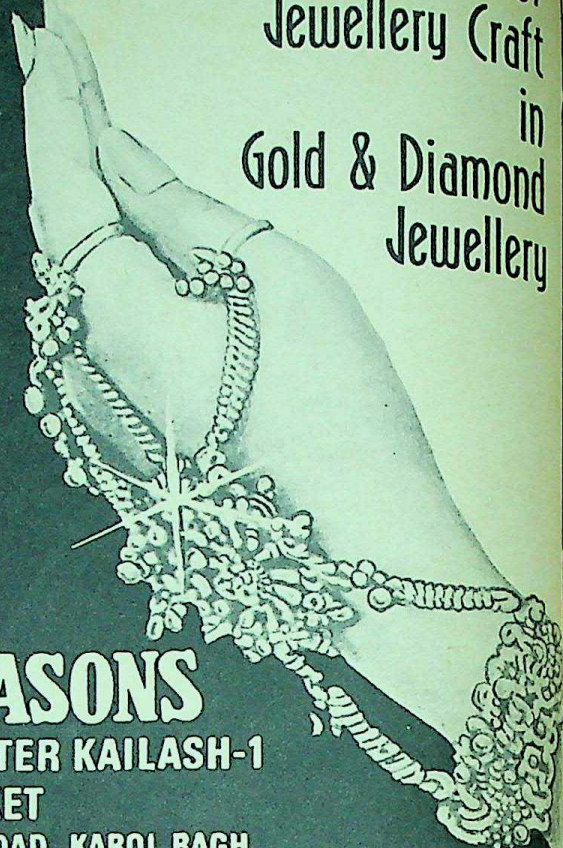


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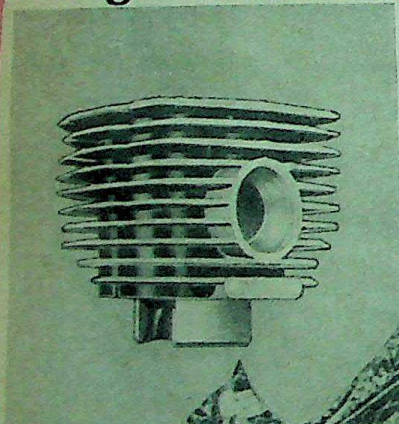
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He is most unlike a Punjabi—quiet, sober, soft-spoken. And these are the most distinguishing traits in Rajendra Mehta's music.

Singers like Mohammad Rafi, Mahendra Kapoor and Narendra Chanchal—all Punjabi—share one common quality: they all sing with gusto. On the other hand, there are Punjabi music directors—like Madan Mohan and Jaidev—who could never be called loud. Perhaps it is their concentration on the smoothness and flow of the lyric, or their penchant for underplaying, that has made them the unsung heroes of the film industry. For they never achieved success—at least not in the *filmi* way.

It is not difficult to understand this. In an age where *dishum-dishum* films are the rage, the idea of having the hero mouth-ing a soul-searing melody is totally out. You cannot have an Amitabh Bachchan or a Dharmendra doing this. It just will not click. Gone are the days when a Dilip Kumar poured out his heart in soft melodious strains, guaranteed to wring the heart of, not only the heroine, but every woman in the audience. Today a film's success at the box-office depends on how many in the audience tap their feet or hum along with a Rishi-Neetu dance.

Endearing Quality

Yes, the soft touch is out. But softness is the most attractive and endearing quality of Rajendra and Nina Mehta's music. One of the first couples to sing together (their forte is the ghazal) on the professional stage, they have an appeal all their own on stage as on TV.

Having a penchant for singing ghazals is all right for small appreciative audiences, but it is not easy to create a rapport with the ordinary viewer, especially one who barely has any knowledge of Urdu. It was all right for Talat Mahmood—he was one of the foremost ghazal singers of his time. So I asked the Mehtas: "Aren't you two losing the flexibility of becoming 'popular' artists by singing only ghazals?"

"I don't see why we are branded as ghazal singers," said Rajendra indignantly. "We sing light numbers too. Both of us have sung in Punjabi and Gujarati (Nina is a Gujarati). And Punjabi folk songs or *tappas* are certainly not slow. In one of my TV appearances, I sang a straight number in *Suna hai maine jabse tum gulshan mein aage*, written by Prem Warbartani. It became quite popular and Bombay TV played and replayed it half a dozen times. Again, I sang Prem Dhawan's entire *Heer Ranjha* in

The Musical Mehtas

Rajendra is Punjabi, Nina is Gujarati. Together they have been among the first couples to sing together on the professional stage. It goes to the credit of Rajendra that he has been praised for being the only ghazal singer (with Yunus Malik) not to copy Mehdi Hasan.

by PREETI CHATURVEDI



—Chandan Ghosh

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Punjab and later when translated in Hindi. This was equally appreciated and they were certainly no ghazals."

"If we do sing ghazals, it's because we like to bring out the poetry in this song form," chips in Nina.

"But we can't do the yoo-yah yodling bit," adds Rajendra. "Our style of singing is different. We just can't and won't copy anyone merely to get a break. That's all right for newcomers; but we aren't exactly juniors now in terms of stage experience and would like that whatever we sing should be recognised as the 'Rajen-Nina style'. Our style must be our very own. It must leave its own impress."

It must be noted here that, when practically every ghazal singer has a shade of Mehdi Hasan in his singing, Naushad said Rajendra Mehta and Yunus Malik were the only two who sang without a trace of Mehdi Hasan and had cultivated their own distinct style.

Could it be that big film producers and music directors do not want to take a chance with new voices—that they are not willing to compromise? Or do they think it just not worth the trouble, since adjusting to a new singer is more time-consuming?

They Are Optimistic

This attitude has disheartened many newcomers. However, composers like Jaidev and Ravindra Jain are breaking the barrier by taking up new voices as a challenge.

Rajendra has had his share of such heartbreaks. His *Shaheed* numbers with Mohammad Rafi and Mahendra Kapoor, *Mera rang de basanti chola* and *Sar pharoshi ki tamanna ab hamare dil mein hain*, proved very, very popular without helping Rajendra advance. Then, in *Parinay*, he was asked by Jaidev to render a two-sided song of Jan Nissar Akhtar: *Har tan mein kavi har man mein kavi*. "But the song was dropped from the film because, unfortunately, the movie's makers did not have the resources to picturise it, so they ultimately decided that the song itself was quite un-

WITH THE GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY, Mr Sadiq Ali. The Mehtas are often invited to sing at official and private functions. They have unfailingly impressed when performing on stage or TV. They will soon be leaving on a singing tour of East Africa and the Middle East.



RAJENDRAS BOTH. Rajendra and Nina Mehta with Mr and Mrs Rajendra Kumar. Rajendra Mehta made his singing debut in films when Rajendra Kumar was at his peak as a hero.

necessary! People will call us to their homes for private *mehfils*, but they won't give us a break in their films. Why?"

The Mehtas, however, do not lose heart easily. They are optimistic the trend will change—that the Talat Mahmood style of singing will come back. "I'm confident," says Nina, "that the public needs to be trained to accept this type of music—like they are now trained to accept loud music—till they come to re-appreciate Madan or Talat. Talat is now getting renewed offers to sing in films. It just shows the present trend is sure to change."

Nina probably has reason to be sure. "When we're asked to give programmes," she says, "we're rarely asked to sing a *geet* or a film number. In fact, in one programme, when we did try to accommodate a request, we were strongly criticised and not allowed to sing anything but ghazals. Take any Sur-Singar Sham-e-Ghazal programme—the Rang

Bhavan is always jam-packed. Surely people aren't just going there to waste their time, it's because they want and appreciate ghazals. True there once was only a limited audience for the ghazal but, with the craze Mehdi Hasan has started, people are going in more and more for this song form."

It may seem odd but the Mehtas have some of their most responsive audience in Gujarat. "It all started with one show," explains Rajendra. "We were asked by a private organisation to sing a few ghazals in a programme arranged by them. It was only for courtesy's sake. They even had other singers ready to take over from where we left off. But that night we sang on till 1.30."

Every music lover in Gujarat now knows this duo.

One of the main reasons for their success, both in India and abroad (they have toured Europe, UK, Hong Kong, Singapore, Malaysia, the Philippines, Japan, Thailand, East Africa, West Africa and Spain), is that they try to involve their audiences in what they sing. They don't use the high-flown Urdu of the Ghalib and Begum Akhtar type. Rather they prefer to sing modern poets as simply as possible. They make an effort to explain difficult words ("Our tours abroad have proved successful mainly because people appreciate our efforts to involve them.")

Today the Mehtas have much to look forward to. They put body and soul into what they sing. The outcome is *Nazrana*—their latest LP. It is truly the lover's offering—an aesthetic and enriching experience. The lover's sentiments and emotions have never quite been rendered like this before, his anguish, his despair, his joys, alternate, weaving visual patterns of imagery. Rajendra's *Tum pareshan na ho* and *Jab bhi choom leta hoon*, Nina's *Woh jo gale milke juda ho gaye* are hauntingly beautiful. Kaifi Azmi's narration adds depth of meaning to the Mehtas' rendition.

We now await expectantly the Mehtas' next LP—something even softer and sweeter, to be sure.



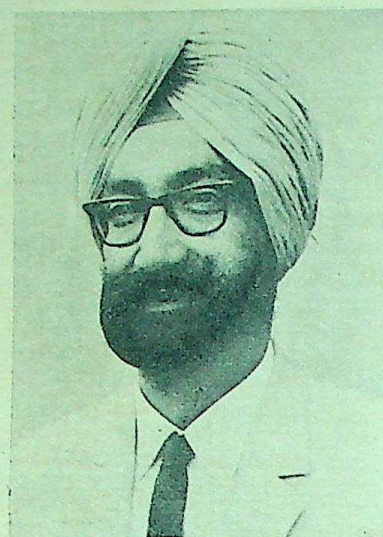
Distinguished Punjabis



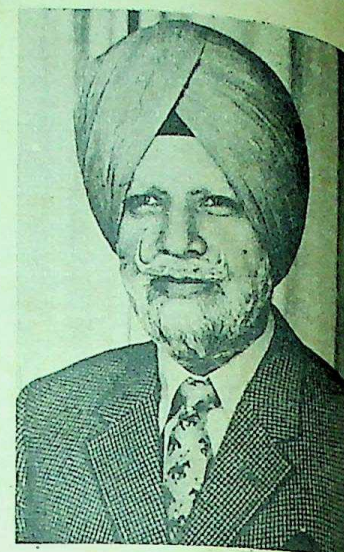
SWARAN SINGH. Ex-President of the Congress. Formerly Minister for Defence and Foreign Affairs in Mrs Gandhi's Cabinet.



GURDIAL SINGH DHILLON. Former Speaker of the Lok Sabha. Has served as Minister for Transport and Shipping.



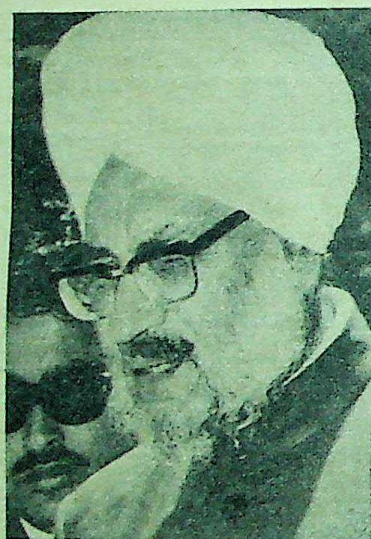
SURJIT SINGH BARNALA. Till recently Union Minister for Agriculture. Was a Minister in the Punjab Government.



HARCHARAN SINGH BRAR. Governor of Haryana. Formerly Minister for Irrigation and Power in Punjab.



I. K. GUJRAL. Former I & B Minister. Now Ambassador in Moscow. His brother Satish is a noted artist.



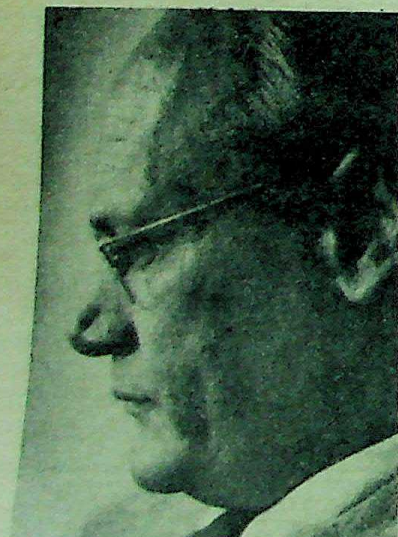
TARLOK SINGH. Noted economist. Resettled refugees after Partition. Associated with the Planning Commission.



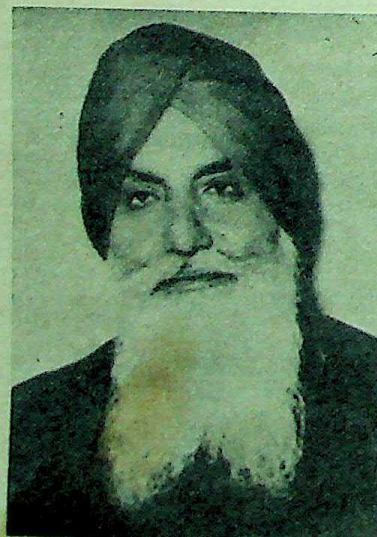
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GENERAL MOHAN SINGH. Founder of the Indian National Army and later a Member of Parliament.



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GURCHARAN SINGH TOHRA. President of Shiromani Gurdwara Prabandhak Committee and former MP.



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A T

Three generations are involved in the publication of a group of newspapers from Samachar, an copies ABC), Hindi daily (1, and Jagbani, (15,000 copies Jagat Narain in the saddle, mesh Chander who have, res and manager and Romesh Ch wani Minna, training.

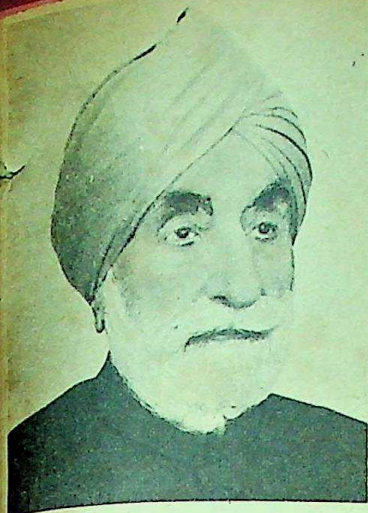
In pre-independence family lived Lala Jagat Narain in the press. He freedom move total of seven was elected a Punjab Vidhan Sabha (1962) and a member (1964-19

Almost from founded, 1948. Lala Jagat Narain assumed an "Opposition" Jagat Narain gressman, but by and see

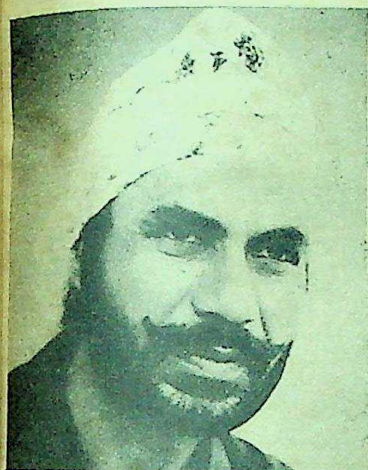
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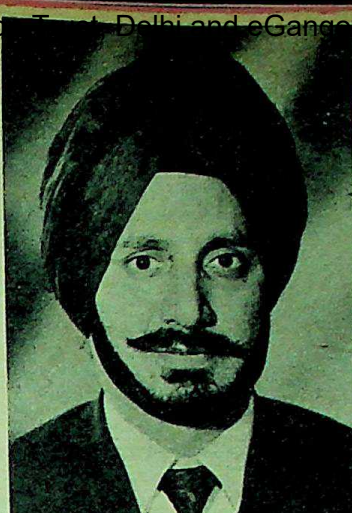


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A Tractor Saves A Newspaper

Three generations of a family are involved in the publication of a group of influential newspapers from Jullundur—*Hind Samachar*, an Urdu daily (65,000 copies ABC), *Punjab Kesari*, a Hindi daily (1,30,000 copies ABC) and *Jagbani*, a Punjabi daily (15,000 copies). They are Lala Jagat Narain who, at 80, is still in the saddle, his two sons, Romesh Chander and Vijay Kumar, who have, respectively, editorial and managerial responsibilities; and Romesh Chander's son, Ashwani Minna, who is now under training.

In pre-independence India, the family lived in Lahore where Lala Jagat Narain owned a printing press. He plunged into the freedom movement and served a total of seven years in prison. He was elected a member of the Punjab Vidhan Sabha (1952-1962) and a member of Parliament (1964-1970).

Almost from the time it was founded, 1948, the *Hind Samachar* assumed the character of an "Opposition" paper. Lala Jagat Narain was a staunch Congressman, but he could not stand by and see injustice done and

promises left unfulfilled. Among the first causes he espoused was the plight of the refugees; later the paper highlighted corruption, nepotism and misuse of power by politicians. Lala Jagat Narain had to pay the price for his independent views—he left the Congress in 1957.

Opposition

In 1965, *Punjab Kesari* was started and soon became very popular in Punjab, Haryana, Himachal Pradesh and Jammu and Kashmir. In 1978, *Jagbani* was launched.

Because of their critical stance, the *Hind Samachar* group of papers has always been an irritant to the Government of the day. Often their advertisements were withheld and their copies proscribed in Government offices, schools and libraries. Even before the Emergency, in July-August 1974, the Punjab State Government, through its State Electricity Board, cut off electricity to the plant on the pretext that it was consuming more than its allotted share.

Plans were made to instal a generator but the family

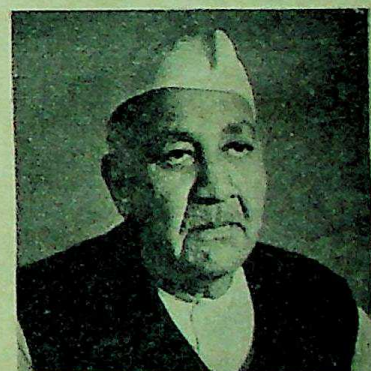
was tipped off that officials were waiting to pounce should the generator be used without official sanction which was not likely to be forthcoming anyway. Finally, a tractor was hooked to the main press and its pulley used to run the machine for ten days until the Punjab State Electricity Board "by mistake" passed an application slipped in among many similar applications being made at that time to instal a generator.

The papers thus continued to be published with the help of this generator until January 1977 when the Emergency was lifted.

Criminal Cases

During this difficult period, in an additional bid to control the newspapers and its editor, criminal cases for "theft of electricity"—which were stayed—were filed against the entire family.

When the Emergency was imposed, Lala Jagat Narain went once more to jail, this time under MISA. He was 78 at that time and underwent three major operations during his imprisonment.



LALA JAGAT NARAIN

This group of papers lost about Rs 2,00,000 annually in advertisement revenue between 1971 and 1977. But increased circulation and private commercial advertising partly compensated.

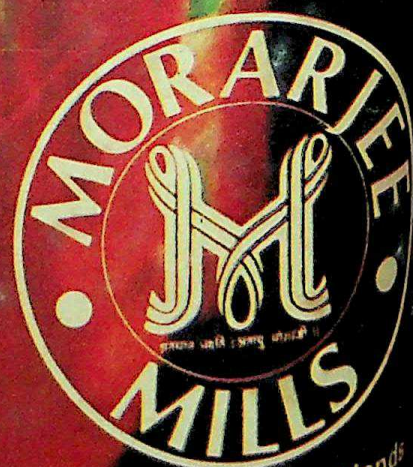
Even after the Emergency was lifted, the travails of these newspapers did not end. After curbs on the Indian Press were lifted in 1977, the Jammu and Kashmir Government, headed by Sheikh Abdullah, banned the entry of *Hind Samachar* and *Punjab Kesari* into the State under a Customs Act of Princely times.

The Sheikh did not relish the critical articles of the newspapers during the State elections. The company moved the Supreme Court and the ban was lifted.

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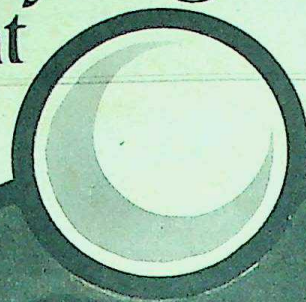
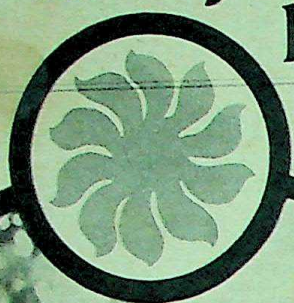
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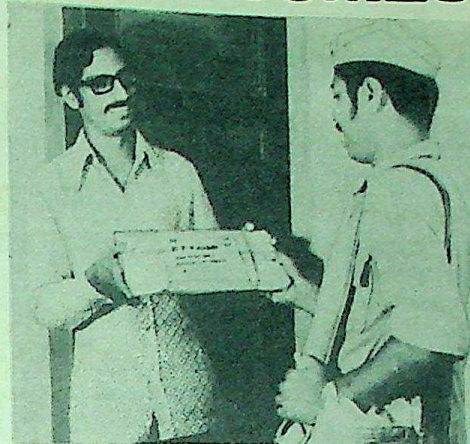


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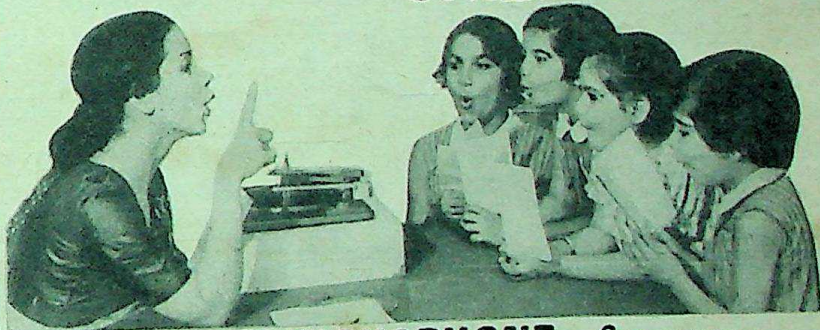
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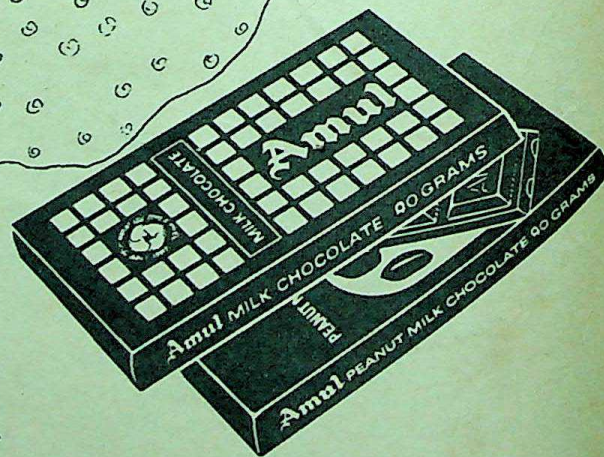
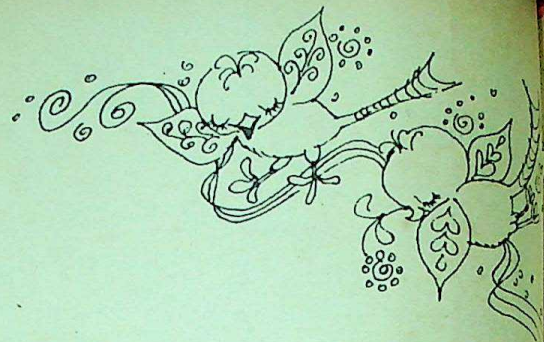
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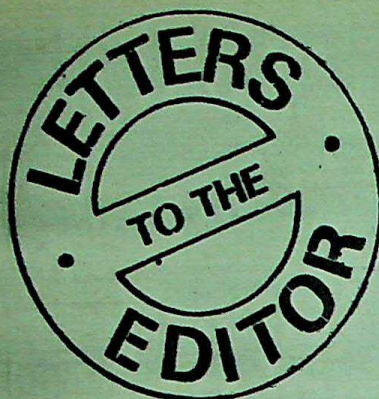
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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA, OCTOBER 21, 1979

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Of Snakes And Sick Men

Sir—While much of what you say ("A Generation of Vipers", September 9) is factually true, I do feel that you have over-reacted to the situation.

Speaking for my own party and myself, I wonder what it was that you really expected us to do? By the time Parliament reassembled in July it had become abundantly clear that the Janata Party had lost the capacity to govern the country. When due to Devaraj Urs's revolt in the Indira Congress we became the main Opposition party, it was surely our duty to move a no-confidence motion against the Government. When this acted unexpectedly as the catalytic agent for the long-simmering break-up of the Janata Party, would you have wanted us to sit back without attempting to forge a viable alternative?

It is true that the new government was formed after the Congress (I) had written to the President supporting Chaudhary Charan Singh. This factor had caused many of us deep concern and you will recall that T. A. Pai and I specifically wrote to Y. B. Chavan in this regard, expressing our apprehensions about a possible deal with the Indira Congress. Our letter became the occasion for a clarification of the anti-authoritarian stand both by Mr Chavan and Chaudhary Charan Singh.

As it turned out, Chaudhary Charan Singh's refusal to accept the conditions put forward by the Indira Congress led to her withdrawing support at the last minute. Therefore, in view of the unprecedented constitutional impasse, the President decided—in our view rightly—to dissolve the Lok Sabha.

In this whole picture, I do not see how you can fairly accuse our party of any wrong-doing. Indeed, had we not come forward to accept responsibility at that critical juncture, it may have become impossible for any government to have been formed at all and the whole constitutional

mechanism may have broken down. Without the Indian National Congress joining, no government could in fact have been formed, as the Janata (S) represented only half a dozen States in North India and had less than a hundred members in the Lok Sabha.

In the course of last year, you have on several occasions mentioned your appreciation of the stand I took against authoritarianism. I can assure you that, far from there being any deviation from this stand, our approach, both in Delhi and Bangalore, made it very clear that we look upon the return of the Congress (I) to power as a grave danger to the future of democracy. I do feel, therefore, that your reference to us in your article was somewhat uncharitable.

As for ministerial office, you must believe me when I say that, having been in public office for almost my entire adult life, a ministership *per se* holds hardly any attraction for me. The day I feel I have nothing further to contribute to the national good, I will happily quit, not only a ministership, but politics itself.

New Delhi KARAN SINGH

Sir—We, the vipers of India, do hereby wish to bring to your attention the grave insult heaped on us. We would like to know what harm we have ever done to you for you to insult us by associating our good name with the scum of India, the politicians. It is true we use our fangs for self-defence and also for food, but never for power. We demand an unconditional apology from you.

(sd) THE HEAD FANG
Manambur

Sir—With this article you have proved that you can hold the readership better than anyone else.

Ankleshwar MADHU JOSHI

Sir—The views expressed in "Sick Men All" are in bad taste. With this letter, I stop subscribing to the WEEKLY without waiting or caring.

Jullundur Mrs SATYA

Sir—It is heartening to see the WEEKLY for once include the Gandhi clan in the list of undesirables. To hear people speak of the Emergency with nostalgia is sickening. The Walt Kelly

quotation is terrifyingly apt: "We have met the enemy—and he is us."

Bombay JEHANGIR GAZDAR

Sir—You have done it! I am talking about your editorial, "Sick Men All" (September 9). You have cut our dirty politicians to pieces. Keep it up! I nominate your editorial as the best, the boldest and the most truthful ever written by an Indian (of course, Americanised).

Madras N. MOHAN

Sir—Three cheers for your "Generation of Vipers". It is superb. It has exposed the ugly faces of the Janata's top leaders. You certainly have the moral courage of your conviction.

Mangalore M. KUNHI AHMED

Sir—You should have titled your article, "A Generation of Lepers", instead of "A Generation of Vipers".

VARIANRER KUMAR NASWA
Jullundur Cantt

Sir—In your editorial, "Sick Men All", you have omitted one very important partner: our self-seeking journalists who like always to be on the winning side.

Pune R. MITRA

Sir—Your "Generation of Vipers" is the best on the theme I have read in a long time.

Indore H. L. DUTT

Indira Will Return

Sir—Fatma R. Zakaria's optimism about Indira's return ("The Mid-Term Poll", September 9) seems correct. Most of our people today openly say "Indira's Emergency was a thousand times better than Morarji's democracy!"

Calcutta AKBAR F. DOCTOR

Sir—The article was the best dissection of the electoral scene since the order of the President. However, the author committed one blunder regarding the Marxist strength in different States. Orissa may be adjacent to West Bengal, but the influence of the CPI (M) here is negligible. So the Congress (I) will face stiff opposition from any party/alliance other than the CPI (M).

Conspicuous by its absence is the Sanjay factor. No one can afford to neglect it while analysing the present political situation.

Orissa S. SATPATHY

Sir—The author's analysis is conclusive in that, if the elections prove indecisive, the very foundation of our Republic may be rudely shaken and the 'eighties may prove to be one of the

most trying periods in the nation's history. Indications are that no one party will independently have an absolute majority. Besides, no party in the field is authoritarian, the others are communal and sectarian. These traits will surface once a party comes to power. In the absence of a clear majority of any one party the Government will be a hotchpotch of alliances which will taste well.

Junagadh Dr. P. C. MANAVATH

Sir—Fatma R. Zakaria's article is propaganda-destined. Yet I am at one with her on the point that, in the forthcoming election the Harijan and the Muslim will hold the balance. For the Muslim, the Cong (I) would be the choice and, no doubt, it would be Hobson's choice.

Allahabad MUAAZZAM ATHAR

Sir—In her article, the author writes about the impact of Mr Charan Singh's Independence Day speech on the Muslims. It is really an alarming line of thinking on the part of the Muslims, if true. I do not find anything wrong in his speech. After all, as the PM, he is wedded to the cause of the nation and not to a particular community. It is time we decided the issue of dual loyalty once and for all.

Hazaribagh ANIL SINHA

Sir—Only two forces have an all-India base—one is the Congress (I), the other is the RSS. There will be a tug-of-war between the two and the others will have to choose in between.

Bombay V. P. KALIA

Sir—Corruption is an integral part of our life. If the family members of Morarji Desai or Charan Singh indulge in corrupt practices, they are not criminals. But, if Mrs Gandhi uses an excessive dose of discipline, it is an excess and a plan to build a Nehru empire. I will now, and for ever, vote for her as I want manliness in politics.

Pune U. S. IYER

Sir—Since Independence everyone in power has misused the office and their corruption and misdeeds have become infamous. Today the public no longer cares about political leadership. They are just interested in leading a healthy, disciplined life.

Jamshedpur BHUPEN BOSE

Sir—I whole-heartedly congratulate Fatma R. Zakaria on her brilliant and thought-provoking

VOL C 29 SUNDAY OCTOBER 21, 1979 ESTD 1880

The Illustrated Weekly of India

Regd No MH By South-25. Registered as Newspaper in Sri Lanka

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Do We Have A National Purpose?

Are class interests in India too divisive to allow for common goals? By Ashok Mitra, M. N. Srinivas, C. Subramaniam, J. R. D. Tata and Nikhil Chakravarty. Cover designed by Ramesh Sanzgiri. Photograph by Jitendra Arya.

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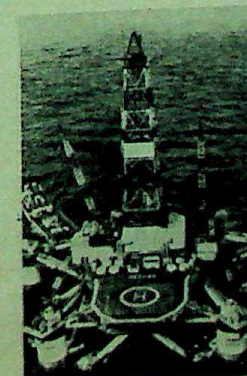
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Next Week



EXCLUSIVE:

INDIRA GANDHI AND HER POWER GAME: Beginning a new serial by Janardan Thakur, author of "All The Prime Minister's Men." It provides a fascinating and shocking glimpse of the men and events involved in India's post-Emergency history, beginning with Indira Gandhi's arrest in 1977 and ending with the revolt of Karnataka CM Devaraj Urs.

THE WORLD ENERGY CRUNCH: The world is facing a major energy crisis. How are the rich industrial nations of the world going to face it? M. V. Kamath analyses.

OIL: CAN INDIA MEET THE CHALLENGE? Five years ago, our oil experts predicted that we would be "self-sufficient" by 1980. Today we seem to be as far away from that dream. Why have we come to such a pass? By Benedict Costa.

DROUGHT, A RECURRING DISASTER: The spectre of scarcity once more haunts more than six densely populated States. By Gita Narayanan.

DO WE HAVE A NATIONAL PURPOSE?: P. N. Haksar continues the debate.

article. Mrs Gandhi will definitely return to power if the election is free and fair. She has the courage and the capacity as well as the capability to meet any eventuality.

Patna KHURSHED AHMAD

Sir—The issue at stake is not so much whether Mrs Gandhi will return to power as whether Indira, after returning, will undemocratically cling on to power, finally handing over the "legacy" to her son and heir, Sanjay.

Jabalpur

AJIT HIVALE

Sir—No doubt Mrs Gandhi has her Emergency sins, but what about the other contenders: Jagjivan Ram, who introduced the Emergency resolution in our "silent" Parliament in 1975 and has not clarified the Suresh episode; Charan Singh who set the defection ball rolling and is ready to make a pact with the devil in order to fulfil his ambitions? Mrs Gandhi is miles ahead of these men of straw and will win the December poll hands down.

Calcutta

JAHAR DAS

KARTIK CHANDRA DAS

Sir—Indira has an edge; Jagjivan will thrive on the sympathy of Harijans and because he was denied the Prime Ministership by the President; Charan will run on Jats or kisans; but when is India ever going to have a young and dynamic leadership?

New Delhi

K. S. RAMAN

Sir—The author has obliquely predicted that Mrs Gandhi might come back to power in the next election. That is precisely what is being felt, not only among the elite, but also among the masses. People have begun to believe only Mrs Gandhi can save the nation now.

Aurangabad SHAIKH SHAKEEL

The
Illustrated
Weekly
of India

wishes
its readers

A Happy
Diwali

Do We Have A National Purpose?

Do 650 million Indians have any interests in common? Or are the class conflicts in our society so divisive that there can be no goals which are truly "national"? When stability conflicts with equality and the eradication of poverty with a rising GNP, what should we strive after? Leaders of public opinion in various fields—politics, sociology, industry, administration and education—debate the issue.

Beginning the debate is the Marxist Finance Minister of West Bengal.

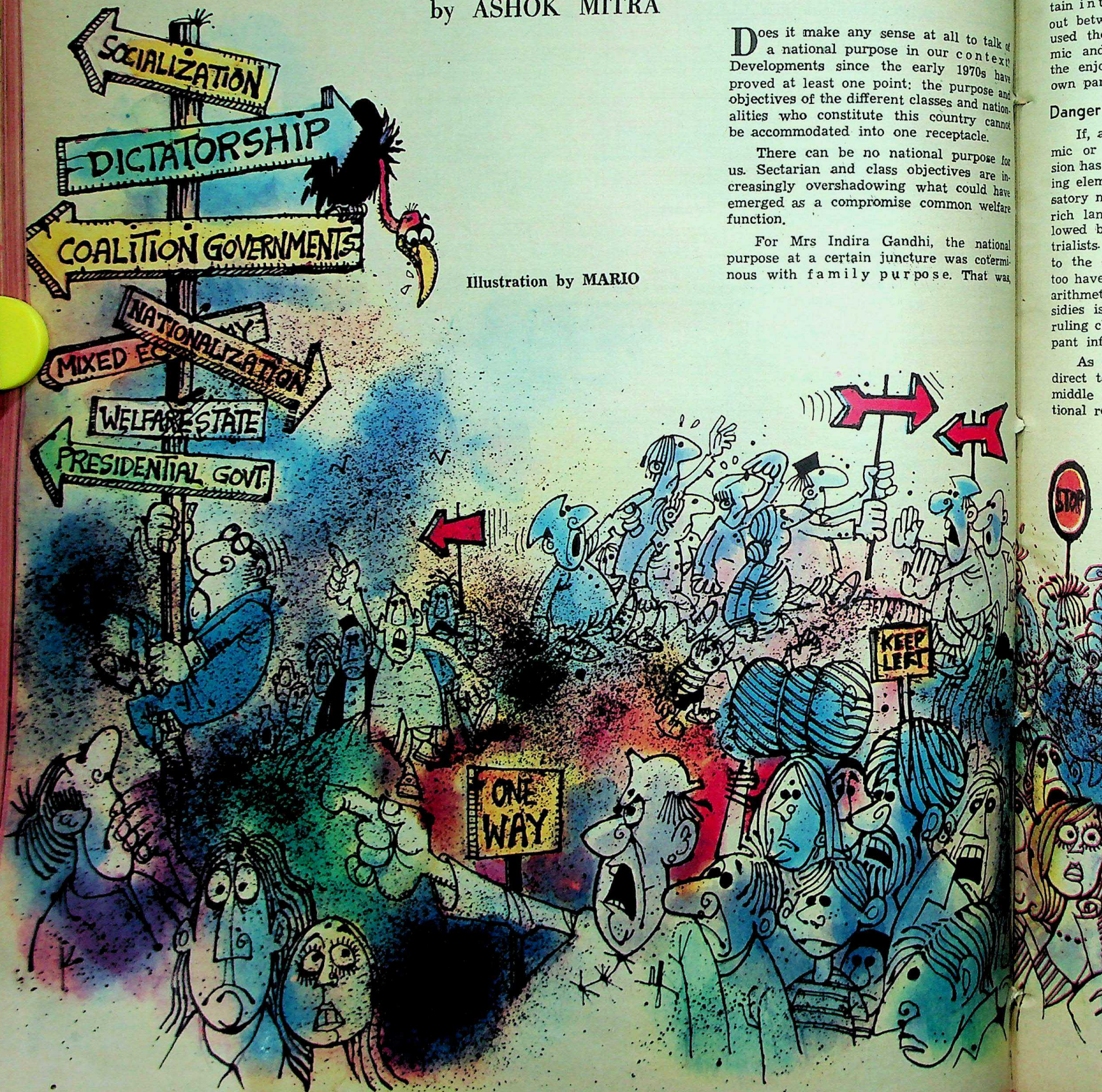
by ASHOK MITRA

Illustration by MARIO

Does it make any sense at all to talk of a national purpose in our context? Developments since the early 1970s have proved at least one point: the purpose and objectives of the different classes and nationalities who constitute this country cannot be accommodated into one receptacle.

There can be no national purpose for us. Sectarian and class objectives are increasingly overshadowing what could have emerged as a compromise common welfare function.

For Mrs Indira Gandhi, the national purpose at a certain juncture was coterminous with family purpose. That was



however, only an extension of what had already become established as a trend: the ruling classes in this country were the least interested in general economic and social development encompassing the entire population—their sole concern was to further their class aspirations.

Since 1947, authority at the Centre—and this has been the only focal point of power worth talking about till now—has been concentrated in the hands of representatives of the industrial bourgeoisie and the rural landlord-rich peasant elements. Certain internal arrangements were worked out between these groups and they have used the administrative, legislative, economic and financial powers which go with the enjoyment of authority to serve their own particular interests.

Danger of Inflation

If, at a given moment, a certain economic or administrative or legislative decision has been intended to help, say, the trading elements, at the next instant a compensatory measure has been taken to make the rich landlords feel equally contented, followed by a similar gesture for the industrialists. Tax concessions have been offered to the rich and, simultaneously, subsidies too have been offered to the same rich. The arithmetic of lowering taxes and raising subsidies is a difficult one to match, but the ruling classes have found a solution in rampant inflation.

As long as you are able to impose indirect taxes on the poor and fixed-income middle classes, you can raise enough additional resources to subsidise the rich. That,

however, raises prices and thereby stokes the fires of inflation. In case ways and means for subsidies are found through floating new Treasury Bills and thus forcing the Reserve Bank of India to print additional currency, again there is inflation. The banking system has also been employed to arrange generous loans on the easiest of terms for industrialists, traders, the landed gentry and the rich peasantry—this has further contributed to the inflation.

In those years when the rainfall was good and the crops were relatively plentiful, prices were somehow kept on leash; in other years, the greed of the rich, who hold the reins of political power, has shown up in runaway price increases. But never mind the inflation; rather, welcome it, for it helped the class brethren—the rich farmers, traders and manufacturers—to garner even more income and property.

The Indira Gandhi Model

This was the Indira Gandhi model of the early 1970s. It, however, broke down, because the working classes would not accept the continuous erosion in their living standards for the sake of enriching further the microscopic minority at the top. There were symptoms of widespread revolt—organised as well as not so organised—to combat which Mrs Gandhi opted for an authoritarian solution. That interregnum did not fortunately last long, thanks to the courage displayed by the common people who constitute the real heartbeat of India.

The alternative combination of oligarchs put together by the Janata Party—an incarnation of the original coalition between the

urban and the rural bourgeoisie—was soon beset by internal conflicts. What was intended as a duopoly was in no time transformed into a bilateral monopoly. But the underlying conditions for its survival were not properly settled: which group will gain how much within what span of time became the sore issue. Perhaps during the first phase, since a relatively sympathetic Finance Minister was *in situ*, industrialists and traders were able to call the shots oftener than the rest.

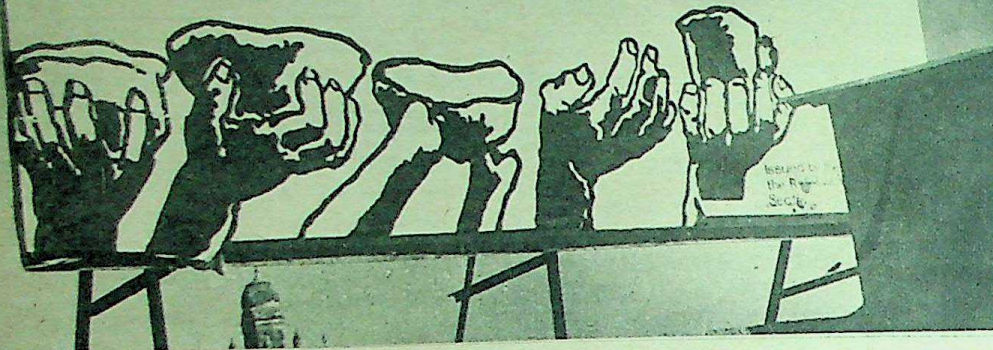
The position was altered once Chaudhury Charan Singh had himself inducted as Finance Minister earlier this year. His Budget presented last February would remain an important historical milestone: it was an unabashed exercise in advancing the material interests of the rural rich at the expense mostly of the poor and fixed-income groups and, partly, at the expense of the urban bourgeoisie. The hypocrisy displayed by the ruling classes is, however, of the predictable genre: to each and all amongst them the class purpose is the national purpose.

The coming Lok Sabha elections are unlikely to put an end to this hypocrisy. Such a denouement can come about only if the overwhelming majority of this nation—



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WILL THEY TURN FROM ASKING TO TAKING ONE DAY? "Once power has been seized by the representatives of the toiling masses", the administration can be redirected towards more egalitarian goals.

millions and millions of the hitherto exploited in town and village—are able to assert their own political prerogative at the appropriate locations.

If one wants to talk of a national purpose, it ought to be the one which motivates and propels this majority. The articulation of this purpose, though, will be dependent upon the level of their consciousness. If the consciousness lags behind, the articulation too would be somewhat inchoate. Still that should not prevent us from imputing a national purpose. For instance, once power has been seized by the representatives of the toiling masses, the

objective will be to redirect the instruments of administration in a manner that would enable the release of the potential productive impulses of the economy.

The agenda for action should naturally include universal primary education within, say, a five-year period—a goal Mrs Gandhi, for transparent class reasons, abhors—universal health service, particularly in the rural areas, and raising the rate of domestic savings, which is currently not possible because, the inflationary milieu apart, the potential for savings is being frittered away through indiscriminate subsidies to the rich.

Where Are We Heading ?

by M. N. Srinivas

"A good dose of old-fashioned patriotism is badly needed, however bourgeois it may sound." The author is among India's leading sociologists.

In discussing the development of India since 1947, the crucial question is not whether there has been development but whether the kind of development that has taken place is of the right kind. Perhaps even this is not quite an accurate way of posing the question.

The big rivers of India had to be dammed for irrigation, power and flood control, and basic industries like steel, chemicals and fertilisers, machine tools, engineering, electronics and defence-oriented units had to be set up as fast as possible. A huge and potentially rich country like India has no alternative but to be self-reliant in industries vital to her survival.

This also meant the creation of a chain of sophisticated laboratories and a large army of scientists, technologists, engineers

and other personnel to man the laboratories and the industries.

On the political front, the princely States were an anomaly which had to be removed and this was done expeditiously and with the minimum use of force. On the side of social defence, the policy of reservations for the Scheduled Castes and Tribes and quotas for the really backward castes were also necessary. All this was accomplished within a democratic framework except during the Emergency—but the latter itself does not make sense except as the culmination of the steady erosion of democratic values and procedures during the preceding years.

Our Failures

What is really significant is that such erosion took place under the banner of radical programmes and with the enthusiastic advice of self-styled "radical" and "committed" officials and intellectuals. This is still continuing.

Let me now turn to our failures. Rural areas and agriculture failed to receive

Another element of the national goal will be the introduction of a universal public distribution system which will provide all basic commodities and essential articles of consumption at the same price all over the country. The national objective should embrace the dream of a new cultural environment which would make it difficult as much for the perpetrators of monstrosities (such as the Maruti) as for reactionary obscurantists to pretend that foul is fair and fair is foul.

Such then ought to be the ingredients of a true national purpose, the end-point of which is a social system where opportunities are evenly divided and, they being at the source of all opportunities, most assets are publicly owned. To bring all this about would, however, imply a total purification of the national scene, either through the establishment of a clear majority for the Left forces in Parliament, or through a thoroughgoing social revolution.

Although there is no question that the Left will register significant advances in the forthcoming elections, a clear majority for them is to be ruled out for the present, just as one has to rule out the immediate prospects of a cathartic revolution. So the vulgar phase in the Indian polity will continue for some more time. But, perhaps, even this vulgarity is serving, albeit indirectly, a national purpose.

The democratic-minded people of this great land are drawing the correct lessons from the orgy of obscenity that has been let loose. Once their organising talent catches up with their objective assessment of the situation, a social convulsion will become inevitable. The national purpose, if it is to be so defined, is to strive for the quickest maturing of the preconditions of that convulsion.

enough attention and, what is worse, the nature and the gravity of India's rural problems were not understood till the 1970s. It took our ruling elite an unconscionably long time indeed to realise that national self-sufficiency in food had to be reached as soon as possible for internal stability and for ensuring our autonomy as a nation.

The gravity of the food problem was probably disguised by dependence on PL 480 imports from the USA. As important, ideological considerations prevented our politicians, bureaucrats and intellectuals from realising the true nature of the increasing threat from rapid population growth.

Against Family Planning

The Gandhians and other obscurantists were against any kind of family planning while, until the 1960s, the Marxists were opposed to family planning because they were convinced that it was one more device of the wicked imperialists to keep down the population of the oppressed non-white millions. And, when at last the menacing nature of the problem could not be disguised, the

solutions propounded were purely in technological terms failing to take note of cultural and economic forces that lay underneath the lack of motivation for the poor to plan their families.

Land reforms were not implemented seriously for several reasons. They were a State subject and the landed high castes were strongly represented in State Legislatures and in the bureaucracy. They fought a rearguard action against land reforms implementation while the political parties, except for the Communists, lacked local cadres to implement them. (Karnataka is an exception to the rule and the personality of Devaraj Urs is only one of the factors behind the implementation of radical reforms.)

The dominant landed castes are powerful in most parts of the country, particularly so in the irrigated areas, and they benefited, as a class, from every measure intended to carry development to the rural areas. Whether it was the Ensminger-inspired community development programme, attempts at improving agricultural yields, panchayati raj or the cooperative movement, the leaders of the dominant castes proved to be the main beneficiaries.

Crops such as sugarcane, groundnuts, wheat and tobacco proved to be very profitable and, soon, rich farmers' lobbies emerged as a force in the country. Special programmes were devised in the 1970s for small and marginal farmers and landless labourers in order to meet the criticism that the "green revolution", whose occurrence was denied at first by the radicals, had exacerbated existing inequalities.

How To 'Wipe Out Mass Poverty

The realisation has come at last that, if development has to have any meaning for the people, mass poverty has to be wiped out, but very few are clear about how to do this, though that did not prevent the instant abolition of poverty (*garibi hatao*) becoming a vote-catching slogan for Mrs Gandhi in 1971.

Populism apart, the way out of mass poverty will be a long and hard one and it will call for intelligence, honesty and sustained hard work on the part of politicians, planners, officials and the people. (A tall order given the present political situation.) Planning has to be undertaken to improve the conditions of the rural poor and this cannot be done without micro-planning and real involvement of the rural poor. Local bodies should have both power and resources; and institutions must be devised to make certain that the landless, women and the Scheduled Castes participate in decision-making.

This calls for real devolution, for transfer of power all along the line, and not just for the Centre and States to share the available power and resources between them. Indeed, devolution must be our guiding philosophy, whether it be in planning and economic development or in education, law and political parties.

Though there has been much rhetoric on devolution since independence, politicians at the State and Central levels and the bureaucrats have been afraid to transfer

power to the people. It is high time that this fear was overcome and that power and resources were given to the people and they were held accountable for fulfilling the targets they set themselves.

One of the most corrosive aspects of our public life has been an ever-increasing dependence on the Government for everything and a corresponding sense of helplessness in the people. And this in Gandhi's (M.K.) country! Steps must be taken to reverse this trend. Development programmes involving self-employment must be encouraged as also voluntary agencies. The vicious system of licences and permits from the Government for starting any and every activity must be thrown out of the country as it benefits only corrupt politicians, officials and influence-peddlars from the village touts to the big sharks in Delhi.

Menace of Corruption

That brings me to the menace of corruption in our public life. Its scale and pervasiveness are frightening. Elections are a protean source of corruption in our life and this has to be stopped. In both West Germany and Sweden, the Government pays

the election expenses of candidates and the manner in which each of these countries does this needs to be studied and adapted to our conditions.

There is also the need to remove restrictions and controls as they are again a potent source of corruption. The Government is entering too many areas of economic activity and setting up corporations at the drop of a hat. An entire class of highly paid people living ostentatiously at public expense while mouthing socialist slogans has emerged, adding to the nauseousness of public life.

Finally, there is a desperate need to revive faith in the country. Indian intellectuals are full of praise for America, Russia and China, but they do not have a good word for India. Indian parents proudly tell you that their offspring are doing very well in Ohio, Ottawa or Oxford and that they have advised them not to return. "After all, what is there in India?"

A good dose of old-fashioned patriotism is badly needed, however bourgeois it may sound. This country has a great future—if only it gets the right kind of leadership.



THE LIST OF "OUR FAILURES" begins with agriculture. "The nature and gravity of India's rural problems were not understood till the 1970s," says the author. Below: Strikes and industrial unrest reflect a growing loss of faith in the present system.



A System Under Trial

by C. Subramaniam

Has parliamentary democracy lost its relevance? The author examines our political system in the light of our experience during the past three decades and calls for a national debate on the issue.

The midnight transfer of power to Indian hands on August 15, 1947, marked the end of India's struggle for freedom and terminated two centuries of British rule in India. It also marked the beginning of a new era and a new struggle, the struggle to function effectively as an independent India and ensure to the millions of its people a new hope and a new life based upon the ideals of justice, liberty, equality and fraternity.

The Constituent Assembly undertook the great task of framing a constitution providing the political, economic, social and legal instruments to fulfil the realisation of these ideals.

On January 26, 1950, the Constituent Assembly presented the Constitution to the nation, proclaiming to the world the birth of a new Republic, representing the long-standing aspirations of the Indian people, aspirations crystallised through a century of the struggle for freedom.

Not Plagiarism

Many of the provisions of the Constitution have been adopted almost verbatim from the Government of India Act 1935. Dr Ambedkar, the Chairman of the Drafting Committee, defending this said: "As to the accusation that the draft Constitution has reproduced a good part of the provisions of the Government of India Act 1935, I make no apologies. There is nothing to be ashamed of in borrowing. It involves no plagiarism. Nobody holds any patent rights for the fundamental ideas of a constitution."

Parliamentary democracy with the cabinet system of Government was adopted with a President as the constitutional head at the Centre and a Governor in a similar position for the States. Adult franchise was adopted for elections to the Lok Sabha and the State Assemblies. Single-member constituencies with the one-man one-vote system, with a certain number of constituencies reserved for the Scheduled Castes and Tribes: this was the electoral system prescribed for the country. The Constitution provides for an independent Election Commission to ensure fair and free polls.

In a parliamentary democracy the key institutions which set the pattern and pace of development in a society are Parliament and the Cabinet which is responsible to Parliament. The future of the country depends upon the successful functioning of these institutions. So let us examine closely the working of Parliament at the Centre and the Assemblies in the States.

Members of Parliament and Assemblies are elected on the basis of adult franchise



"Everything is fair in elections and party politics," says the author, Union Minister for Defence.

and the system of one vote for one individual in single-number constituencies. I have had the privilege and experience of participating in all the general elections—in 1952 and 1957 for the State Assembly, and on other occasions to Parliament.

One disturbing feature of this electoral process is the role of money power, which has continued to play an increasingly dominant part. No doubt money alone cannot win an election but it is a reality that without money nobody can contest an election.

Corrupting Influence

Writing about the corrupting influence of money, long before the elections had become as costly as now, Rajaji in his own inimitable way gave a picture of the distressing state of our electoral system. "The culture of democracy with adult franchise and direct elections has been adopted wholesale without due regard to the size of our population, our vast areas of space and the state of national enlightenment. Ambitious politicians find themselves at the mercy of parties; and parties are at the mercy of financiers."

"A party in power has a certain advantage in the matter of collection of party funds, specially if the nation has allowed the government to exercise powers of nationalisation and stiff regulation of all trade and industry. Other parties have to shift for themselves. The poor man has no chance to place his political talents at the disposal of the community."

"This is a sad corollary of our attachment to Western democracy. But we cannot

write back. Whatever changes we might have to make in the interest of progress and welfare must be made in the same direction as we have let ourselves proceed so far. The processes we have adopted for establishing free and representative government have resulted in power to those who possess financial resources, be it individuals or parties."

"A sense of oppression, the opposite of freedom, has paradoxically seized men as a result of the flaw in the application of the mechanics of democracy. It has demonstrated the truth that what is meat for one country may be poison for another country."

"The remedy lies in changing the mechanics. The expensiveness of elections is what stands in the way of what may be called free enterprise in politics. If we desire freedom to replace authoritarian dictatorship in the field of political ambitions, we desire to release merit from the entanglement of party funds, we should examine how we can make elections much less expensive than they now are."

One of the remedies Rajaji suggested was a ban on corporate contributions to party funds. That ban had been imposed with what results? The contributions from corporations have not stopped—today political parties and politicians get the money from unaccounted sources, i.e. black money. As a result they have developed a vested interest in black money. Black money and corruption are the two sides of the same coin. In such a state of affairs how could we expect the elimination of black money and corruption from our political, administrative and economic system?

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The quality of work of any Parliament depends on the quality of its members, particularly the ordinary members. There is no special qualification prescribed in India for a member to get elected. Speaking about this aspect, President Rajendra Prasad in his concluding address to the Constituent Assembly stated: "I would have liked to have some qualifications laid down for members of the legislatures. It is anomalous that we should insist upon high qualifications for those who administer or help in administering the law but none for those who make it except that they are elected."

"A lawgiver requires intellectual equipment but even more than that the capacity to take a balanced view of things, to act independently and above all to be true to those fundamental things of life, to have character. It is not possible to devise any yardstick for measuring the moral qualities of a man and, so long as that is not possible, our Constitution will remain defective."

Rajen Babu's words are prophetic. We find a continuing deterioration in the quality of the members elected to Parliament and Assemblies from election to election.

Hypocrisy

Electioneering methods also are becoming unhealthy, setting in motion undesirable trends in society. Everything is fair in elections and party politics. Abuse of the adversary dominates election speeches. Promises are freely made to the electorate knowing fully well that they would not be honoured. Election propaganda is supposed to educate the electorate but such is rarely the case.

We profess faith in a casteless society. In elections, caste has come to play a dominant role. The candidates are selected by political parties taking into account the caste structure of the constituency and this factor gets emphasised in seeking votes for the candidate.

All these factors are getting reflected in the functioning of Parliament and Assemblies. The quality of debate even in Parliament has considerably deteriorated. Except during the Question Hour or some exciting

occasions the attendance in the House is extremely poor. Sometimes important bills get passed even without the quorum being present.

The role of the Opposition is invariably negative. It is interested in sniping at the Government and bringing it to discredit. The Opposition develops a vested interest in the failure of the Government even though it might hurt the national interest. Nowadays, we very often hear about total opposition to the Government without taking into account the merits or demerits of the matter at issue.

Disorderly scenes are becoming the order of the day in Parliament and more so in the State Assemblies. Discipline is very rarely maintained and this perhaps sets the tone in other sectors of national activity like educational institutions and industrial establishments.

Ability of Ministers

The Cabinet system has also come under great strain. With our problems becoming more and more complex and difficult, could we honestly say ministers in the various Cabinets have the competence and ability to deal with the problems and provide the needed leadership in their respective ministries? Even as no qualification is required to get elected, no qualification is needed to become a minister. Various other considerations apart from merit influence the choice of ministers.

In the absence of dominant leadership and lack of solidarity and discipline in party politics, the head of the government has to divert his attention and energy to keep himself in the saddle.

In our system today, everything is controlled except the political parties and their functioning. Very many parties have no constitution as such. No proper accounts are maintained and the parties are accountable to none. Politics has become a business without investment. In this state of affairs it is not surprising to see a mushroom growth of political parties. This multiplicity itself creates great strains in the functioning of parliamentary institutions.

While tall promises are made during elections, people find very little of these

being kept. On the other hand, people get disillusioned and find they have been made a pawn in the game of political parties and politicians to get into power. The credibility of the very system is declining.

The Indian political system is under trial. Single-party rule at the Centre and in the States, which was maintained for about three decades, has gradually changed. In different States there are different parties. At the Centre also, a few political parties with different ideologies have got together to form a single party and assume power. But, as expected, that party disintegrated and an era of instability has been created at the Centre also.

Alternatives Needed

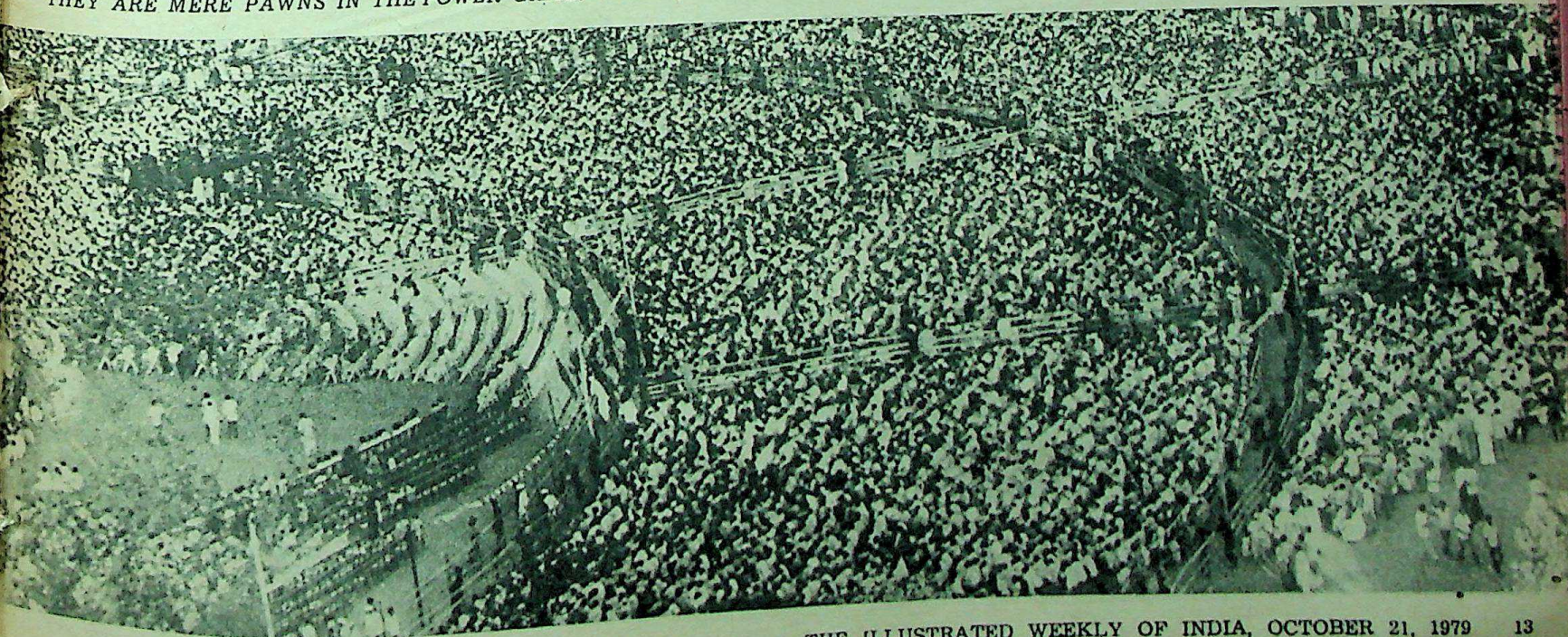
The nation is facing a poll to elect a new Lok Sabha. There is an apprehension that the existing system may further lose its credibility and stability. There is also the anxiety that the whole system may collapse if the present trend continues. It has been suggested that the major reason for this is the unsuitability of the existing system and structure.

So far, the existing system was taken for granted and its weaknesses tolerated. However, the impact of its inherent weaknesses are destabilising the system itself. Therefore, it is high time that a review was made of the existing model, i.e. parliamentary democracy, the cabinet system run by politicians, the bureaucracy, system of area-based constituencies, the election of individuals based on a single vote, etc.

There is a need to review the current concepts and the existing system. We will have to examine the weaknesses of the existing system and discover alternatives. As public participation is essential for acceptance of any new concept or model, there should be a national debate out of which we can hopefully expect a national consensus to emerge.

Apart from a national debate, is it not high time for the wise men of India, with spiritual eminence and moral authority, to show the way so that the nation can come out of its present morass and moral norms are restored in public life?

THEY ARE MERE PAWNS IN THE POWER GAME: broken promises lead to disillusionment as the credibility of the system declines.



Is Presidential Government The Answer?

by J. R. D. Tata

We asked Mr J. R. D. Tata to participate in our debate on a National Purpose. He wondered whether extracts of a speech he had delivered at the 60th annual general meeting of the Indian Merchants' Chamber, Bombay, on February 20, 1968, would meet our needs. That speech, it would seem, is as relevant today as it was 11 years ago. It is reproduced with the minimum of changes. Surprisingly, it is more relevant today than ever.

While I have always advocated, and still do, that businessmen should not mix business with politics, this does not mean that in their capacity as educated and responsible citizens they should not study political matters and form rational views on them. In fact, in our tightly planned, regulated and controlled economy, no intelligent analysis of economic issues is possible without taking into account the dominating influences of politics.

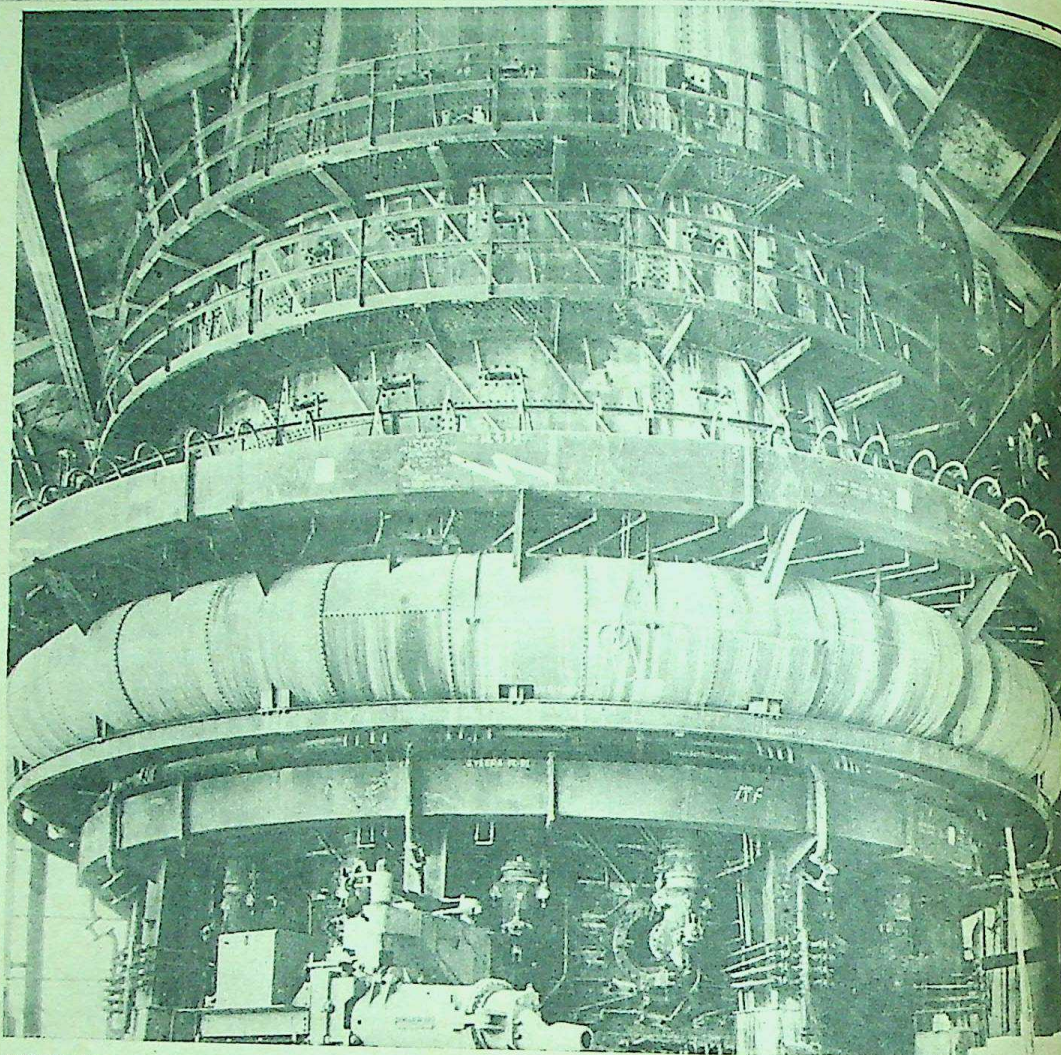
In the last 30 years and more, our Five-Year Plans have been formulated by the Government and passed by Parliament; our economic activity has been controlled by a spate of legislation and executive decisions. All economic power has been centred in Ministers and members of Central and State Legislatures. Today also, more than ever before, every problem is considered and every decision made on political considerations. The domination of politics and politicians on the evolution of our economy has thus been complete and unquestioned.

A Political Anachronism

In no democratic country in the world that I can think of have politically inspired policies and decisions had a greater impact on the economic life of a country than in India. If you add the dominant role of politics in the non-economic spheres of our society, it becomes clear that, unless the political system in force functions effectively, unless there is political stability and the rule of law prevails, all efforts to improve the economic climate must be frustrated.

On the basis of this criterion the proliferation of parties and groups within parties, the scramble for power or for the retention of power, the disintegration of law and order in many parts of the country, the increasing weakness of the Central Government, is there not justification for the view I hold that the political system of government we have adopted is in the process of failing?

On that assumption, the thesis I put before you today is that the British parliamentary system of government which we have enshrined in our Constitution is unsuited to the conditions in our country, to the temperament of our people and to our historical background.



SHOULD THIS BE THE PROVINCE OF THE POLITICIAN OR THE CAPITALIST? "In no democratic country have politically inspired policies and decisions had a greater impact on the economic life of a country than in India," says the author. Picture shows a blast furnace.

Take a look at the broad geographical sweep south of Europe, from the Atlantic in the west to the Pacific in the east, from Morocco up to Japan, and you will find no country except India, Sri Lanka and Malaysia where this system successfully prevails. It is worth noting also that only in countries of considerably greater political maturity and with a much smaller population than ours has the system worked, or is still working, usually in a modified form.

It may be argued that other countries like France, for instance, have in the past been politically unstable for decades and yet survived and progressed, that the present political instability in our country is a passing phase—the growing pains of an infant democracy—that India will survive intact as it has survived thousands of years of even more severe political instability. I fear this is dangerous wishful thinking which ignores the tremendous changes—political, economic and technological—that have taken place here and in the rest of the world, quite apart from the tremendous impact of our population explosion.

I venture to suggest that India is one of the 20th century's major political ana-

chronisms. The parliamentary system, which was evolved over a thousand years of trial and error for the government of a small occidental island, and is predicated on the existence and smooth working of a sophisticated two-party system through a single parliament, is sought to be adapted to administering an Asian subcontinent through the machinery of what is developing into a multi-party system clashing in parliament and in 26 State Legislatures.

The British system has been worked by generations of trained professional politicians and the administration conducted by a large, highly-skilled and disciplined Civil Service. In contrast, because India's parliamentary system is so young, most of our politicians are untrained and inexperienced in the complex management of a modern society, while the responsibility for administering the country is borne by an overworked cadre of senior civil servants whose number is grossly inadequate to effectively cater for the needs of half a billion people.

In addition, the machine has been burdened with the most ambitious economic planning and development programme ever attempted outside Soviet Russia and with

immensely difficult internal affairs. In the 1950s, the strain was borne by the dominant leader, while the machinery maintained a semblance of stability and democracy. Now, the facade is gone, the machine is breaking down.

The process of disillusionment after 20 years of the expenditure of money and effort better off than a great adventure and new ship and new creating a machine which seem to them they continue of 19th century loss of faith and hood and end to withdraw a political regional d

If we accept the elementary form of government is in the position is whether the effects in the sphere of the political. In my view,

Need For Change

If the majority of Indian States legislative minded, as visible as the more advanced have a measure of informed debate and order. What from what I the system the constitution at the Centre ed only from the respective directly responsible to-day conduct affairs.

The process of executive and Government numerous, vast. The great machine not political therefore, the ly by experts, industrial, professionally trained.

Can we build a new machine and untrained disciplines in a vast country, understand, they face a rapidly changing world, we blame the standingly a women to women found respect this new government been main their political

immensely difficult problems of defence, external affairs and finance. Up to the early 60s, the strain on the machine was hidden by the dominating personality of a great leader, while a benevolent one-party autocracy maintained a facade of political stability and democracy in action. With Nehru gone, the facade has begun to crack and the machine is showing increasing signs of breaking down.

The process is being accelerated by the disillusionment of the Indian people, who, after 20 years of planning and controls and the expenditure of enormous amounts of money and energy, find themselves little better off than when they started on their great adventure. The search for new leadership and new political ideas is further creating a multiplicity of parties, most of which seem to be so bankrupt in ideas that they continue to use the slogans and clichés of 19th century socialism. Frustration and loss of faith are rapidly eroding our nationhood and encouraging a tendency for India to withdraw again into mutually antagonistic regional divisions.

If we accept the fact that the parliamentary form of government we have adopted is in the process of failing, the next question is whether this is due to inherent defects in the system itself or to the failings of the politicians charged with operating it. In my view, it is due to both.

Need For Competence

If the majority of the professional politicians of India, elected to the Central and State legislatures, were as mature, as civic-minded, as well informed and as responsible as their counterparts in politically more advanced countries, we would at least have a measure of political stability, a better informed and intellectually higher level of debate and a greater respect for law and order. We would still suffer, however, from what I suggest is the major failure of the system under our conditions, namely, the constitutional requirement that Cabinets at the Centre and in the States can be formed only from Members of Parliament and the respective legislatures and must be directly responsible to them in their day-to-day conduct of the country's or the States' affairs.

The problems to be tackled by the executive and the legislative branches of the Government are nowhere in the world as numerous, varied and complex as in India. The great majority of them are certainly not political problems. Is it not obvious, therefore, that they should be tackled mainly by experts, technicians, scientists, economists, industrial managers and other professionally trained men and women?

Can we blame our politicians, untrained and uninformed in the specialised disciplines involved in the management of a vast country such as ours, if they fail to understand, let alone solve, the problems they face and to adapt themselves to the rapidly changing conditions of today? Can we blame them if, except for a few outstandingly able and dedicated men and women to whom we must extend our profound respect and gratitude, they have in this new game of parliamentary politics been mainly concerned with maintaining their political position and status? Can we

even blame so many of them for succumbing to the lust for power and for the many privileges attached to political power?

Between now and the coming elections, so overwhelming may be the disillusionment of our voters that they may turn away from the procedures and practices of parliamentary democracy. Even if this does not happen, is it not likely that the trend which emerged in the last elections may be even more pronounced in 1980? If so, we shall be faced both at the Centre and in most of the States with a totally fluid situation in which a host of parties will constantly manoeuvre for power in a series of ever-changing coalitions, defections and floor-crossings, where the authority of the Government and Parliament will be so debased that the nation may sink into anarchy, be captured and ruled by a dictatorship, or cease to exist as a united India.

Alternative

Can we afford such a risk and what will be the fate of our hundreds of millions of hungry, and by then angry people, if we do and the gamble fails? Is that not the very situation that our Communist friends are planning and working for and which will create for them the opportunity to realise their dream of capturing power by force?

What, then, is the alternative? Might it not be a presidential system of federal government in which a chief executive at the Centre and executive governors in the States are elected for a term of years, during which they are irremovable and free to govern through cabinets of experts appointed by them and who may, but need not, include professional politicians?

There can be many variations of such a system, many ways of electing President and Governors, but its main characteristics, however, are stability on the one hand, expert management of affairs on the other. The executives of such a government will not, as in the British system, be directly responsible to Parliament in their day-to-day management of a country's affairs and constantly vulnerable to political skulduggery but would be subject to constant and vigilant scrutiny by Parliament which, of course, must remain the only body entrusted with law-making.

I am well aware that this alternative was considered by the Constituent Assembly before our Constitution was enacted and that the British system was preferred to it, but since then we have had a full 30 years of experience in its working and the conditions visualised in 1947 are certainly not those which we find in existence today. We have in these 30 years already amended the Constitution many times, and some of the amendments have been major ones. Need we be afraid of a further amendment intended to provide the country with a more stable and more expert government than we have today?

What in practice should we do? I suggest that the first step should be the appointment by Parliament of a high-power commission to undertake a comprehensive study of the problem and to recommend such revision of our Constitution as would ensure the attainment of the desired objective. The commission should consist of outstanding

experts in the fields of politics, law, education, science and other professions.

This will, I know, require a great act of courage but on it will depend the future of one-seventh of the human race as well as of the whole experiment of welding our people together permanently into a single united nation.

Meanwhile we cannot even afford to wait till courage comes. We have to find the intermediate ways and means of restoring a degree of stability to our politics and more than a degree of safety to our citizens. Whatever be the politics of the parties or coalitions of parties in individual States, communication links must be guarded at all times against agitational attacks, the minorities must be protected, essential services must be kept going and at least selected strategic industries must be kept free from intimidation and sabotage.

Although such action obviously lies in the realm of Government, we businessmen, particularly those of us whose activities spread beyond a single State, can do much by our example and by word and action to help break through the parochial barriers of creed and language which we see being put up throughout the country.

Thus, in addition to the many tasks and duties of a purely economic, trading and managerial nature to which we must dedicate ourselves in the coming years, let us also play our part in maintaining the integrity of our country and the survival of our democratic way of life.

NOT A STABLE SITUATION. Police guarding a railway station during the 1974 Railway strike. "Communication links must be guarded at all times against agitational attacks, essential services must be kept going and at least selected strategic industries must be kept free from intimidation and sabotage."



The Swadeshi Sellout

by Nikhil Chakravartty

"If the national purpose of yesterday was the unflinching determination to make the country free from the bondage of foreign rule, the national purpose of independent India cannot but be freedom from poverty for half of its 650 million people," says the author who is Editor of "Mainstream".

In the welter of muck-raking politics of today, the question whether we really have a national purpose, an unrelenting pursuit of a goal, a social objective, sounds almost irrelevant.

And yet this country of ours could never have attained the position it has, nor could it even have gathered the strength which sustains itself materially despite the acknowledged devaluation of its political leadership today, had there been no national purpose to carry it forward, at least up to the point it has.

The single-minded national purpose which Gandhi instilled into this great nation was freedom from fear and, making that freedom from fear the instrument of political action, he strove and succeeded in bringing about the end of foreign rule and the establishment of independence.

This is a country where independence was achieved decisively by the invincible pressure of mass mobilisation, though heroic actions of armed uprising and clashes are enshrined in the roll of honour of martyrs. To the latest in that long list of glory has to be added the name of Chandrasingh Garhwali, just deceased, who as part of the British Indian Army refused to fire on unarmed satyagrahis in 1930, facing court-martial in consequence, and thereby opened a new dimension to our freedom struggle which reached its climax in the mutiny in the Royal Indian Navy in 1946 that finally forced the British Government to decide on ending its Raj over this country.

Unity For Swaraj

The unique feature of the Indian national struggle for freedom, however, was the unprecedented national mobilisation in which both the masses and the classes were sucked up: the kisan and the teacher, the worker and the lawyer, the landed gentry and the up-and-coming businessmen, the patriotic sections of them—all were drawn into the national struggle for independence in varying degrees and in the light of their respective sectoral interests.

Such an all-pervasive national front, unique in history, defined on its own a national purpose—the *swadeshi*—which permeated all walks of national life, from



NOT A LEG TO STAND ON. The Constitution failed to guarantee the right to employment. —Sher Singh

the academic, the cultural, to science, literature; and also all sections of people, the youth, the women, the down-trodden. It was not just an accident that when the struggle for independence was in its heyday, there arose a resurgence of cultural creativity, the emancipation of womanhood, an almost death-defying dedication among the youth and the intelligentsia in general. The struggle for temple-entry for the Harijan, the spread of women's education and the concerted endeavour to combat illiteracy—all these began as the product of the freedom struggle.

If one looks back and examines the memorable Seventeen Points on Fundamental Rights and Economic Policy adopted by the Indian National Congress at Karachi 48 years ago, one would understand what a magnificent vision of India that was to be independent the national leadership held out before the people of India to inspire them for further struggle for the attainment of freedom. The Fundamental Rights and the Directive Principles enshrined in our Constitution of 1950 do not come up to the heights attained by the Karachi Declaration of 1931.

This by itself is a significant commentary on the direction of development of our national movement from the days of struggle for independence to the days, even those early days, after our independence. The first steps towards erosion of the social objectives were perceptible. What had been re-

cognised as the accepted national goal in 1931 was diluted by 1950.

One example may be cited as typical. The Karachi Declaration assured "The organisation of economic life must conform to the principle of justice, to the end that it may secure a decent standard of living." As an elaboration, it stated: "The state shall safeguard the interests of industrial workers and shall secure for them, by suitable legislation and in other ways, a living wage, healthy conditions of work, limited hours of labour, suitable machinery for the settlement of disputes between employers and workmen and protection against economic consequences of old age, sickness and unemployment." It also made provisions to emancipate labour from serfdom, for protection of women workers and child labour.

During the sessions of the Constituent Assembly, K. T. Shah, in a note to the President of the Assembly in December 1946, proposed as one of the Fundamental Rights: "The right to employment with adequate remuneration sufficient to assure all necessities of life like food and such of its comforts and amenities like housing as may be declared and accepted to be the irreducible minimum of civilised existence, shall be guaranteed and made available to every citizen irrespective of caste, creed or sex." He went further and proposed: "It shall be the unquestioned obligation of the state in India—whether the Union of India or any component thereof—to provide work and employment for all its citizens, suited to the

ability, aptitude and individual."

But in the situation, the right to employment, the list of Fundamental Rights brought into existence by the principles of State, is not enforceable by law, very much within the limits of development, not securing the public assistance for old age, sick and other cases.

As early as before independence, this dilemma of the objective of the movement so far as order but poverty at the same time, more significant of freedom. In other contexts, freedom is necessary. The Indian classes is too heavy to be lighter. A measure of freedom, this burden with forth of Nehru of government rests intact, shadow of freedom.

The Congress

If the programme with the establishment of 1950 marked a transformation in its purpose. The national leader to the national leader, defining the and with it phalanx of colonial Raj, since, on the basis of power, interests were once the movement moved.

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In other words, in 1947, the political part term, had to to Gandhi's stand, they press as the For 20 years country and the State

ability, aptitude and training of each individual."

But in the final drafting of the Constitution, the right to work was excluded from the list of Fundamental Rights. It was brought into the category of Directive Principles of State Policy which are not enforceable by law, and here too, the right was very much diluted: "The state shall, within the limits of its economic capacity and development, make effective provision for securing the right to work, to education and public assistance in case of unemployment, old age, sickness and disablement and in other cases of undeserved want."

As early as 1933, that is 14 years before independence, Jawaharlal Nehru faced this dilemma. He candidly admitted that the objective of the Indian national movement so far was "not a change of the social order but political independence". At the same time, he personally tried to put a more significant content into the concept of freedom. In the very same year, in another context, Nehru wrote: "Indian freedom is necessary because the burden on the Indian masses as well as the middle classes is too heavy to be borne and must be lightened or done away with. The measure of freedom is the extent to which this burden is removed." And he added with forthrightness, so characteristic of Nehru of those days: "If an indigenous government took the place of the foreign government and kept all the vested interests intact, this would not even be the shadow of freedom."

The Congress Hegemony

If the promulgation of the Constitution with the establishment of the Republic in 1950 marked a milestone in Indian politics, it can also be taken as the watershed in the transformation of the concept of national purpose. The changeover from the role of the rebel to that of the ruler confronted the national leadership with the task of re-defining the national goal, the objective, and with it the national purpose. The solid phalanx of the national front against the colonial Raj could not obviously be sustained, since, on the very morrow of the transfer of power, different sectoral and class interests were bound to assert themselves once the millstone of foreign rule was removed.

This was the very question that Nehru with his colleagues in the national leadership had to face on the very morrow of independence. Gandhi, with his wise understanding of the forces at work, was ruthlessly objective in recommending the dissolution of the Congress itself so that different segments of it could form their own political parties to promote their own concept of what free India should be like.

In other words, there was the possibility in 1947-48 for the formation of modern political parties, in the correct sense of the term, had the Congress leaders paid heed to Gandhi's advice. But they did not: instead, they preferred to keep up the Congress as the instrument of their own raj. For 20 years, 1947-1967, they could rule the country unchallenged both at the Centre and the States. (The only exception was the

Communist capturing the Kerala Ministry in 1957 but it was suffered by the Centre for about a year and then removed mainly under pressure from Indira Gandhi who was then the Congress President.)

It was only in 1967 that other parties or combinations came up to challenge the Congress hegemony at the State level, a hegemony which was smashed up 10 years later in 1977 at the Centre as well.

From the beginning, the Congress had never really been a party but a front; and as the struggle for independence reached its climax, it became more so. Then, why was it that the Congress leaders in 1947 defied Gandhi's advice to keep up the organisation? For one thing, many of them, Nehru included, might have felt that the task of national reconstruction would be so tremendous that it would be useful to maintain a ruling political entity which by and large would represent the national consensus as it did during the struggle for independence.

The New Alliances

Secondly, some of the more hard-headed leaders—Sardar Patel for one—realised that in the coming days the pressures for taking the nation along a radical path could be warded off if they, the conservative hard core, kept the Congress under their grip and exploited its name and standing to beat down the forward-looking elements, at least keep them in check. The powerful economic vested interests that were by then emerging backed these status-quoists. It is no accident, therefore, that the radical elements found themselves out of the Congress—the Communists had already been expelled by 1946, and two years later, in 1948, the Socialists broke away from it.

Not that the Congress lost its amorphous character, but it became, by and large, the organ of the rising economic vested interests both in industry and agriculture. At the same time, the technique of the national leadership, perfected in the struggle against foreign rule, has always been mass mobilisation and not the force of arms as such. While this technique fitted in neatly into the framework of the British parliamentary system, it was also used, at the same time, by the national leadership to keep the mass urges and occasional discontent within bounds. A sophisticated leadership, always alert for any sign of restlessness spreading among the people, perfected the art of keeping the masses under its influence—if not spell—while permitting the rising class of powerful vested interests to remain untouched. There was thunder at the profligate princes and derelict zamindars and taluqdars, but pow-wow to the point of liaison between the Congress leaders and the business world and the rural rich.

Inevitably, the old national purpose got out of focus. When, in 1955, the Congress at Avadi set as its objective the building of a socialist pattern of society, there was a duality in the exercise itself: on the one hand, the Avadi Resolution recognised the growing interest in a new social order among broad sections of the toiling people,

and the Congress leadership was anxious not to lose its mass influence by refusing or ignoring to take note of it; on the other hand, by taking over the slogan of socialism, it meant to control the mass urge towards a new social set-up.

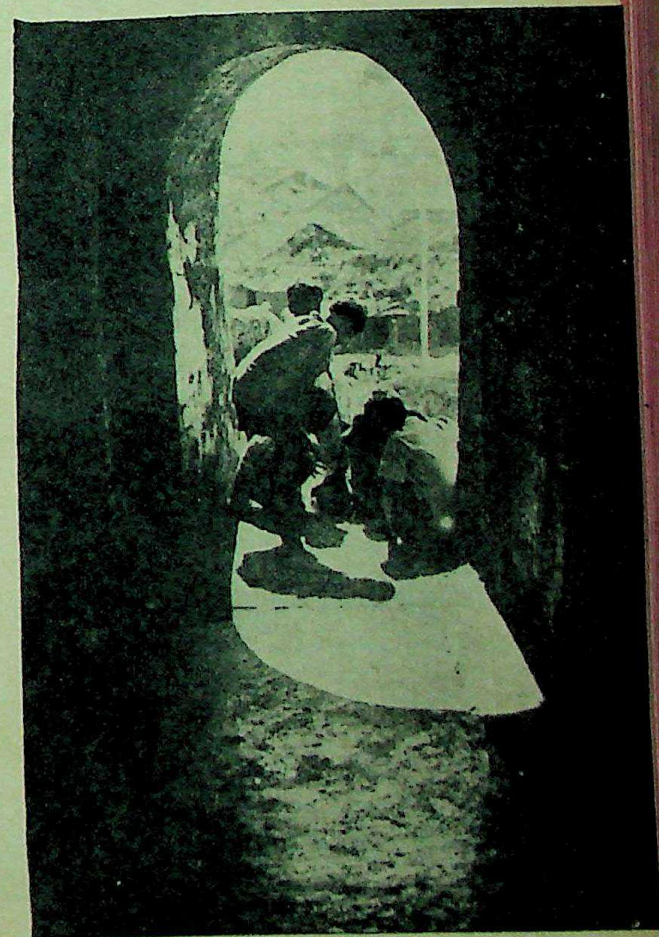
As a piece of political callisthenics, this was no doubt a remarkable strategy—keep the masses in good humour while letting the rising vested interests have their way. The climax was reached in the seventies with Indira Gandhi's slogan of *Garibi Hatao*.

At the same time, the old urge born in the days of the freedom struggle, to be independent, not to succumb to colonial blackmail or blandishments, led the Congress, particularly in its heyday under Nehru, to set out to build the necessary infrastructure of an economy that would be independent of the colonial death-grip.

Hence the introduction of planning, the building of heavy industry as the economic base of independence, the agricultural development including the abolition of zamindari, the vast irrigation programmes, modern technology of fertiliser and other inputs leading up to the green revolution. Side by side, through a very astute understanding of world developments, particularly in the context of the cold war, India under Nehru could assert its position through pursuit of non-alignment and identification with struggles against colonialism in different parts of the world.



A WASTE OF POLITICAL ENERGY. Indian youth are still, by and large, not educated or motivated and are trapped by tradition. There has never been a cogent, cohesive plan to improve the situation.



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While this by itself is no mean record for a nation within the first decade of its gaining independence, the internal contradictions facing it could not be resolved. If anything, they were accentuated. The material progress of the nation could not by itself ensure even the modicum of distributive justice, let alone creating conditions for socio-economic transformation.

Progress For The Affluent

Social contrasts were sharpened: High-rise air-conditioned apartments proliferating with chawls and busters; green rural belts adopting modern agriculture technique with vast fields bringing in the golden corn co-existing with the rigours of primitive Adivasi economy; public schools for the affluent but dilapidated primary schools under half-fed teachers for the village poor; contractors making lakhs while doctors and scientists are left in penury; modern sophisticated plants rising in the midst of squalor and want; the culture of the discotheque and of the ad man thriving with the acknowledged seats of learning yet to get their deserved recognition. The jet-set tourist is fascinated by this fabled land of contrasts: in place of the old rope-trick has come up the five-star hotel with its astrologer's chamber and yoga clinic.

These have only accentuated the disillusion of the underprivileged, for the disparities between the have and the have-not have widened in a frightening measure, whereby not only the smart slogans and pompous manifestos make little impact, but the political groupings and parties are getting fragmented. The

result is a rebound into casteism, localism, communalism and various other forms of atavism intruding into the political scene. The point of alienation between the aspirations of the masses and the functioning of politics, which has now assumed grotesque forms, has been reached, while on the other hand, politicians, by and large, have become unashamed servitors of Big Money even for their electioneering purposes.

But the basic question remains unanswered: What about the national purpose? If the national purpose of yesterday was the unflinching determination to make the country free from the bondage of foreign rule, the national purpose of independent India cannot but be freedom from poverty for half of its 650 million people. And that is precisely what the ruling establishments (whether Congress or Janata) have not taken up as an urgent national issue of the topmost priority.

The Spectre of Hunger

This spectre of hunger has now ceased to be an ideological issue of the Left. In terms of modern economics, it means that the vast internal market of this country is getting dried up: with the purchasing power of the overwhelming majority of the population kept down, how could there be anything but stagnation for our industries? This leaves us no escape from going in for foreign loans which, in turn, amounts to mortgaging our economic independence—with its inevitable repercussion on our political independence. So the foundations of the very independence that this nation with single-minded purpose could win from the

powerful British Empire threatens to be undermined because of the failure or refusal of the national leadership to solve the single major contradiction of the day: the lengthening shadow of impoverishment overpowering millions.

In terms of the value system which is at the root of any national purpose, this grinding poverty afflicting millions upon millions of our countrymen cannot but have a dehumanising impact on this nation. If we permit affluence to reign with all its powerful tentacles of corrosion, there can be no escape for any branch of life. Our politics is the first victim of this terrible malaise and politicians who are supposed to be the mentors of the nation have reduced themselves to crooks and cranks, clowns and scoundrels, with a total abjuration of all decency, not to speak of ethics and morals. Our election processes are threatened by the invasion, not of the armed forces as yet, but of the avalanche of black money by which the swindlers and smugglers buy up politicians.

In such a cesspool, how could there be any national purpose? Cesspools breed maggots and worms, not men and women of calibre. Only a crusade against poverty, as comprehensive and invincible as Gandhi's crusade against foreign rule, can lift the morale of this great nation and ensure for it a national purpose, the national purpose that alone can rear a generation of happiness and creativity out of the prevailing affliction of hunger and distress.

(Next week P. N. Haksar continues the debate.)

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The Return Of Meena Kumari

The sentimental success of *Paakeezah* was attributed to her 'timely' death. Any number of books have been written on her. The magazines have been full of 'anniversary' features on her year after year. And now we have a film on her?

Will it succeed? Or will it go the way of the film they made on the life of K. L. Saigal?

by RAJU BHARATAN

Is the Meena Kumari legend getting to be a bore? Certainly no theme has been so done to death. The task, therefore, of recreating her image on the screen is an unenviable one. And when the task is taken on by one whose style of film-making itself is considered obsolete, you just cannot predict the outcome.

I refer to Sohrab Modi who has been entrusted by Shyam Chawla with the direction of *Meena Kumari Ki Amar Kahani*.

There was to Meena's life a scandalous tinge which may find buyers on the screen even today. But Sohrab Modi is one man who will have nothing to do with that kind of thing. He is a grand old man of a grand old era. In his time he strode the screen like a colossus as he did the stage. Drama was his forte and he did it all with a certain *elan* in a certain style.

Meena Kumari's life was dramatic in its own way. There was an element of tragedy underlying it, but that is the lot of most great artistes. To the extent that this tragedy is relevant to the unfolding of her life one would expect Sohrab Modi to touch on it. But, beyond that, one would expect Sohrab Modi to find enough material in the solid work Meena put in on the screen to dramatise effectively.

Meena's vitality lay in the fact that, without demanding any sort of focus, she got it on the screen by the charismatic quality of her acting. *Meena Kumari Ki Amar Kahani*, as shaped by Sohrab Modi, is part fantasy, part reality. Meena Kumari dies and goes to heaven. There she meets Madhubala (who else?). The two begin to narrate their life stories and compare notes. And they discover that there is a common tragic thread running through their lives.

Madhubala in life was unhappy as unhappy could be. Her marriage went on the rocks and she was on her deathbed with an incurable ailment when she is supposed to have been asked: "Heart patients die very quickly. How come you're taking so long?"

Meena Kumari's plight was not much different, except that here it was a clash of artistic temperaments. Her husband, Kamal Amrohi, was—and is—a man with a mind and a reputation of his own. It was his conviction that Meena needed to be guarded from the sharks of the film industry. He placed constrictions on Meena's life which reduced her to cheating on little things

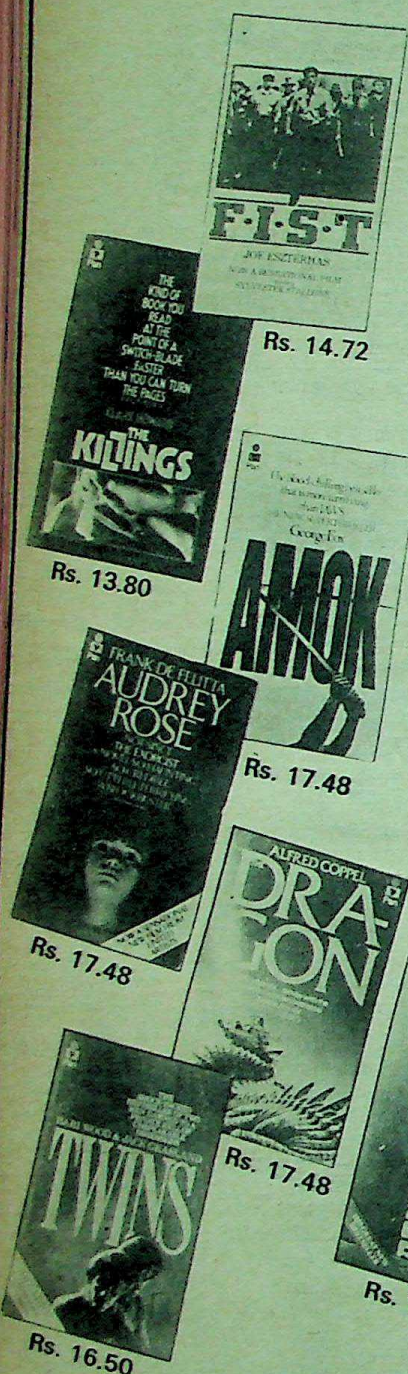


FROM MUGHAL-E-AZAM TO PAKEEZAH. Sona as Madhubala and Dolly as Meena Kumari in Shelly Films' *Meena Kumari Ki Amar Kahani*, directed by veteran Sohrab Modi for producer Shyam Chawla with music by Khayyam who presented the tragedy queen on the Polydor LP: *I Write I Recite*. Below: In the 'ghostly' picture are Meena Irani, Sunita Dhir, Dolly (as Meena Kumari), Madhu Malini, Sona (as Madhubala) and Twinkle.



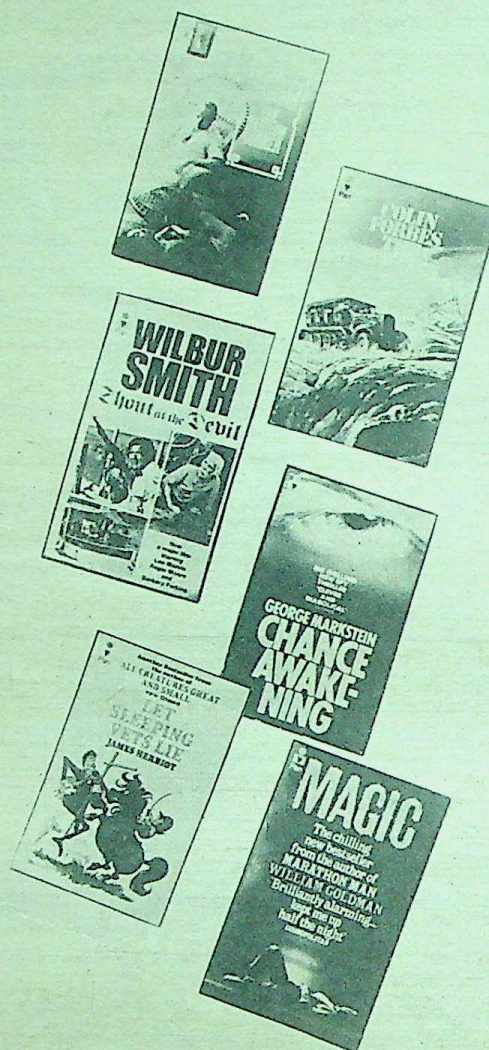
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TULIKA/141/79

like putting the drink in a bottle of Dettol in the bathroom and clandestinely helping herself out of it.

It is a fact that, so long as Meena was with Kamal Amrohi, her films were chosen with care. But once she broke free, she just broke free. She came on the rebound to Dharmendra. The rest is scandalous history.

Such scandal can only be suggested in *Meena Kumari Ki Amar Kahani*—if the film is to move at a level in keeping with the artistic reputation Meena acquired on the strength of one stupendous performance after another.

Meena Kumari Ki Amar Kahani has live inserts from some of her more famous films.

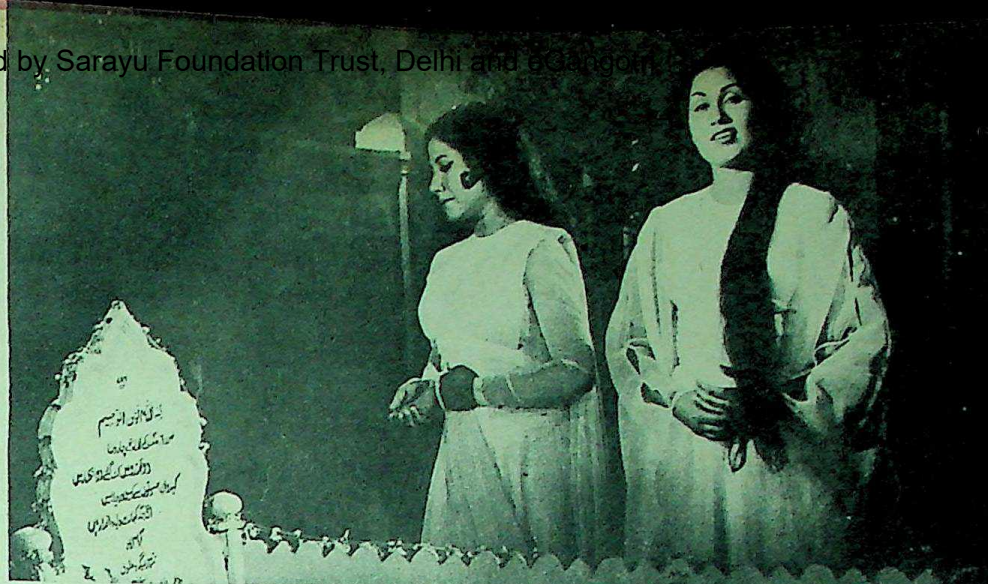
She is to be seen on that famous horse of Azaad with Dilip Kumar 'seasoning' her in a strain of *Kitna haseen hai mausam*.

There is the *Bada bedard jahan hai* sequence from *Chirag Kahan Roshni Kahan*, a film the late Devendra Goel made bold to release in the face of the keenest competition from some of the biggest blockbusters, like *Navrang* and *Char Dil Char Raahen*.

There is a scene from *Ghazal*, so there is Madan Mohan in the shape of *Naghma o sher ki saughat kise pesh karoon*.

There is *Inhi logon ne* from *Pakeezah*. And, of course, there is *Sharabi sharabi mera naam ho gaya* as a reminder of the barren woman that was Meena in life as in *Chandan Ka Palna*.

The last I saw of Meena was as a *sharabi* so far gone that she could barely sit up at the function organised by Polydor to release her now famous LP, *I Write I Recite*,



MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN JANNAT—Umar-e-daraz maang kar laaye the *chaar din* [Do aarzoo mein kat gaye do intezaar mein... *Habib Wali Mohammad*, who went away to Pakistan in disgust, brought a new vocal resonance to those famous lines on a private record with the tune composed by Bombay Talkies' *Saraswati Devi*, India's first woman music director. *Saraswati Devi* was among the judges who chose *Habib Wali Mohammad* as winner of the Great Caruso Contest of the early 'fifties, but her pleas to fellow composers to give the boy a break fell on deaf ears. Now the music of *Meena Kumari Ki Amar Kahani* is in the artistic custody of *Khayyam*, perhaps the last of our 'poetic' composers.

which *Khayyam*, perhaps the last of our composers to understand the real meaning of poetry, got the actress to record against all odds. There are three new poetic tunes by *Khayyam* in *Meena Kumari Ki Amar Kahani* serving as links in her life story.

There is all this and more. Yet the film will stand or fall on whether *Dolly* is accepted as Meena and, to a lesser extent, *Sona* as *Madhubala*.

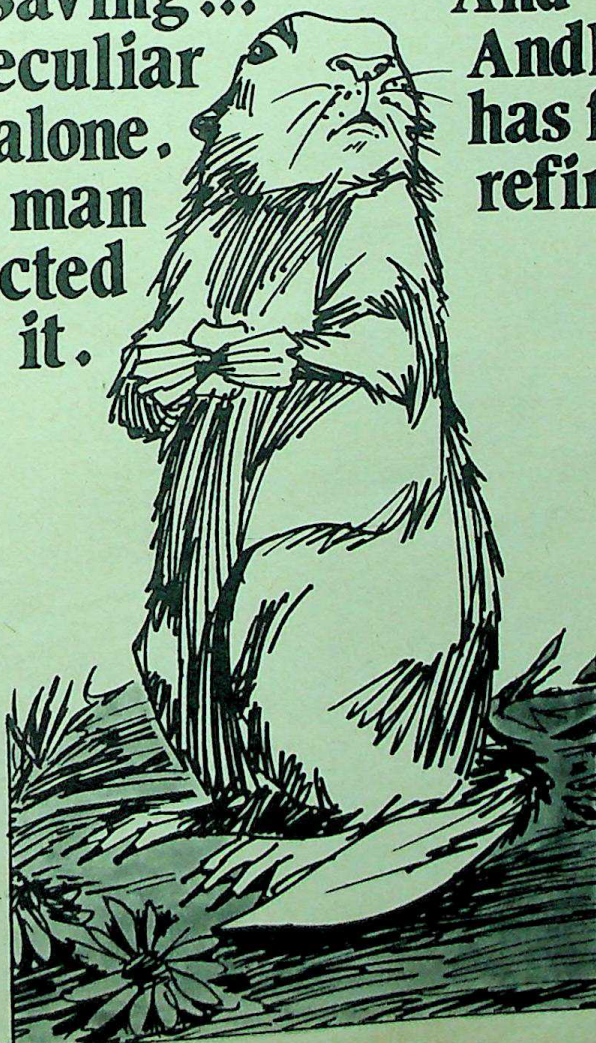
Screen legends are not easy to recreate and the balance of advantage here, going by the experience of *Amar Saigal*, would

not seem to lie with director *Sohrab Modi* and producer *Shyam Chawla*. For the redoubtable *B. N. Sircar* was associated with *Amar Saigal* and he had for his director the most sensitive man for the job at New Theatres: *Nitin Bose*. But *Saigal* was already dead and New Theatres as good as dead. *Sircar* and *Bose* could no more revive the legend than they could the institution.

Sohrab Modi belongs to the same era as *Nitin Bose*. So, if he can work the oracle in *Meena Kumari Ki Amar Kahani*, *Minerva* will be one up on New Theatres.

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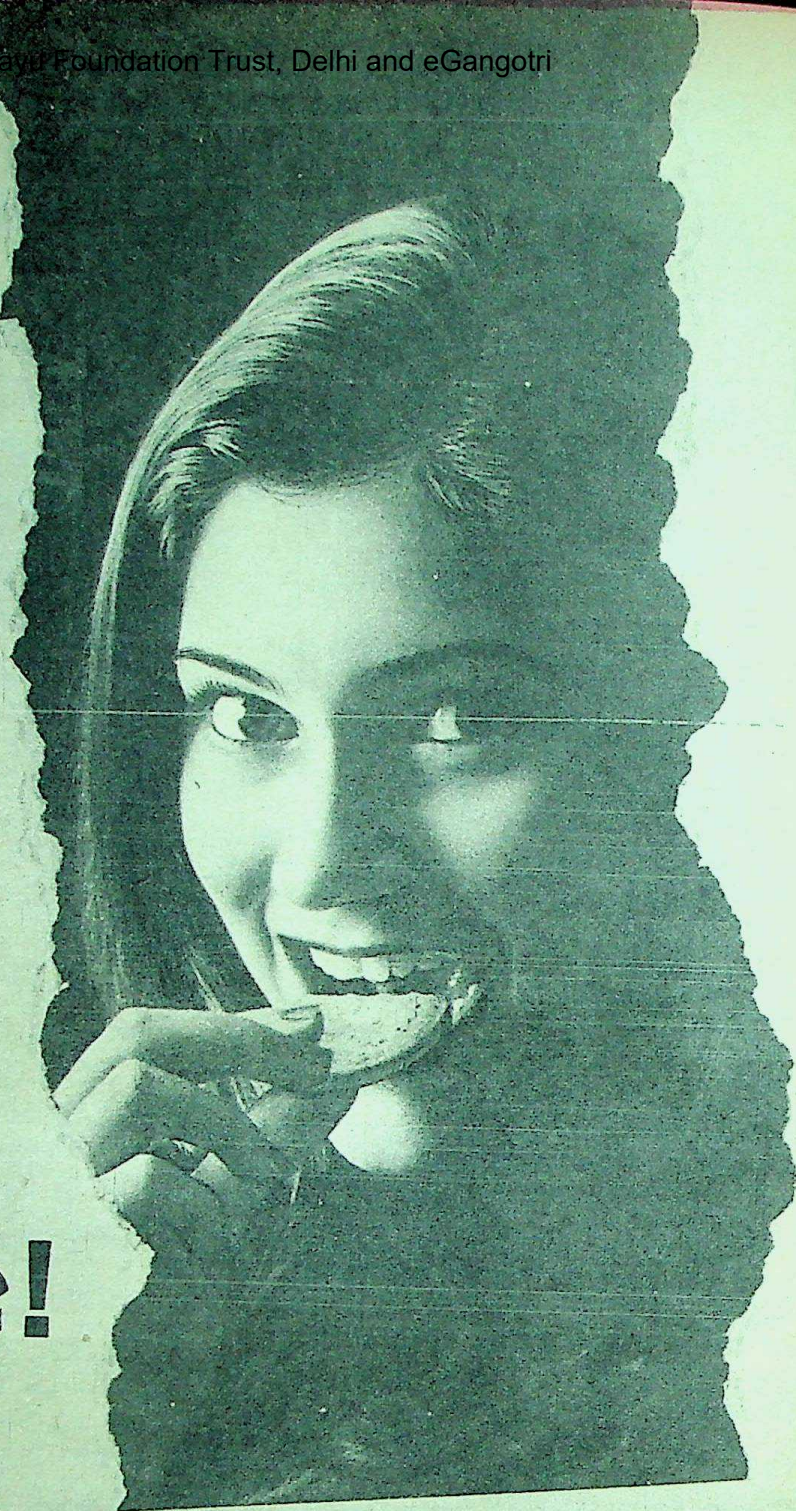
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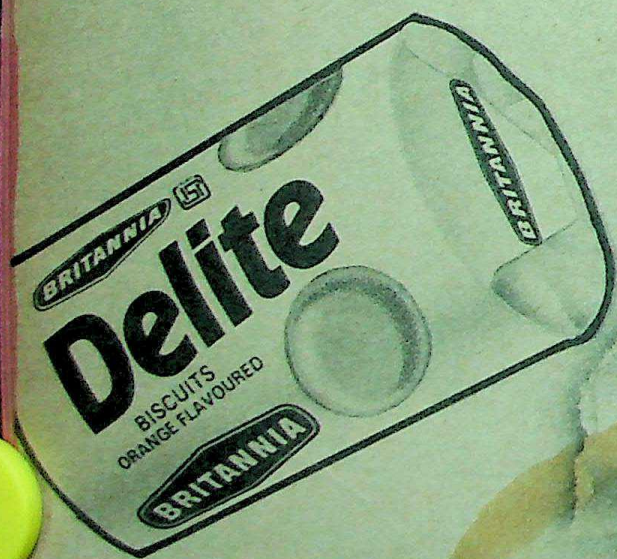
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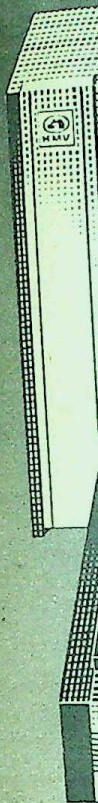


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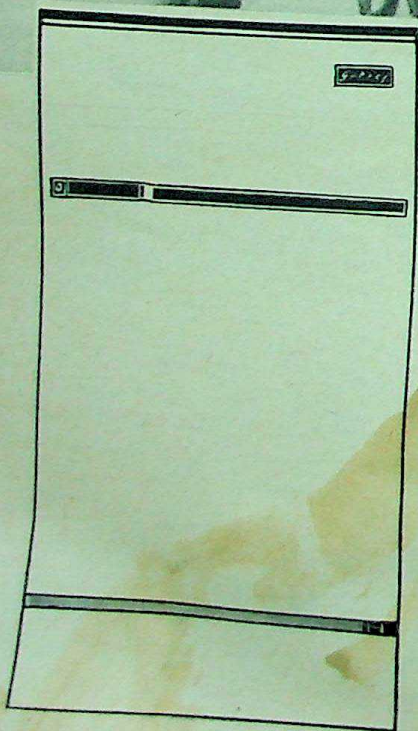
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The Editor's Page



A Latter-Day Rama

"*Kaunasmin sampratam loke,*" Valmiki asks of Narada, "*gunavan kascha viryavan dharmajnascha kritajnascha satyavakyo dridhavratah?*" ("Who in the present world is virtuous, courageous, ever conscious of dharma, truthful and steadfast in his resolves?")

Narada's answer is quick and to the point: "Rama."

The same can be said of Jayaprakash Narayan as we bid him a sad farewell. *Gunavan, viryavan, dharmajna, kritajna, satyavakya, dridhavratah.*

The words are apt. The description is apt. Friend and foe would agree that not in the last thirty years has another leader so illumined our political landscape with such unwavering pursuit of that elusive virtue, *dharma*, as has Jayaprakash Narayan.

They have called him a failure. Even a magnificent failure. In a world where success is measured in terms of power exercised or millions amassed, he may seem one. But how can one apply the term to a man who all his life remained our conscience-keeper?

He was first and foremost *gunavan*. Intellectually honest. He could consider himself a modernist and yet see nothing contradictory in bowing at the feet of the Mahatma, even while publicly criticising him as a reactionary. For a long time, he "worshipped", as he once wrote in *Freedom First*, "at the shrine of the goddess dialectical materialism", but he could also go on a fast for "self-purification", something at which Lenin may have scoffed. He was accused of being a bundle of contradictions. One suspects that this was because he was a humanist first and a politician after.

All his life, he seemed to be carrying on a valiant struggle within himself, the yogi in him frequently clashing violently with the commissar. He was a commissar for a long and extended period of time. His conversion to Gandhism came late. Minoo Masani, one of his earliest friends, has said that it was a "real tragedy that JP's conversion to Gandhism was so slow that, by the time he renounced Marxism and committed himself to Sarvodaya", Gandhiji himself had passed away. "Otherwise," Masani had mused, "who

knows he might have achieved that kind of rapport with Gandhiji which might have changed India's destiny."

History is full of "ifs" and "buts". On this question, there may be two views. How committed was Jayaprakash to the exercise of power for the good of the people? It is beyond argument that Jayaprakash was intensely interested in the good of the people, but his commitment to the exercise of power was less than total. It was as if he shrank away from opportunities to exercise any power that came his way.

Not power, but the path to power fascinated him more, it seems in retrospect. He was not interested in power *per se*. He could have been in the Central Cabinet any time he wanted. He declined such honours with quiet disdain. He could do without the perks and prerogatives of office. His services belonged directly to the people.

He was an outsider seeking to correct events, not an insider ordering them. He was never a participant in the formulation of policy. Rather, he was the committed observer inquiring into the soundness of policy.

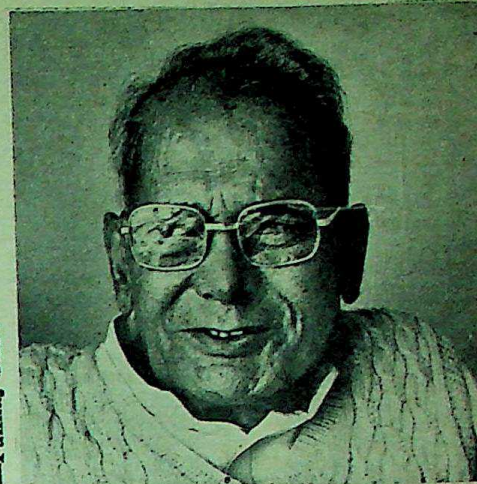
In that sense he was in the grand tradition of Gandhi and Vinoba Bhave: a knowledgeable dissenter, but a dissenter all the same. We will never know how India would have shaped had Jayaprakash accepted the role of the conventional politician and had hugged the Establishment to his bosom. The fact remains that he was not a conventional politician. Not for him the petty chicanery that goes with playing the game. He was above the battle, a Bhishma-charya in contemporary politics.

Yet he was not above giving a call for battle when the occasion seemed right. This was—and remained—a fundamental contradiction in his character. Again and again, he mystified his fellow countrymen by his insistence, on the one hand, on good government and, on the other, by his call to topple what he considered were bad governments—without, tragically, ever having experienced the trauma of being an administrator.

Philosophy of Confrontation

His philosophy, for all its profound and deeply held idealism, was nihilistic and anti-party. His programme, such as it was, consisted of putting continuous pressure on the Government, if necessary through the organisations of a mass movement, resulting in a confrontation between the people and the state. That such confrontation might get out of hand—as indeed it did before the Emergency—or that it might result in the state assuming yet more authoritarian power—as it did during the Emergency—apparently did not occur to him or, if it did, there is no evidence that it went into his calculations.

His faith in the wisdom and rectitude of the young was touching, if totally naive. His vision of total revolution, opaque—even though he tried hard to define it—was high-minded but impractical. And, coming from one who, next to Gandhiji and Nehru, was perhaps the most widely travelled in India and most cognisant of the Indian scene and the specific Indian character, it is inexplicable. Especially after what had happened in 1942 when his heroic deeds were extolled while his leadership was barely accepted, he should have known that it is one thing to give a call to battle, quite another to have the foot-soldiers rally to the sound of the



—Pankaj Shah

trumpet. His sincerity was unchallenged but his idealism was self-defeating. He knew what ought to be; his goal for India was Sarvodaya; but he did not possess the magical genius of the alchemist to turn what was political lead into Sarvodaya gold. There was magnificence in his dreams but failure in their realisation.

These, surely, are among the reasons why, once the country returned to "normalcy", its anointed leaders left him grandly to his musings. Quietly but unmistakably, he was being assigned the role of the saint-philosopher who could be revered but not obeyed, honoured but not accepted—like Vinoba Bhave, assigned the impossible task of giving advice that was not to be literally taken. It assuaged the politicians' desire to appear as the willing and adoring *shishyas* while giving them the freedom to discard an inconvenient *guru*.

Some Objectives Fulfilled

If Jayaprakash saw through it all, he apparently was content to accept the relationship and all that it implied. In any event, after the formation of the Janata Party, his first objective had been fulfilled: Mrs Indira Gandhi had been ousted. One hurdle to Sarvodaya had been removed. As for the fulfilment of the rest of his objectives, illness had deprived him of the power and zest to exert in behalf of the lowly and the dispossessed. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak.

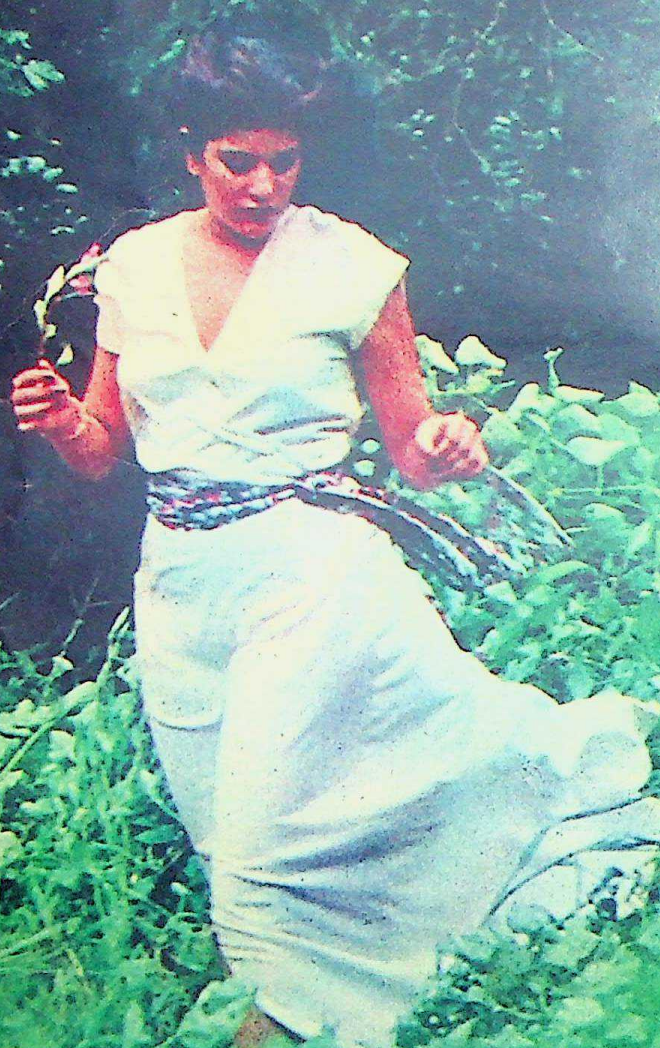
In a sense, he has been India's first Angry Young Man. The anger was articulated, its purpose and relevance were even defined, but what eluded Jayaprakash was the knowledge of how to be a successful general. He seemed ever to act on impulse more than in the pursuit of a well-ordered plan. Inevitably, his vision all too frequently came to nought.

In a way, that is characteristic of the Indian tradition: he was a power—a moral power. His passing away leaves a lacuna in our society, as it must. We should be glad that he was with us, with all his imperfections. And we might seek consolation in what Wordsworth said long ago:

A power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss;
But when the great and good depart,
What is it more than this—
That man who is from God sent forth
Doth yet again to God return?
Such ebb and flow must ever be
Then wherefore should we mourn?

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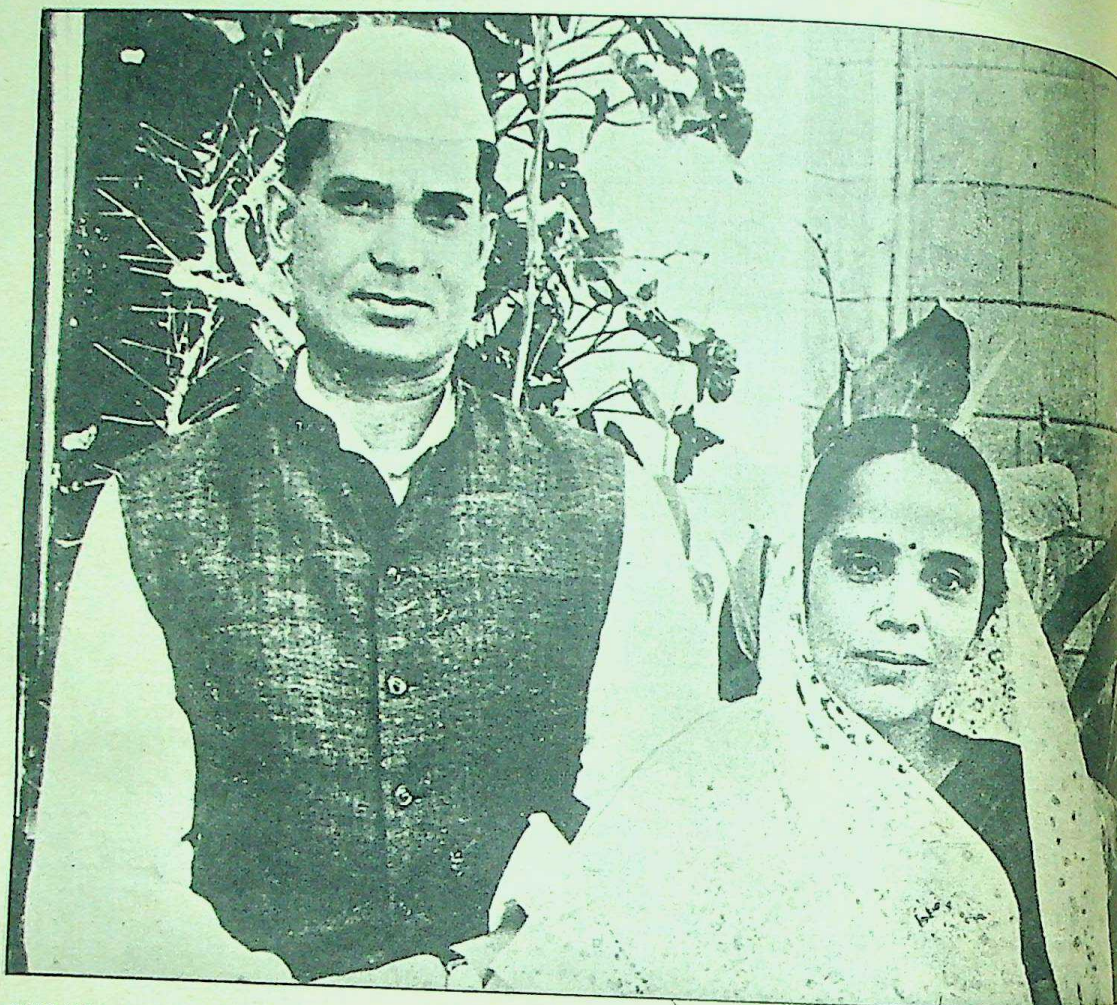
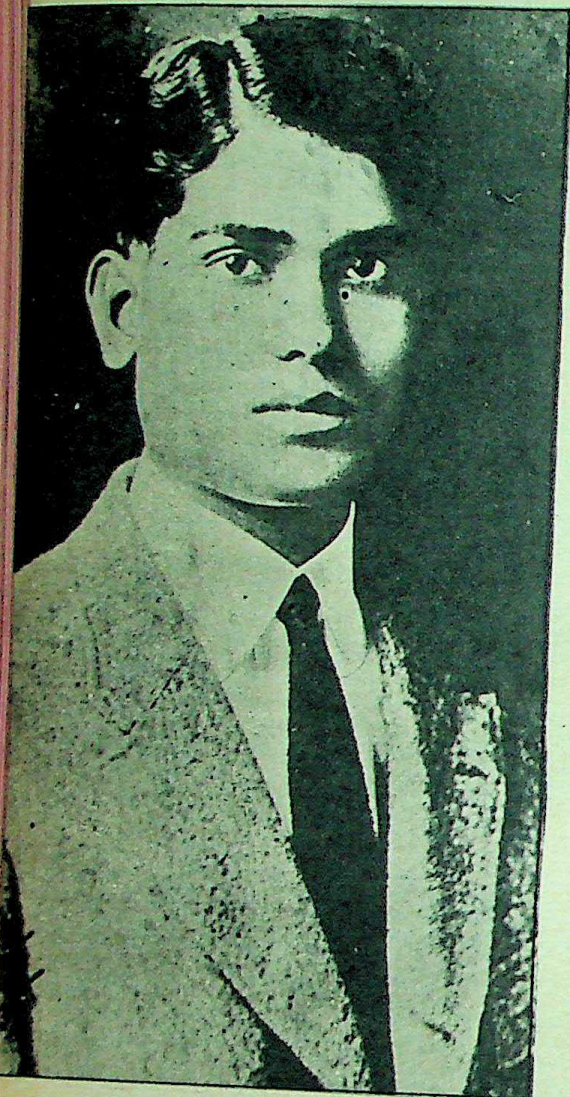


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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA, OCTOBER 21, 1979

Jayaprakash Narayan

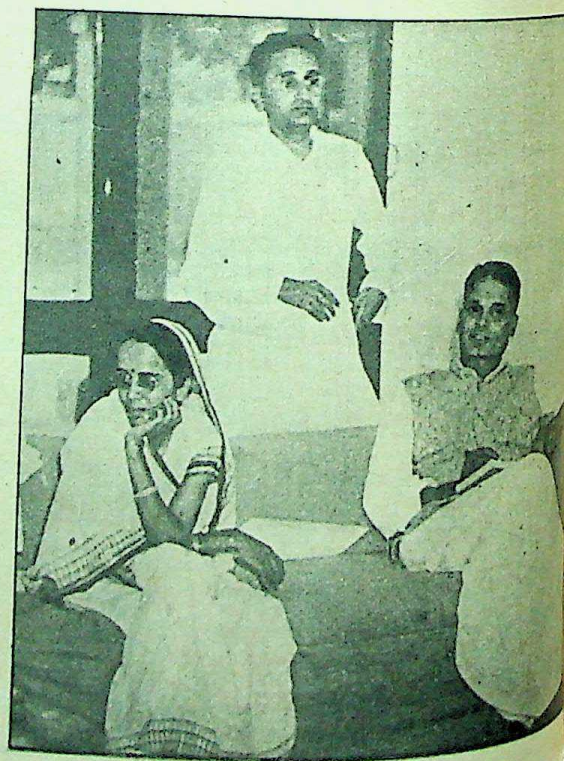
One day this man will speak my language. —Mahatma Gandhi



JAYAPRAKASH NARAYAN WITH HIS WIFE PRABHAVATI DEVI. The Lok Nayak died in his sleep in Patna on October 8. Left: The young Jayaprakash.



IN DISCUSSION WITH GOPALASWAMI AYYANGAR.



WITH HIS WIFE AND ACHYUT PATWARDHAN.

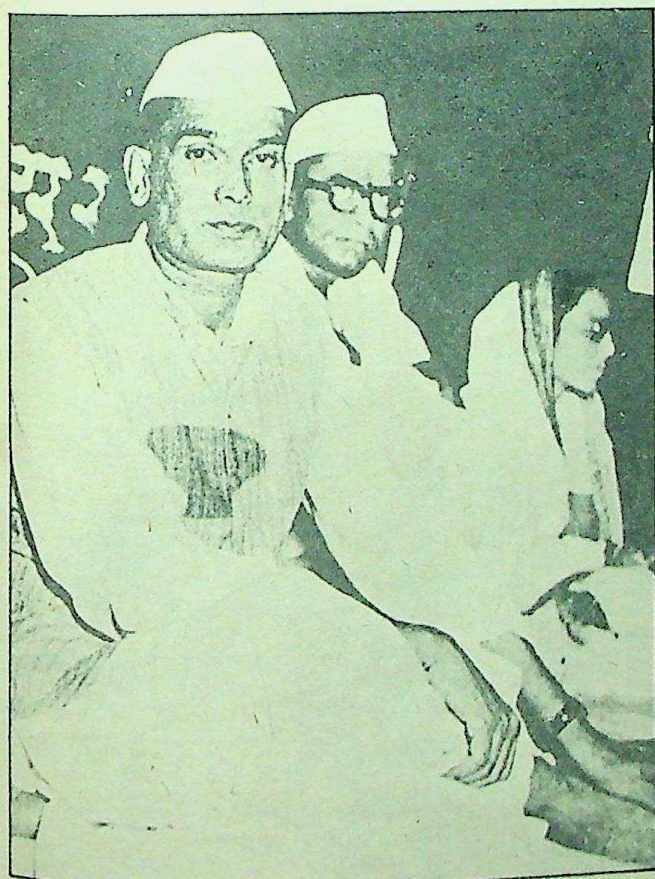
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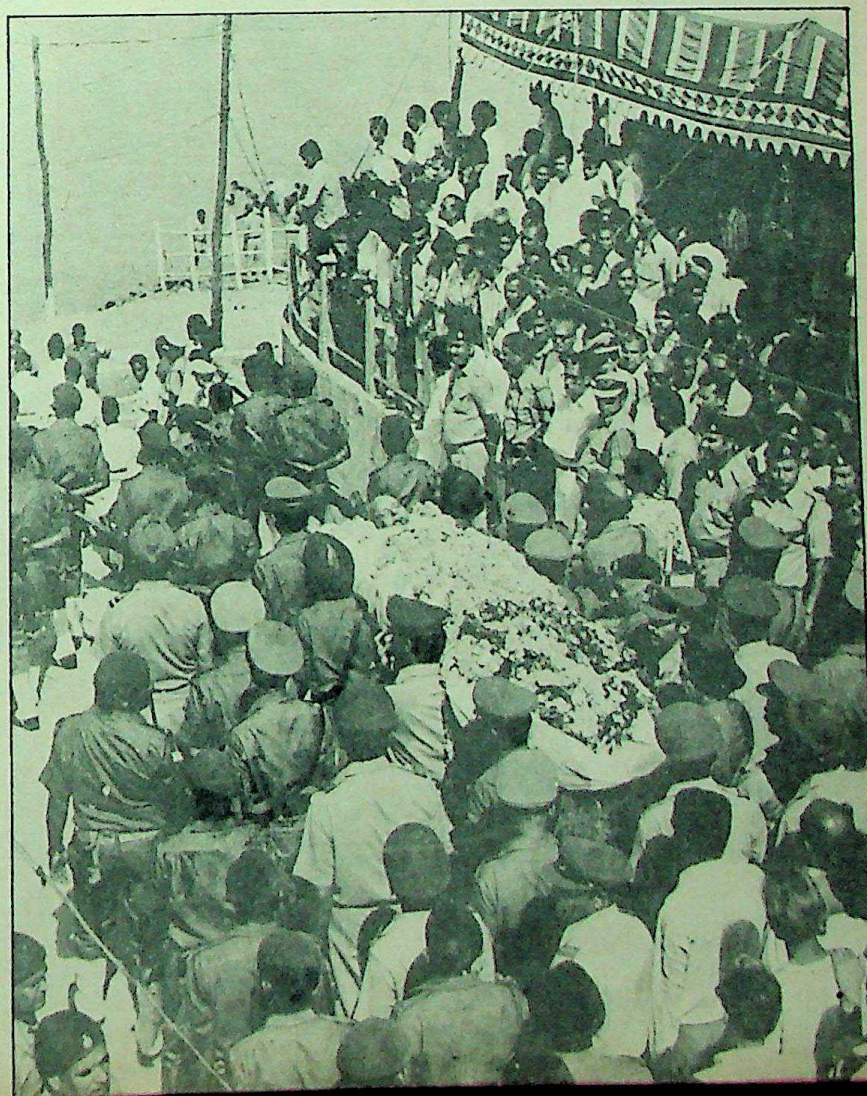


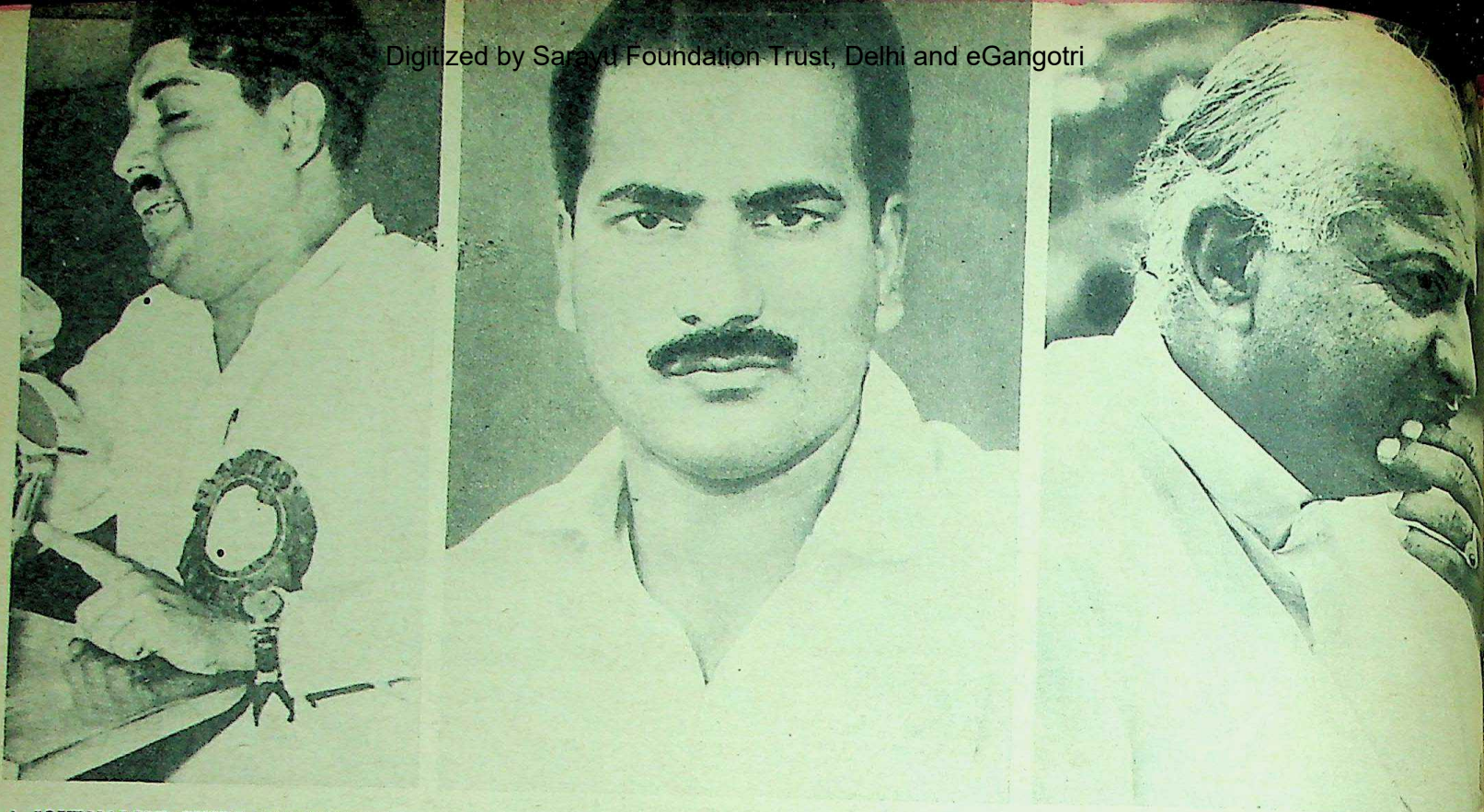
—Amiya Tarafdar

LEADER OF THE MASSES.

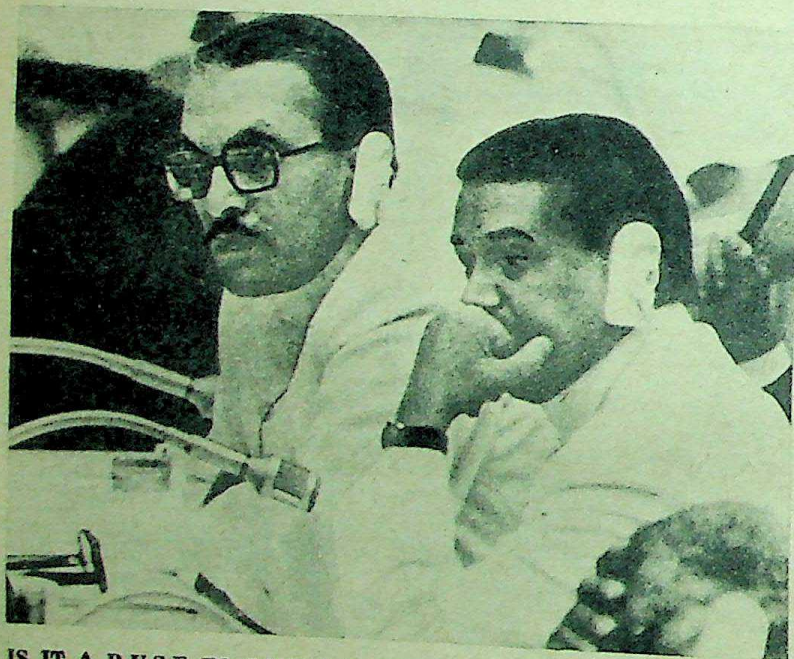


WITH RAMMANOHAR LOHIA. Right: The last journey.





A JOURNALIST CHIEF MINISTER FOR KERALA. A three-member Coalition Ministry headed by the Muslim League leader, C. H. Mohamed Koya, a journalist-politician (left), was sworn in last week by the Governor, Mrs Jyoti Venkatachellum. 52-year-old Koya, who will be the first Muslim Chief Minister of Kerala and the second who will be heading a Minority Ministry of 15 members, will be supported by the two Congress Parties, the two Kerala Congress groups and the Janata Party. Opposing this alliance will be the CPI, the CPM, the RSP and the one-member Kerala Congress (Pillai group) comprising 52 members in a House of 139. The Congress leadership, led by former Chief Minister A. K. Antony (centre), has virtually ignored the High Command directive. Meanwhile, Congress (U) President Devaraj Urs (right) has summoned Antony, since it is keen that the Kerala unit does nothing in conjunction with the Congress (I) and the Janata which it opposes at the national level on grounds of being authoritarian and communal.



IS IT A RUSE TO SCUTTLE THE ELECTIONS? Pakistan's military ruler Zia-ul-Haq stated last week that the general election planned for November 17 would not be possible due to recent modifications in the election rules. General Zia said he had agreed to the demands of political leaders to relax registration rules and to give parties more time to register with the Government. "Because of the allocation of more time to the political parties as demanded by them, the polling date may have to be readjusted to hold elections within 1979," he said.

A PONTIFF AT THE WHITE HOUSE. Pope John Paul II made history last week by being the first Pope ever to set foot in the White House. President Carter, a one-time preacher himself of the Baptist faith, received the Pontiff as a pastor of all the people regardless of their religion or denominations. At the White House the Pope again asserted that the authority in the political community is based on the "objective ethical principle that the basic duty of power is the solicitude of the common good of society and that it serves the inviolable rights of the human persons". Meanwhile, across the street from the White House, a man carrying three automatic handguns and several clips of ammunition was arrested by US police.

Happenings



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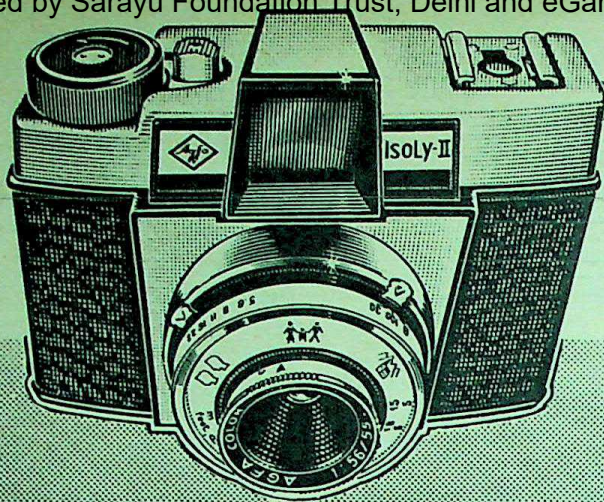


A HISTORIAN PASSES ON. Mahamahopadhyaya Datto Vaman Potdar, a renowned historian and indologist, devoted educationist and a social leader connected with Maharashtra's cultural life for nearly six decades, died recently. He was working on the State Government-sponsored biography of Chhatrapati Shivaji when he succumbed to a severe attack of asthma. He was 89. Mr Potdar, who took an active part in the Marathi literacy movement, was conferred the title of Padma Bhushan in 1967. He was the Vice-Chancellor of Poona University between 1961 and 1964 and a member of the Indian Historical Records Commission. Many still remember how he had fought for long a case for the creation of a unilingual State of Marathi-speaking people.

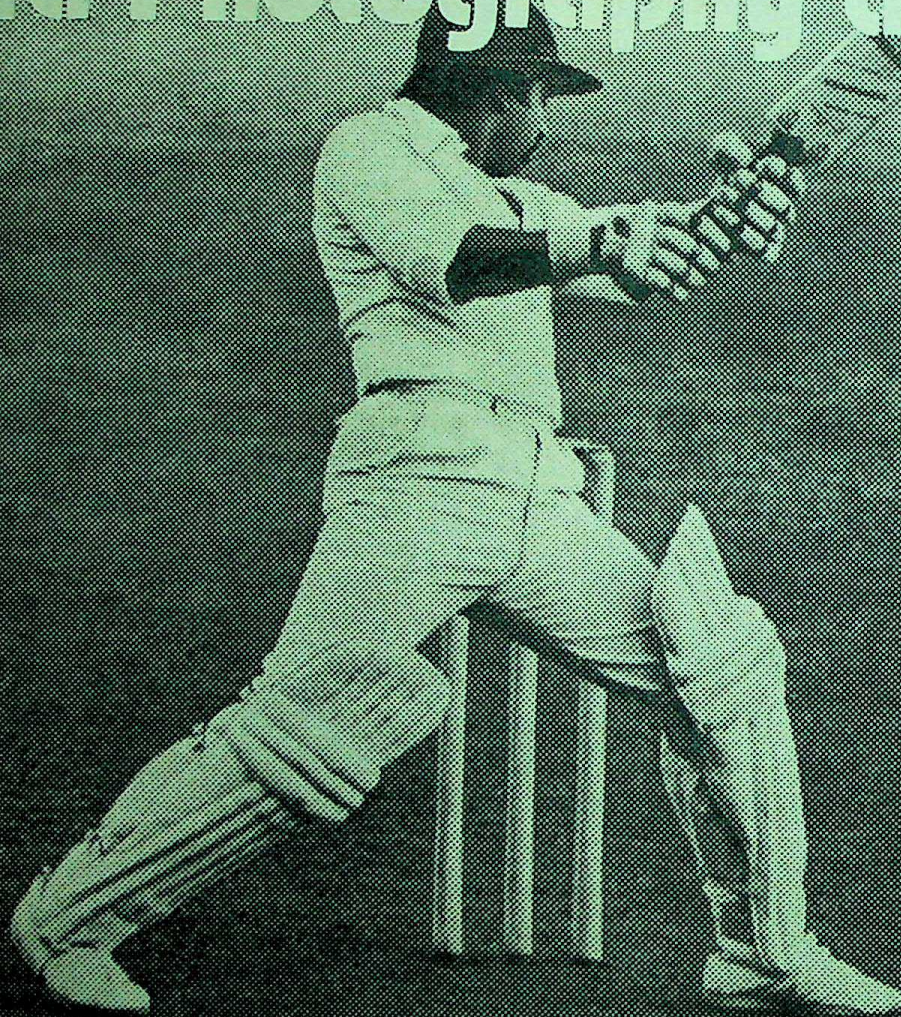
ANY INVITATIONS TO CHECKMATE? Seventeen-year-old stunner Tanya Turnbull hails from Blackpool, a town famed for its bathing beauty contests. She doesn't have to travel a great distance since the bathing belle parades are only minutes away from her home. Among her hobbies, Tanya lists water-skiing, para-kiting and, top of all, chess!

ALL TOWARDS AIDING DETENTE. President Leonid Brezhnev announced in Moscow last week that the Soviet Union would withdraw up to 20,000 troops and 1,000 tanks from the German Democratic Republic (GDR) over the coming year in a unilateral gesture aimed at aiding military detente in Europe. Simultaneously, the Kremlin chief indicated that Moscow would be ready to reduce the number of its medium-range missiles if the NATO alliance refrained from beefing up its own rocket forces in Western Europe. Observers felt that Brezhnev's remarks were clearly aimed at proposals before NATO for the deployment in Eastern European countries of medium-range missile systems—the Pershing-2 and the land-based Cruise rockets—on which a decision is to be made later this year. Meanwhile, the US hailed the Russian offer warmly. Picture shows Soviet chief Brezhnev with former West German Chancellor Willy Brandt during the former's tour of West Germany some years ago.





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China: A Raging Solitude

"There is a strange silence about the good earth which seems to hide behind it the energy of a volcano that appears dormant but is not..."

by ANEES JUNG

The hills of Hungchow have lost their stature in the early morning mist. The lake that gives the town its distinction has acquired a mythical presence. Wooden houses, dark, ancient, fragile—the kind that I have grown to associate with a Chinese landscape—recede at distances, seeming one with the hills, indeed one with the earth itself. But there is no life in them, no sounds of men, no cries of children. Like an outsider I stand on a hill separate from the birth of a dawn that unites people to new beginnings. Suddenly I hear fragments of a song floating up from the valley. It comes closer, becomes a clear echo. It is a woman's voice, singing, it seems to be, an air from an ancient opera. I must locate the voice, the woman, the song. I walk down the steep hill to where the wooden houses are. Their doors are closed. The windows too. As if the houses have been abandoned. No women, no morning ablutions, no songs. The voice is gone. Up on another hill it rings again.

Elusive As A Song

For an hour I follow the voice up and down the mist-filled tracks—never finding it. I return to my hotel room wondering if it was real. In retrospect that early morning song has become strangely synonymous for me with my visit to China—a vast rich mysterious land that I managed to see only in fragments. The country eluded me like the old Chinese song which I heard in pieces but never really understood nor recognised. Still in itself, but ambiguously so.

What is it really like in China people ask? The good earth is brown, a dun colour, like the rest of God's earth. There is a silence about this earth though—a strange silence which seems to hide behind it the energy of a volcano that appears dormant but is not. No birds chirp in this land to celebrate a new sun. No dogs bark in the night streets to give the darkness a name. The birds, I am told, were exterminated to save grain at the time of the Great Leap Forward. Insects then grew in billions. Nature's balance was disturbed. The Government now wants the birds back. The only bird I see is a small brown sparrow in a wooden cage. It hangs ceremoniously outside a farmer's home in a People's Commune. An innocuous sparrow has been given the doubtful privilege of a cage, to be pampered, stared at as a pet, a fate unknown to the sparrows of India who fly in hordes, unseen, unsung.

The skies are grey in Peking. They turn a cold blue when the sun shines. Peking is like a vast captive city, enclosed by walls—invisible, grey, the colour of time. An emptiness reigns over its imperial boulevards, a desolation hovers around its royal monuments, preserved and visited by hund-



KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN IN A COMMUNE. "Their ebullience gushes like a stream that has not yet met any barriers." —Anees Jung

reds of wide-eyed Chinese who seem as spiritually separate from their relics as I am. I ask our Chinese interpreter about the pagoda structures that gleam in the Forbidden City. "Yeh laja lani ke mahal hain," he says in excellent Hindustani.

History Unrevered

His inability to pronounce the r's makes the abodes of "rajas and ranis" seem like toy palaces. And that's what they appear today, their great roofs turned in an embarrassed tilt towards the new heavens. Lions and dragons no longer ferocious guard the regal doors. They are now mere creatures of stone. Bronze tortoises and water birds installed to portend immortality for the emperors look like macabre beasts that have outlived their function. History when not revered, cherished and understood begins to sound like a bad joke.

Statues of grey-white plaster celebrating the heroes of Liberation loom massively in public squares. Their size is grotesque. Their presence uninspired. For they are the handiwork not of man but forces larger and more forbidding. Portraits of Mao in two combinations—black and white, black and red—hang on the facades of public buildings, assuring one of his official political presence. The portrait soon begins to look repetitive, loses its aura, its significance. It is a solemn though kindly old face with an expression that is changeless, hence inscrutable. We are not allowed to visit his Mausoleum. It is closed for re-

pairs they say unceremoniously, leaving us wondering.

Other portraits, again larger than life—of Marx and Engels, Lenin and Stalin—stand prominently on either side of the Tienanmen Square. They too are a part of the city's mental presence. Stalin continues to survive in the Chinese Communist pantheon. Indeed, his portrait here in China is larger than his Russian grave that lies unnoticed in the long line of tombstones relegated alongside Moscow's Kremlin wall.

Thousands of people on bicycles, uniformed in grey-blue jackets, surge silently through the wide spaces like a constant sea. There are no motor cars, no trucks, just grey city buses. No one owns a private car in China. Government vehicles ply like big black bugs carrying officials. Everyone, though, owns a bicycle. There are two million bicycles in Peking. None of them have bells. If they did the city would have lost its silence. Their controlled movements stir in me a sense of a hundred taut violins soundlessly poised to play music that has not yet begun. No chiming bells, no humming birds—just a mass of men and women, quietly dignified, effectively involved in a routine that is concentrated and diligent.

The Chinese work. It is not just an ethic but a way of being. The country presents the drama of this labour in city and country, at construction sites and railroads, in schools, factories, everywhere. Each individual seems

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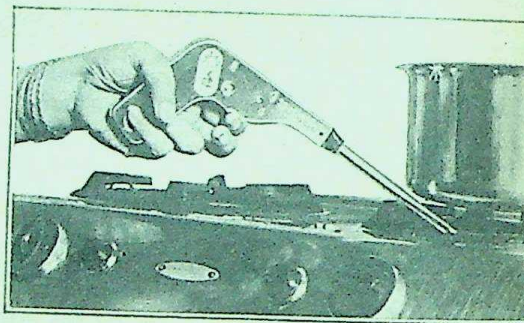
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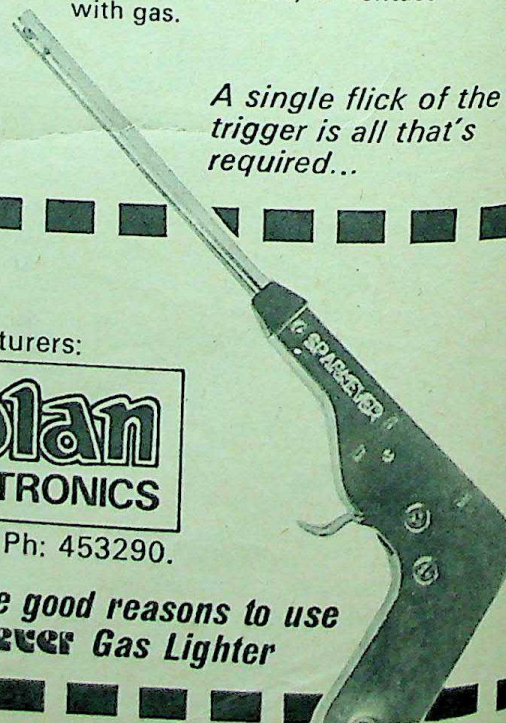
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to carry within him the memory of a Liberation. Each bears the look of a hero who has survived. A unisex look, a quality of oneness has locked them into a single journey. The Liberation has introduced an element of uniformity in the way they look, dress, work and move about. Gone are the days of painfully bound feet, of lush and ready concubines, of garden swings and women weeping, waiting to be discovered and recognised. With Mao began a long, powerful and triumphant period that brought democracy to the sexes, unleashing the suppressed energy of women, breaking their fetters.

A woman must no longer look decorative to woo a man. It is the inner beauty that matters, an elderly lady tells me plainly. As she speaks, her face that had no colour begins to smile. She no longer seems shapeless in her grey baggy dress, no longer another element of a featureless landscape. Yes, there are no flashes of colour on the streets, no painted faces, no elaborate cosmetic counters in department stores. The famed Chinese silks, the jade and jewels are only consumer items for visitors. The Chinese buy these at the time of weddings, occasions that continue to retain an aura of light, joy and solemnity. One is not quite sure whether those signs of joy have disappeared altogether.

Yet the Chinese do not consume but undoubtedly produce. At the Friendship Stores that exist in each big city, we see a wide range of products—from bicycles and sewing machines to packaged foods and elegantly wrapped gifts of jade, turquoise, clay, paper and fibre. They reflect the delicacy and the refined skill of their timeless fingers.

A Natural Courtesy

I follow the greyness of Peking, seek out the connections. The past continues to linger in the grand sense of isolation that lies hidden in the shadows. They do not nod at me, nor smile nor show any curiosity. Yet I sense a feeling of fraternity, induced perhaps by something that is unspoken, yet shared. There is formality about the Chinese but no solemnity. There is ceremony in their manner, a quality of precision, but no pomp. Among the few Chinese whom I encounter—the waiters, the room boys, the pig-tailed elevator girls, the lady hair dresser who soundlessly washes and dries my hair in delicate slow motion—I sense a natural courtesy. The service is friendly and efficient, without frills, without tips. None of the hotel rooms have locks or keys and nothing is lost. A civilised convenience that gives one a sense of abandon and makes the hotel feel like a home.

The Chinese homes I visit in the communes are as pragmatic to look at as those who live in them—two-room houses with grey-tile roofs, stone floors built around a small brick courtyard. The rooms have almost no furniture except the hard-board beds, a stove for cooking and heating, a small clock, sometimes a transistor radio and up on the front wall family pictures arranged in a graph around the solemn old face of Mao. What happens to people over a period of time who grow up and live in these two-room homes that look alike, feel alike? Can monotony in one's milieu generate a life-style that has fluidity or energy?

But energy of an obvious kind may well have receded in China and gone under the surface to generate another kind of energy that is not seen but felt.

*The immense plain
runs south to the foamy waves of the sea
and north to the purple passes of the
Great Wall.*

*In its canals are cut through the valleys;
and rivers and roads
lead to every corner.*

*In its golden past
axles of chariots and carts
often rubbed against each other
like men's shoulders.
Shops and houses stood row upon row
And laughter and song rose up from
them...*

*Winding moats and lofty walls
Were dug and built, to ensure
That prosperity would long endure.
People were busy working...*

—Pao Chao (414-66)

ed them, planned them and sustained them...

The grey space and silence of Peking are briefly left behind as we visit a commune kindergarten. In the small barren compound enclosed by brick walls there are brilliant paper flowers, gay blue and red balloons, floral dresses, bows of ribbons and apple fresh red on small round cheeks. A crowd of small and lively beings, as if from another planet, smile in unison, sing songs, recite poems. "If you find a coin on the street, pick it up, but give it to a policeman," sings a small plump girl holding the hem of her dress in a formal curtsy. "I wish there was an airplane, I would fly and see the world,"—a little boy's dream evokes perhaps a larger longing! Song after song, poem after poem, their ebullience gushes like a stream that has not yet met any barriers. As we leave, they follow us to the doorstep and crowd at the entrance, their tiny hands furiously waving goodbyes.



"Thousands of people on bicycles in grey-blue jackets surge silently through the wide spaces like a constant sea. There are no cars, no trucks—only vehicles carrying Government officials." A bicycle parking lot in Peking.

What energy was it that centuries ago moved steadily across the immense Chinese plains to build, in the name of mighty emperors the Great Wall, the Ming tombs, the imperial palaces of the Heavenly City? And when this very land "was divided like a melon, shared like beans", was this the same energy that curled up and went to sleep—to emerge again and again? "100,000 artisans and 1000,000 labourers were driven to build the palaces... in rebuilding the Three Great Halls more than 9,300,000 taels of silver were spent on felling trees alone, a sum sufficient to feed over 8,000,000 impoverished peasants for a year." Slogans such as these, freshly inscribed on the facades of monuments, give them another dimension. Looking at them again I begin to see these bastion-like relics as the creation of nameless people, whose silent energy raised

It is a tradition with the Chinese to see their guests off and the infants do it automatically, the young teacher tells us. We see this again at the University of Peking. A group of elder academics, some with shimmering white hair, some dressed in dark suits, arrange themselves in a line in the front hall. As our cars leave the campus gates I see them attentively and in unison waving goodbye. They could have been the very children at the kindergarten. It is the same gesture, the same spirit, the same sense of detail. Among the children energy burst into colour, song and dance. With the others the same energy seems to have been compressed, refined, to have gone underground. It is invisible—a silence of tremendous control. To what will this raging solitude lead China? And must this continue to remain invisible and inscrutable?



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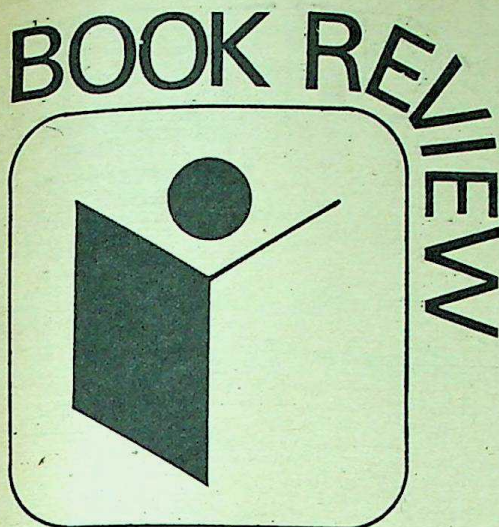
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The Middle Kingdom

"PEKING" by Felix Greene; Jonathan Cape; £6.95.

"THE GANG AND 900 MILLION: A CHINA DIARY" by S. Nihal Singh; Oxford and IBH Publishing Co; Rs 32.

Felix Greene, as they say, needs no introduction to the intelligentsia. S. Nihal Singh is Editor of *The Statesman* and is known to his readers as a well-travelled man with long and varied experience in national and international affairs.

Greene is a Sinophile, through and through, though not necessarily partisan. Nihal Singh is detached, objective with a delicate sense of humour. Greene was in China in 1977 and Nihal Singh a little later.

In other words, they were in the Middle Kingdom about the same period, give and take a few months. So we have a picture of the same country from two sets of eyes: one British, another Indian. Greene has not only written about China, but his book is lavishly illustrated with black-and-white and colour pictures and is a visual and intellectual delight. Nihal Singh's is a diary, a day-to-day account of what he saw and heard. Together they make a fascinating study of a country of which one hears so much and knows very little.

Greene is frankly adoring: his book is a report of the great things China has done and wishes to do. Let it be said at once: he is knowledgeable. He has been to the country many, many times. And he has a felicity of style that should make lesser writers envious. And he is sentimental, which makes him human.

So we can forgive Greene if he is not a political analyst and is not overtly concerned about the negative side of China. He writes about people, families, individuals; an account of a Peking divorce proceedings in a court makes the reader feel he is there, listening to everything. And, when it is all over, he will, like the rest of the people in the court, feel like standing up and giving the reconciled couple a big hand.

One can question China's politics, but its history is painfully medieval and Greene's interpretation of it is illuminating. Sometimes Greene is apologetic, but that is the trouble with most Sinophiles: they seem to have a compelling desire to justify or rationalise whatever happened. And Greene is no exception.

If this is understood, then one can sit back and enjoy *Peking*, the story of a great city that has known its vicissitudes; the book, however, is more than just the story of China's capital (spelled in the old-fashioned way). It is also the story of China in a limited sense—seen through ordinary people and the way they solve their daily problems. With Greene as our guide, one looks at the Chinese, not as potential enemies nor as ideologues, but just as simple folk caught up in the web of their own past, living their lives with all the joys and frustrations that are part of any given society. And I suspect that is what Greene intended to convey, in the first place.

Nihal Singh visited China for the first time and "lived" there for a fortnight and, happily, makes no pretence of interpreting the Chinese except in terms of what his guide or the people whom he questioned said to him. And they evidently said a lot. We have Wang Fei, Director of the International Department of the *People's Daily*, for example, giving his views on Vietnam: "The Vietnamese are political rascals. They don't keep their word. The Vietnamese have always had a feeling of national chauvinism—the feeling that they are the superior rulers of Indochina, the big brothers. After their victory against the USA, they thought they were the third military power in the world and the strongest Power in South-East Asia. We call it regional hegemonism. The Vietnamese were perfidious on the question of overseas Chinese and on the border issue... We had to teach them a lesson. It was just and it was for our self-defence..."

"Teacher And Student"

Nihal Singh asked provocative questions (or what is an editor for?) and got some expected answers. The Chinese, it would seem, are always out to teach people lessons. They tried to teach India one, but Delhi seems to have remained a bad student. Still, according to Mr Wang, his personal view (and the majority view) is that "our relations with the old, civilised, friendly country, India, should be restored to what they were in the 'fifties, to the days of Hindi-Chini Bhai-Bhai". One is tempted to say: Ah, so!

Nihal Singh is brief, precise, quietly persistent, very observant and has just that touch of humour which makes his diary more than a personal account. Nihal Singh supplements Greene. He does not replace the British writer. Both their works are enjoyable to the point that a student of contemporary China would want to read them together. Greene, of course, has the advantage of being an excellent photographer. And, more than his words, the pictures that he had taken seem eloquent. Are faces more revelatory than thoughts?

M. V. KAMATH

A Himalayan Yatra

"Through The Valley of Gods" by M. M. Sharma; Vision Books; Rs 65.

No other region in the world inspires such awe and wonder as do the Himalayas. No other region is so full of myth and fable. No other region challenges with such intensity the spirit of adventure. In short the Himalayas are the stuff that dreams are made of.

Daring to translate this dream into reality, M. M. Sharma took a journey through these lofty mountains and wandered through the "Valley of the Gods".

He gives an introduction to the region with a note on the land, its history, its people and its folk arts and industries. He then begins the narrative of his *yatra* through such evocative towns as Devaprayag, Rudraprayag, Rishikesh, Landsdowne, Almora, Ranikhet, Kathgodam, Bareilly, etc, etc. He describes the splendour of highways—Yamunotri, Gangotri, Kedarnath, Badrinath. But it is not the land sacred to Hindus alone. Mr Sharma also pays homage at the Sikh shrines, the gurdwaras of Paonta Sahib, Hemkund Sahib, Ritha Sahib and Darbar Sahib.

He takes a detour and wanders through picturesque by-ways. Jadh Ganga, "the meeting place of Shiva and the Buddha" and the daring escape route of many a prisoner in World War II; Gomukh to Badrinath without any human contact for six days, walking in snow on glaciers and moraine into one of the deepest gorges in the world through the bed of the dead sea of Tethys, the breathtaking valley of the rivers Sarayu and on to the shores of the glacial lake, Rupkund, almost in the lap of the fabled peaks of Nanda Gunthi and Trishul.

What enriches this book is not so much the spirit of wanderlust, which remains unhappily repressed in other less daring mortals, not so much the breath-stopping natural beauty as the wealth of legend with which the Himalayas are replete. These mountains are the womb of Hindu epics, the fountain-head of its sacred rivers, the abode of its gods, the very bedrock of its faith.

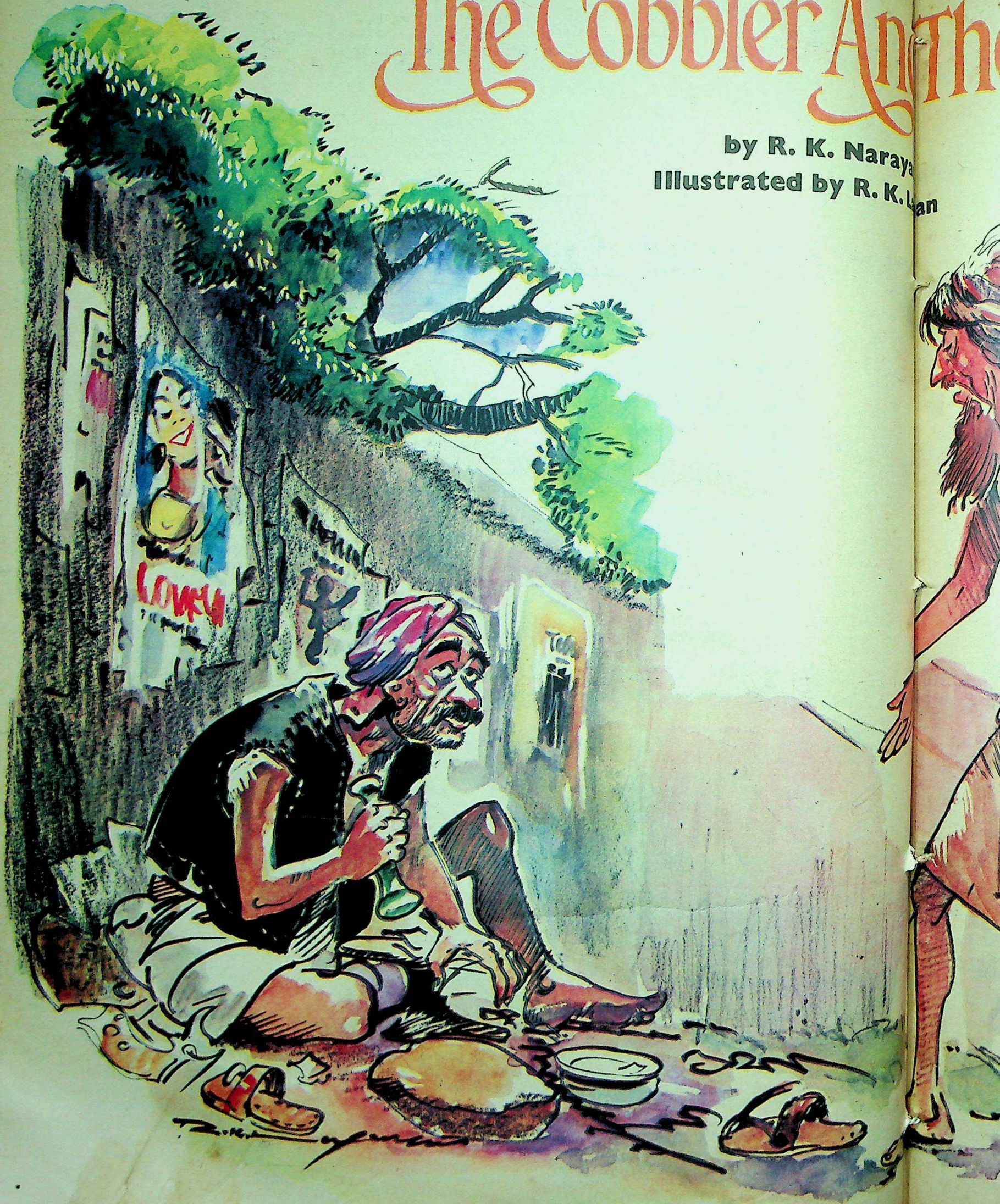
The object of this book is to provide a comprehensive guide to the traveller and relate the fascinating myths and legends as they are current among the hill people of this valley. During the *jal pralaya* where was it that Vishnu towed the boat carrying Sapta Rishi? Where did Shiva get married to Parvati? Where did Ganga descend to earth? Where was Lakshmana brought after he fell unconscious in the battle with Ravana? Where was *sanjivani buti* found? Where did Kunti marry the Pandu king and where was it that she begot Karna, her son by Surya? In which ashram did Shakuntala, the immortal heroine of Kalidasa's play, live? Where did Vedavyasa compose the *Mahabharata*?

So what if Mr Sharma doesn't place them all with unquestionable precision. As in all adventure it is the quest rather than the goal which is supreme. Getting here is infinitely more fun than arriving.

B.J.K.

The Cobbler And The

by R. K. Narayan
Illustrated by R. K. Laxman



And The God

Naraya
y R. K. Lan

The hippie thought the cobbler must be blessed because the margosa tree shook a rain of flowers on him all day. And the cobbler, regarding the hippie, reflected: "He looks like the God Shiva."

Nothing seemed to belong to the cobbler. He sat on a strip of no man's land between the outer wall of the temple and the street. The branch of a margosa tree peeping over the wall provided the shade and shook down on his head tiny whitish flowers all day. "Only the gods in heaven can enjoy the good fortune of a rain of flowers," thought the hippie observing him from the temple-steps where he had stationed himself since the previous evening. No need to explain who the hippie was, the whole basis of hippiness being the shedding of identity and all geographical associations. He might be from Berkeley or Outer Mongolia or anywhere. If you developed an intractable hirsuteness you acquired a successful mask; if you lived in the open, roasted by the sun all day, you attained a universal shade transcending classification or racial stamps and affording you unquestioned movement across all frontiers. In addition, if you draped yourself in a knee-length cotton *dhoti* and vest and sat down with ease in the dust anywhere, your clothes acquired a spontaneous ochre tint worthy of

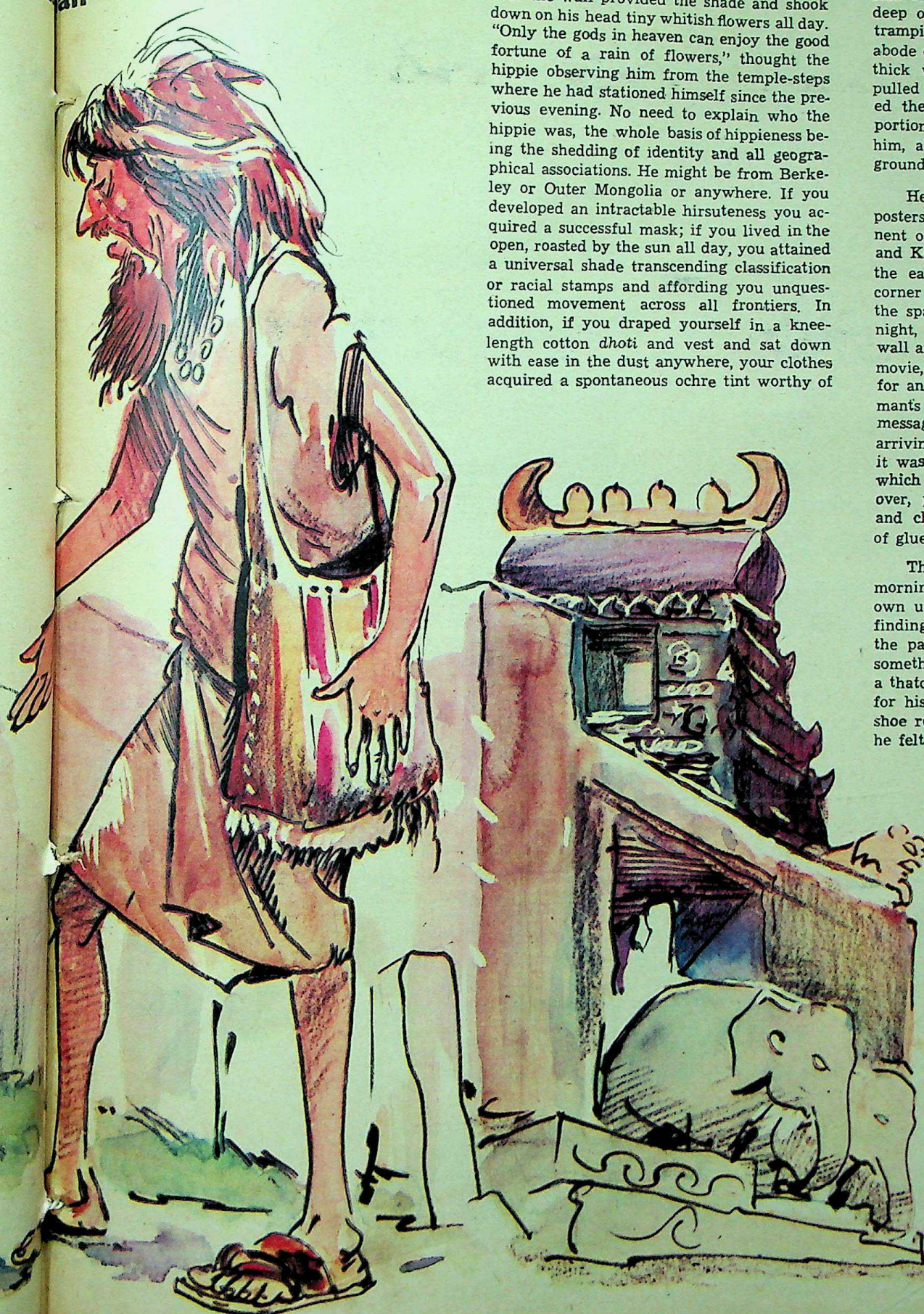
a *sanyasi*. When you have acquired this degree of universality, it is not relevant to question who or what you are. You have to be taken as you are—a breathing entity, that's all. That was how the wayside cobbler viewed him when the hippie stepped up before him to get the straps of his sandals fixed.

He glanced up and reflected, "With those matted locks falling on his nape, looks like God Shiva, only the cobra coiling around his neck is missing." In order to be on the safer side of one who looked so holy, he made a deep obeisance. He thought this man is tramping down from the Himalayas, the abode of Shiva, as his tough leather sandals, thick with patches, indicated. The cobbler pulled them off the other's feet and scrutinised them. He spread out a sheet of paper, portion of a poster torn off the wall behind him, and said, "Please step on this, the ground is rather muddy."

He had a plentiful source of supply of posters. The wall behind him was a prominent one, being at a crossing of Ramnagar and Kalidoss leading off to the highway on the east. A continuous traffic passed this corner and poster-stickers raced to cover the space with their notices. They came at night, applied thick glue to a portion of the wall and stuck on posters, announcing a new movie, a lecture at the park or a candidate for an election with his portrait. Rival claimants to the space on the wall pasted their messages over and over the earlier ones, arriving late at night. Whatever the message, it was impartially disposed of by a donkey which stood by and from time to time came over, peeled off the notice with his teeth and chewed it, possibly relishing the tang of glue.

The cobbler arriving for work in the morning tore off a couple of posters for his own use before settling down for the day, finding a versatile use for them. He used the paper for wrapping food when he got something from the corner food-shop under a thatch roof; he spread it like a red carpet for his patrons while they waited to get a shoe repaired and he also slept on it when he felt the sun too hot.

→



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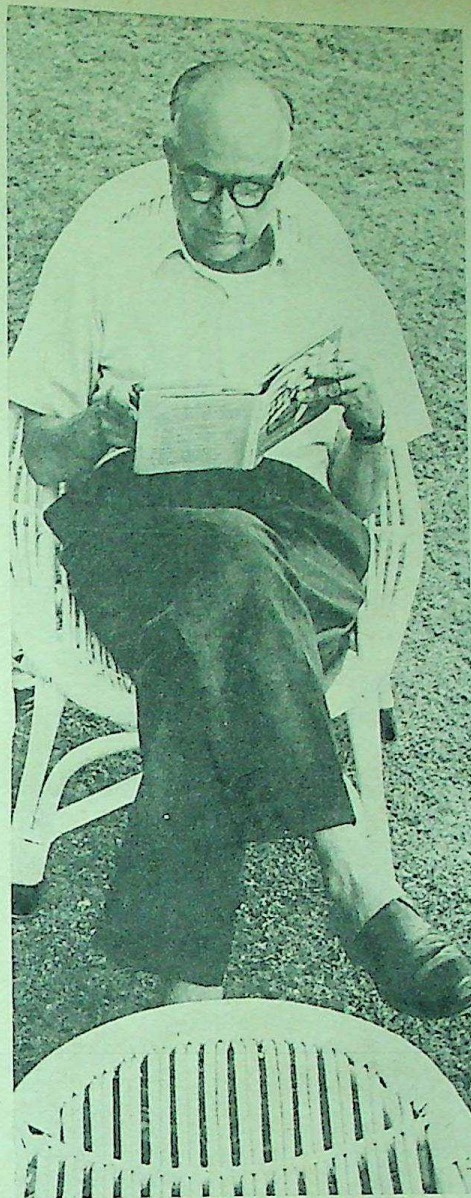
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The hippie, having watched him, felt an admiration for him. "He asks for nothing, but everything is available to him." The hippie wished he could be composed and self-contained like him. He had sat with the mendicants, holding out their hands for alms on the temple steps, the previous day. Some of them able-bodied, like himself, some maimed, blind or half-witted, but all of them, though looking hungry, had a nonchalant air, which he envied. At the evening-time, worshippers passing the portals of the temple flung coins into the alms-bowls and it was a matter of luck in whose bowl a particular coin fell. There was a general understanding among the mendicants to leave each other alone to face their respective lucks but pick it up for him if a coin fell off the blind man's bowl. The hippie, having perfected the art of merging with his surroundings, was unnoticed among them. The priest, being in a good mood on this particular evening, had distributed to the mendicants rice sweetened with jaggery, remnants of offerings to the god. It was quite filling and, after a drink of water from the street tap, the hippie had slept at the portal of the temple.

At dawn, he saw the cobbler arrive with a gunny sack over his shoulder and settle down under the branch of the margosa; he was struck by the composition of the green margosa bathed in sunlight looming over the grey temple wall. The hippie enjoyed the sense of peace pervading this spot. No one seemed to mind anything. The dust, the noise and the perils of a chaotic traffic, as cycles and pedestrians bumped and weaved their way through motorcars, lorries and scooters, which madly careened along churning up dust, wheels crunching and horns honking and screaming as if antediluvian monsters were in pursuit of one another. Occasionally a passer-by gurgled and spat out in the air or urinated on a wall without anyone noticing or protesting. The hippie was struck by the total acceptance here of life as it came.

With his head bowed, the cobbler went on slicing off leather with an awl or stabbed his bodkin through and drew up a waxed thread while stitches appeared at the joints as if by a miracle, pale strands flashing into view like miniature lightning. The cobbler had a tiny tin bowl of water, in which he soaked any unruly piece of leather to soften it, and then hit it savagely with a cast-iron pestle to make it limp. When at rest, he sat back watching the passing feet in the street, taking at a glance the condition of every strap, thong and buckle on the footwear parading before his eyes. His fingers seemed to itch when they did not ply his tools, which he constantly honed on the kerb stone.

Observing his self-absorption, while his hands were busy, the hippie concluded that, apart from the income, the man derived a mystic joy in the very process of handling leather and attacking it with sharpened end. For him, even food seemed to be a secondary business. Beyond beckoning a young urchin at the corner food-shop under the thatch to fetch him a cup of tea or a bun, he never bothered about food. Sometimes, when he had no business coming for a long stretch, he sat back, looking at the tree-top ahead, his mind and attention switched off. He was quite content to accept that situation too—there was neither longing nor regret in that face. He never solicited work vociferously, nor rejected it when it came. He never hag-



—T. S. Satyan

R. K. NARAYAN, the doyen of Indo-Anglian fiction.

gled when a footwear was thrust up to him, but examined it, spread out the poster under the man's feet, attended to the loose strap or the wornout heel, and waited for his wages. He had to be patient, they always took time to open the purse and search for a coin. If the customer was too niggardly, the cobbler just looked up without closing his fingers on the coin, which sometimes induced the other to add a minute tip or made him just turn and walk off without a word.

While the cobbler was stitching his sandals, the hippie sat down on the sheet of paper provided for him. He was amused to notice that he had lowered himself on the head of a colourful film star. Not that he needed a paper to sit upon, but that seemed to be the proper thing to do here; otherwise the cobbler was likely to feel hurt. The hippie was quite used to the bare ground; perhaps, in due course, might qualify himself to sit even on a plank of nails with beatitude in his face. It was quite possible that his search for a guru might culminate in that and nothing more.

In his wanderings he had seen in Banaras yogis sitting on nails in deep meditation. He had seen at Gaya a penitent who had a long needle thrust through his cheeks—only it interfered with his tongue, which he didn't mind since he was under a vow of silence.

The hippie had watched at Allahabad during the Kumbha Mela millions praying and dipping at the confluence of the Yamuna and the Ganga. In their midst was a *sadhu* who had a full-grown tiger for company, claiming it to be his long-lost brother in a previous birth; men handled deadly cobras as if they were ropes. There were fire-eaters, swallows of swords and chewers of glass and cactus. Or the yogis who sat in cremation grounds in cataleptic state, night and day, without food or movement, unmindful of the corpses burning on the pyres around them. In Nepal a person produced with a flourish of his hand a silver figure out of thin air and gave it to the hippie; he treasured it in his bag—a little image of a four-armed goddess. In every case, at first he was filled with wonder and he wanted to learn their secret, found the wonder-workers willing to impart their knowledge to him, for no higher exchange than a pellet of opium; but eventually he began to ask himself, "What am I to gain by this achievement? It seems to me no more than a moon-walk? Only less expensive." He found no answer that satisfied his enquiry.

He noticed on the highway villages and ricefields men and women going about their business with such complete absorption—faces drawn and serious, but never agitated. He felt that they might have a philosophy worth investigating. He travelled by train, trekked on foot, hitchhiked in lorries and bullock-carts. Why? He himself could not be very clear about it.

He wished to talk to the cobbler. He took out a *beedi*, the leaf-wrapped tobacco favoured by the masses. (The cigarette was a sophistication and created a distance, while a *beedi*, four for a *paisa*, established rapport with the masses.) The cobbler hesitated to accept it but the hippie said, "Go on, you will like it, it's good, the Parrot brand . . ." The hippie fished out matches from his bag. Now they smoked for a while in silence the leafy-smelling smoke curling up in the air. Auto-rickshaws and cycles swerved around the corner. An ice-cream seller had pushed his barrow along and was squeaking his little rubber horn to attract customers, the children who would burst out of a school-gate presently.

By way of opening a conversation, the hippie said, "Flowers rain on you," pointing at the little whitish-yellow flowers whirling down from the tree above. The cobbler looked up and flicked them off his coat and then patted them off his turban, which, though faded, protected him from the sun and rain and added a majesty to his person. The hippie repeated, "You must be blessed to have a rain of flowers all day . . ." The other looked up and retorted, "Can I eat that flower? Can I take it home and give it to the woman to be put into the cooking pot? If the flowers fall on a well-fed stomach, it's different—the gods in Heaven can afford to have flowers on them, not one like me . . ."

"Do you believe in God?" asked the hippie, a question which surprised the cobbler. How could a question of that nature ever arise? Probably he was being tested by this mysterious customer. Better be careful in answering him. The cobbler gestured towards the temple in front and threw up his arm in puzzlement. "He just does not notice us sometimes. How could He? Must have so much to look after." He brooded for a few minutes at a picture of God whose at-



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tention was distracted hither and thither by a thousand clamouring petitioners praying in all directions. He added, "Take the case of our big officer, our Collector—can he be seen by everyone or will he be able to listen to everyone and answer their prayers? When a human officer is so difficult to reach, how much more a god? He has so much to think of..." He lifted his arms and swept them across the dome of heavens, horizon to horizon. It filled the hippie with a sense of the immensity of God's programme and purpose and the man added, "And he can't sleep either. Our pundit in this temple said in his lecture that gods do not wink their eyelids nor sleep. How can they? In the winking of an eyelid, so many leave their course and bump into one another, the sky might pour down fire and brimstone, or all the demons might be let loose and devour humanity. Oh, the cataclysm!" The hippie shuddered at the vision of disaster that would overtake us with one eye-winking of God. The cobbler added, "I ask God every day and keep asking every hour. But when he is a little free, he will hear me; till then, I have to bear it..."

"What, bear what?" asked the hippie unable to contain his curiosity.

"This existence. I beg him to take me away. But the time must come. It'll come."

"Why, aren't you happy to be alive?" asked the hippie.

"I don't understand you," the cobbler said and, at that moment, noticing a passing foot, cried, "Hi! that buckle is off. Come, come, stop..." to a young student. The feet halted for a second, paused, but passed on. The cobbler made a gesture of contempt. "See what is coming over these young fellows! They don't care. Wasteful habits, I tell you. That buckle will come off before he reaches his door; he will just kick it off and buy a new one." He added a sigh, "Strange are their ways nowadays. For five paise he could have worn it another year." He pointed at a few pairs of sandals, some of them old pairs, arrayed on his gunny sack, and said, "All these I picked up here and there, thrown away by youngsters like him. Some days the roadside is full of them, near that school; the children have no patience to carry them home or some of them feel it is a shame to be seen carrying a sandal in hand! Not all these here are of a

pair or of the same colour, but I cut them and shape them and colour them into a pair." He seemed very proud of his ability to match odd pairs. "If I keep them long enough, God always sends me a customer, someone who will appreciate a bargain. Whatever price I can get is good enough."

"Who buys them?"

"Oh, anybody, mostly if a building is coming up, those who have to stand in cement and work prefer protection for their feet. Somehow I have to take home at least five rupees every day, enough to buy some corn or rice before going home. Two mouths waiting to be fed at home. What the days are coming to! Not enough for two meals. Even betel-leaves are two for a paise; they used to be twenty; my wife must chew even if she has no food to eat. God punishes us in this life. In my last birth I must have been a money-lender squeezing the life out of the poor or a shopkeeper cornering all the rice for profits—till I render all these accounts, God'll keep me here. I have only to be patient."

"What do you want to be in your next birth?"

The cobbler got a sudden feeling again that he might be talking to a god or his agent. He brooded over the question for some time. "I don't want birth in this world. Who knows, they may decide to send me to hell, but I don't want to go to hell..." He explained his vision of another world where a mighty accountant sat studying the debits and credits and drawing up a monumental balance-sheet appropriate for each individual.

"What have you done to think of hell?" asked the hippie. A suspicion again in the cobbler's mind that he might be talking to a god. "When you drink you may not remember all that you do," he said. "Now my limbs are weak, but in one's younger years, one might even set fire to an enemy's hut at night while his children are asleep. A quarrel could lead to such things. That man took away my money threatened to molest my wife and she lost an eye in the scuffle when I beat her up on suspicion. We had more money and a rupee could buy three bottles of toddy those days. I had a son but, after his death, I am changed. It's his child that we have at home now..."

"I don't want to ask questions," said the hippie, "but I too set fire to villages and blasted, flying over them, people whom I didn't know or see..."

The cobbler looked up in surprise, "When, where, where?"

The hippie said, "In another incarnation, in another birth, can you guess what may be in store for me next?"

The cobbler said, "If you can wait till the priest of the temple comes. He'll tell us, a wise man..."

The hippie said, "You were at least angry with the man whose hut you burned. I didn't even know whose huts I was destroying. I didn't even see them..."

"Why, why, when?" Seeing that the other was unwilling to speak, the cobbler said, "If it had been those days, we could have drunk and eaten together."

"Next time," said the hippie and rose to go. He slipped his feet into the sandals. "I'll come again," he said, though he was not certain where he was going or stopping next. He gave the cobbler twenty-five paise as agreed. He then picked up the silver figure in his bag and held it to the cobbler.

"Here is something for you..."

The cobbler examined it and cried, "Oh! this is Durga the Goddess; she will protect you. Did you steal it?"

The hippie appreciated the question as indicating perfectly how he had ceased to look respectable. He replied, "Perhaps the man who gave it to me stole it."

"Keep it, it'll protect you," said the cobbler, returning the silver figure. He reflected, after the hippie was gone, "Even a god steals when he has a chance."



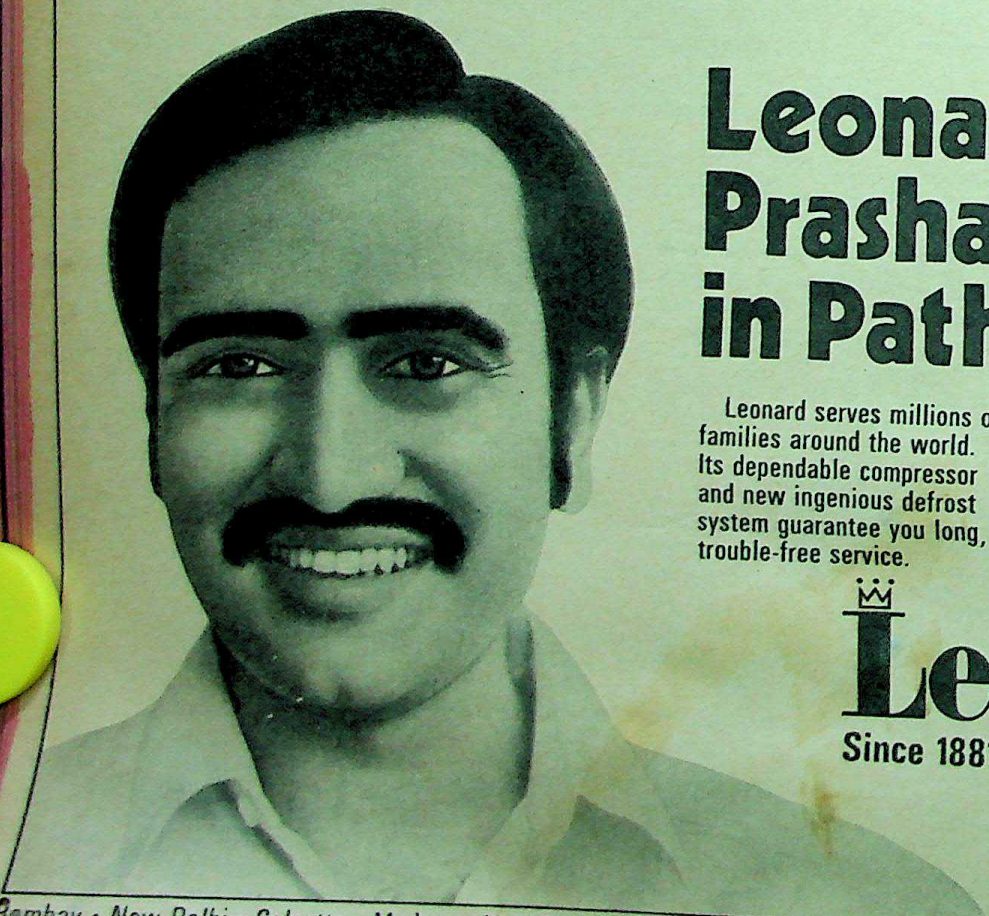


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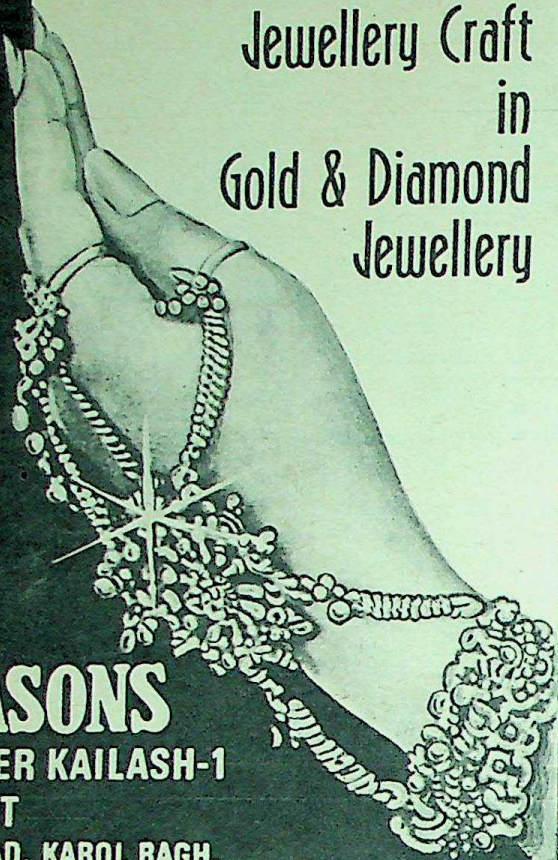
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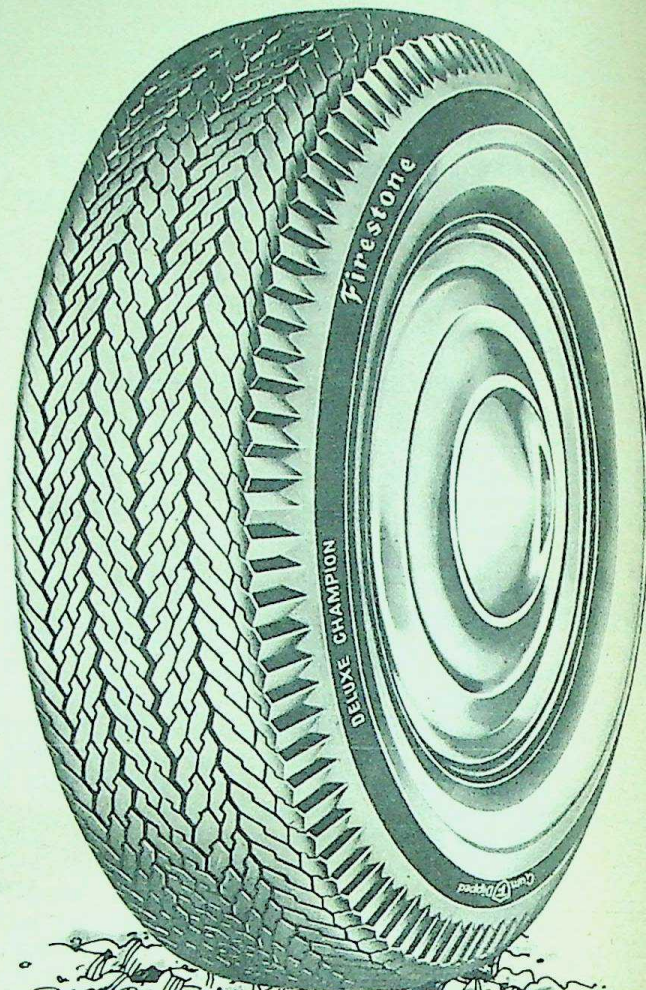
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The Theatre That Never Was

Marathi theatre is nothing but wholesale usurpation of everybody else's theatre, says the author.

by SHEELA BARSE

THE alluring neck, the rounded shoulders, the "Yeah, boys" bold poise of the person in the photograph alongside sent many a heart racing during the 1930s. Admirers paid a good eight annas to acquire this pin-up though during those days pin-ups had to be hidden under jackets and half a rupee had the purchasing power of Rs 100. But who cared! Romeos and account books simply don't match.

The rush for the shy, seductive smile and a hair style too bold for the times was an indulgence of delightful kinkiness. For the admirers knew that their heterosexual response was for a male past thirty years of age and was billed on the marquee as Narayanrao Rajhans, complete with the suffix "Rao" to emphasise his maleness!

The prints of this photograph were then "Made in Germany" to ensure quality. Narayanrao's wigs too were imported and cost Rs. 1,000 or more. For each new role he changed the style of his coiffure. The way his selection of saris was excitedly noted by socialites you would think he was the Coco Chanel of India! And that was another wondrously quaint aspect of the then social world. Streets were then devoid of confidently and attractively dressed women, so one can understand male starvation for anything in female form. But this superstar's fashion sense was admired and imitated by women! So often did they try to find out the name of his sari suppliers from

his assistants that suppliers had their agents routinely at the shows to answer enquiries.

Many of you must have by now recognised who this ladies' man and men's lady was. Yes. He is the legendary Balgandharva. "Balgandharva" means a cherubic celestial singer. Narayanrao indeed dazzled the listeners with his *taans* and made a piece of music sound like a flight of sentient notes.

Cult Figure

Nevertheless, his music alone could not possibly have made him a cult figure. The then social life may have had much to do with it. It seems to me that theatre being the only accepted form of guiltless entertainment, the relationship between the spectator and the performer acquires an unusual intensity. How else can you explain men begging an assistant for a *gajra* from the hair of another female role player, Master Krishnarao? Or the craze for the atrocious social plays of Gadakari in which male characters were gluttons for hysterical emotions and women were cradle-swinging stand-bys?

The popularity of the male playing the female character was also, I think, a proof of the Maharashtrian's cultural liberalism. During a period when a man whose father was alive never shaved off his moustache, the rule did not apply to actors playing



'SHE' SENT MANY A HEART RACING. The legendary Balgandharva or Narayanrao Rajhans (1888-1964), transformed into a woman. Admirers paid as much as half a rupee in the 1930s for this famous "pin-up".

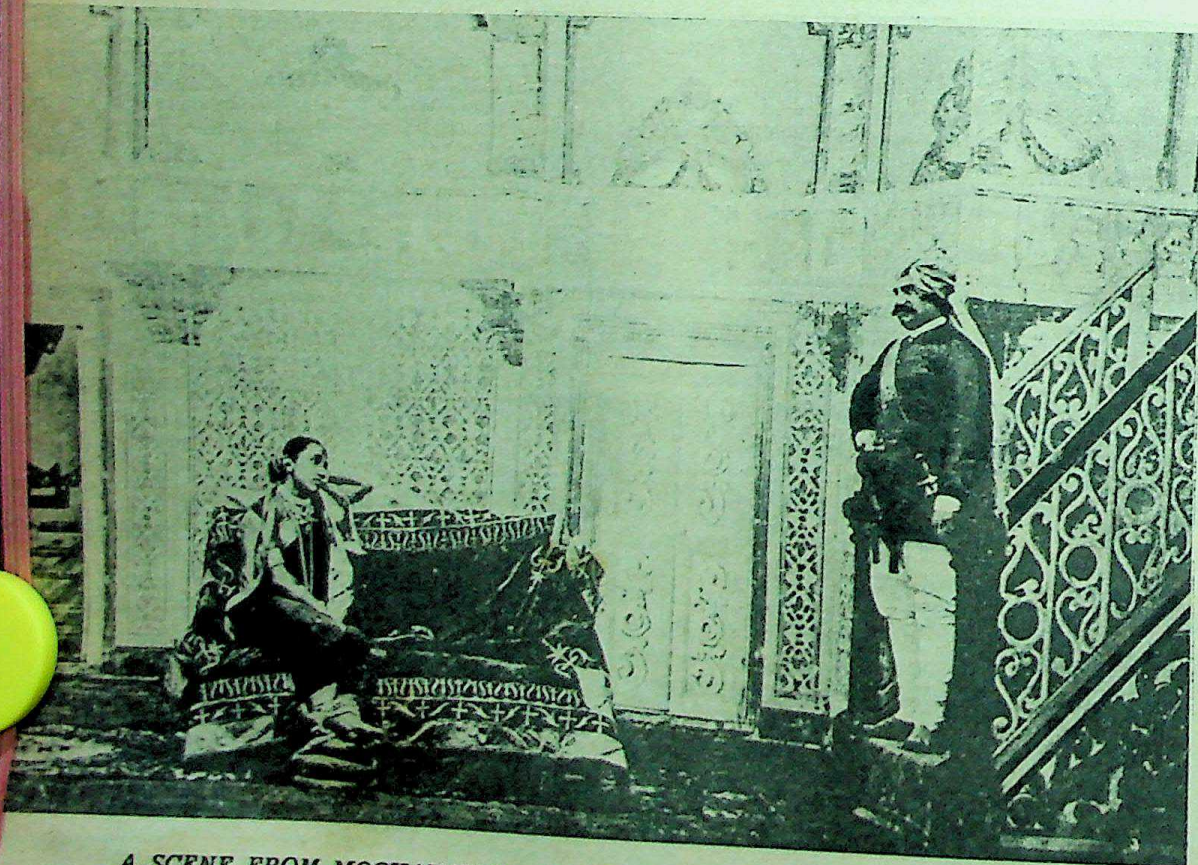
Photographs: Courtesy, K. T. Deshmukh

females. Though if one did keep his mustache while playing a woman, it was appreciated as a gesture worthy of a good son!

Thespian Keshavrao Date thought nothing of launching an acting career with female roles. More important, when freedom fighters Tilak and Gokhale were household names, for the Marathi theatrewallas Shakespear or the British theatre were not imperialist's theatre but, simply, theatre. In fact, throughout the 136-year-old history of Marathi theatre, eclecticism has been the rule for its development.

Why talk of eclecticism? Marathi theatre is nothing but wholesale usurpation of everybody else's theatre! Authoritative research by Prof S. N. Banhatti and a host of other researchers founded by Maharashtra Sahitya Akademi have conclusively established that Marathi theatre is a theatre that never was! Possibly because of Vijay Tendulkar's classic *Shantata!* Court Chalu Ahe and the inventive Ghashiram Kotwal, the national impression is that Marathi theatre has been an ethnic theatre.

In fact, it has been totally fed by non-ethnic or rather other-ethnic theatre traditions. The very first known Marathi drama staged in the court of Raja Chintamani



A SCENE FROM MOOKANAYAK of the Kirloskar Sangeet Mandali. Kirloskar grafted on to Marathi theatre the glamour and elaborate sets of the Parsee Indrasabha. The jewellery-laden heroine is "ladies' man" Balgandharva.

Patwardhan of Sangali in 1843, was inspired by and designed along the lines of the Yakshagana theatre of Karnataka. A Yakshagana troupe had performed in the Sangali Court and the ruler asked his teenage protege Vishnudas Amrit Bhawe to devise a similar show in Marathi.

In his autobiography, Bhawe says in praise of himself, "I had long been fond of painting, writing poems and devising stories. The education of the period consisted of learning to write the Modi script and writing of the account books. Readers may please appreciate what a difficult task I had undertaken and executed (in presenting the first show in Marathi)." The play Vishnudas devised was entitled *Seeta Swamywar*.

Initially Bhawe followed almost all the Karnataka conventions. His innovation was that, while the Kannada form was of a dance-drama, Bhawe's theatre de-emphasised dance. Presumably, he did not want to cope with the problem of training dancer-actors. Like the Kannadigas, Bhawe chose mythological themes from the Sanskrit theatre.

By a stroke of luck, Raja Chintamanrao died in 1851, leaving a minor heir and a major British presence in the State. During the raja's tenure, Bhawe had staged ten plays and incurred a lot of debt in anticipation of land and largesse promised by his king. The British suggested to Bhawe that he take his troupe on tours and earn money to pay off debts. Thus Bhawe landed in Bombay in 1853 and returned to do shows in '54, '56 and stayed on till 1861.

Father Of Marathi Theatre

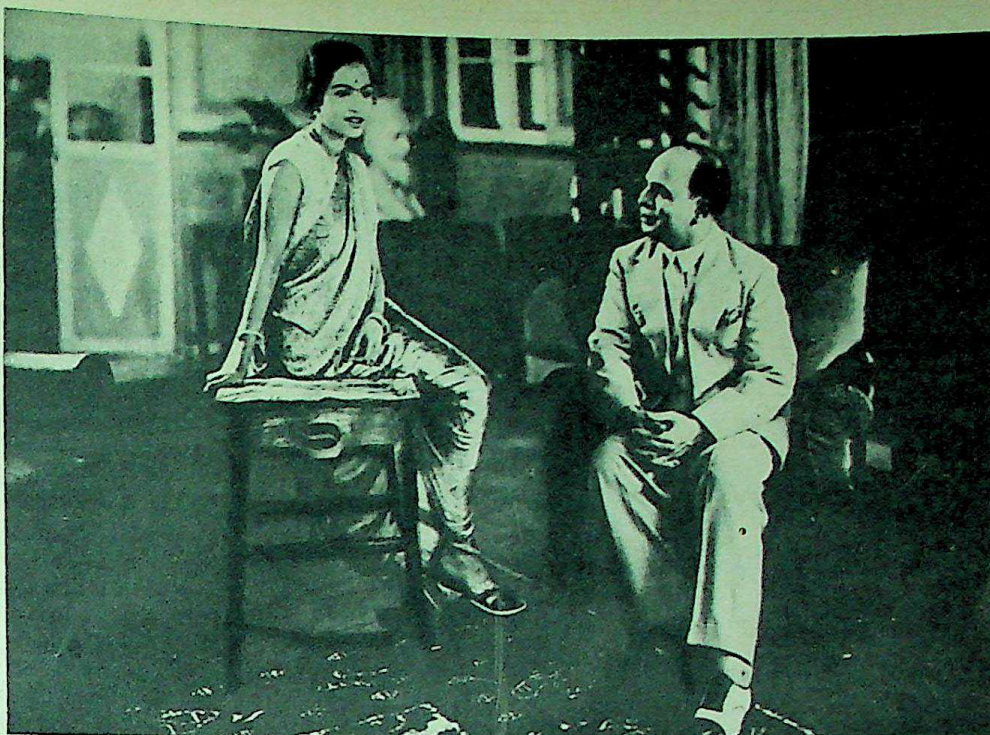
The historic significance of his visit was that for the first time Vishnudas Bhawe saw proscenium theatre, theatre with backdrop and curtains, scenes and stage props. The audience too sat facing the stage in neat rows! Our man was impressed. Without delay, he married his Kannada-Sanskrit half-half Marathi theatre to the British proscenium formality. Like the British, he also began to construct his play around a single strong theme. And thus the ethnic Marathi theatre was born!

By his own account Bhawe's shows earned "wah wah's of the great and small. I befriended great greats like Dr Bhau Daji, Nana Shanker Shet, Sir Jamshedji..." "Seth, sahuakar, sarkar, naukar, Europeans, Parsees and Secretary to the Government" patronised his shows. "We used to have four or five shows per month. We made Rs 150 to Rs 200 per show. But the expense and income did not tally and we incurred a debt of Rs 300. After I wound up business, the leading actors from my troupe staged plays."

Thus Bhawe, the Father of Marathi theatre, also became its fountainhead.

By the time Vishnudas died in 1901, the basic bibliography of the amalgamate known as Marathi theatre was exhausted.

Bombay had introduced the Maharashtrians to the British sit-com-cum-gags form of entertainment called farce. The Maharashtrians lifted this form and, from 1856 onwards, a short-duration farce was prefixed to popular Marathi plays. Two farces, *Jhanshi Chi Rani* and *Narayanrao Peshwa Yancha Mrityu* (Death of Peshwa Narayanrao) were very popular.



THESPIAN KESHAVRAO DATE WITH JYOTSNA Bhole. Keshavrao Date started out by enacting female roles. Below: Date in a scene from *Sawai Madhavrao Yancha Mrityu*. The hero's role was played by Annasaheb Karkhanis.

From 1857, the next fifteen years saw all the major Sanskrit plays on Marathi stage.

1860 saw the first published play in Marathi, *Thorle Madhavrao Peshwe* (Elder Madhavrao Peshwa), a play which had been inspired by Shakespeare! Bombay had a college now and the first batch of students met Shakespeare. The first-batch graduate, Vinayak Janardan Kirtane, copied the Master's technique and wrote a play built around a historic theme. The play was staged in 1862 by the famed Ichalkaranjikar Theatre Company.

The Ichalkaranjikar troupe also brought to stage a Marathi translation of *Othello*. The play failed. But Shakespeare arrived. From 1872 (*Julius Caesar*) to 1883 (*Hamlet*), different companies brought a number of Shakespearean plays to Marathi stage: *Tempest* (1875), *Romeo and Juliet* (1882) and *The Comedy of Errors* (1879). The comedy was Indianised and was a grand success.


Pioneer of Musicals

In 1880, Marathi theatre helped itself to the Parsee *Indrasabha* tradition. Annasaheb Kirloskar, who pioneered musicals in Marathi, brought the glamour and plush settings and other Parsee conventions to his play *Shakuntal*. In an act of generosity, he kept on adding acts to the play until it was a play in seven acts, each act to be performed per evening! A peculiarity of Kirloskar's musical plays was that he used all sorts of music—Northern, Southern, *bhajans*, *kir-tans*, *dindi*, even *pads* styled after *lovanis*—the erotic folk songs. He brought *khyal* singing to Marathi stage. After Vishnudas Bhawe, Kirloskar was the major mixer to have created a genre more or less out of nothingness. Incidentally, Kirloskar started work in 1860.

And thus from Yakshagana (1843) to proscenium (1853) to *Indrasabha* (1880), the genetic engineering of Marathi theatre was complete.

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gol maal lokanatya, a couple of melodramas, a serious play or two, an old-fashioned musical and a whole lot of plays called modern or experimental theatre. Actually anything that does not have a regular hero and heroine, platitudes and old-fashioned religious sentiment is termed experimental! To make it modern, they sprinkle the dialogues with obscenities. Speaking in symbolism incorporating a socio-religious ceremony or two is considered innovative. A whole lot of minor cinema personalities and also-rans 'act' on the stage and keep a section of the audience uneducated.

Vijay Tendulkar keeps on trying to break into the commercial circuit and fails most of the time. His last good play *Pahile Jatiche* (good entertainment exceedingly well composed) cannot draw more than 150 spectators, thus cannot earn even the rent of a commercial auditorium. His latest is on the shelf for want of a commercial producer. Having read the play I really don't see why the playwright decided on a commercial production.

Satish Alekar, actor-director-playwright, has managed to get audiences of commercial theatre to see his very unconventional plays. There is some sporadic, good, promising work. Young Achyut Vaze's *Saay Sakhar* (Cream and Sugar) for example. Ratnakar Matkari's direction for his own play *Lokakatha* '78 was innovative. Another promising writer-director is Shafaat Khan.

He and half a dozen aspiring playwrights in their twenties and thirties have formed a troupe of their own. I made exactly five attempts to get their scripts from them saying that, if I found them good enough, I would like to mention them in my weekly column on Bombay's cultural scene. For some reason they shied off. I thought it was because I am a Maharashtrian by residence not by race. But then Amol Palekar told me that he too had liked Shafaat's work and asked for the script but Shafaat was not forthcoming.

Oppressive Anathema

I did have a meeting with this group during which they told me that, the way things are, they knew nobody would bother to publish them. Vaze, too, has not been published. Vaze, a B.Com., M.B.A., told me, "It is just that I have not got around to getting my work printed for six years."

The oppressive and stunting anathema to Marathi theatre growth, I feel, are its elders. The very people who launched the unconventional experimental theatre are doing quality-less work and leading quality-less lives. They just want to be glamour people.

Vijay Tendulkar gets a Sangeet-Natak Akademi membership, without the knowledge of the State Cultural Affairs Director, for friend and associate Ms Sulabha Deshpande, as the State's representative for children's cultural activities on the basis of two or three children's plays she directed for their organisation. She later launched a scheme. To find out all about it, I had several meetings with her and found out that the lady "has not yet come across anyone with whom she can talk about cultural activities for children", that she did not believe in working in committees, that she had read exactly two books on educative theatre for



BALWANT PANDURANG (*Annasaheb Kirloskar*) a pioneer of musical plays.

children and she had not come across anything else she could read! I found out that she was totally ignorant of related areas of child psychology, had not heard of UNICEF's activities or Danny Kay's work for it. Worse, she did not know that our own Films Division has for years been making short films for children.

The Films Division's work is attractive and certainly far, far more professional than the film *Sulabha* Deshpande released in August this year. I arranged for her to see some films at the FD. The FD Public Relations Officer, a helpful man, immediately agreed to help her organisation but his gesture has not been accepted.

By all rights the SNA membership should have gone to Sudha Karmarkar. For the last twenty years, almost every educated middle-class housewife has heard of her pioneering Little Theatre. Sudha Karmarkar started doing children's theatre when neither the Government nor any other cultural bodies bothered about the separate field of children's theatre. I have seen her shows playing to houses packed and overflowing with squealing, clapping, cheering, joyful children. Right in the midst of the season, she gives free shows for the disabled, poor and orphaned children. Yet the twenty years amounted to nothing in Tendulkar's book.

I met the Vice-President of the organisation which runs the Chhabildas Hall and styles itself as a public trust formed to promote experimental theatre. She is Sarojini Vaidya, a reader in Marathi Literature, University of Bombay, and an occasional judge at the State Drama Competitions.

From her prestigious office in the university, she rattled off how they are there to discover, evaluate and promote young and new playwrights by having sessions of play-reading; select short stories which can be reshaped as plays, etc.

I informed her that, before coming to her, I had talked to some young people at the Chhabildas Hall and found out that no such thing was being done. The lady made a quick turn. "Oh, but we have not made any such claim" in the letter of intent of the organisation.

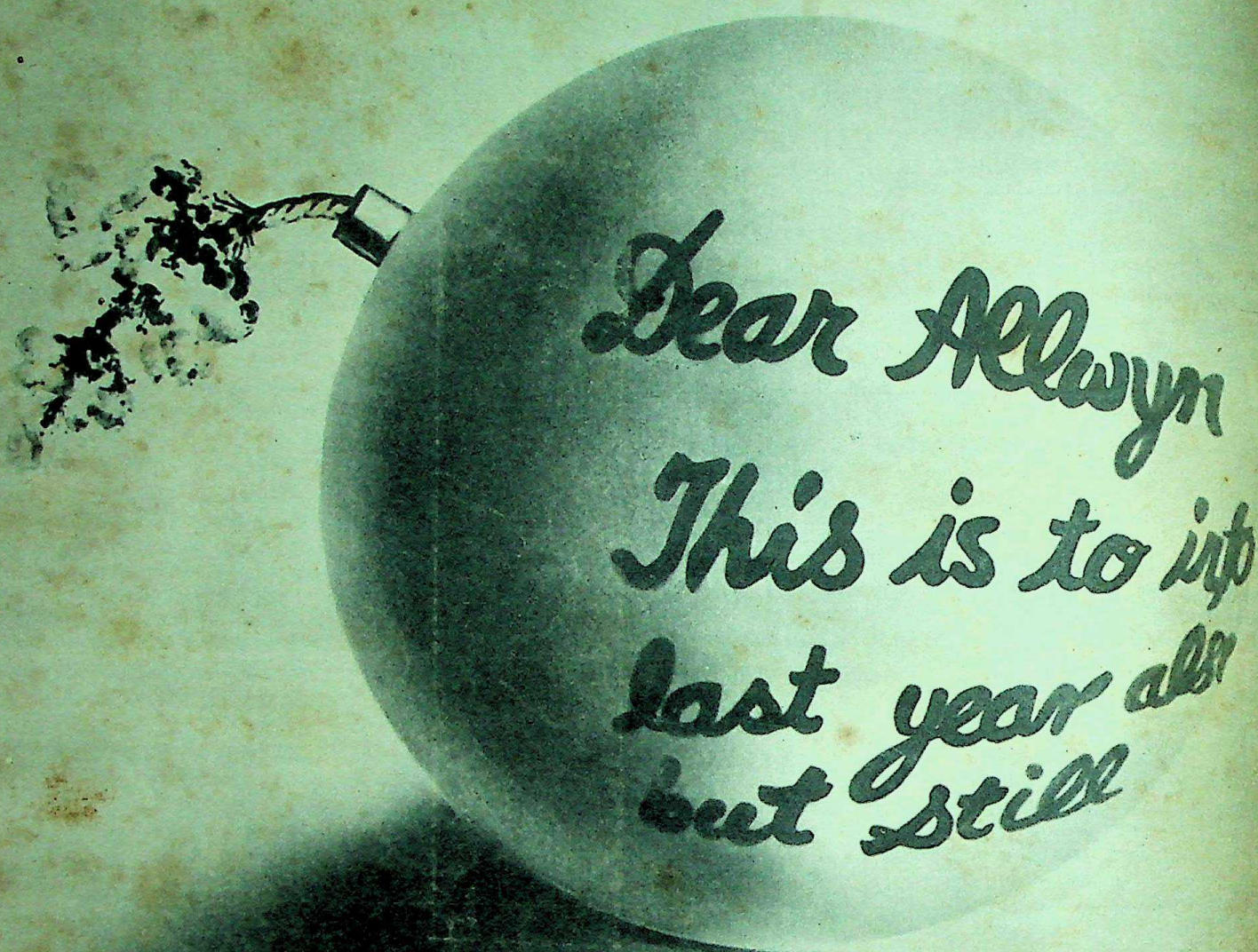
As recently as 1971 and 1972, when Amol and Chitra Palekar forced the situation during the annual State Drama Competitions, the Government did not recognise a play which did not last for a minimum two hours! All the big-wigs with claims to historic contribution to experimental theatre development in Maharashtra had till then complied with the regulation for the fear of losing recognition at the State level!

With this kind of leadership, is it a wonder that one cannot discern any ferment or a sense of direction? No, I am not reporting a hopeless situation. It is only a report of disappointment, disturbing disappointment. Marathi theatre is alive and a few youngsters are kicking. Let us see what the sum-total means five years hence.



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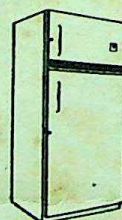
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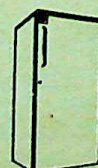
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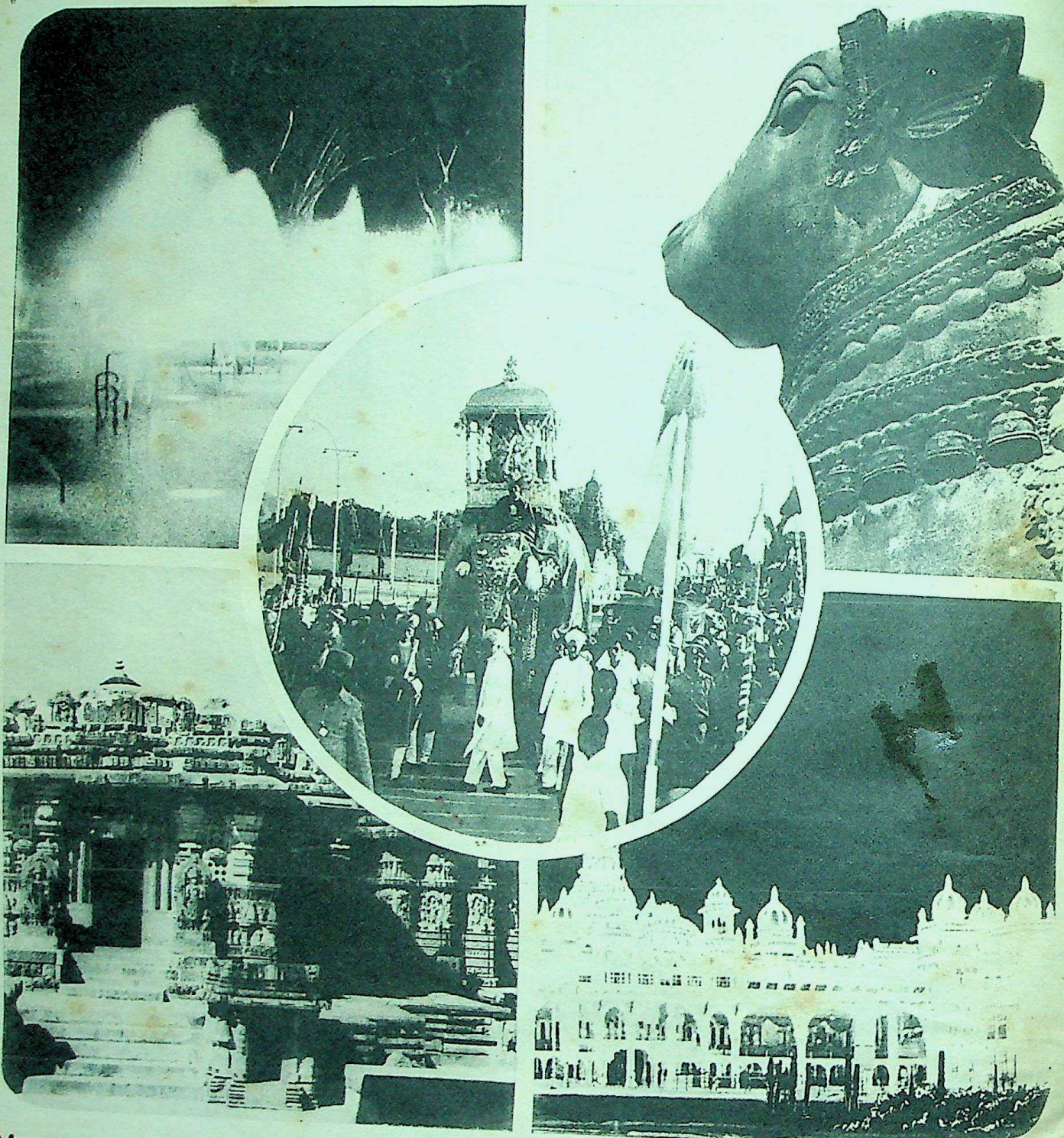
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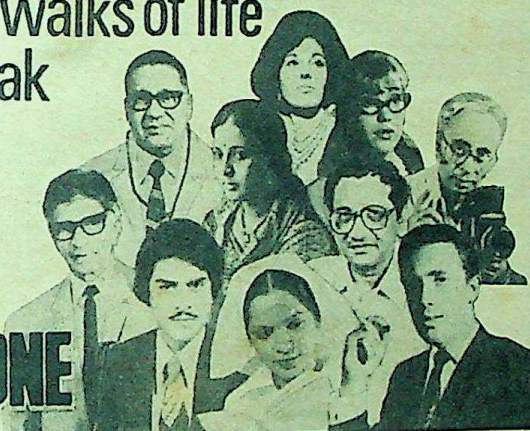
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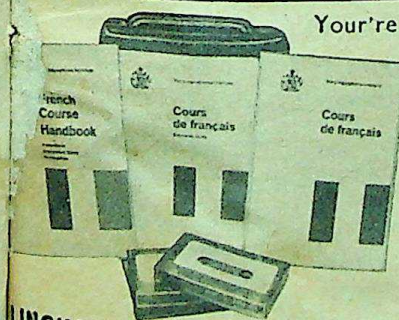
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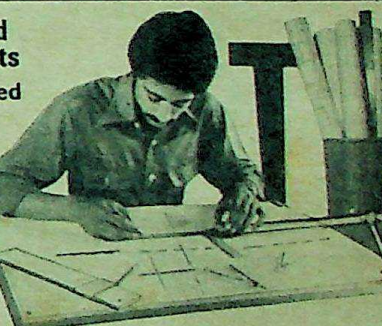
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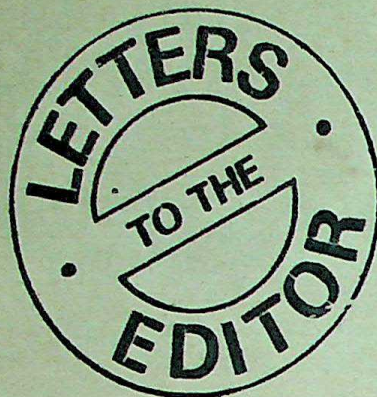
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R.N. LAKHOTIA
Calcutta

Sir—The lead article was the best thing about this issue. The first two words, *Ma Nishada*, should be adopted by our wildlife conversation programme!

KALPESH JANI
Indore

Sir—I think I can add two points to supplement RGK's article. One is that the nurturing of wildlife was seen by our forefathers as a major moral obligation of human beings. Hence, as part of the daily rituals (*nitya yajna*) was *bhutayajna*: offerings of food to birds and beasts, symbolising one's "realisation of obligations to less evolved forms of creation".

The other point I think demonstrates how central Nature was to the evolution of our thought and the arts. The seven basic notes of our music are each supposed to have been derived from the call or the cry of some bird or beast. The *pancham*, *pa*, for instance, is supposed to originate from a *koel's* call; while the next, *dha*, I believe, comes from a lion's roar.

K.S. RAM
Bhopal

Sir—Commentaries on Kalidasa's and other historic episodes seemed rather out of place in a plea for our vanishing wildlife. A graphic representation of conservation sites, national parks, statistics and neat pictorial coverage of the most important species would have been more appropriate.

S.K. BALACHANDAR
Madras

Sir—I really looked forward to this issue, especially for colour photographs of many rare birds and animals. The leaping tiger, which was shown in the *Contents*, was conspicuously absent. There were very few pictures worth preserving.

Y.K. RAO
Hyderabad

It's Already Denied!

Sir—The alleged letter by the Chief Minister of Rajasthan, J.N. Pahadia, to the World Bank, regarding the so-called Narmada dispute with Gujarat, has surprisingly and belatedly prompted you to comment on it in *All Things Considered* (August 24) under the

headings: "Who Is The PM?" and "More Mystery". Surprisingly and belatedly, because this report, which first emanated from Ahmedabad by *The Times of India* correspondent, had been promptly and effectively denied by Mr Pahadia himself. The contradiction issued by him has already appeared in all important national dailies.

Rajasthan's stand in this dispute is explained in a handout released by the State Directorate of Public Relations on August 14. In this context, I would like to say that the administration of Rajasthan is familiar with administrative etiquette—hence it is unlikely that such a letter could be written to the World Bank or any other international agency directly, leave alone by the Chief Secretary to the Government. That the *Weekly* has chosen to repeat these allegations even after a categorical denial by the Chief Minister has not only surprised but pained many of us in Rajasthan.

D.N. UPADHYAY
Director, Public Relations,
Government of Rajasthan

The Reason Why

Sir—I was delighted to read your reference to Raja Rao, a sensitive writer who has always stood in a class by himself (*All Things Considered*, August 24). Why he—or any of our other writers—is not known to the younger generation is because our university dons, who compile anthologies of English prose and poetry, tend to ignore Indo-Anglians, either out of an inferiority complex or out of ignorance, and take the path of least resistance by choosing well-worn works by English writers.

P.R. KAIKINI
Delhi

Forest Of Confusion

Sir—The title, "Forests for the People" (by Rusi Engineer, August 24), I found misleading; and the contents one-sided and biased. I only wish the forest people (the Adivasis) could read this article meant for urban consumption, dished out by an armchair expert.

The article confused me completely. I could not make out whether the author was trying to put the blame for deforestation on the tribals or whether he was advocating that "waste lands must be greened... to meet the enormous rural demand for firewood and small timber".

Then I saw R.K. Laxman's cartoon and the two photographs and it was clear that the blame for deforestation is being squarely put on the tribals' shoulders. Instead of photographs of people carrying loads of wood on their heads, you should have given one of truckloads of timber being felled and carried to the timber depots. One truckload carries about 8.5 10 cu metre of firewood. One cartload carries only .45 cu mt of firewood. One headload I leave it to you to calculate. In terms of cubic

Malti vs Kanak

Sir—I do not understand how in my letter under the heading "What Do You Say, Kanak?" the opening sentence came to read, I have a Master's Degree in Dance, when I had written I am a Dance Student with M.A. (in Literature and Aesthetics) from Bombay University and at present doing research work for my Ph.D. in Dance. Obviously, I myself cannot sail under false colours when I am accusing someone else of indulging in plagiarism!

MALTI PARIKH
Bombay

metres, it is for the reader to decide who destroys more wood/forests.

NICKYBHAU CARD

For Bird-Watchers

Sir—The price of the compact edition of *Handbook of The Birds of India and Pakistan* (A Bird-Watcher's Bible, August 24) is not £50 but "around Rs 500". Bird-watchers here, rejoice!

Moreover, although four pages of original (6½" x 9½") are reduced to one page of the Compact, the reduction is not by a ratio of 4 since the pages of the compact are larger (8" x 12½").

The publishers have assured me the *faux pas* pointed out by me (retention of East Pakistan for Bangladesh) is deliberate—since change would mean resetting in the 10 volumes. A note to this effect has been appended on Page Ivi of revised first volume.

VITHAL C. NADKARNI
Bombay

His Is A Way Of Life

Sir—The beauty and the magnificence of Rajneesh's utterances are being discovered throughout the rest of the world—Western critics and reviewers have acknowledged his power of vision. It is refreshing to see a reviewer in Rajneesh's own country (MVK) able to praise the work of a highly controversial mystic-philosopher-poet (*My Way of Life*, August 24) by Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, A. 17).

DAVID J. BURROUGHS
(Swami Das Anand)

Sir—I have been a foreign disciple of Bhagawan for several years and always surprised to find him called "philosopher" in India. The reviewer got the point absolutely: Life is only life in a very practical sense. Bhagwan's concern.

DEVA YACHAN

News On Only Love

Sir—While reviewing Pujya Datta Mata's book, *Only Love* (August

I find that MVK's book published in Los Angeles, and the same book has been published in India by Yoga Publications Co., Ranchi, published by O. P. Publishing Co., printed at Oxford, Faridabad. The two editions—same and de luxe for

"Couldn't"

Sir—Why did you not publish poems about the beautified by the Turkman Gate ("Faces of Delhi") GU

Sir—if you want a party, give Jagdish a column to write poems on us in the *Weekly* does our poetry.

"Delhi Ka"

Sir—T. N. Kulkarni (August 17) has twisted the facts of convention and implied that I would regard, I would the Kanpur Congress grand success, Bahuguna is reckoned with the Congress (I). For the minorities future Prime Minister

The Spice

Sir—By jazzing up captions and numbers the cover remains cosmetic to offer a variety should be exact become a bimbo. And, on reading matter what the feeling there been done with once left his d to be a dynamic sedentary, state Dr HRA

Sir—It was a long time after a long time (of A *Weekly*) sweep of the provided a re earlier issues because of the single topic.

The Illustrated Weekly of India

VOL CI 38 SEPTEMBER 21, 1980 ESTD 1880

REGD. No. MH By South-25
Registered as Newspaper in Sri Lanka

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Patronised by kings, the temples of Karnataka are a tourist's delight, says J.C. Das. 12

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The State has played an important role in fostering art, as evidenced by the rich variety of paintings found in its temples and palaces. By Dr S.R. Rao. 15

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Many of the reigning maestros of Hindustani music are Kannadigas. By Mohan Nadkarni. 28

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Should Vish Remain Captain?

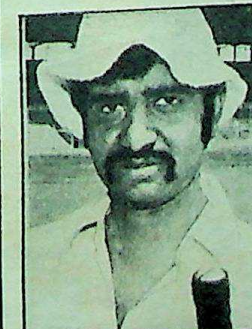
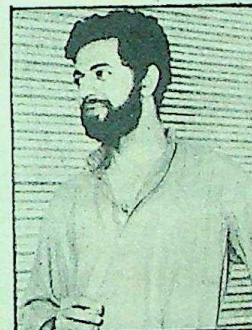
Gavaskar says he is ready to captain India again. Then what happens to G.R. Viswanath? By Raju Bharatan. 42

A Cold Look At Islam

Iqbal Masud pulls no punches in his review-article on Asghar Ali Engineer's "Origin and Development of Islam". 44

Cover Photographs: 'Nandi' by B. Kesar Singh. 'Coorg Girls' by Jitendra Arya.

Cover designed by Suhas Bawdekar



Next Week



EMERGENCY: Can It Work Again?

"Reimposing another emergency would be a breach of the solemn promise on which Mrs Indira Gandhi was elected," says "Blitz" Editor R.K. Karanjia in a hard-hitting interview, covering all the political implications of whether the situation is ripe for another "June 1975"

Gandhiji: An Untold Story

Edmond Privat, a Frenchman, wrote two books on Gandhiji on the basis of a brief companionship—books about which little is known. On the occasion of Bapu's anniversary, Manish Nandy tells the Frenchman's remarkable story.

The Golden Calm

Excerpts from "An English Lady's Life in Mughal Delhi", the diary of Emily Bayley, daughter of Sir Thomas Metcalfe. Edited by M.M. Kaye.

700 Dead And 220,000 Injured

Why such a steep decline in safety standards in our industrial establishments? Winifred Costa investigates.

The Disastrous Decade

The decade 1971-80 witnessed a series of losses in the musical field. On the occasion of Lata Mangeshkar's 51st birthday, Raju Bharatan does a novel kind of feature, discussing how much this stalwart singer contributed to enriching the art of certain gifted composers no longer with us.

An All-India Artists' Camp

Milon Mukherjee, who participated, reports. Colourfully illustrated.

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I find that MVK has written of the book published by the, Self-Realisation Fellowship, Los Angeles, and priced at \$6.50. The same book has now been published in India by Yogada Satsanga Society of India, Ranchi, and printed and published by Oxford—IBH Publishing Co, New Delhi, and printed at Oxonian Press Pvt Ltd, Faridabad. The book is available in two editions—paperback for Rs 17 and de luxe for Rs 36.

B.L. DAVE
Ranchi

"Couldn't Be Verse"

Sir—Why did Jagmohan not write poems about the areas of Delhi beautified by him—namely, Turkman Gate or Jama Masjid: ("Faces of Delhi", August 17).

GURSHARANJIT SINGH
Patiala

Sir—If you want to please the ruling party, give Jagmohan an article or a column to write. But to inflict his poems on us is unfair—after all, the Weekly does carry only one page of poetry.

MANIK SAMBRE
Dhar

"Delhi Kauling"

Sir—T. N. Kaul ("Delhi Kauling", August 17) has intentionally tried to twist the facts about the Kanpur convention called by H.N. Bahuguna and implied that it was a fiasco. In this regard, I would like to emphasise that the Kanpur convention, which was a grand success, has proved that Bahuguna is still a force to be reckoned with even outside the Congress (I). He is so popular among the minorities that they see in him a future Prime Minister!

MOHI-MAQDUMZADE
Kudchi

The Spice Of Variety

Sir—By jazzing up layouts, livening up captions and issuing special numbers the changes in the Weekly remain cosmetic. We want each issue to offer a variety: a special issue should be exactly that—special; not become a bimonthly happening. And, on reading the articles (no matter what they are about), one gets the feeling that all "research" has been done without the author having once left his desk. Journalism should be a dynamic profession, not a sedentary, stagnant one.

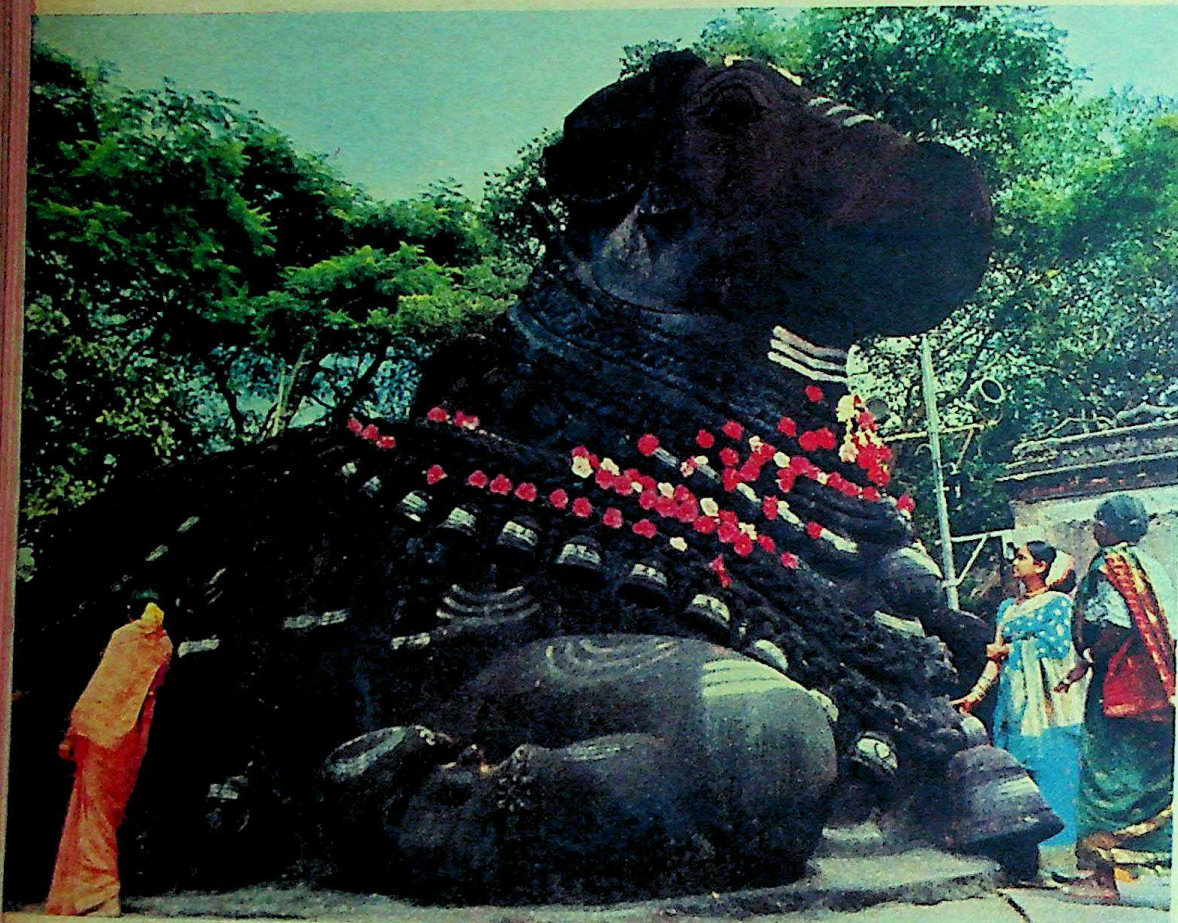
Dr HRADAYANATHA HEGDE
Udupi

Sir—It was a pleasure—a pleasure after a long time—to read the Weekly (of August 17). The wide sweep of the subjects it covered provided a refreshing change from earlier issues, which palled because of their concentration on a single topic.

V.M. VINAYAKUMAR
Cochin

Karnataka

Where Synthesis Is A Way Of Life

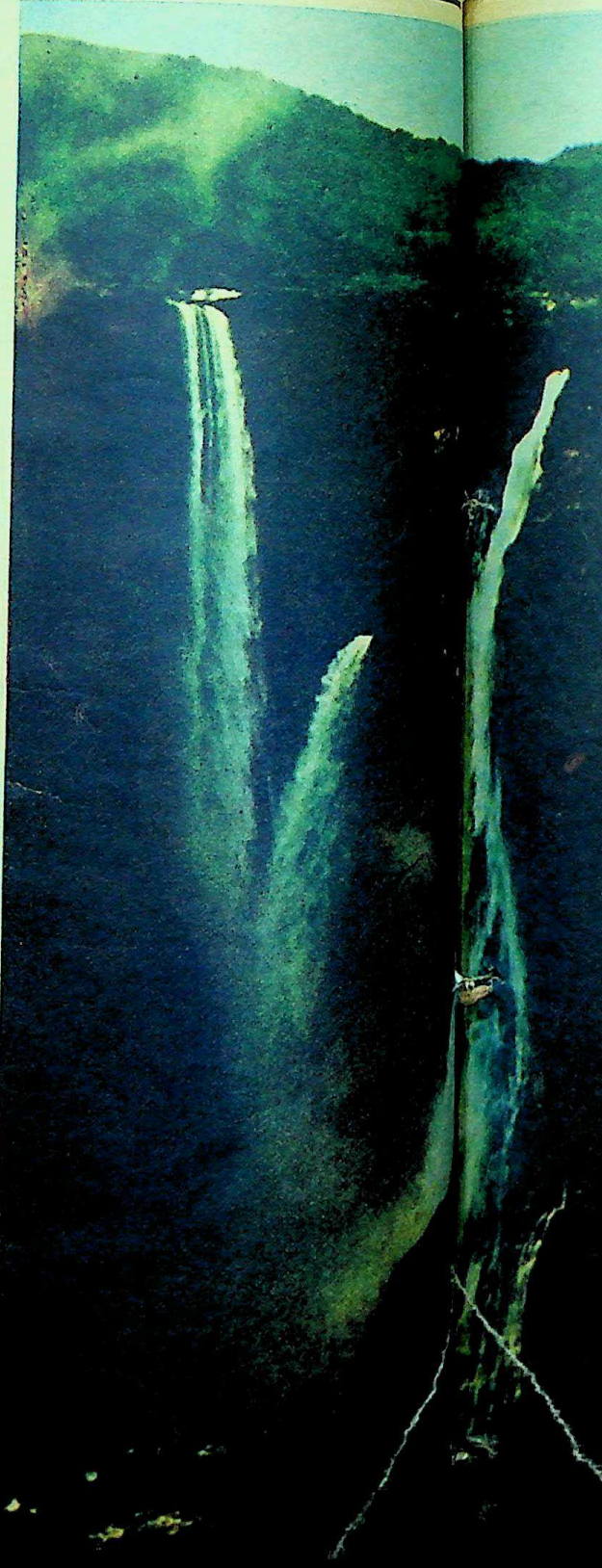


FROM KAILAS TO CHAMUNDI. Nandi, the sacred bull of Siva, at the temple of Chamundeswari, on a hill just outside Mysore. Below: A stone chariot at Hampi, once the capital of the mighty Vijayanagar Empire. "There is something about Hampi that touches you to the quick. A great city that once was unmatched in the whole world, now in ruins."



"Sarva dharma samanvaya" describes Karnataka's way of life and the tolerance of Kannadigas. "Where else do all religions live in such mutual respect of each other? Communal rioting is minimal in Karnataka. Muslims, Christians, Hindus, Jains blend harmoniously in the State."

— Surendra Sahai



— T. P. Issar

by M.V. Kamath

MY heart leaps up when I behold the silhouette of the Western Ghats. On one side of it, stretching up to the sandy shores of *Paschima Samudra* (Arabian Sea) is Konkanpatti, land of my forefathers, with its coconut trees, its casuarina groves, its areca plantations, its rice fields, its evergreen forests and its scented gardens of *sampige*. On the other are the fertile lands, watered by the Tunga and the Bhadra, the Cauvery, the Ghataprabha and the Malaprabha and numerous other rivulets, that made them the target of attraction of kings and conquerors. Karnataka!

Once it extended, as the poet would say, *Kaveriyinda magodavariparyanta*, from the



—S.N. Kulkarni

THE DOMES OF BIJAPUR, home of the Adil Shahi dynasty, belong to innumerable mosques rising to the skies in praise of Allah. In their architecture, they are held to have excelled "anything of that sort on this side of Hesperos". Left: Jog Falls on the Sharavati river.

Cauvery to the great Godavari itself. Its boundaries are shortened now, but its greatness abounds. K.S. Karanth once called Karnataka the cradle of temple architecture. This is the land where the Chalukyas—and much later the Hoysalas—experimented with stone and granite. Come with me to Aihole and Badami, Mahakuta and Pattadakal, to Halebid and Belur and finally to great Hampi itself where Krishnadevaraya worshipped at the Virupaksha Temple. Earth has nothing more fair to show. Karnataka's glory is the glory of Bharatavarsha.

It was from Karnataka that sculpture flowed east and south. As S. Settar has said, the Chalukyas were the *first to monumentalise* the mid-Deccan and to systematically popularise Saivism, Vaishnavism and Jainism, to coin a currency system (*varaha*) that was to outlast them in history, and to evolve an architectural complex going by many names like *Nagara* (northern), *Vesara* (middle) and *Dravida* (southern).

A Tolerant People

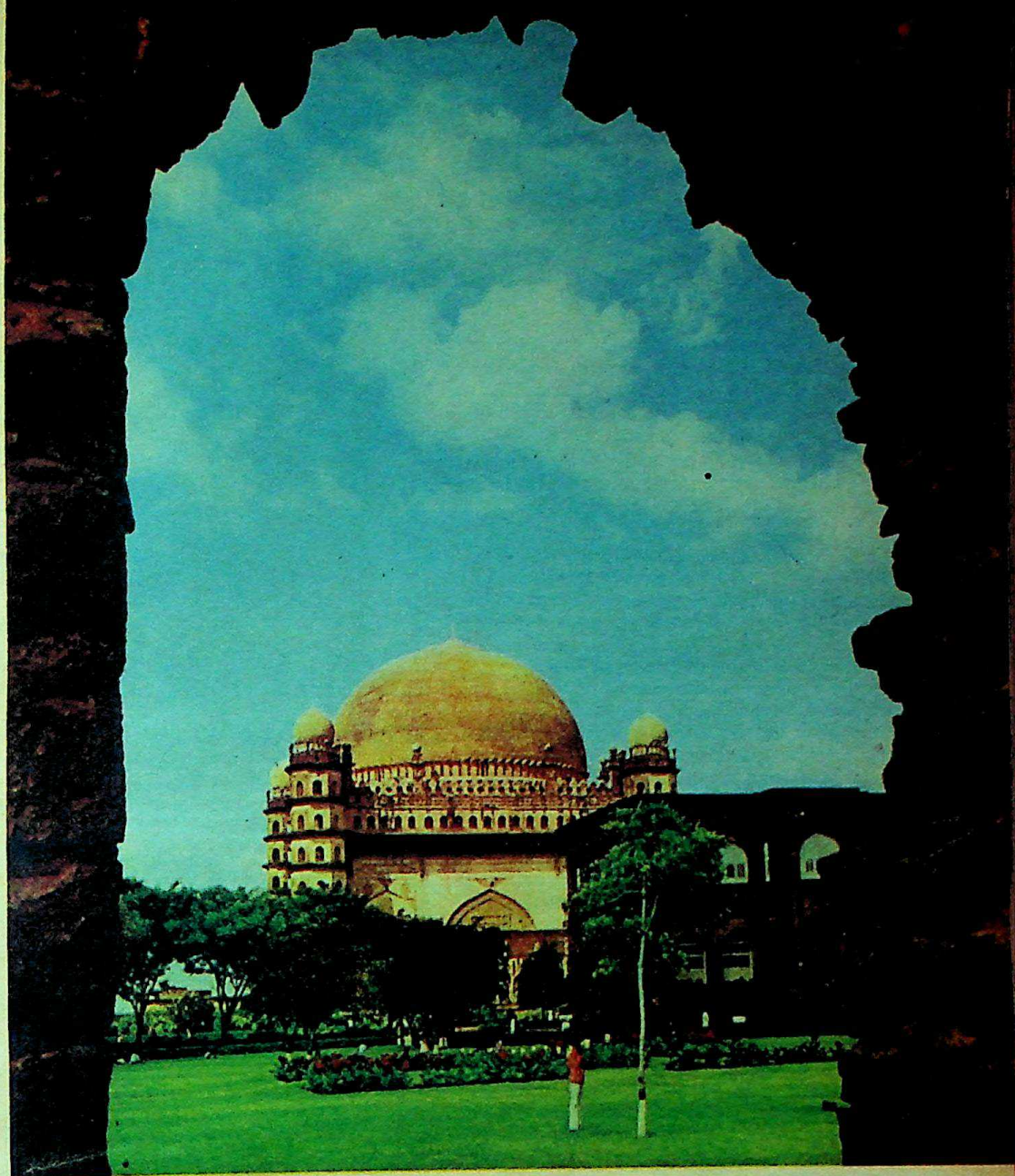
Never mind if there were frequent clashes between Saivism and Vaishnavism, not to speak of Jainism but, somewhere down the line, Kannadigas learnt the wisdom of tolerance and accepted each other's religion. Today, when the guides whether at Halebid or Belur show you

around, they speak proudly of Karnataka's way of life: *Sarva dharma samanvaya*. I like that. It is true. Kannadigas are a very tolerant people. Where else do all religions live in such mutual respect of each other? Communal rioting is minimal in Karnataka. Muslims, Christians, Hindus, Jains blend harmoniously in the State.

At Dharmasthala, where Virendra Hegde presides, all people of whatever religion are welcome and receive his princely hospitality and spiritual comfort with equal measure. Dharmasthala is a meeting point of all religions. In the Siva temple, the priests are Madhva Vaishnavites, but Hegde, the *dharmadhikari* of all temples, is a Jain. Dharmasthala—the abode of Dharma—is a dream of *sarva dharma samanvaya* come true.

This equitolerance of religions is a heritage. Tipu respected it. I went to Srirangapatna (Seringapatam) to pay my homage to this remarkable Muslim king who died fighting there. I stood for a while at the place where he fell in silent tribute. Tipu was an Indian, first and last. Hindus as well as Muslims hold him in the highest respect. Within the fort area still stands the temple to Sriranga which he patronised.

From Bangalore, I first went to Somnathpur which has one of the finest examples of Hoysala



temple architecture. Then to Tipu's Summer Palace, well preserved by the Archaeological Department. It was built in 1780, exactly two hundred years ago, largely of teakwood and is in a fair state of preservation. Dariya Daulat, it is called.

Humbled The British

Tipu, like his father Hyder Ali, was concerned with Mysore's sea defences. Look at all those forts he built along the Kanara coast. Sultan Battery (Tipu's) at Mangalore is a mute reminder of Tipu's power. It was at Mangalore that Tipu humbled the British and forced them to sign the Treaty bearing that historic town's name. Mangalore in July was reeling under the impact of floods. This is India's tile capital and, possibly, bidi capital. Floods or no floods, Mangalore continues to export its valuable goods to the wide world.

If I digress to say a word about the sea coast, it is because this is getting increasingly important. In the United States, 1980 has been declared the Year of the Coast by President Carter because American coasts are in trouble. So is India's west coast. There are almost 290 km of Kanara coastland now in trouble because of erosion. Between the Kali at the northern limit and the Netravati in the south, there are as many as 14 rivers that cause floods, but also provide excellent manurial soil, not to mention feed for the prawn beds which, in turn, support a whole industry and bring foreign exchange to the country.

Mysore is Karnataka's cultural capital. The Kannada spoken here falls sweetly on the ear. Its palaces now stand proud and empty. Symbols of a vanished glory. Jaganmohan Palace has become a museum, crowded, but fascinating. Here are some of the Ravi Varma originals, as well as Chughtais, Gaganendranath Tagores and works of an earlier era. Here, too, one sees some of the veenas that old court musicians from Subanna onwards played and had made. The Mysore Durbar was famous for its patronage of Carnatic music.

Mysore Mallige

But Mysore is famous for something even more exciting: *mallige*, jasmine. In my most romantic mood I feel like giving every woman in India a bouquet of Mysore *mallige*. In fragrance there is no flower in the world to beat it. What beauty, what loveliness! K.S. Narasimha Swamy wrote his paen to domestic bliss in a book of poems by that name.

The one thing that strikes me about Karnataka is its vast tolerance. It accepts all and turns it into that indefinable thing called culture. Dattatreya Bendre put it in some of the most beautiful lines I can imagine ever written in any language.

*Rasave janana
virasa marana
sama rasaveh jeevana*

How can I translate these lines?..*Rasa*, joy, feeling, essence. To have *rasa* is to be born, to lack it, is death. Equipose, ah, that is life itself!

Karnataka, it seems, is the land where everything is finally synthesised. The cave containing the tomb of Baba Budan, a Muslim saint who came to India from Arabia, is sacred both to Hindus and Muslims. Hindus believe that Dattatreya disappeared into this cave and will reappear when Vishnu incarnates next as Kalki Avatar to redeem the world (he might do that soon, considering the mess we are in). Hubli-Dharwar has given four of India's most distinguished Hindustani musicians (Bhimsen Joshi, Mallikarjun Mansur, Gangubai Hangal, Kumar Gandharva).

Baba Budan, incidentally, had brought some coffee berries with him and today all



HOSTAGES TO THE BRITISH. Tipu Sultan's sons being led away while their sorrowing father looks on. Below: Tipu's sons in the English camp. Right: The seven sons of the "Tiger of Mysore".



Photographs by B. Kesar Singh

self-respecting Kannadigas swear by coffee. No day is well begun without a cup of steaming coffee drunk steaming, darn it! And here in Karnataka—which gave birth to Madhva (expounder of the *dwaita* philosophy), hosted Adi Sankara (at Sringeri where peace is a way of life) and Ramanuja (who expounded *Vishishtadvaita* qualified monism)—stands on Indrabetta (Indra's Hill), a 1,000 metres above sea level, the 58-ft statue of Gomateshvara, the Jain saint. The place is called Sravanabelagola. Here it was that Bhadrabahu, one of the immediate successors of Mahavira's personal disciples, came to live and die in a cave. And here also came Chandragupta Maurya, no less, after he renounced his throne and became a hermit.

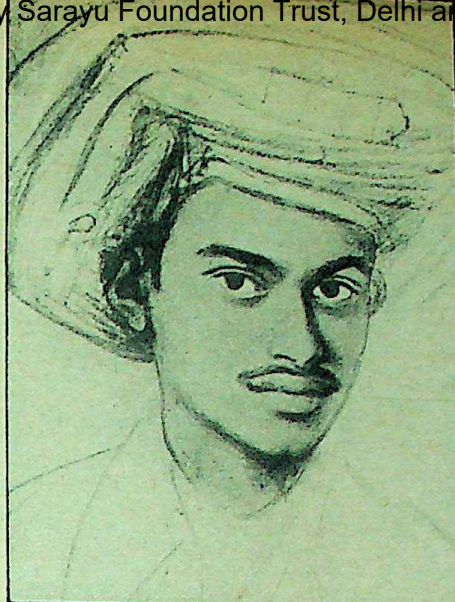
Punyabhoomi

Karnataka is no ordinary land. It is *punyabhoomi* (sanctified country). And if one remembers that it was in Karnataka that Basava was born who preached equality and a rational and humanistic outlook among all men and denounced casteism, superstition and reliance on rituals—they call him Basavanna (brother Basava)—one gets a flavour of the people. Which other religious leader or saint is called *brother*? None but Basava. He is one of my favourite saints. I would go anywhere to listen to someone sing:

*vacahanadali ninna namamritava thumbi,
kiviyalli ninna kirti thumbi
nayanadalli ninna moorthi thumbi*



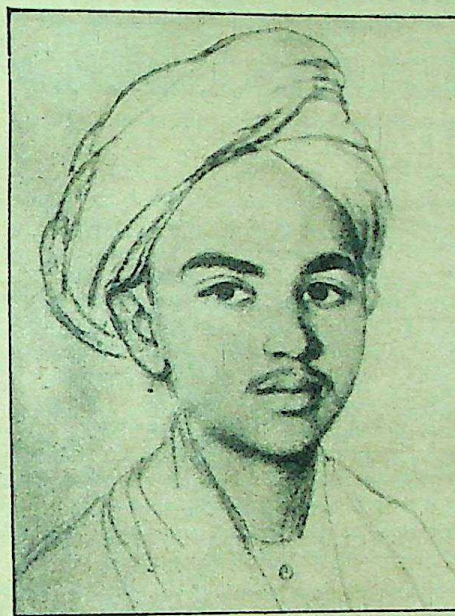
FATEH-HAIDER



ABDUL KHALIQ



MAIZ UDDIN



SULTAN MOHI-UD-DIN



YASIN SAHEB



SUBHAN-SAHEB



SUKUR-ULLAH

*kudalasangamadeva ninna
charanakamaladalli, nanthumbi*

(The spoken word is filled with the nectar of your name; my ears are filled with nothing but your glory; my eyes dance with the beauty of your presence; O Lord of Kudalasangama I fill the lotus of your feet.)

The reason why Karnataka shines, I guess, is because it *accepts* everything and integrates everything into its culture. Christians thrive in Kanara (St Joseph's Theological Seminary, the church of the Most Holy Rosary at Bolar, was founded in 1526, the year of the first battle of Panipat). George Fernandes studied there once (The Lord help us!). Sravanabelagola is the

spiritual home of Jains (next year is important because of the *mastakabhisheka* of Gomateshvara—come one, come all). Udupi is where Krishna is. Bharata Natyam would lose much of its grace but for those evocative lines (*Krishna nee begane baro, mukhavanu thoro*—Krishna come soon and show your face). And where would Bombay's thirsty go if all Udupi restaurants are shut down for a day? Over 80 per cent of middle-level restaurants in Bombay city are run by entrepreneurs from Kanara, speaking either Konkani or Tulu.

No Foreigners

In Karnataka there are no foreigners. Karnatakambe—Mother Karnataka—takes them

all in. In Bangalore Tamil is heard as freely as Kannada itself. In Bijapur Urdu is heard in its own native variation. In Hubli-Dharwar Marathi is as familiar as Kannada. In fact every Kannadiga, it would seem, is bilingual. In addition to his own mother tongue, he would be familiar with at least one other language.

They are sure of themselves, these Kannadigas. If China thinks that it is the Middle Kingdom it has another guess coming. Long before, a Kannada poet wrote of Karnataka as

*Dharani mandala madhya dolage
Mereyuthiha Karnata desha dhi*

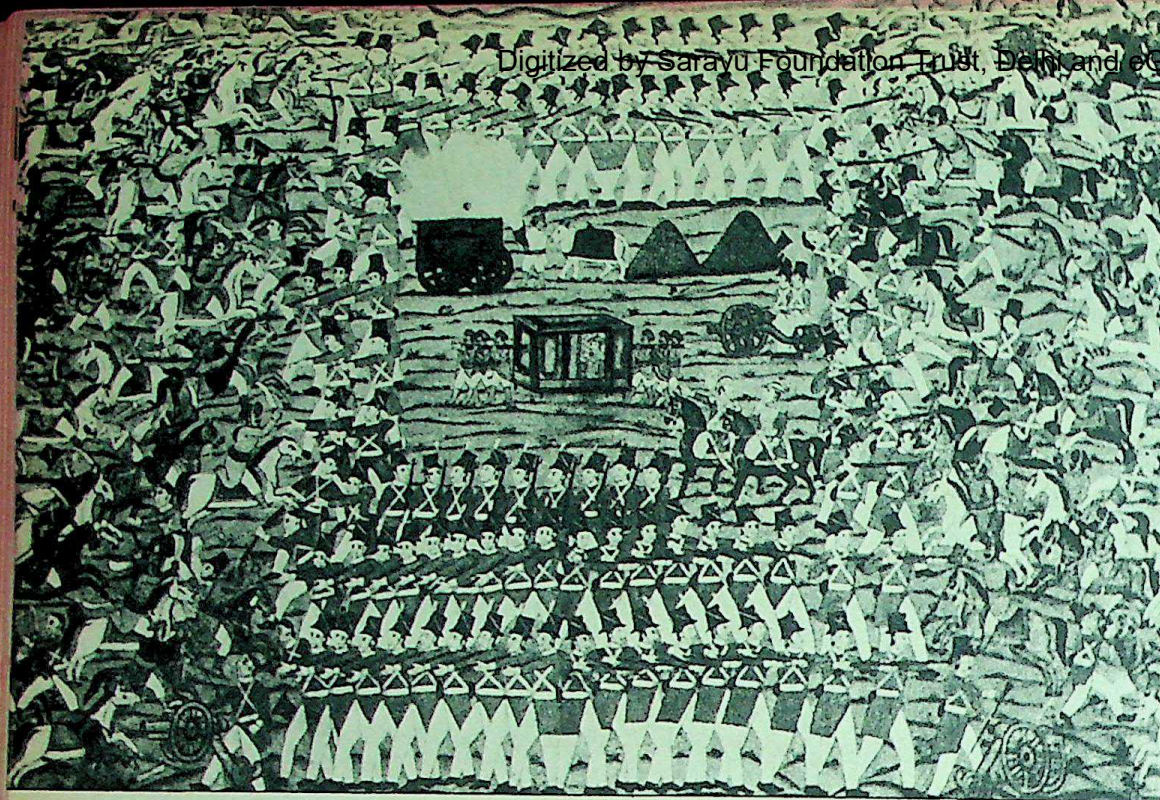
(Karnataka glorying right in the centre of the world!). Kannadigas *know* they are the centre of the universe. They have no hang-ups. Which is why they can digest all religions, all languages and all modes with equanimity. Kannada writers come from Tulu, Konkani, Tamil, Marathi, Malayalam, Telugu and Urdu-speaking people. Kannadigas merely shrug their shoulders and enjoy them all. They have neither envy nor jealousy. Girish Karnad, K.S. Karanth, R.K. Narayan, D.R. Bendre all are Kannadigas, loved and respected. And who has not sung the songs of Panje Mangesh Rao or M.N. Kamath? (*Maragili, maragili, malagilli*—parrot in the tree, parrot in the tree, won't you sleep here please?)

In industry, commerce, business and trade, music, cinema, even publishing, Karnataka seems to excel. Barely eight years after the invention of the incandescent lamp by Thomas Edison and the development of an economical motor, they were surveying the hydro-power resources of Mysore State—in 1898! Just one district, South Kanara, boasted at one time of having three scheduled banks (Canara, Corporation and Syndicate Banks). One of the smallest districts, Coorg, gave two excellent generals, Cariappa and Thimayya. One unknown hamlet, Manipal, has an educational set-up, probably unrivalled anywhere else in India—the work of one entrepreneur, Dr T.M. Pai, who was by no means a millionaire. Bangalore probably has more cinema theatres per capita than any other city in the country. And it is at the entrances to Bangalore's famous garden, Lal Baug (laid by Tipu Sultan), that I saw signs;

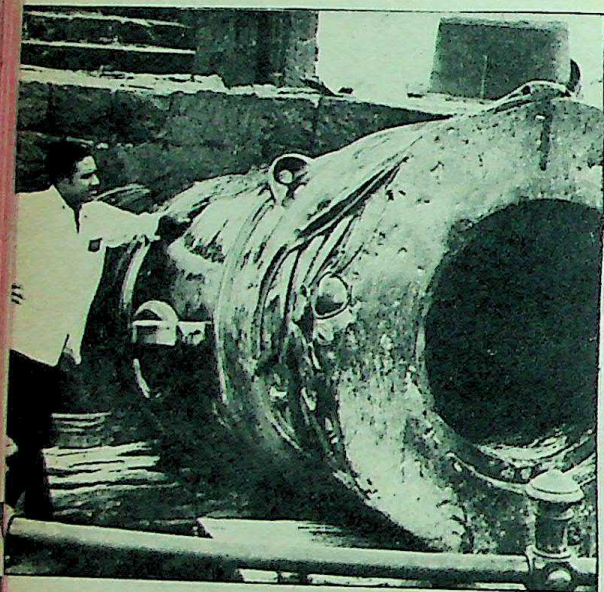
→
BOOTHA KUNITA. Folk dance of Karnataka.



—B. Kesar Singh



FIGHTING THE FIRANGIS. Part of one of the huge mural plantings done in rich oil-colours at Tipu Sultan's Summer Palace in Srirangapatna.



THE MALIK-I-MAIDAN cannon at Bijapur, a giant howitzer, brought from the fort of Puredhah after its destruction in the reign of Adil Shah.

written large as life: *Devalaye vi huvina thotam* (temple is this garden of flowers) and *kai mugidhu volage ba, idhu sasya kashi* (enter clasping your hands in prayer, this is the Kashi of the kingdom of vegetation). Who else can think of such lovely lines?

Like An Emerald Carpet

R.K. Narayan once wrote a book after travelling through Karnataka. He called it The Emerald Route. One has to journey from Mysore to Mercara, Mercara to Hasan, Shimoga and Harihar to see the greenery laid down like an emerald carpet to appreciate the title. I did exactly that. A highlight of the tour was a stay at Kemmangundi, way up on a hill. The road winds up and soon we are in the midst of clouds and can hardly see further than our stretched arms. I thought of Tukaram who went to heaven in a *vimana*. I seemed to be going to heaven in an Ambassador, till the Guest House stood firmly in our way, and a happy meal of rice, rasam and sambhar. Some heaven!

From Kemmangundi to Hospet and Hampi. Hampi, the ruined capital of the Vijayanagar

Empire. Byron might have written about Hampi: *Stop! for thy tread is on an Empire's dust an earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below*. I make my way gingerly through the rock-strewn ruins, remembering the Battle of Talikota and the end of a mighty empire. I stand shell-shocked before the damaged image of Ganesha, looking down on me 12-ft high, feel as if my own arm has been cut off as I view the mighty Ugra Narasimha, 22-ft high, a victim of vandalism. There is something about Hampi that touches you to the quick. A great city that once was unmatched in the whole world, now in ruins. And why is the Archaeological Department dragging its feet to restore it to its greatness?

From Hampi to Bijapur—home of the Adil Shahi dynasty where the dome of innumerable mosques rise to the skies in praise of Allah, not to speak of the curves of the Bara Kaman. They have stood the ravages of time, these great masterpieces of architecture of which Fergusson said they excelled "anything of that sort on this side of Hellespont". Ibrahim Roza and the mosque attached to the mausoleum of Ibrahim Adil Shah II. The Dome of Gol Gumbuz looms over all, but gently, softly, unobtrusively, as if acknowledging that Allah alone is Supreme. It is a beautiful city, is Bijapur, but for its pigs which, a thoughtful guide told me, were the best unpaid scavengers in town.

Tongues In Trees

What can one single out in Karnataka for praise? Halebid and Belur for what they teach us of greatness? Sringeri for peace? In Karnataka you'll find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything—well, or almost everything. At Ullal, little known but with a lovely stretch of beach as good as at Goa's Calamgute, a tourist centre has sprung up. The wild life sanctuary at Bandipur is almost a must.

And have you been to Sivasamudram waterfalls or the even more striking Jog falls? Or to Gokarn and Karwar by the sea? Never mind. Karnataka was not raised in a day and awaits your pleasure at your leisure. Jakanacharya's great sculptures are there and will be there till kingdom come. Nandi—the sacred bull—remains seated in solemn stone whether at Chamundi Hill or the temple to Chennakesava. They are destroying the old-world charm of Bangalore with high-rise apartments but public-spirited citizens like T.P. Issar are trying to hold the line, as it were. No

more ugly mortar and concrete in one of India's prettiest cities. If you want the intellectual life, where else to go but to Mysore's Manasa-Gangotri, Mysore University's centre? K.V. Puttappa thought up the name, and a lovely name it is.

Karnataka has its problems; there were riots not so long ago on water cess. Bad business. Iranian students were beaten up in Bangalore for the silliest of reasons, but these young people are disturbing the cultural equilibrium of the city. In Bangalore I met that amazing person, Lankesh, who, in his own way, has been disturbing everybody's equilibrium. He is Karnataka's satirist *par excellence*. His *Lankesh Patrike* lampoons everybody and within three issues the 8-page weekly selling at 60 paise has gained a circulation of 20,000. Lankesh won the National Award for Best Director in 1977 for his film *Pallavi*. His *Anurupa* won the State Award for best picture and best dialogue in 1978, but success hasn't spoiled him. He continues to be in his strange way, Karnataka's conscience. Karnataka no doubt needs a man like him. To keep it awake. And to remind it that it has things to do.



PURANDARADASA, Pitamaha of Carnatic Music, and one of the great figures of the bhakti movement.



MYSORE VASUDEVACHAR, a distinguished Carnatic vaggeyakara (composer).

India's Gold Mine



Map by Mukund Talwalkar

"One of the earth's magic regions," is how the former Mysore State was described. Comprising 19 districts, topographically Karnataka is a study in contrasts. Its landscape varies from evergreen to arid.

The primary produce of the State is agriculture. About 18.07 lakh hectares are cultivated and about 18 per cent is irrigated, with many major and minor irrigation projects. The main crops are rice, ragi, jowar, wheat.

Karnataka is India's major producer of coffee. Its other cash crops include sugarcane, cotton, tobacco, oilseeds, cardamom, cashew and oranges.

Among the State's rich variety of minerals, gold takes pride of place. Karnataka is the only State in the country where gold is mined. The Kolar Gold Fields provide 90-95 per cent of the gold while the rest comes from Hutti in the Raichur district. The gold reserves are estimated at 52.14 lakh tonnes. The mines were taken over by the Government of India in December 1962.

The Shimoga, Bellary, North Kanara and Chickmagalur districts are rich in iron ore. Kudremukh, when complete, will be the biggest iron ore project in India.

Dandeli and Bandipur are major wildlife reserves and its forests are a source for wood and paper pulp. Silk is a traditional industry.

Sandalwood is another important product and there is a soap and perfume industry based on it.

Sharavathi is Karnataka's first major hydroelectric project, Shivasamudram and Kalinadi being later schemes. The installed power capacity at present is 1,055.7 MW.

The per capita income of Karnataka is Rs 785 and it ranks 15th among the States of the Union. In literacy, it ranks 8th (31.52 per cent of the population can read and write). The per-capita electricity consumption is 139 kw and, on an all-India level, it ranks 5th.

The Temple Heritage

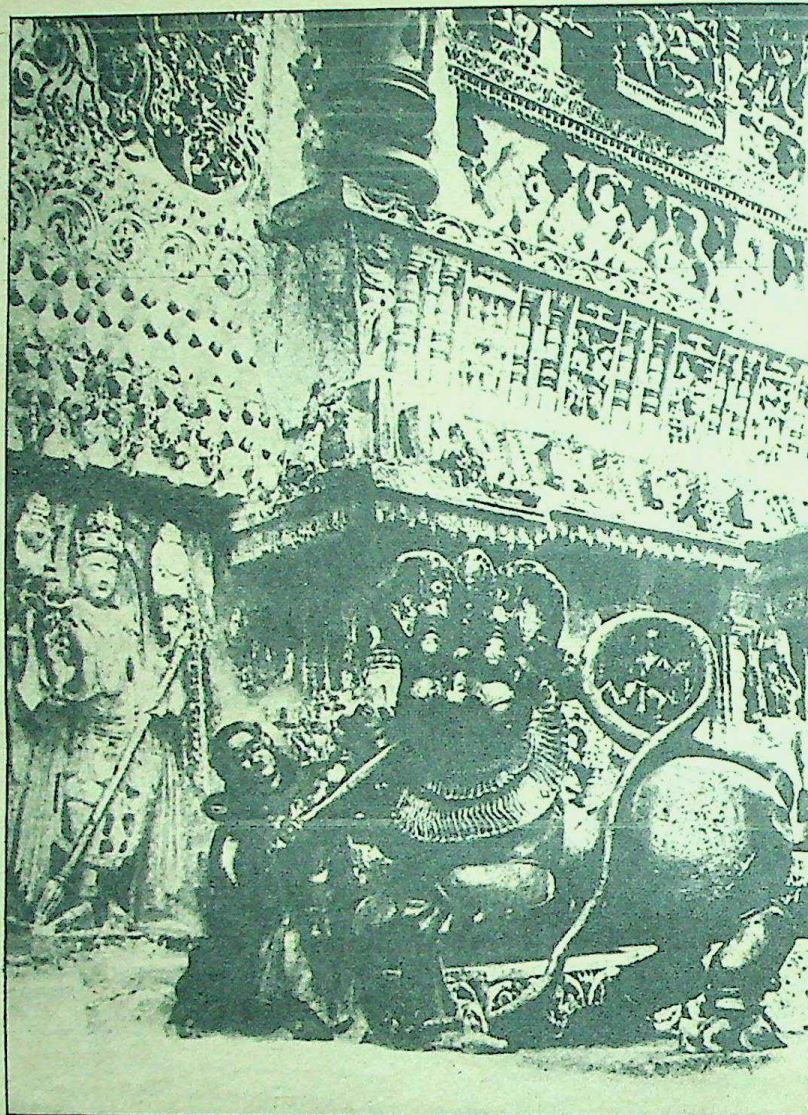
The temples of Karnataka bear testimony to ancient India's splendour and advancement in the fields of sculpture and architecture.

by J. C. Das

SOUTH INDIA is a land of legendary temples. Most of these bear testimony to ancient and medieval India's splendour in sculpture and architecture. Referring to South Indian temple architecture, Paul Genthner, a French savant, wrote: "In Dravidian art, it is not the engineering skill, but the sculptor's skill that is most important..." The details of the sculpture are very interesting, and the history of architecture in South India reduces itself to the history of ornamentation.

It has been remarked by Fergusson, to whom we owe not only a wider appreciation of Indian and Eastern architecture but also of the history of architecture itself, that "the great value of the study of these Indian examples (he has been really referring to the Halebid group of temples in this State of Karnataka) is that it widens so immensely our basis for architectural criticism".

It is now generally acknowledged that image worship in India is older than the time of the Buddha. It has been suggested that it is contemporaneous with, if not older than, the Yoga



SCULPTURE OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE OF CHENNA KESAVA AT BELUR (12th century).

system, which dates from probably before Patanjali, who was only its systematiser. Patanjali lived about the 2nd century BC and the Buddha himself was a follower of Yoga before his enlightenment. The Sakyamani is sculpturally represented in the Gandhara school as an emaciated person, almost dying under the stress of the austerities he practised.

Images of gods, as they laugh, cry, sing, dance, are referred to in the *Adbhuta Brahmana*, part of the *Shadvimsa Brahmana*, a supplement to the *Panchavimsa Brahmana*. Dr Bollenson thinks that images of gods are clearly referred to in Vedic hymns. "Indians," he says, "did not merely in imagination assign human forms to their gods, but also represented them in a sensible manner." Image worship seems to have become common in the time of Yaska. In the Ramayana, we have mention of temples in Lanka from which we may infer that at least in South India temples existed, where

images were enshrined and worshipped.

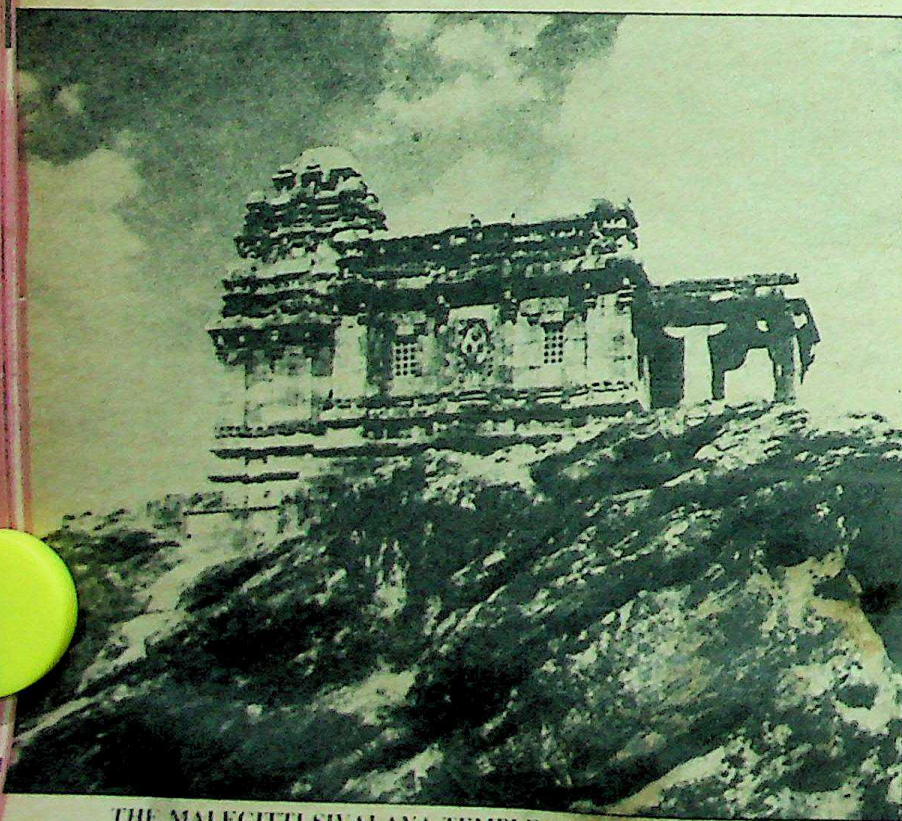
Sculpture in Karnataka, as elsewhere, may be treated under the heads of: (1) wood; (2) stone; (3) precious gems; and (4) metals. For images set up permanently in the Brahmanic temples or in the Buddhist or Jain *chaityas*, stone has been generally used. There are occasional examples of wood being used for them but, in that case, the images are periodically renewed, the old ones being either buried deep in the earth or thrown into the sea with due solemnity. The gods and goddesses worshipped by village folk are usually made of wood, though, in recent times, they are tending to be replaced by stone. Occasionally, they are made of brick and mortar.

Metal is rarely employed in the making of images intended as permanent fixtures in Brahmanic temples, though their use has been made as a stop-gap arrangement. Metal, however, has been generally used for casting images for processional purposes. Such an image is called the *utsava vigraha*, or the image for festive occasions. There is evidence to show that the art of metal casting has been long known in South India. At least it is older than the 10th century AD, if we are to believe that the inscriptions of Raja Raja and Rajendra Chola, both of whom are known for the conquests of parts of Karnataka. In fact, both of them specially patronised the temple of Pidariyar in Kolar, now known as Kolaramma, and especially endowed it, while Rajendra Chola had the brick-parts rebuilt in stone.

Buddhist Influence

There is reason to believe that the sculptural work of Karnataka up to the beginning of the 3rd century BC was mainly Buddhist. Little of it has, however, survived to date. Under the Satakarnis (1st and 2nd centuries AD), Buddhist worship began to decline, though it still shared with the Brahmins the devotion of the people. The Kadambas (3rd to 6th centuries AD) who succeeded the Satakarnis were avowedly Brahmins in origin and the earliest known temples in the State are connected with them.

Jainism, however, competed for supremacy with both Buddhism and Brahmanism from the very early period, and succeeded during the time of the Gangas (2nd to 11th centuries AD) in firmly establishing itself in the land. Buddhism managed to survive in an attenuated form till the 12th century AD, while Brahmanism, which lay dormant during the period of the Gangas, slowly gained strength during the time of the Rashtrakuta, Chalukya and Chola domination and finally



THE MALEGITTI SIVALAYA TEMPLE (625 AD) at Badami.



THE VITHOBA TEMPLE AT VIJAYANAGAR. The ornate entrance is known for its fine composition and detail.

asserted itself during the Hoysala period.

A Confluence Of Cultures

The rulers of the Hoysala dynasty (11th to 14th centuries) were, however, staunch Jains up to the time of Vishnuvardhana (1111-1141 AD), and favoured Jainism, but after his conversion to the Brahmanic faith, the latter, especially Vaishnavism, gained considerable strength and spread over the country. The later Buddhists of Karnataka, as elsewhere, used images in their worship as much as the Jains and the Hindus, and the adherents of the three religions drew on a common

stock of symbolism in the same way as in early times. The Buddhist statuary of the 12th century, for instance, is almost identical with that of the Brahmanic temples of the period. The Jain statues are, however, distinguishable from the others by their nudity.

The Rashtrakuta sculptures found in Mysore bear a close affinity to early classical art as represented in the Kailasa temple at Ellora. The Chalukya rulers, their generals and ministers (10th to 12th centuries), built and endowed many temples in their kingdom and developed a style of architecture which goes by their name. The later Kadambas, who

were their feudatories, closely followed their style. In fact, most of the monuments in the Chalukyan style are connected with this line of kings. Its chief characteristic is elaborate ornamentation. A development of this style, peculiar to Karnataka and the outlying parts of the former Madras Presidency close to it, is the Hoysala style which is represented by many fine examples in the State ranging from the 11th to the 14th centuries. This style is specially noted for its lavish friezes, crowded with thousands of figures, often worked out in the most elaborate and delicate manner. The Cholas (11th century) introduced the southern (or Dravidian) style of architecture with which they were most familiar in their homeland.

Gopura Tradition

The principal specimens of the Dravidian style in Karnataka are the temples at Terakanambi, Gundlu-Pet Taluk, which date from a period anterior to Krishnaraya of the Vijayanagar dynasty (1509-1530); the Sriranganath temple at Srirangapatna, the Nanjundesvara temple at Nanjangud and the Chamundesvari temple on the Chamundi hill near Mysore, of the imposing *gopuras* attached to these temples of the Mysore princely family, the first probably belongs to the 15th century or may be older; the other two are modern. The one at Chamundi was built in 1827, and the one at Nanjangud, apparently, about 1845. The temples at Halsur (16th century), Melkote, Talkad (1100 AD) Tirumukudlu-Narasipur (1100 AD), Ramanathapur and other places may be mentioned as effective illustrations of temples in this style.

The Nandisvara temple at Nandi, architecturally the first and most ornate of Dravidian temples in the State, goes back to the 8th century AD. The temples of Kolar and Kaivara (11th and 12th centuries) belong to this style. The Binnamangala temple, dating from



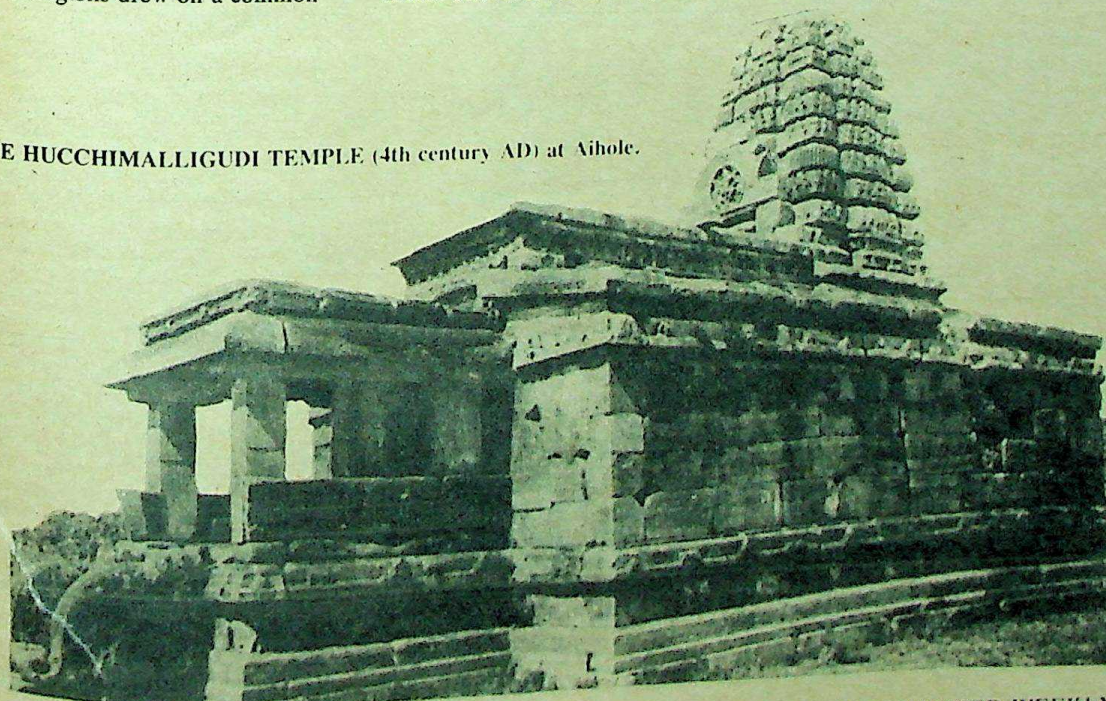
MOHINI PILLAR in the pavilion of the Chenna Kesava temple.

the time of Kulottunga Chola I (11th century), is typical of this style in the State. The Lakshminarasimha temple at Doddadavatta (Tumkur district) is one of the biggest temples in the State in this style.

The temple of Vidyasankara at Sringeri is another well-designed building in this style. It resembles the temple at Vijayanagar and belongs to the reign of Bukka I (1356 AD). As Burgess remarks, the earlier Dravidian structures had lions or *yalis* and elephants placed as supports for pillars; and these were gradually enlarged, made affixes to pillars and the animal forms multiplied and conventionalised with riders and human and other figures introduced as supporters or attendants, until about the 14th century or earlier they had obtained a permanent place in the architecture.

At a later date figures of gods, demons and patrons or donors sometimes took their place. Well-known examples of these occur in the famous temples of Vellore,

THE HUCCHIMALLIGUDI TEMPLE (4th century AD) at Aihole.



Rameswaram. In this State, the best examples of these later innovations are to be seen at the Aghoresvara temple at Ikkeri, Hanumantha mandapa at Terakanambi (1640 AD), the double temple of Rameswara and Virabhadra at Keladi.

Cave Carvings

In Karnataka there exist a few caves and cave temples whose dates are not certain. The inner sanctuary of the Hindimbeshvara temple at Chitaldrug is carved out of a single rock. The figure of Hindimba, the *rakshasa* who was killed by Bhima, one of the Pandava brothers, is sculptured on the *vimana*. The Anklematha at Chitaldrug is noted for its caves which form a perfect labyrinth consisting of

Nonavinkere is a three-celled sanctuary (or *trikutachala*) in the Dravidian style.

In the Hoysala style, which is like a sub-variety of the Chalukyan style, a new development of the Chalukyan style is seen. All the temples in this style are to be found in Karnataka and were built entirely during the period of the Hoysalas.

The temples at Belur, Halebid and Somanathpur are doubtless regarded as masterpieces of the Hoysala style. They stand unrivalled for their sculpture as well. The Viranarayana temple to the west of the Kesava temple has numerous exquisitely sculptured figures. The temple of Andal, north-west of the Kesava temple, has sculptured images on its outer walls and the canopies over them exhibit elegant workmanship.

The exact date of the construction of the Halebid temple is not known, but it is believed to be about 1141 AD. Probably it was begun in the reign of Vishnuvardhana and continued during that of his son Narasimha I. It is a double temple dedicated to Hoysalesvara and Banchikesvara. Again to quote Fergusson: "The great temple at Halebid, if it had been completed, is one of the buildings on which the advocate of Hindu architecture would desire to take his stand."

Around Belur and Halebid temples there also exist a number of other sanctuaries, among which mention may be made of the Chennakesava temple at Belur (Ravananugrahamurti, representing Siva and Parvati on Kailasa being lifted by Ravana, and also an image

The influence of the dominant Hoysala style on the later Dravidian architecture as known in this State is manifest in many temples during the period of Vijayanagar ascendancy and even later. The most notable example of this is the Vidyasankara temple (1356 AD) which is such a blend of the two styles that it is difficult to say to which it belongs, though there is some evidence of its Dravidian parentage. Another is the Aghoresvara temple at Ikkeri and the Gopalakrishna temple at Krishnarajasagar. The Gopalakrishna temple at

Around Belur and Halebid temples there also exist a number of other sanctuaries, among which mention may be made of the Chennakesava temple at Belur (Ravananugrahamurti, representing Siva and Parvati on Kailasa being lifted by Ravana, and also an image of

**THE DURGA TEMPLE AT
AIHOLE (6th century AD)**
Aihole temples are
representative of the
Chalukyan art

CC-0. In Public Domain. UP State Museum, Hazratganj, Lucknow

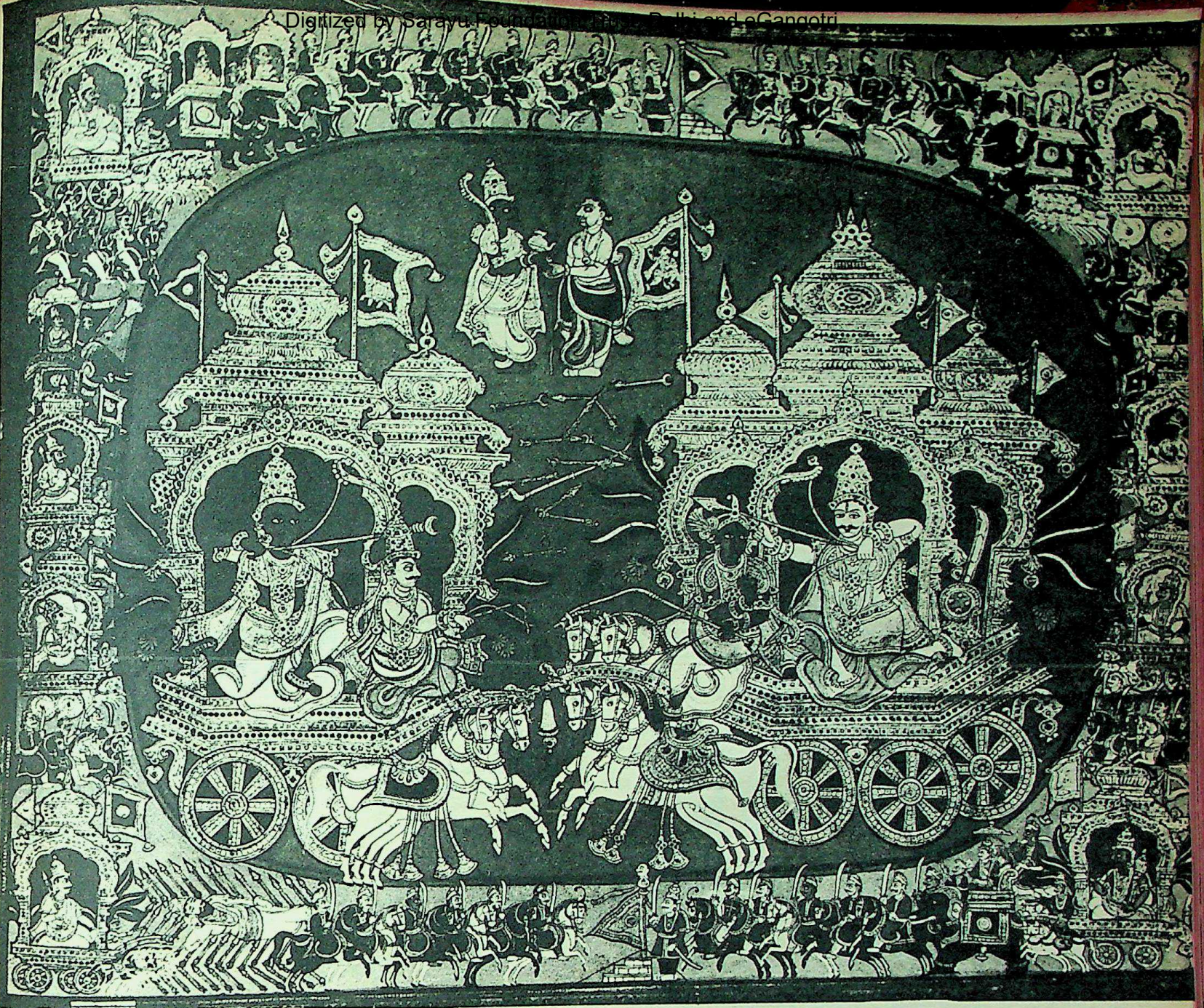
There exist still innumerable temples in this State all of which cannot be described in detail. The temples of Karnataka, famous not only for their history but also for their sculpture and architecture, will always remain a pride of India.

-Kesar Singh

KARNATAKA is an important and literate state with a wealth of monuments and works produced by the artists of the early centuries. The Ganga, the Chalukya and Vijayanagara rulers of Bijapur and Keladi and the The Hindu rulers of the temples with their paintings and sculptures with mythical and Muslim king's palace walls. Dariya Daulat.

According to the Bharata, painting is a necessary part of a person. In the *Mrichchakatika* of the 3rd century BC, the author's achievement is a wonder the world has never known. It is popular from the time of the

Karna



Kesar Singh

Traditional Paintings

by Dr S. R. Rao

KARNATAKA has played an important role in fostering art and literature as evidenced by the wealth of monuments and literary works produced under the patronage of the early Chalukyan, Rashtrakuta, Ganga, the later Chalukyan, Hoysala and Vijayanagara rulers, the Sultans of Bijapur and Mysore, the Nayaks of Keladi and the Wodeyars of Mysore. The Hindu rulers embellished temples with beautiful sculptures and painted the walls of some of them with mythological scenes. The Muslim kings also decorated the palace walls as in the case of the Darya Daulat at Srirangapatna.

According to the *Natyasastra* of Bharata, painting was considered a necessary qualification for a cultured person. In the Sanskrit drama, *Mrichchakatika*, Vasantasena (2nd century BC) is eulogised for her achievement in painting. It is no wonder then that painting was popular from the very early days and

that India produced some of the world's most exquisite murals such as at Ajanta (2nd century BC - 6th century AD). The Ajanta tradition was continued by the Chalukyan rulers, as exemplified by the paintings in the rock-cut temple of Badami in Bijapur district. The successors of the Chalukyans, namely, the Rashtrakutas of Manyakheta (Gulbarga district) continued the Ajanta-Badami tradition, a sample of which can be seen in the Kailasa rock-cut temple at Ellora. The post-Rashtrakuta period witnessed a slow drifting towards stylisation of figures owing to the rigidity of iconographic canons.

Until the Hoysalas came to power there is no evidence of painting in temples or other monuments. The best examples of miniatures are provided by the famous *Dhavala* manuscripts in the possession of the Jain math at Moodbidri, which contains fine illustrations to the

twelve Jain canons of the Digambara tradition (1113 AD). They contain the commentaries of Virasena on the *Shatkhandagama*. The *Dhavala* manuscripts are known for the grace and beauty of the figures and are superior in figure-drawing to the later Jain *Kalpasutra* miniatures of Gujarat (13th-14th centuries).

The Vijayanagara Empire, which represents one of the greatest phases of Indian history and culture, evolved a new style of painting which forms the basis of what has been termed as the traditional painting of Karnataka (18th-19th centuries). The Vijayanagara School, the best examples of which are noticeable in the murals of the Virupaksha temple at Hampi, the Virabhadra and other shrines at Lepakshi, and the Somapalyam temple, is known for the rhythmic outline of composition, richness of dress and ornamentation and iconographic treatment of deities. Some of these features are

KARNA-ARJUNA YUDDHA. The painting is known for its composition and detail. At the top of the picture is depicted the episode of Karna handing over the "amrita kalasa" to Krishna who is in the guise of a Brahmin.

repeated in the wall paintings of Madurai, Tanjore and Vellore, and the miniatures of the 17th-18th centuries in Karnataka.

Mythological Subjects

The continuance of the time-honoured practice based on ancient concepts, themes and rules of painting as enunciated in ancient texts is one of the important features of what is termed as traditional painting, which includes both murals and miniatures. The subject matter is very often mythological, but secular subjects such as portraits of important personalities and musical



Priests climb up the 21·4-mtr high scaffolding and perform the Maha Mastakabhisheka. 1008 pots of sacred water are poured over the head of Lord Bahubali, followed by the ritual bathing of the statue with milk, ghee, curds, silver and gold coins, flowers, vermillion, saffron and sandalwood.

Shravanabelagola. A small town in Karnataka with a population of under 5000. But once in every 12-14 years, Shravanabelagola suddenly becomes a major pilgrimage centre, drawing lakhs of Jain devotees and tourists from all over India and abroad.

The Maha Mastakabhisheka

They come to celebrate the spectacular *Maha Mastakabhisheka* ceremony—the sacred head-anointing of the 17·4-mtr high statue of Jain sage Lord Bahubali (also known as Gomateshvara). Shravanabelagola is one of the oldest and holiest of Jain pilgrimage centres, and streams of devotees flock here all year round. But at the time of the *Maha Mastakabhisheka*, the celebrations assume truly awe-inspiring proportions.

1000th Year Celebrations

The *Maha Mastakabhisheka* of February-March 1981 is of special significance. For it coincides with the 1000th anniversary of the installation of the statue.

Special Arrangements

Karnataka expects over 10 lakh pilgrims at Shravanabelagola for the occasion. Special satellite towns are being set up, and transportation and other facilities are being organised.

Karkala, Dharmastala, Venur and Moodabidri—also important places of pilgrimage—are at a convenient travelling distance from Shravanabelagola. Belur and Halebid, with their world famous temples, are just a few miles away. So is Bangalore, the "Garden City" and gateway to South India.

We extend to you a warm invitation to attend the Maha Mastakabhisheka and the 1000th Year Celebrations.

Welcome to Shravanabelagola. And to Karnataka, the many-splendoured State.

For further information, contact:
The Commissioner for Information & Tourism
Government of Karnataka
9 St. Mark's Road, Bangalore 560 001



**Karnataka
welcomes you
to the
Maha Mastakabhisheka**
And the 1000th Year Celebrations
at Shravanabelagola.



World's Biggest Monolithic Statue

The 17·4-mtr high statue of Lord Bahubali (also known as Gomateshvara) has been carved out of a single rock. Completed around 981 AD, it shows the Jain sage so absorbed in penance that vines have begun to grow along his limbs and anthills form around his feet — while he stands in absolute tranquillity.

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iconography which included a pictorial version of the *svara, tala* and *raga*, are not wanting. There are several wall paintings of the traditional school in the Jagannathan Temple at Mysore, the Narasimhaswami temple at Sibi, the Nargund Palace, etc.

The general belief that individual skill does not come to light in such miniatures owing to the dependence of the artist on ancient texts both for theme and technique is disproved by some of the examples given here. The ancient texts such as the *Abhilashitarthacintamani* or *Manasollasa* of Somesvara III (12th century) the *Mallinatha Purana* of Nagachandra (1100 AD) and *Sivatvaratnakara* of Basava Bhupala of Keladi (17th century) do reflect the change in technique and style. The last mentioned text goes into such details as the preparation of colours and brush, the initiation of a beginner and the principles of drawing various categories of pictures which reveal an evolution of the earlier ones.

The Mysore School of Traditional Painting established by Raja Wodeyar (1568-1617) reached its zenith under Mummadi Krishnaraja Wodeyar (1799-1868). He had a pictorial digest prepared, known as *Sri Tatva Nidhi*, containing a mine of information gathered from epics, Puranas and ancient texts on



VISHWARUPADARSHANA. This masterpiece was created by Tippaji around 1857. It depicts the cosmic form of Vishnu as revealed to Arjuna in the Kurukshetra battle.

iconography for the benefit of sculptors, painters, musicians and dancers. It is profusely illustrated with sketches and paintings, to serve as a visual aid and still forms the basis of this living art of miniatures in Karnataka. Another text produced by this ruler is the *Sarasamgraha Bharata* illustrating dance poses.

In producing miniatures the Mysore School used both mineral and

vegetable colours, the ground being board or cloth. Board was made of waste paper or wood pulp. Occasionally wood was also used, and its surface was prepared by applying dry white lead, yellow ochre and glue. After preparation of the ground a rough sketch of the picture was drawn and colouring was done. After attending to details of jewellery, etc, and before giving final touches to the

face, *gesso* work, a special feature of the Mysore and Tanjore Schools was done. While the Tanjore painter used raw lime powder with a paste made of powdered seeds of tamarind, the Mysore painter preferred white lead and *makhi gamboge* produced from the juice of a particular tree because of its golden tint. The Mysore *gesso* is in low relief whereas the Tanjore *gesso* is in high relief. The latter used gold-coated silver and the former pure gold leaf. Pearls and glass pieces used by Tanjore painters for further ornamentation were invariably avoided by their Mysore counterpart. The faces of Gods are slightly oval-shaped in Mysore paintings, while those of Tanjore are round. The architecture and dress are of the 17th-19th centuries in Mysore pictures.

Among the famous painters of the Mysore School mention may be made of Javagal Narasimhaiya, Durgada Krishnappa, Y. Sundarayya, N. Naranappa and Tippaji. Each had his own favourite subject. Till recently the paintings of these artists were adorning Bhajan Mandirs and private homes. The Karnataka Chitrakala Parishat has rendered yeoman service by collecting and preserving more than 200 paintings and by running a school to teach the art with a view to revive it. They will be displayed in the Art Complex under construction at Bangalore.

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**CANARA
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Over 1,200 branches
all over the country.





—B. Kesar Singh

Vignettes Of Karnataka

—B. Kesar Singh



KARNATAKA, sang the poet Chikupadhya, is "A land of charm; and beauty and grace; you want a haven of happiness? This is the place..."

The State, named Mysore after the legendary minotaur, Mahishasura, has been eulogised as "a green land, beautiful land. The land of rivers" (the Tunga, the Bhadra, the Cauvery, the Ghataprabha, the Malaprabha, the Krishna and others).

This "navaratna" in the crown of mother earth is also described as the cradle of temple architecture. The finest example of temple art is found in those built by the Chalukyas between the 6th and 8th centuries AD—Aihole, where one finds the genesis of South Indian temple architecture; Badami or Vatapi, the Chalukyan capital, where are some of the most beautiful sculptures which Indian art has produced; and Pattadakal where Vikramaditya II brought architects from the Pallava capital of Kanchi to build the great Virupaksha temple.

More widely known than these is the ornate architecture of the Hoysala temples of Belur and Halebid.

—Continued on page 36

MASK OF SIVA (left). The handicrafts of Karnataka take pride of place besides its silk and sandalwood. The worship of Siva is of special significance among the Lingayats, a sect of both social and political strength in the State. Top: A folk dance.

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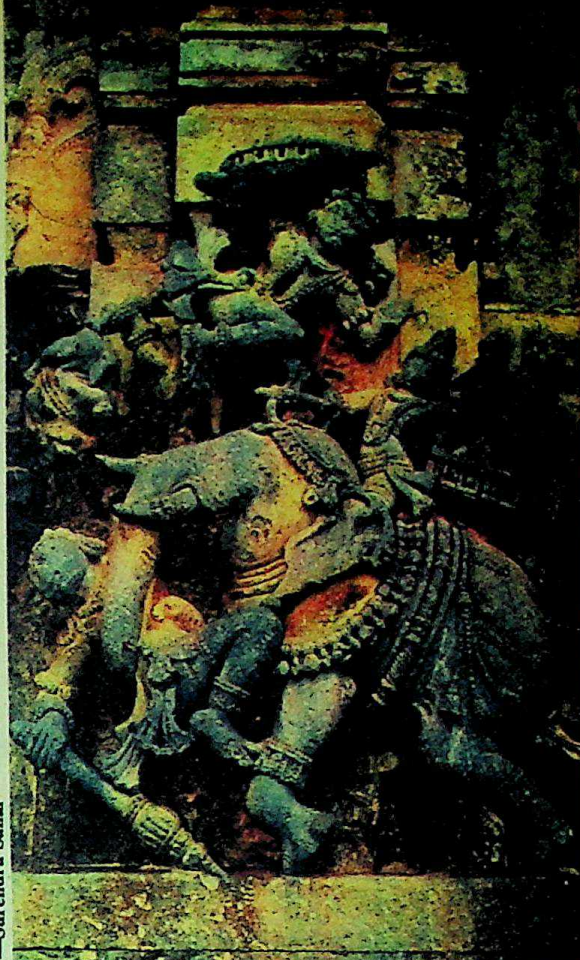
GIRIJA KA
the marriage

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—Surendra Sahai

VISITORS TO BELUR. The 800-year-old capital of the Hoysala kingdom offers opulent evidence of delicate and sensuous sculpture. The exquisite stone dancers of Belur have inspired some very lyrical verses in the Kannada language.



—Surendra Sahai

BATTLE SCENE AT BELUR

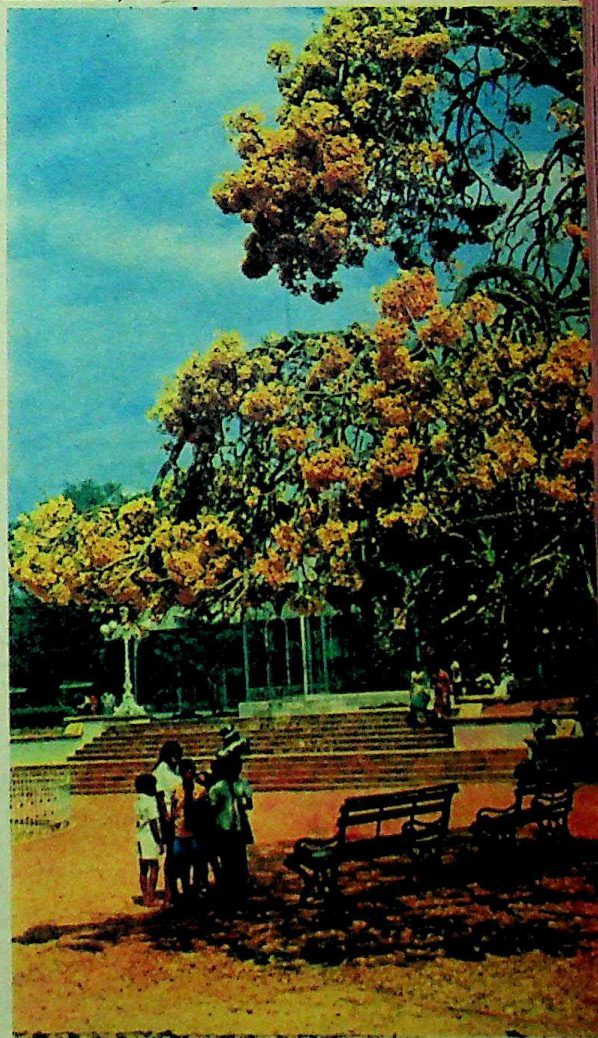


—B. Kesar Singh

GIRIJA KALYANAM. Early 18th-century painting (from the collection of S. Nanjunda Rao). The theme, the marriage of Siva and Parvati, follows closely the Kannada classical work, *Girija Kalyana*, of Harihara.

LAL BAUG, BANGALORE

—B. Kesar Singh



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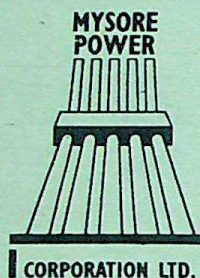
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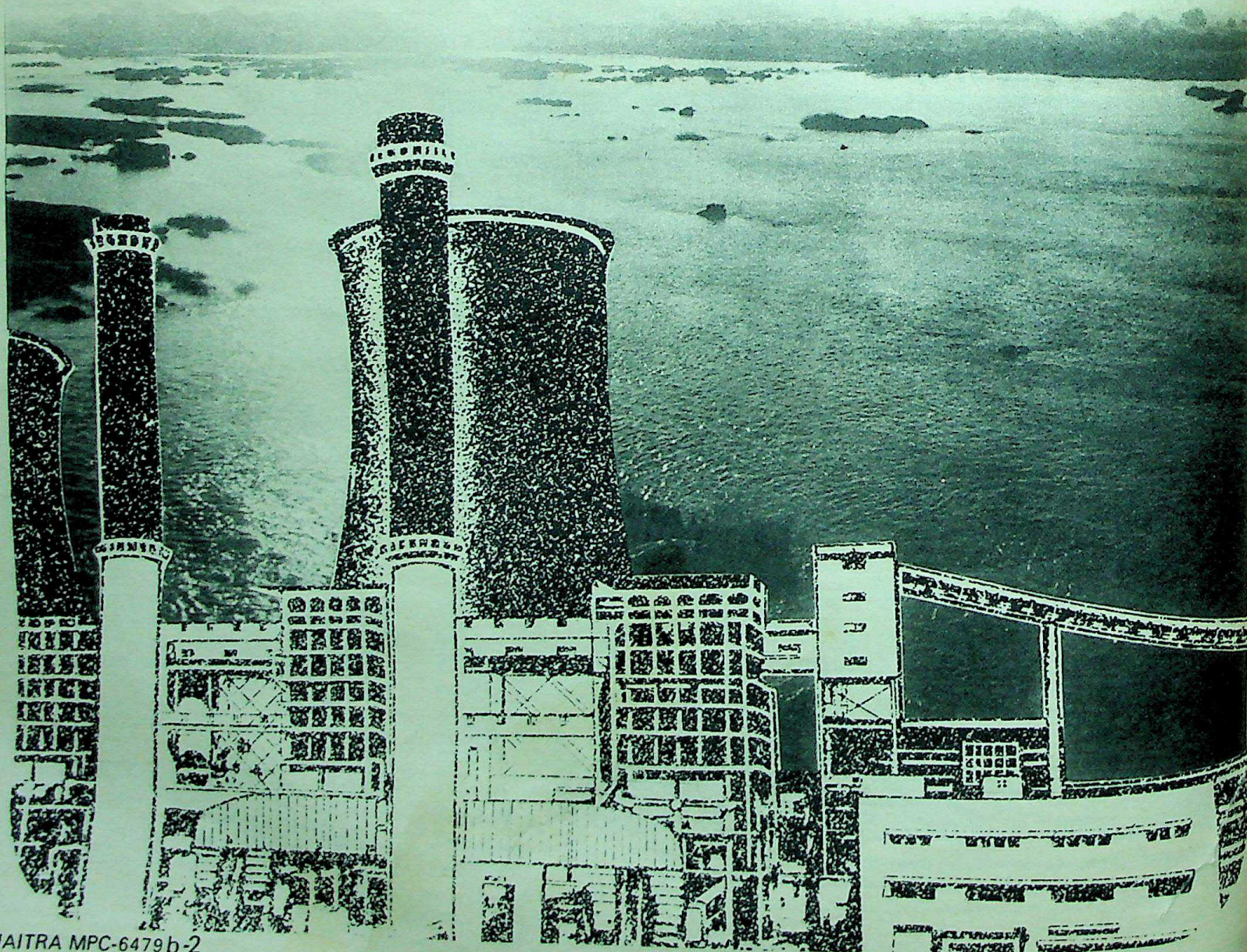
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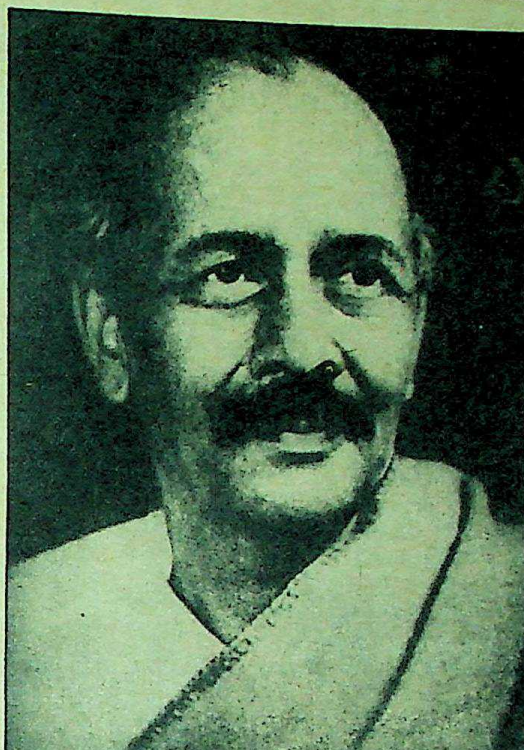
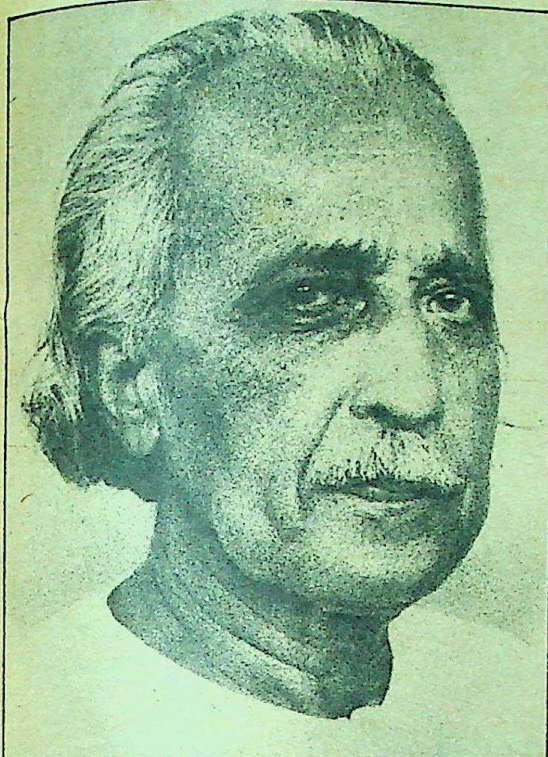
by L.S.

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A Literary Renaissance



THREE JNANPITH AWARD WINNERS FROM KARNATAKA: Dr Shivarama Karanth (left) won the award in 1978. His classics have been "Chomana Dudi" and "Marali Mannige". The lyrics of D.R. Bendre (centre) have been widely acclaimed. Dr K.V. Puttappa (right) won the award for his epic, "Ramayana Darshana".

Kannada is one of India's oldest languages with a rich tradition. The "modern" idiom, however, is hardly 60 years old and in this, too, Kannada has some outstanding works to its credit.

by L.S. Seshagiri Rao

KANNADA LITERATURE is probably the second oldest among the Dravidian literature.

It is a curious fact that the earliest work which has survived is not one of creative writing: it is *Kavirajamarga* (9th century), a work on poetics, which however implies a history of creative writing. In *Vaddaradhane*, which must have just preceded Pampa the great poet (10th century), prose had already gained flexibility and directness. Pampa's *Vikramarjunavijaya* is the first retelling of the Mahabharata story in a non-Sanskritic language. The early history of Kannada literature is illumined by the works of Pampa, Ranna and Janna.

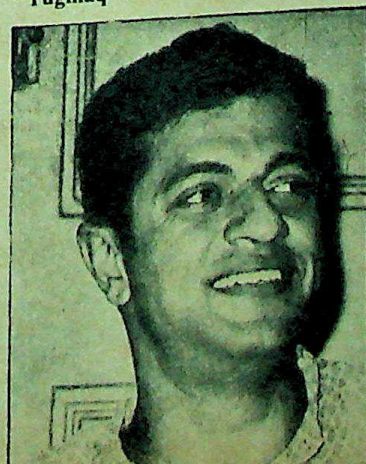
The *vachana sahitya* of the 12th century has probably nothing comparable in any Indian literature. The *vachanakaras* were Veerasaiva saints like Basaweswara and Akkamahadevi who were at once mystics and social reformers.

Vachana sahitya—not consciously composed as literature—combines power and light and it has deeply influenced the thought processes and the literature of Kannadigas. The *vachanakaras* were followed by the Hardasas who carried philosophy to every hearth and home. In *Kumaravyasa Bharata* we have a powerful genius who is a master of language, with an infectious zest for life, telling one of the saddest stories in the world. His image of Lord Krishna with an irresistible sense of humour is perhaps the only one of the kind. From the point of view of literature, the 18th and 19th centuries were unproductive.

Rediscovery of Indian History

It is against this background that modern Kannada literature should be studied. It is about 60 years old. One need not reconstruct the political and social context in which the first phase

GIRISH KARNAD established his genius with the runaway success of his "Tughlaq".



generally referred to as *Navodaya* developed. It was the age of Tilak and Gandhiji, of a new system of education and the wonder of the printing press, of the introduction to Shakespeare and Dickens and Stuart Mill. It was also the age of the rediscovery of Indian history and the glory of Vijayanagar and of *vachana* literature.

Navodaya literature is thus the literature of the age of the discovery of Western political philosophy and literature and the rediscovery of the past glory of India and Karnataka. Masti Venkatesa Iyengar created characters representative of everyday life. Bendre's best lyrics would find a place in a world anthology of modern poetry. Few have sung the agony and the ecstasy of love as he has. Shivarama Karanth portrays the process of ripening. Alone among Kannada novelists, he reminds us of the mighty Russian masters of the novel. His *Marali Mannige* is a saga of man's relations with Nature. His *Chomana Dudi* (1933) is now known all over the country. Like Masti, he is concerned with ripeness and, like Masti, he sees ripeness in weary flesh and humble clay, too; but he shows the spirit confronting the world and getting bruised but slowly taking shape.

Puttappa won the Jnanapith Award for his epic *Ramayana Darshana* but a greater achievement was the novel, *Kanuru Subbamma*, depicting the flowering of a sensitive soul in the complex world of the *Malenad*. Was it all a romantic illusion — this faith in

the latent magnificence of man? But exposure to the winds of transformation of the freedom movement in India was to have considerable impact on modern Kannada writing. This literature was humanistic and secular, centering on the experiences of man as man and with faith in the reformation of society through the improvement of the individual.

Banner of Progressivism

A brief interlude of progressive literature was followed by what came to be known as *navya* literature. The formation of the Socialist Party in the mid-1930s marked another phase in Kannada literature. A number of writers turned to Marx and Engels through their writings. The immensely popular and charismatic novelist, A.N. Krishna Rao, unfurled the banner of progressivism. But progressive literature was soon brushed aside by the onslaught of the academically well-placed and more sophisticated *navyas*. It must, however, be said that Basavaraja Kattimani's *Jwalamukhiya Mele*, T.R. Subba Rao's *Munjavininda Munjavu* and *Bidugadeya Bedi*, and Niranjana's *Chirasmarane* succeed in combining an attack on a vicious system with an unfaltering vision of man's need for tenderness and emotional satisfaction.

Gopalakrishna Adiga ushered in the *navya* movement and his name and that of Dr U.R. Ananthamurthy (author of *Samskara*) are known far beyond Karnataka. Adiga was

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reacting to the disenchantment with Nehru and the new breed of wind-bag politicians. But the *navya* writer was trying to be an existentialist and a socialist at the same time. The pen came from Sartre and the ink from Lobia. Adiga's poem, *Bhumigeete*, Ananthamurthy's novel *Samskara* and some of the stories of Yashwant Chittal, Shanthinatha Desai and Lankesh were certainly remarkable achievements. But it is interesting to observe that, except in *Clip Joint*, Ananthamurthy succeeded only when he was placing the action in a rather distant past (*Samskara*, *Ghatashraddha*) or presenting a study of a strong character (*Prakriti*, *Mouni*) but seldom when he was concerned with the society around him. *Bharatipura* was a failure.

It is also an interesting fact that most of the galaxy outgrew the *navya* phase. Perhaps, even if the disenchantment of the *navyas* with the old leaders and old values was justified, what the will of the people, the collective consciousness as it were, demanded was an endeavour to change things, and not a turning away from the world without. The phenomenal popularity of Dr Bhyrappa is, I think, partly (I must stress the word "partly") attributable to the fact that his characters face life. They do not just reflect on life and its dilemmas; they are willing to take the plunge and face the consequences.

YASHWANT CHITTAL wrote "*Shikari*", among the most significant novels of the decade and one of the best books of 1979.

One of those whose work held out the best promise of great things in the *navya* school has recently given the most satisfying work outside it. I refer to Yashwant Chittal and his *Shikari*. The novel goes beyond Kafka. It is the best study we have to date of the ruthless rat race of the petty-souled big bosses of the business world. It is unsparing in its details of human meanness and in its picture of the ugliness and shamelessness of evil. But it retains a sense of tenderness in human relations—something sadly absent in *navya* literature.

Another work rich in promise is Devanur Mahadeva's *Devanuru*—a collection of stories. This, to date, is the summit of the achievement of the *dalita* and *bandaya* school. The school has undoubtedly been influenced by the Digambara writers of Andhra. Chandrashekhara Patil, Baruguru Ramachandrappa, Channanna Valikara, Buddhanna Hingamire and Siddhalingaiah are representatives of the group. This literature voices the aggressive spirit of the downtrodden. A collection of poems like *Kappu Janara Kempu*

Kavya is a ringing call to revolt. The language is uninhibited and the pages seem to burn the very fingers which hold them.

Navodaya literature was the literature of those who had come to terms with life. Since then Kannada literature has been the literature of quest. In the last 25 years, exciting works have reached the hands of the Kannada reader and the literary world has been full of life. Three of the elder generation (Puttappa, Bendre and Karanth) have received the Jnanapith Award.

Apart from the works of this generation, Rao Bahadur's *Gramayana*, Chandrashekhra Patil's poems, Ananthamurthy's *Samskara* and some great stories, Krishna Alanahalli's *Kaadu* Girish Karnad's *Tughlaq*, Chandrashekhara Kambara's *Jokumaraswamy*, Inamdar's *Navilu Nouke*, Vaikuntaraju's *Aakramana*, A. A. K. Ramanujan's *Rokkalali Huvilla*, one can easily name 20 works at least which have made an impact. Add to these the fortunate fact that the rebellious Lankesh has gone beyond *navya* and given stories like *Umapathiya Scholarship Yatire*. The Kannada writer has remained alive and restless in his changing environment. And he has been trying to find the right way of expressing his response to the complex and changing world around him. And that is what matters.

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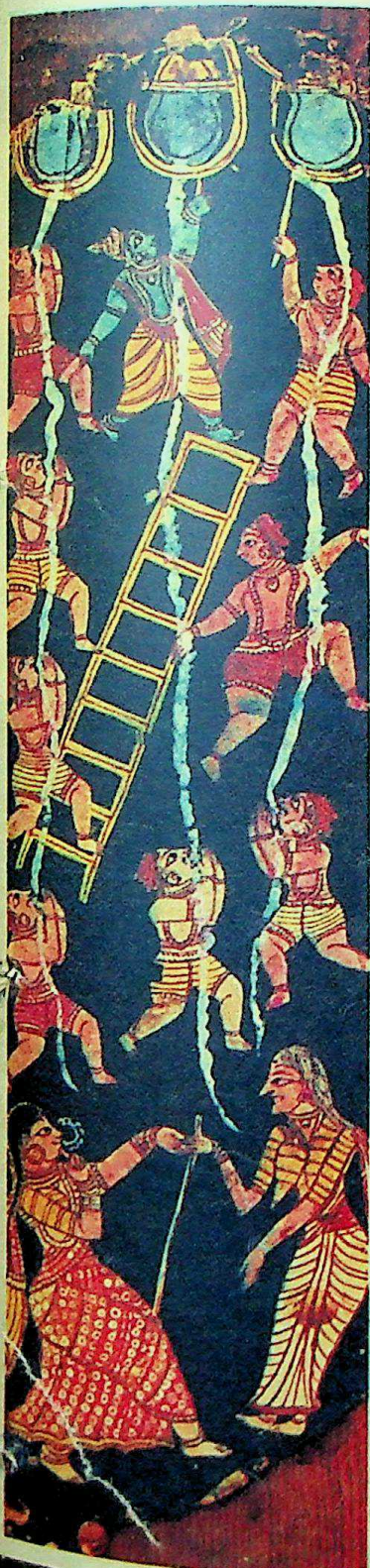
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Karnata

The Art Of Shubharay Maharaj

1980 marks the 200th year of the establishment of the Shubharay Math at Solapur, in south Maharashtra. Shubharay Maharaj, its founder (1750-1820), was Tipu Sultan's Deputy Prime Minister before he took sanyas. In the Math is housed a collection — 500 of Shubharayji's paintings — perhaps the biggest art treasure of a single artist in India.



VEDIC scholar, linguist, poet, humanist, social reformer, connoisseur, patron of music and dance, and sensitive painter — that about sums up the multi-splendoured genius of Shubharay Maharaj, who was Tipu Sultan's Deputy Prime Minister.

Of Andhra stock, Subba Rao (as he was originally known) was born at Malur, in Karnataka, in 1750. His extraordinary qualities attracted the attention of Tipu Sultan who made him his Deputy Prime Minister although he was still under 30.

Before long, however, Subba Rao relinquished his post after a tiff with the Sultan. He took to spiritual life and left Srirangapatnam for Solapur in south Maharashtra. He changed his name to Shubharay Maharaj and established a math (monastery) in 1780. From there he carried on his missionary work until his mahasamadhi in 1820.

A visionary who lived far ahead of his times, Shubharay Maharaj



PAINTINGS OF SHUBHARAY MAHARAJ (some of which are shown here) inspired Abdulhussain Almelkar's "Divine Love" which won the President's Gold Medal in the First National Competition held by the Lalit Kala Akademi.

—Photographs by Jitendra Arya



championed the cause of the downtrodden, especially the Harijans, braving social boycott. Great musicians and dancers visited his monastery to perform before him. The outer wall of the monastery was built by Chima Bai, a noted singer, as a mark of her devotion to the Maharaj.

Besides Telugu, which was his mother tongue, Shubharay Maharaj was a master of Sanskrit, Tamil, Kannada, Urdu and Marathi. His Marathi *bhaktigeets* have earned him acclaim from several eminent litterateurs, past and present.

Karnataka Special

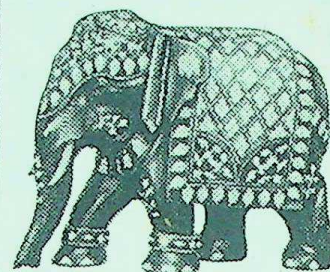
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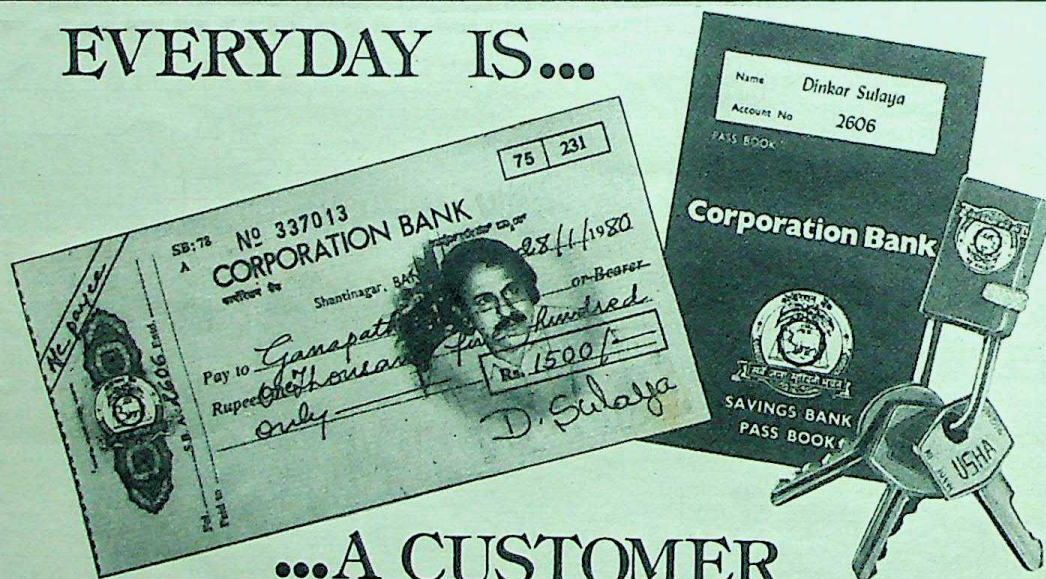
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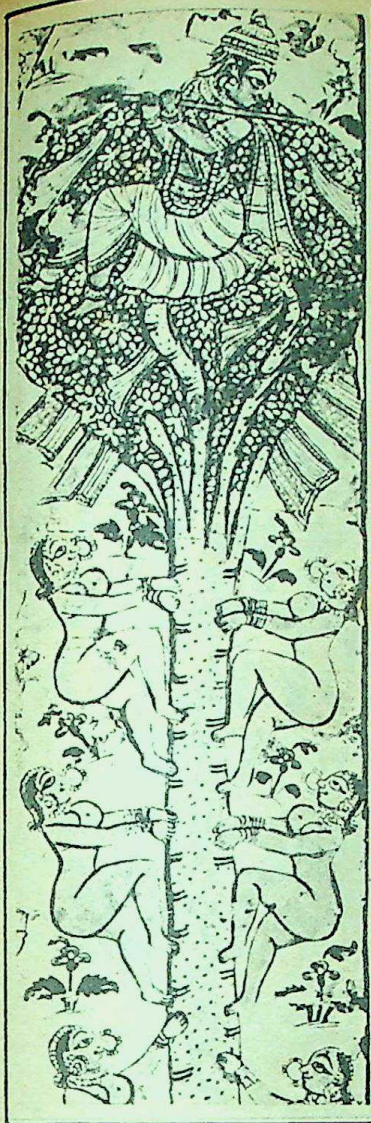
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Karnataka Special



It is only in recent years that Shubharayji's genius as a painter has come to light. The credit for the discovery of his paintings, numbering nearly 500, which were rescued from family "trunks", goes to P.J. Buwa, a fifth-generation descendent of the Maharaj, who manages the affairs of the *math*.

A representative selection of these paintings has been displayed at exhibitions organised recently by the Information Directorate of the Maharashtra Government at Delhi, Bombay and Panaji. The exhibition will shortly move to Bangalore.

Glowing Colours

The paintings are significant for many reasons. Apart from the fact that they are the handiwork of a statesman-turned-*sanyasin*, they are executed on ordinary ledger paper in water colour made from natural vegetable dyes. That is probably why the colours look so remarkably fresh even after 200 years.

The themes are drawn from the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. Needless to say, these are all evocative of spiritual love and devotion for God in the true Hindu tradition.

Shubharayji's depiction of his subjects is vigorous without being pretentious. The viewer is struck by his distinctive style. The delineation of the male and female figures shows



RAS LEELA. Far left: An amusing variation of the *vastraharan* episode from Shubharay Maharaj's collection.

delightful design, linear grace and rhythmic elegance accentuated by decorative flair and the uncanny use of appropriate colours and shades.

Mythological Milk-Maids

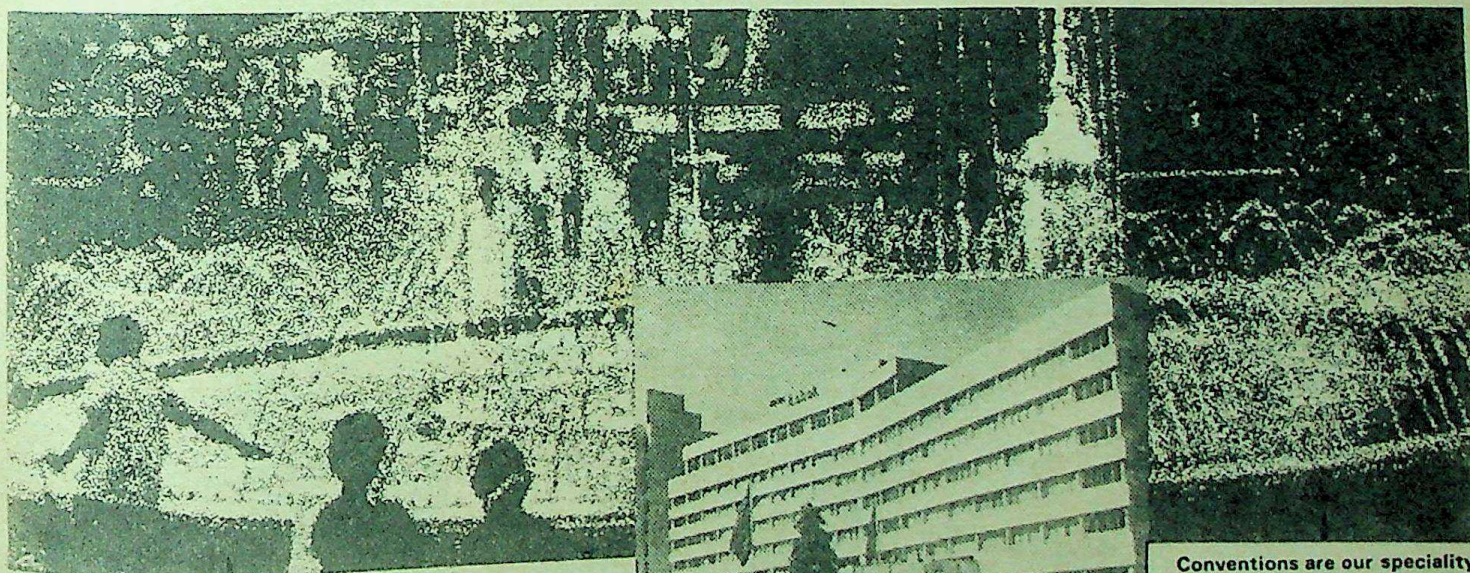
One can also see themes with marked, even amusing, deviations from mythology. For instance, in the painting, *gopi-vastraharan*, milk-maids are shown climbing up a tree in a frantic bid to retrieve their clothes from Sri Krishna who is seated atop, merrily playing his flute. In another painting Sri Rama is

depicted with a dark complexion, (in the Ramayana, he is described as very fair).

This year marks the second centenary of the establishment of the Shubharay Math. A committee under the chairmanship of the Mayor of Solapur has been formed to commemorate the event and to set up an art gallery to preserve the precious art treasure, an exhibition hall and a guest house.

—Gurudev Sharan

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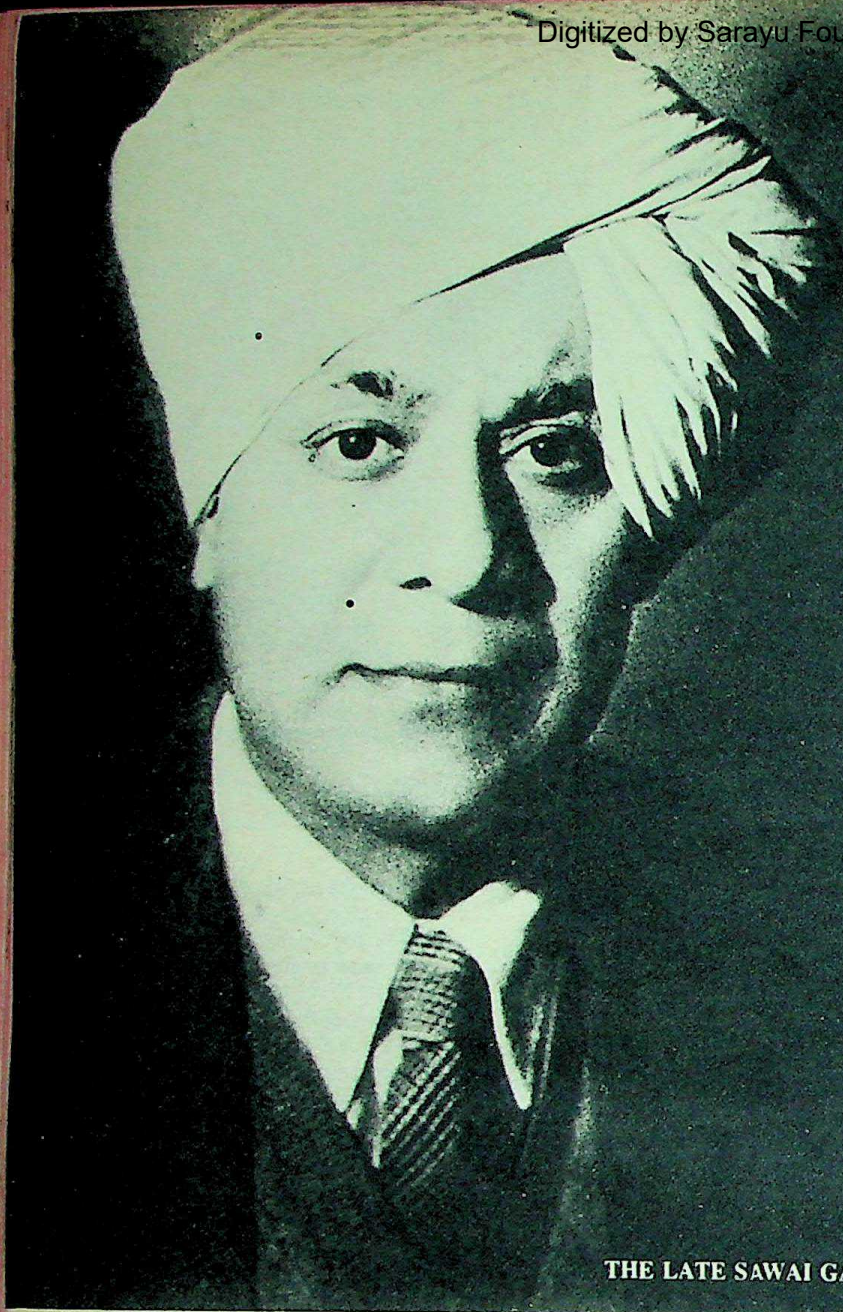
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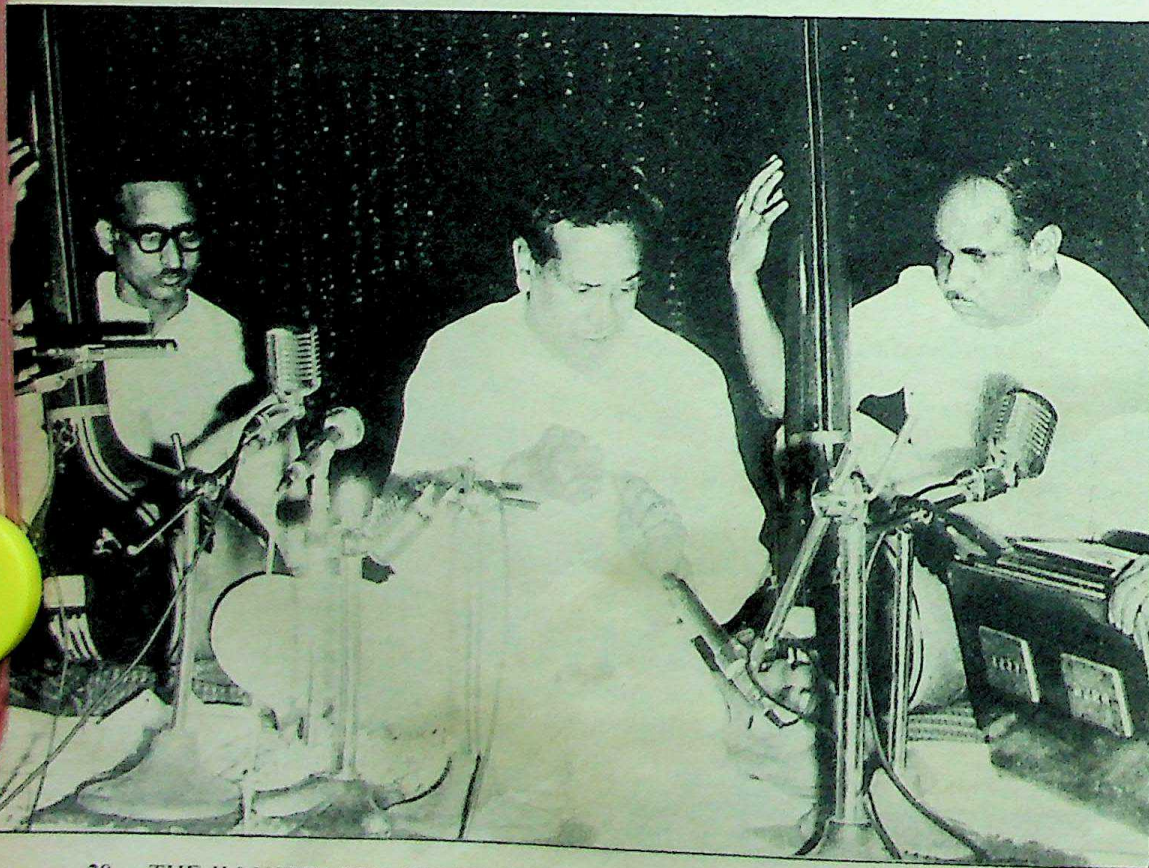
KANNADIGAS IN HINDUSTANI MUSIC

Many of the reigning maestros of
Hindustani music are Kannadigas.

by Mohan Nadkarni

THE LATE SAWAI GANDHARVA

BHIMSEN JOSHI



INDIA is perhaps the only country in the world to have two systems of classical music—Hindustani and Carnatic. Both have evolved and flourished independently in a spirit of peaceful, fruitful co-existence over the centuries. Each *paddhati* has produced many stalwarts of national stature.

Karnataka is the only State in India to have contributed significantly to the preservation and enrichment of both these systems. If, as the late Prof P. Sambamoorthy rightly points out, the emergence of Hindustani music in North India is a historical accident, then Karnataka's distinction can be fairly summed up as a coincidence of a socio-cultural and political character—political in the present context.

Migration of Musicians

All this began over a hundred years ago, with the homecoming of Balkrishna Buwa Ichalkaranjkar after his arduous but rewarding *shagirdi* (studentship) with the pioneering masters of the *khayal gharana* of Gwalior. Soon after began the gradual migration of many noted *khayal* maestros from Central and North India to the south-west and southern regions of the former Bombay Presidency. While these maestros were welcomed by music lovers, they also received patronage from the ruling princes of several States in the region—like Kolhapur, Sangli, Miraj, Kurundwad, Ichalkaranji, Aundh and Bhor. The States were geographically contiguous to the then princely State of Mysore, and it was in this region that various *khayal gharanas* sprang up and

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crystallised and came to be recognised as distinctive singing styles.

Besides Balkrishna Buwa, who firmly established the Gwalior *gayaki* in this part of India, there were other doyens like Abdul Karim Khan (*Kirana gharana*), Alladiya Khan (*Atrauli-Jaipur gharana*), Natthan Khan (*Agra gharana*) and Bhaskar Buwa Bakhale (exponent of three *gharanas*), who earned acclaim as performers *par excellence* and, in the process, attracted several budding youngsters to their ideologies.

The entire region (then known as Bombay Karnataka till its political merger with the erstwhile Mysore State in August 1956) bustled with intense musical activity. The phenomenon could even be called a musical renaissance and its impact could not but be felt by Mysore's Wodeyar princes. Traditionally known as enlightened connoisseurs and patrons of the performing arts, they soon extended their patronage to North Indian stalwarts with typical munificence. That is how Natthan Khan and his son, Vilayat Hussain Khan, Abdul Karim Khan, Faiyaz Khan of Baroda and Hafiz Ali Khan, the sarod maestro of Gwalior, were among the celebrities who came to grace the Wodeyar *darbar* either as *asthana vidvans* or visiting *vidvans* for many years.

Impressive Line-up

In the impressive line-up of Karnataki disciples of some of these maestros, mention must first be made of Nilkanth Buwa Alurmath, who was groomed by Balkrishna Buwa himself. It is of interest to know that Nilkanth Buwa taught the rudiments of Hindustani music to the present-day Dharwar maestro, Mallikarjun Mansur, who later learnt from Manji Khan and Bhurji Khan, both

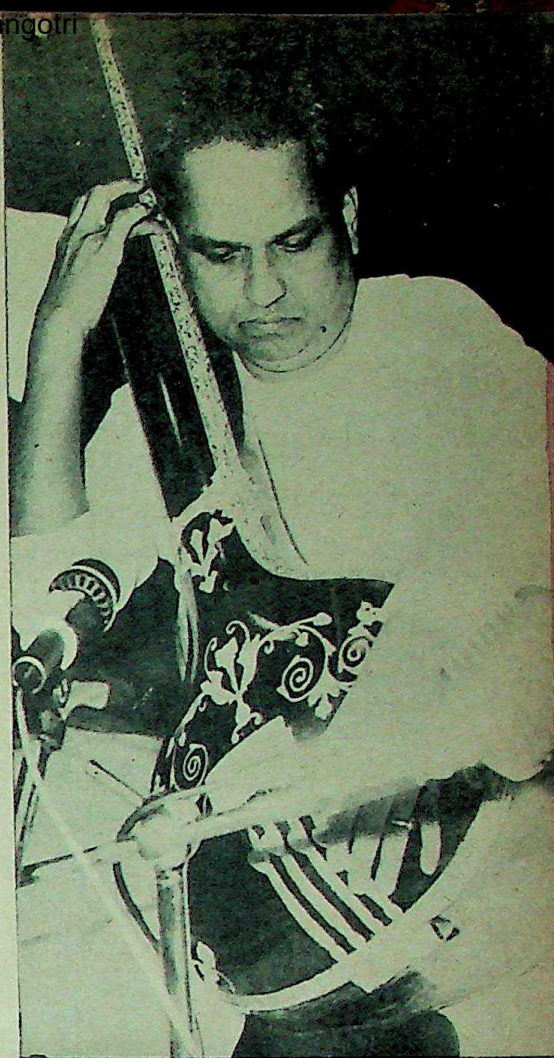
sons of Alladiya Khan. The celebrated Sawai Gandharva (Ramrao Kundgolkar), who has given us masters of the eminence of Gangubai Hangal (Hubli), and Bhimsen Joshi (Gadag) and Basavaraj Rajguru (Hubli), was a *Kannadiga* who achieved fame as the most outstanding disciple of Abdul Karim Khan.

Popularising Hindustani Music

Bhaskar Buwa Bakhale, who taught music at the training college at Dharwar for some time, taught many disciples, one of whom was the noted Hubli vocalist, Shankar Dikshit Jantali. Vocalists Panchakshari Buwa (Gadag) and Ramrao Naik and Govind Vithal Bhawe (both of Bangalore) as also Swami Parwatikar, a science graduate turned *sanyasi* and a veteran rudra-veena player, and Mohammed Khan and Rahimat Khan, veena and sitar masters, all of Dharwar, have also played a significant part in popularising Hindustani music as much in Karnataka as in the rest of the country.

Besides Mansur, Gangubai, Bhimsen and Basavaraj, the names of *Kannadigas* that come to mind in the contemporary context are those of Kumar Gandharva (Shivaputra Komkali), a pioneer of the *avant garde* generation of vocalists, Sangameshwar Gurav, popular as the sweet-voiced exponent of the *Kirana gayaki*, and Shyamala-Bhawe, the young researcher and vocalist.

In the younger set who hold promise are Panchakshari Swami Mattigatti, a disciple of Mansur, Narayan Deshpande and Madhav Gudi, taught by Bhimsen Joshi, Krishna Hangal (Gangubai's daughter) and Somanath Mardoor, who has learnt from Basavaraj Rajguru.

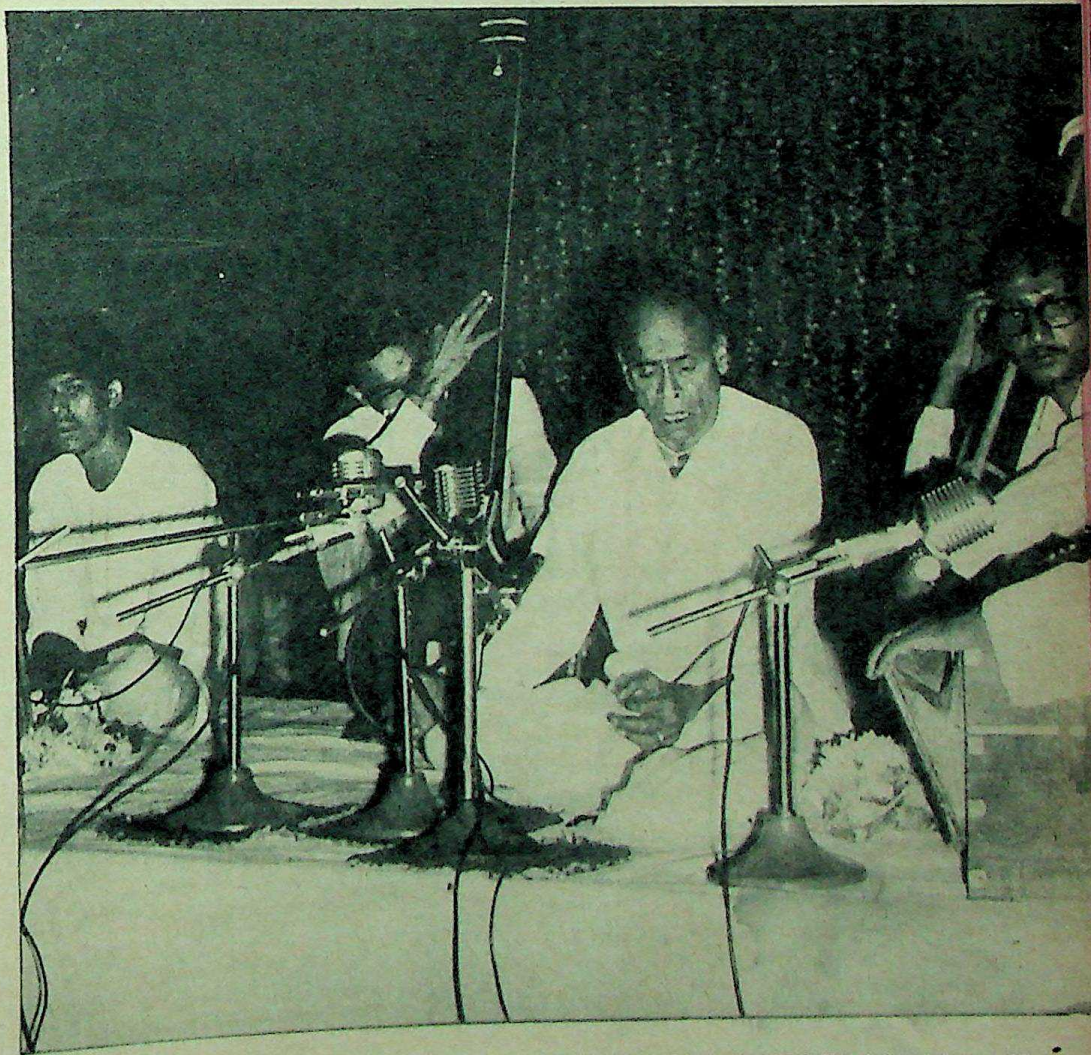


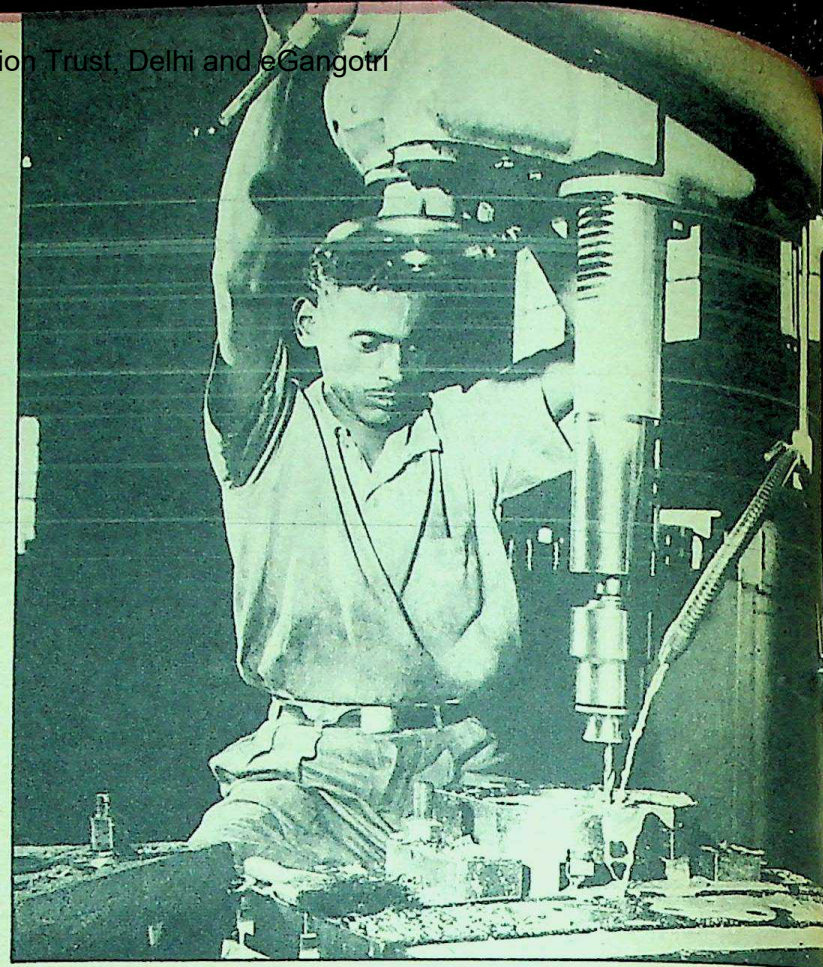
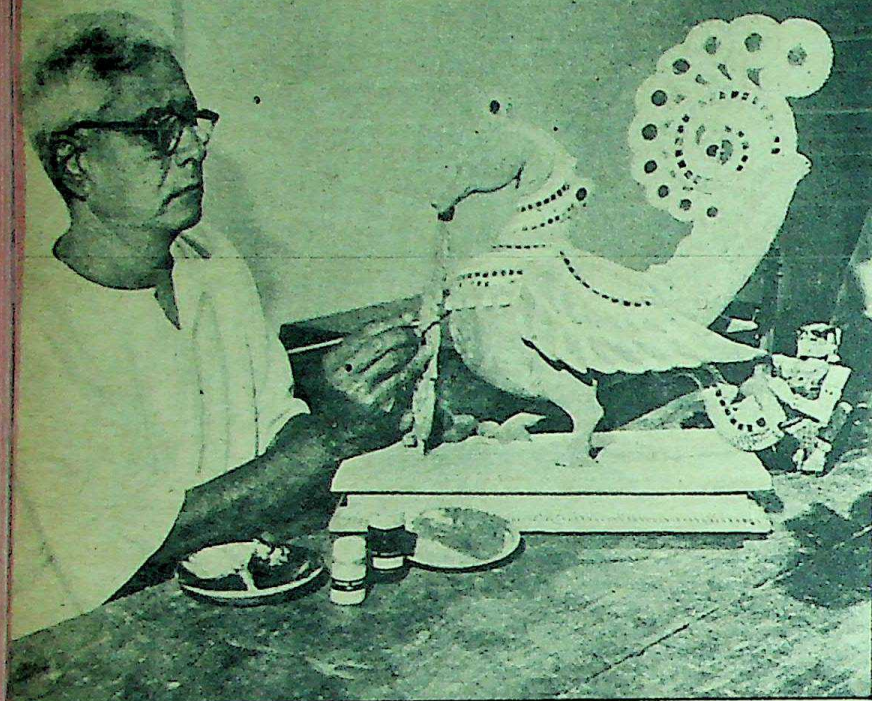
KUMAR GANDHARVA

GANGUBAI HANGAL



MALLIKARJUN MANSUR





On The Industrial Front

The picture is not at all depressing compared to some other States of India.

by Shibani Mitra

THE biggest news about industry in Karnataka to hit the national headlines recently has been the ambitious iron ore project at Kudremukh. Set up under the joint collaboration of the Governments of Iran and India, it ran into trouble even before completion. Initiated by the late Shah of Iran, it was supposed to provide a highly specialised form of iron ore to support Iran's growing steel industry. Financed largely by Iran, it had the added advantage of a captive market.

With the fall of the Shah's regime, the picture changed dramatically. Iran today cannot buy the ore, as promised, and India cannot find a market for the product. The Kudremukh project, with an installed capacity of 7.5 million tonnes, will have to produce within 3 million tonnes.

The overall picture in Karnataka is, however, not so gloomy. The State boasts of some of the nation's largest projects—namely, Hindustan Machine Tools, Hindustan Aeronautics Ltd, Bharat Electronics, Bharat Heavy Earth Movers, Indian Telephone Industries. Plus, under the auspices of Indian Railways, a plant has been set up for manufacturing

cast railway-wheels using the American griffin method.

The setting up of industrial belts has received the active cooperation of succeeding Governments in Karnataka. Nor has help been confined to Government or large private enterprises alone. Small *entrepreneurs* have also been given incentives to exploit the industrial potential of the State. The Karnataka State Financial Corporation, the main agency for extending loans, has sanctioned Rs 8,628 lakhs to nearly 3,224 units in the State. The main characteristic is that major assistance has gone to industries being planned in backward areas and a special scheme for technically qualified *entrepreneurs*.

Other incentives include a comprehensive land allotment scheme. So far, 12,000 acres for the establishment of 650 small-scale industries, with an employment potential for about 50,000 people, has been sanctioned. An additional 1,800 acres is being developed for allotment, while the Government is still planning a massive programme for areas around Mysore, Raichur, Belgaum, Hubli, South Kanara and Bijapur, among other places. The other advantages being extended are exemption from octroi, electricity tax, conversion fine and royalty on water.

One of the most striking aspects of the industrialisation of this State is its wide range. Karnataka already has its fair share of heavy industries and the State is at pains now not to let its traditional cottage industries die.

The problems that have to be contended with are, firstly, the scattered nature of these industries and a decentralised, home-based operation, low security and financial inputs and marketing problems. All these factors make organisation difficult and an efficient exploitation of the market nearly impossible.

Handloom And Handicrafts

The handloom industry is at the top of the list of traditional industries. To help sustain this industry, where the total loomage is 1,02,834, three intensive projects have been set up—two by the Central Government and one by the State Government. The World Bank has granted the sericulture industry assistance that will push the production of raw silk from 2,700 to 4,300 tonnes by 1984. Export-oriented centres are also being set up, along with a series of retail outlets.

The handicrafts industry has also received a boost. Sandalwood, ivory, bidriware, glassware and laquerwork are some of Karnataka's better-known cottage industries. Here artisans and craftsmen have been trained to work at the highest efficiency with guidance in the field of marketing. The help also covers housing, education and training for new recruits.

Another field that is rapidly gaining interest is the newly born electronics industry. The State has so far not been strong in this sphere and its promotion has been started in Peenya at the Testing and Development

Centre, which will be the largest industrial estate in South-East Asia. Another problem that the Corporation has taken on is a way to stem the brain drain. They are endeavouring to offer bright career prospects to the young and, perhaps, even attract Indian engineers back to the country.

Greatest Handicap

The greatest handicap suffered by Karnataka is in power production. The State is completely dependent on hydro-electricity and, therefore, the monsoon, for power. The situation was brought to a head by an incident in April this year which amply demonstrated the shaky energy situation.

On April 16, the Chief Minister, Mr Gunda Rao, announced a 100 per cent power cut on all high-tension consumers, thereby paralysing 1,200 industries. The announcement naturally raised a public furore and, within 24 hours, the order was rescinded and the existing power cut raised from 50 to 70 per cent.

Karnataka however, with its rich iron ore, copper, manganese, chromite and china-clay deposits, along with a progressive and comprehensive industrial policy, is today well on the way to being one of the country's most developed States. And the heartening thing is that, in its eagerness to develop a modern industrial state, traditional cottage industries have not been left out in the cold.

Power Generation Needs Greater Push

by T.S. Venkataraman

THE revised draft of the Sixth Plan proposes an investment of more than Rs 15,000 crores between 1978 and 1983 in power, which is by far the highest for any sector. The expectation is that power generation capacity will go up from about 26,000 MW at the beginning of the Sixth Plan to 44,000 MW at the end of the five-year period.

Even so, the overall power outlook is not encouraging, largely because performance has always been short of the target. The lack of advance planning in a field where schemes have a long gestation period is also held responsible for the slippages. Yet another factor, which is feared to be making an increasingly large contribution to the shortage of power, is the changing pattern of economic growth.

The loss of power generation due to inadequate shortage in the hydel reservoirs and the decline in the operating ratio of thermal stations have been responsible for a sharp drop in industrial production, in regions where the shortage is acutely felt. It must be conceded, however, that in Karnataka as in Maharashtra, the South-West monsoon did not make its usual contribution to the storage in hydel reservoirs.

The difficulties experienced by the Electricity Board in Karnataka in meeting the needs of all

TUNGABHADRA PROJECT

classes of consumers, have led to the closing down of power-intensive units for short periods, in order to release electricity for meeting the requirements of the agricultural sector.

There is considerable scope to save electricity not only by reducing losses in transmission, which are estimated at 20% of the generation but also in the area of conservation. The power situation in Karnataka goes to prove that the implementation of power projects is also not taking place at the desired rate.

Lack Of Generating Capacity

One of the most important reasons for the nagging shortage of power in Karnataka is the inadequacy of generating capacity to meet the demands. Slippages have been due to various causes such as delays in the delivery of not only main plant components and materials but also other auxiliary equipment, delays in the execution of civil works and erection of equipment, dilatory

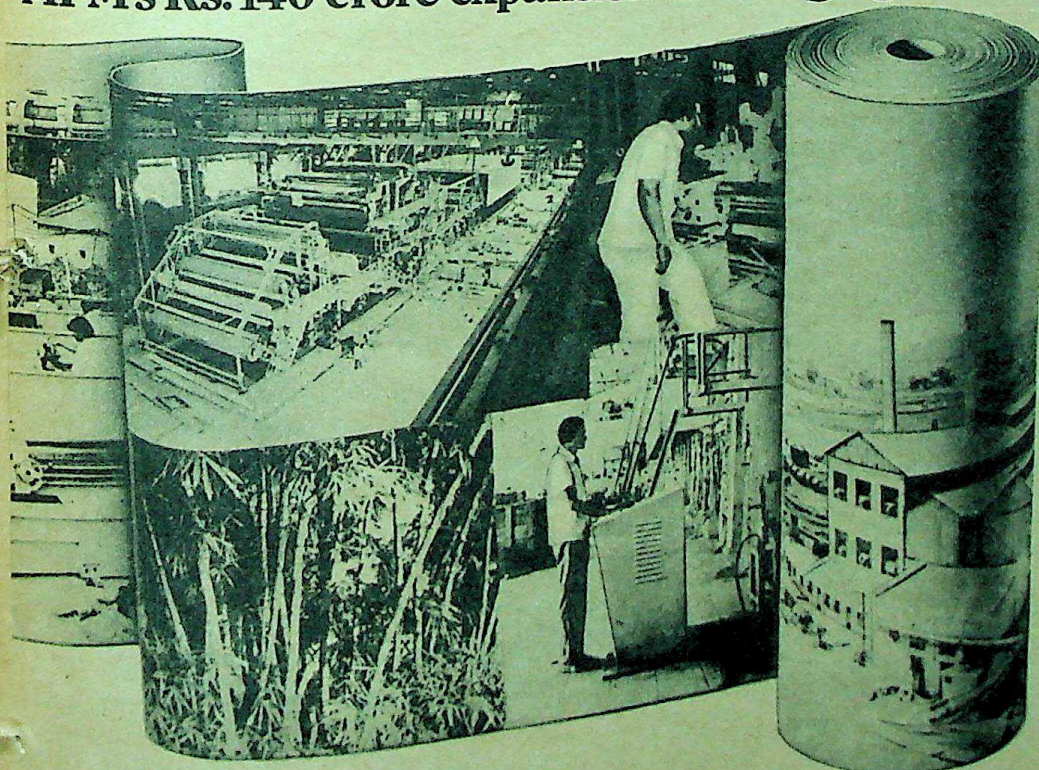
decision making procedures and dilution of responsibility.

Karnataka is at present passing through a 60% power cut. However, there is room for optimism that the shortage will not be pronounced and it will be possible to make effective use of the region's capacity with integrated operation and effective use of the inter-linked state grids.

Power cuts have been imposed regularly from 1972 as demand for diverse uses has been accelerating and no new generating capacity was created until very recently. One of the additions to Southern Power Grid is the construction of Tattihala Dam at the giant Kalinadi Project in Karnataka. The first of six 135 MW units was commissioned in December 1979 at the Nagjari Power House. The five major power projects—three hydel and two thermal which are in various stages of completion—will ultimately add over 3000 MW of generating capacity to the Southern Grid.

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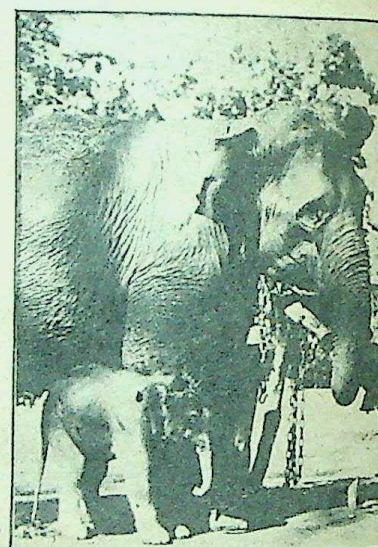
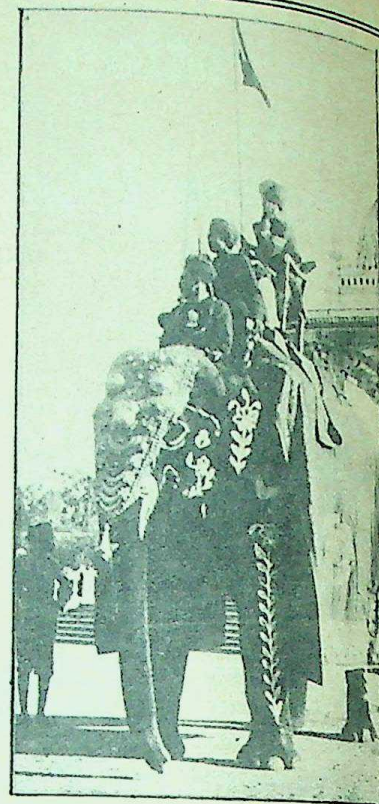
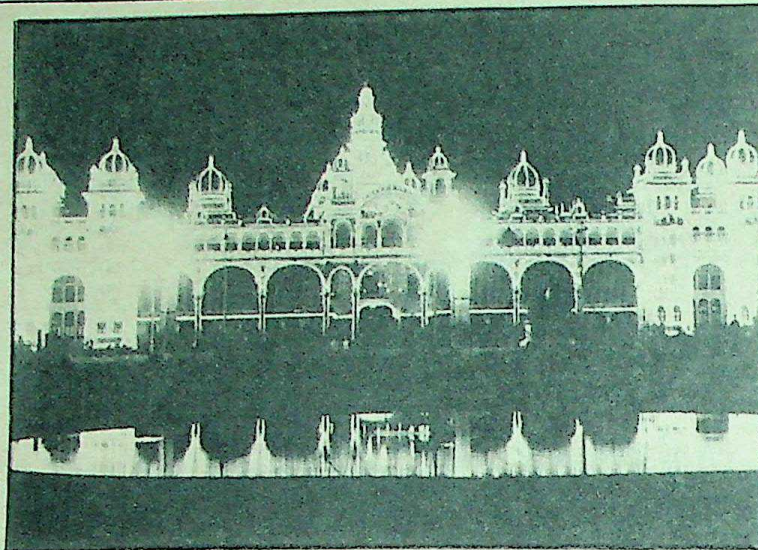


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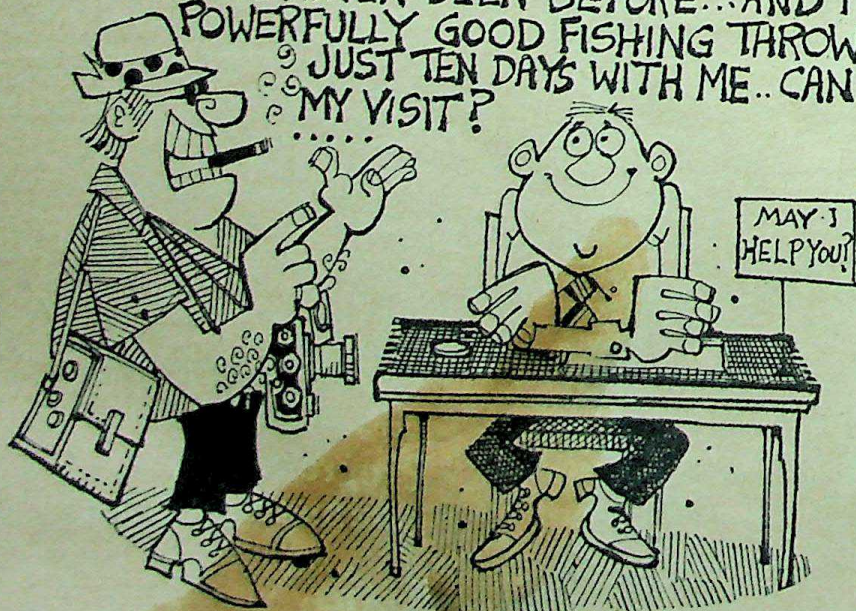
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HABITAT... I WANNA VISIT EXCELLENT AND UNSPOILT
BEACHES... I WANT GOOD SHOPPING OF EXOTIC HANDICRAFTS
AND SPECIAL SILKS, FIT TO CARRY HOME... I WANNA SEE
FLORA AND SCENIC BEAUTY AND NATIVE DANCE FORMS
LIKE I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE... AND I WANT SOME
POWERFULLY GOOD FISHING THROWN IN... AND I HAVE
JUST TEN DAYS WITH ME.. CAN YOU HELP ME PLAN
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KARNATAKA
THE MANY-SPLENDOURED
STATE

Karnataka Tourism; No 9, St Mark's Road, Bangalore.



Malpe Fisheries Harbour

by R. Ramachandran

A FULLY equipped fisheries harbour is taking shape in Karnataka and an additional catch of 40,000 tonnes a year can be expected after it is commissioned.

Karnataka State has a coastline of about 290 kms on the Arabian Sea and its continental shelf is estimated to cover 25,000 sq kms, of which only about 20% is exploited by the existing mechanised fishing craft.

In 1976, the United Nations Development Programme, at the request of the Government, accorded priority for a deep-sea fishing harbour project on this coast and in view of the favourable location and the existing fishing industry, Malpe, six km from the temple town of Udupi, was chosen as the best site for the purpose.

The actual work on the Rs 4.26 crore project was started in the latter part of 1977 and, by December this year, 95% of the work is expected to be over. At any rate, it will be a full-fledged harbour for fisheries by April 1981, according to Mr N.S. Devaiah, Executive Engineer of the project.

The Harbour Project

The catch of fish, off the coast of South Kanara during 1979-80 was 1,60,000 tonnes, two-thirds of which was off Malpe. After the harbour is commissioned, the Karnataka Fisheries Department would be able to initiate deep-sea fishing and an additional catch of about 40,000 tonnes of shrimp is expected. With deep-sea fishing the Karnataka Government will be covering the continental shelf along 200 kms of the coast.

The harbour project, of which 80% of the major work is already over, envisages all the essential facilities such as landing quays, berthing jetties, training walls for the channel, slipway for repair yards, etc. The sprawling area of the harbour,

reclaimed by the soil of the channel and basin, provides space for an auction hall, roads, water supply scheme, ice plants, cold storage and ancillary industries.

It was estimated that Malpe harbour would need 23 deep-sea fishing vessels of 18 to 28 metres length, and another 46 of 14 metres length, as also 275 small mechanised vessels. Altogether there was to be a fleet of about 350 vessels of different sizes using the harbour, according to Mr Devaiah, "these figures have no relevance now, and the number of vessels using the harbour will be much higher".

Outstanding Engineering Expertise

The construction of training walls (breakwaters), one on the northern side and the other on the southern, carried out by a private firm of contractors, is a remarkable engineering feat among harbour projects in India, Mr Devaiah said. The total length of the two walls is 2200 metres, 850 metres on the north and 1350 metres on the south, including the spur jetty. Over 5,78,000 tonnes of stone, consisting of boulders weighing between 2.3 tonnes and 2.8 tonnes, were used in the construction of the walls. These boulders were available in the nearby hills in plenty.

The next important work of the project was the 100 metres x 200 metres harbour basin. The engineers faced heavy odds in the initial stages. Between the project approval and commencement of work about 60 metres of the land was eroded by the Udyanera river and the contractors wanted the department to fill the area with sand.

It was thought this could be done with bulldozers. But, to their dismay, they found that whatever sand was dumped was washed away to the shore at high tide.

For a couple of weeks they did not know how to tackle the heavy undercurrent at the mouth of the river. The problem was solved with the help of expert divers from Kerala. He himself had to run from pillar to post to obtain a sufficient number of cement bags to fill sand and erect a bund under the water.

Cutting The Bar

According to Mr Krishnaraj, a leading fish exporter, June 20 was a red-letter day for hundreds of fishermen in Malpe when a subsidiary company of the principal contractors cut the sand bar across the 1350 metres long channel. Mr Devaiah said that the reason for cutting the bar in the rainy season, which is off-season for fishing, was to help quick clearance of possible flood waters in the river.

Upto now the fishermen were able to launch their boats only at high tide and even small mechanised boats loaded with catch had to wait offshore for high tide because of shallow water and concealed rocks underneath. With the opening of the channel, fishermen can now return to the shore without having to wait for the high tide.

To a question whether the harbour would adversely affect the 'ramponi' fishermen, as had happened in Goa, Mr Devaiah said that the problem was there even now with the mechanised boats fishing on surface water in spite of Government warnings. The harbour is intended for deep-sea trawlers and therefore it would in no way complicate matters further.

When the harbour is completed, Malpe will be one of the most beautiful picnic spots on the coast of Karnataka with the centuries old Columnar lava (rocks) maintained by the Geological Survey of India in St Mary's Island, a few kms from the harbour.

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aggregating to Rs. 18 Crores to the shareholders and Daimler-Benz AG, West Germany. We shall soon be raising further capital by offering 100% Convertible Bonds to the public of Rs. 450/- each amounting to Rs. 24 10 Crores, giving the bondholders an opportunity to share the fruits of the expansion in years to come.

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The total coffee in tonnes. O district al 44,450 to area unde in the dis 1,00,000

by S. M

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Of Coorg And Coffee

The total production of coffee in India is 1,21,000 tonnes. Of this, the Coorg district alone accounts for 44,450 tonnes. The total area under coffee cultivation in the district is around 1,00,000 acres.

by S. N. Murthy

To all those who have been to the Coorg district, the very word "Coorg" summons up all that the royal season, spring or *Vasanth*, connotes to lovers and poets. A drive around this, the smallest and the loveliest district in Karnataka, will introduce the visitor to some of its most enchanting features—the breath-taking beauty of its landscape alongside its large and well-maintained coffee plantations.

If poets and lovers associate Coorg with "spring" and "rain", coffee addicts and coffee merchants speak of Coorg coffee and its special flavour.

Coffee is the most important commercial crop in the Coorg district. The total production of coffee in India is 1,21,000 tonnes. Of this the Coorg district alone produces 44,450 tonnes. The total area under coffee cultivation in the district is around 1,00,000 acres. And, of this, the small growers, owning less than 25 acres, hold more than 50 per cent of the land. There are around 15,000 small growers in the district. Of them, 5,100 are members of the Coorg Coffee Growers' Cooperative Society, Mercara.

Till 1956, there was no organisation of small growers from which they could get financial help for the maintenance and the development of their plantations. There were a few private firms whose advances were mostly restricted to big growers and, if financial help was made available to the small growers, it was on very rigid terms.

On Cooperative Lines

The possibilities of organising an institution on cooperative principles were, therefore, considered by a few enterprising people in the district. It was a great relief to small growers when the Coorg Coffee Growers' Cooperative Society was registered in 1956. The small growers still remember the initiative taken by the late M.M. Belliappa with gratitude.

Very frequently, complaints are made that the cooperative movement in India is dominated by vested interests and that small growers are



exploited. But this institution is meant exclusively for the small growers. Without the financial assistance provided by this institution, the small growers of the district would not have been what they are today. How did their economic plight change?

As agents of the Indian Coffee Board, we of the Cooperative have maintained 26 collecting depots all over the district to collect coffee, not only from members, but from all small growers. During the year 1977-78, we collected nearly 11,000 tonnes of coffee on behalf of the Coffee Board.

The total payments made on behalf of the Coffee Board to our members and other small growers at our depots for around 11,000 tonnes of coffee is Rs 14,50,08,000 and, on this, we are paid 1½ per cent agency commission by the Coffee Board. We earned a commission of Rs 17,36,287 during the year 1977-78.

During this 1977-78 phase, we had advanced a crore of rupees as crop loan among the members. The maximum borrowing limit of a member is Rs 30,000. We supply fertilisers to our members on a credit basis and the cost of this fertiliser is deducted from the loan.

Every borrowing member is compulsorily required to use 25 per cent of the loan amount sanctioned to buy manure. And, during the year 1977-78, we have supplied fertilisers worth Rs 36,000.

Biggest Curing Unit

Not everyone connected with the coffee trade has heard of our institution. But our Coffee Curing Works, situated at Hunsur, popularly known as the Hunsur Works, is well-known to all those involved in the coffee trade.

The Hunsur Works is the oldest and the biggest coffee curing unit in India. It was started in the year 1873 by Donald Stewart, a European coffee planter settled in Coorg. After some time, the management was transferred to Mr Matheson, who ran the Works for more than 50 years. In 1947, the Hunsur Works was converted into a private limited company.

In 1966, the then President of the Coffee Growers' Cooperative Society, A.N. Somaiah, hit upon the idea of buying the Hunsur Works for the institution. He negotiated with the owners of the Hunsur Works, but found to his dismay that he had had to collect Rs 13,50,000 to buy the Works. Being still determined, he approached the State Government and, through it, obtained Rs 7,00,000 from the National Cooperative Development Corporation, New Delhi, and persuaded the State Government to sanction Rs 2,00,000 as share capital, collecting the balance from members as additional shares.

Thanks to A.N. Somaiah's determined efforts, the Hunsur Works was bought by the Society in 1966. The coffee that we collect in our depots in the district is shifted to the Hunsur Works in our lorries for curing. Here again, we cure coffee on behalf of the Coffee Board and we are paid Rs 188 per tonne as curing charges.

Vignettes Of Karnataka

—Continued from page 19

Karnataka is also a confluence of religious philosophies. At Sringeri, on the banks of the Tungabhadra, Adi Sankara founded his *math*. And Madhvacharya established his *math* at Udupi, famous for its Krishna temple. The third great *acarya* of the South, Ramanuja, found refuge from persecution in the accommodating tolerance of Karnataka.

The Jains flourished and their art and architecture are still to be seen in places like Mudbidri and Sravanabelagola. Muslim art expressed itself in austere beauty in Bijapur.

In the arts, again, the State has given its name to the classical tradition of South Indian music and has produced some of its greatest composers and musicians—Purandaradasa (the *pitamaha* of Carnatic music), Veena Seshanna, T. Chowdiah, Bangalore Nagaratnamma, Bidaram Krishnappa and Mysore Vasudevachar (one of the great composers of modern times). The late Maharaja of Mysore, Krishnadevaraja Wodiyar, was himself a composer of some note. The fertile land of Karnataka is also redolent of sandalwood and spices, *mallige* (jasmine) and *sampige* (champak), coffee and cedar, ebony and elephant, peacock and gold, as well as the famous silk of Mysore.

But the Karnataka of tradition and pomp, of graceful coffee-growing Coorg, stately Mysore and tranquil Sringeri, does not give the whole picture. The State which gave birth to what in today's language is called a technocrat and a far-seeing one—Visvesvaraya—houses some of India's crucial industries—HAL, HMT, BHEL, ITI, to name only a few.

Finally, in the variety of its natural beauty Karnataka is unsurpassed. There are the golden beaches of Ullal and Malpe, the gentle hills and valleys of Coorg where the Cauvery has its birth and the slopes are fragrant with coffee, the mountain jungles teeming with wildlife, the rocky grandeur of the landscape around Hampi, the turbulence of rivers like the Tungabhadra and the Sharavati—the list of Karnataka's charms is endless.

—B. Kesar Singh

LADY WITH MIRROR. One of the bracket figures, called *Madanikas*, in the Hoysala temples. They depict dainty women dancing, making up or playing musical instruments.

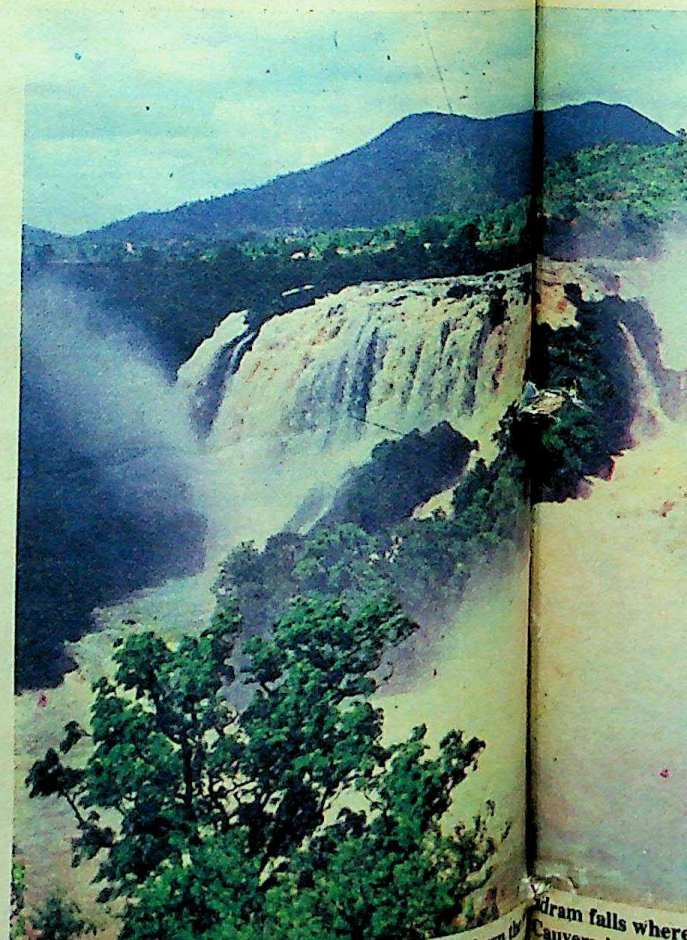
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—T.P. Issar

TOMBS OF TIPU AND HYDER. The British, who met stubborn resistance, were admitted to the tombs of Tipu and Hyder.

—T.P. Issar

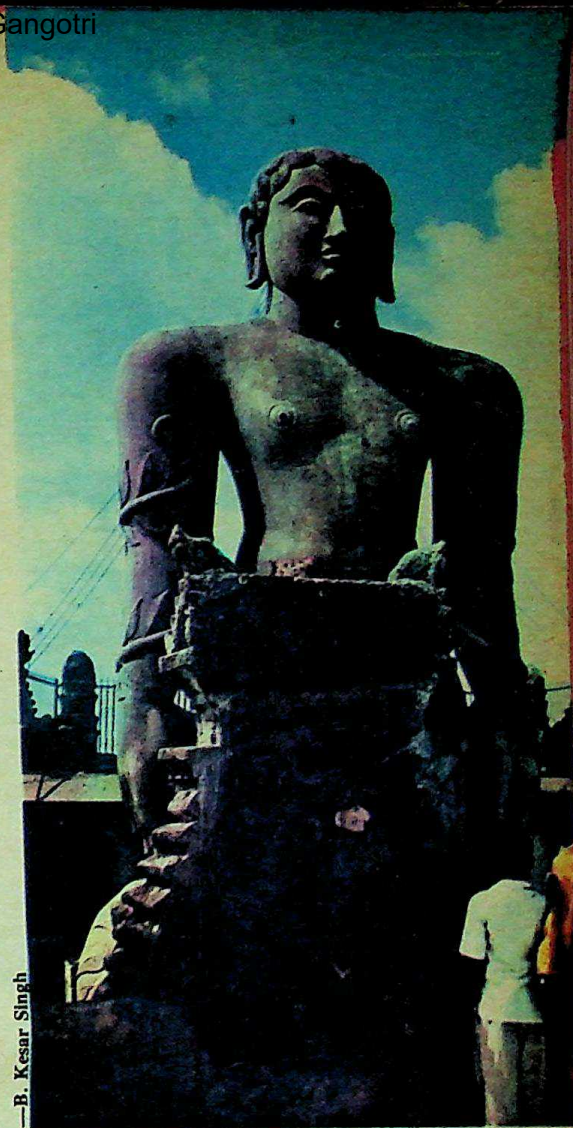


THE SWIFT-FLOWING CAUVERY roars down the hills of Karnataka. The dam falls where the Cauvery is a turbulent river. The broad serenity of her later progress through the plains of Thanjavur.



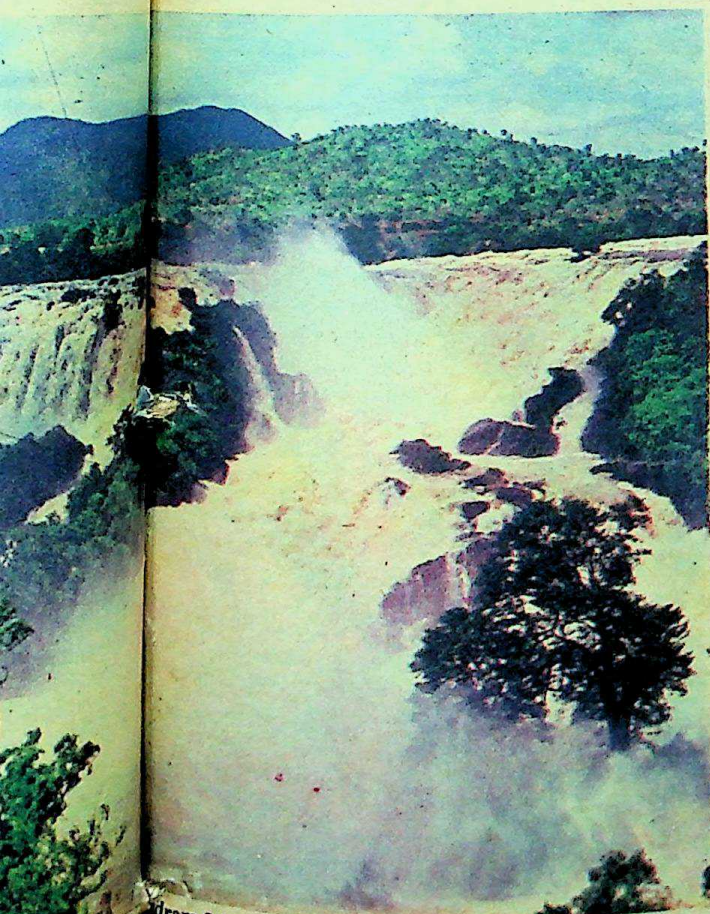
The British, who met stubborn resistance from Tipu Sultan, branded him as a "tyrant" and were instrumental in depicting him as a tyrant. In several instances they admitted the devotion of his subjects to their Sultan—evidence of his enlightened rule.

—B. Kesar Singh

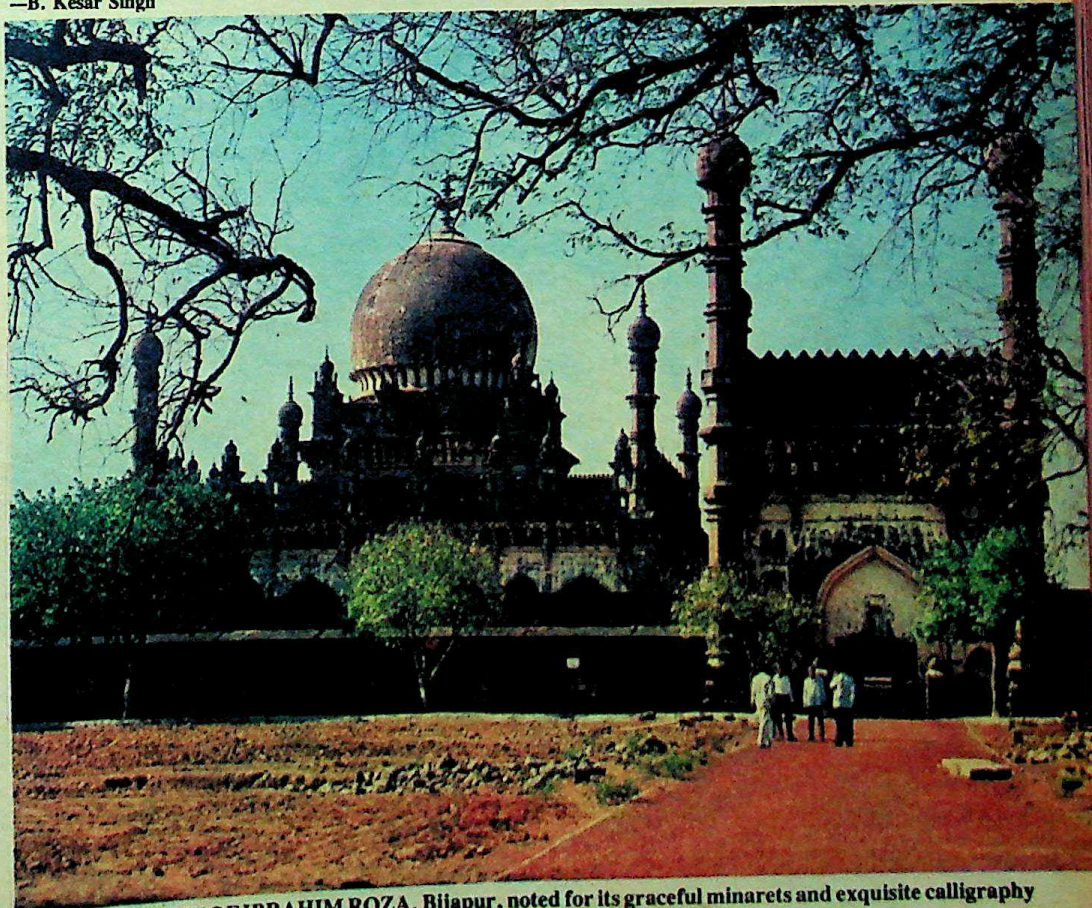


—B. Kesar Singh

GOMATESWARA at Sravanabelagola. The 18-metre nude statue is carved out of a single rock. Gomata was the Jain prince Bahubali who renounced the world.



Karnam falls where one of the first hydro-electric dams in the hills of Karnataka. Cauvery is a turbulent beauty very different from the Thanjavur.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF IBRAHIM ROZA, Bijapur, noted for its graceful minarets and exquisite calligraphy of the Quran. The Asar Mahal is said to contain the relics of the Prophet.

The Restored Arm

by R.K. Narayan

Illustrations by R.K. Laxman

The following story is based upon the traditional accounts of the life of the famous sculptor, Jakanachari, who built the Belur, Halebid and other Hoysala temples, in the reign of Vishnuvardhana (12th century AD). For purposes of the story a few changes in detail have been made.

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THE temple at Belur was nearly ready. At the next Full Moon it was to be consecrated and opened for worship. The old sculptor, Jakanachari, was working on the main image of the temple in the inner shrine. He spoke to no one and tolerated no interruption. As he was working he noticed a shadow falling on the wall. He had ordered that no one was to be allowed to disturb him. He turned sharply with a curse on his lip, but swallowed the curse quickly, fell down and touched the floor with his forehead. The king had come in noiselessly.

"You go on with your work," said the king.

"I obey," said the sculptor. He was working on the drapery of the image. The king watched the image, fascinated, as godliness grew upon it with each stroke: there was grace in its eyes and protection in its gesture...

The king said, "Jakanacharya, I am longing for the day when I may offer worship to this Kesava. When will you finish your work?"

"Sire, by God's grace, I hope to finish the work by full moon..."

When the king left, the old sculptor, plying his delicate chisel, conjured up a vision of the day of consecration. At the auspicious moment while priests chanted and smoke curled up from the sacred fire, he would place the God on his pedestal. He could almost hear now the babble of voices. And the king stood on the threshold of the shrine with the minister beside him, having arrived in state on his elephant; people from all over the empire were crowding in for the occasion. As the image was fixed to its pedestal, a great cry of joy went up from the crowd, and the king presented the sculptor with a gold bracelet...

JAKANACHARI did not break off for food at noon. In the ecstasy of vision he forgot hunger. Someone had the kindness to remind him. He merely replied, "Get out and don't talk to me." A little later he turned from the image and was annoyed to see someone standing at the doorway, watching the image.

"Go away," said the sculptor.

"Yes, I will go away as soon as I have seen as much of the image as I like."

"Oh, oh! Who may you be?"

"I am a wanderer. I happened to pass this way and dropped in to have a look at the temple."

"Get away now or I will have you pushed out. No one must see this image before it is completed."

"I am one interested in stone. I can do a little work myself."

"Oh, you are a master, are you?"

"I don't say that. But ever since I can remember I have loved stones."

"You are an upstart. Now let me see

nothing more of you," said the old man.

"Say what you like," replied the stranger. "I have gone round and seen all that is to be seen. The pillars are divine; the figures on the outer walls are the work of a godly hand. This temple will be remembered by coming generations as the greatest..."

"I do not need your certificate."

"Hear me fully," said the young man. "I am not speaking now to flatter you. I am merely expressing a fact. I say once again that all that you have done so far is wonderful, except..."

Now the old sculptor pricked up his ears and cried, "Except what? Except what?"

"Except the work you are now doing."

The old man picked up his mallet and flourished it at the intruder.

"I will smash your skull if you speak any more."

"At your age you must have greater self-possession," said the young man. "I am not saying that your work is bad but your choice of stone is unlucky."

"Your words are inauspicious," wailed the old man.

"With that stone you could make a figure for a gateway but not the main God of an inner shrine. After all, the tens and thousands of carvings and decorations are only a setting for the main image, and its stone should have the utmost purity. Now this stone has a flaw, and the image is unfit for worship and consecration."

"Oh, will no one drag this man away! His words are inauspicious."

"I am merely warning you with the best of motives. Don't get angry. I repeat that this stone has a flaw, and I am surprised that a man of your experience did not notice it."

"Young fool, you don't know what you are saying? See this arm: it has chipped and carved fifty thousand forms of God, but I swear I will cut this off if you prove what you are saying."

The stranger replied, "Don't say such serious things. I merely said something about the stone because I thought you might like to hear it. Take it for what it is worth. Don't do such a terrible thing."

"No, you shall prove it."

"I will prove it but not if you are going to cut off your arm. I will even say where the flaw is."

"Where?"

"Around the navel of the image."

"Young man, I will tell the king and have you put in chains if you don't get out this moment."

"All right, I will go," said the young man and turned to go. While crossing the courtyard he turned round and shouted, "I am going, but bear in mind my warning." The old man ran after him, gripped his arm, and said, "Stop now, I will not let you go." He yelled for everyone in the place. A crowd gathered. He told the crowd: "This young fool holds that Kesava is made of a stone which has a flaw. If he proves it I will cut off my right arm. If he does not I will cut off his arm and ride him on a donkey."

The stranger said, "I refuse to prove anything. Now let me go." The old sculptor held him by the arm and said, "Either you prove what you have said or I will chop off your arm and haul you up on a donkey, though if I tell the king he will chop off your head."

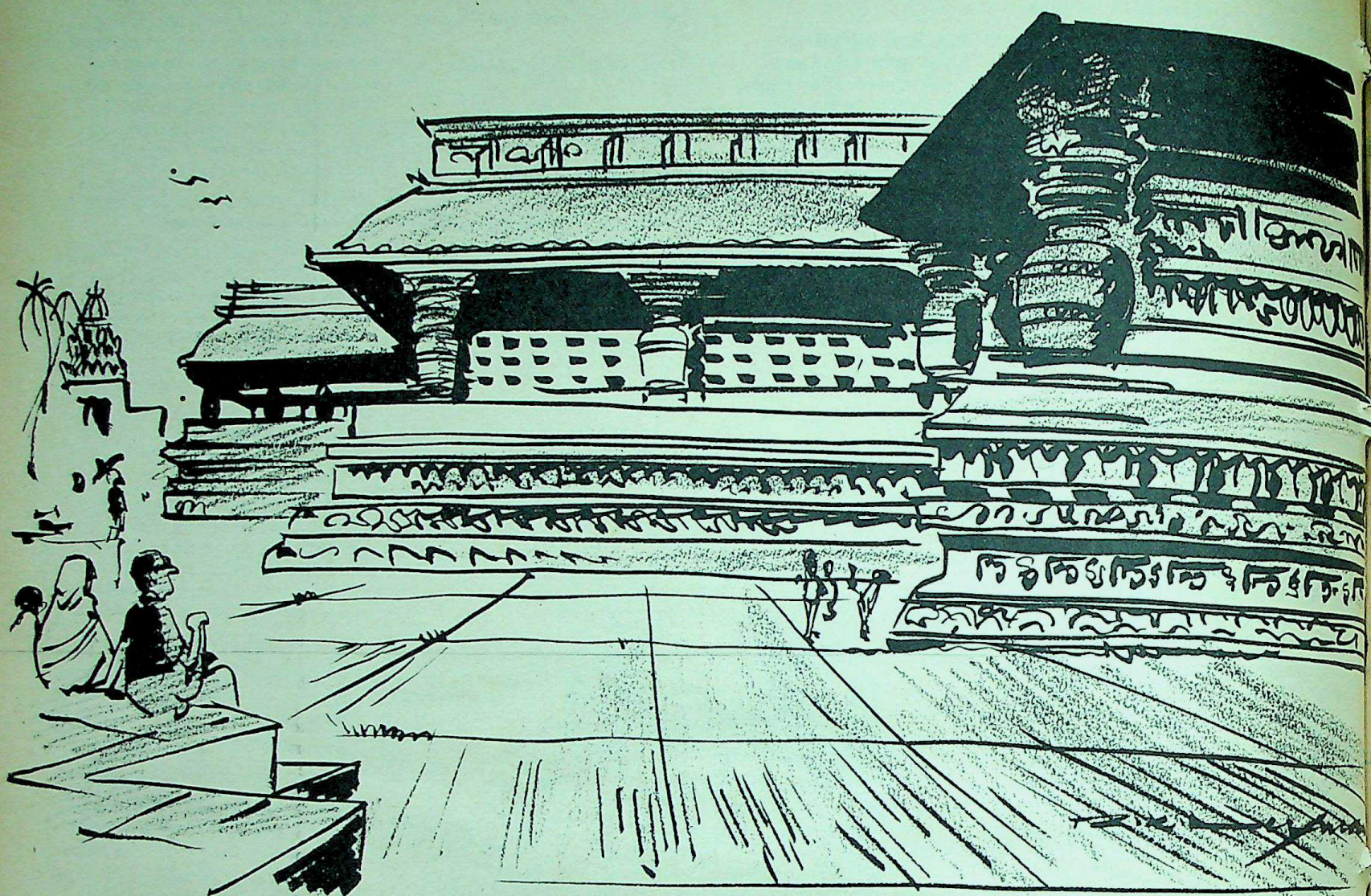
"All right," said the stranger. "I accept the challenge. Don't blame me afterwards. Will someone bring me a little paste of sandal-wood?" It was brought. He said, "May I go near the image?"

"Yes, you may."

THE young man walked into the shrine with the sculptor and the crowd following him. The image stood leaning against a block of stone, looking on all this scene of strife with an unruffled calm. The stranger asked, "May I touch it?"

"No," said the old man. "What do you want to do?"





"I want this sandal paste to be smeared over the image from the chest down. Will you do it?" The old man smeared the sandal paste as directed. "Now watch it," said the stranger. The paste dried quickly and stood out in whitish flakes. "What has it proved?" asked the crowd derisively.

"Has the sandal paste dried all over?" asked the young man.

"Yes."

"Look at the navel of the image," said the young man; and where he pointed there was a wet patch the circumference of a little coin.

"It is still wet," said someone.

"Do you want to watch till it dries up?"

"Yes."

"Then you may spend the rest of your life watching it, but it won't dry, because underneath it there is a cavity with water, and in that water there may be a toad living."

The sculptor said grimly. "I have never allowed anyone to touch my implements but I am about to break that habit now because I may have no more use for them henceforth. Here, take my mallet and chisel and break that navel and show me what is inside."

The young man was at first reluctant to break the idol, but the sculptor was

insistent. The young man held the chisel and with a deft stroke hit out a circular flake at the navel. A little water flowed out, and out peeped a very baffled toad.

The sculptor said, "My career is now over. I wish I had never been born!"

IN that crowd there was a guard with a sword in his belt. The old man snatched it off. "Now I fulfil my vow, and I gladly do it. I have no use for this arm." The young stranger wrenched his wrist till he dropped the sword. "You will not do it. When I came here it was to see all this work and learn whatever there was to be learnt. I did not come here to deprive you of your arm. Now I will be going." He appealed to those around him: "Please see that he does no violence to himself." He added, "My purpose was only to prevent the consecration and worship of a toad. Please watch this old man..." He turned to go. Jakanachari called him and said, "I admire your feeling for stone. God bless you. Where do you come from?"

"My home is in Kridapura," said the stranger.

"Kridapura?" repeated the old man and became reflective. "Kridapura! Who are you? Who is your father?"

"I don't know. I am in search of him," said the stranger.

"Oh! Tell me more about yourself," said Jakanachari.

The stranger said, "When I was yet unborn, that is a month before I was born, my father left home one evening and never returned!"

"What was his name?"

"Krishna Deva," replied the stranger.

The sculptor said. "Listen now. I will tell you something I know. It was very good of your mother to have sent you out to search for the old absconder, considering the manner in which he had left. But this is to be said for him. He had a life of dedication before him, a life in the service of God. He saw it in a vision. The choice was between family attachments and utter dedication. There was no middle way; and he made his choice abruptly and uncompromisingly, the only way in which any choice in life could be made. And he never looked back with regret because gods above and kings below have been kind."

"You know so much about him!" said the stranger.

"Yes, because Krishna Deva concealed himself behind a new name: Jakanachari."

An hour later he said, "My son, now take me home. My career is over. I

may not cut off my arm, but I will never again touch my chisel and mallet. When my eyes and hands cannot discriminate between stone and stone, it is time to put down the chisel and wait for death."

THE sculptor returned to Kridapura. With all the comfort he could derive from regaining home and family he was secretly very unhappy. For he was essentially a creature who threw on his art. And the self-imposed separation from his work was agonizing. He would have withered away and died of this want like a plant kept away from sunlight, but for a dream he had a few months after his return: he was commanded to build a temple in Kridapura and dedicate it to Kesava. He obeyed this command and built the temple, and a number of others along with it. After this the name of the place was changed from Kridapura to Kai Dala, which means The Restored Arm.

Today Kai Dala is an obscure little village, a few miles off Tumkur. It is known to have been the capital of a state at one time. Nothing of that ancient glory is now left, except the temple with its magnificent Kesava, which stands even today to commemorate the resurrection of an artist.

sunil Gavaskar

How Much Of A Superstar Now?

by
Raju Bharatan

WHO pulled Sunil Manohar Gavaskar down from the lofty superstar perch that was his until he reset foot on Australian soil?

I say Sir Donald Bradman did.

How?

Even before the 1980-81 India-Australia Test series got under way—on November 26, to be precise—Sir Donald, speaking at his home city of Adelaide, averred that he had no doubt *Sunil Gavaskar is the top opener in the world at the moment*. Sir Donald, the news item went on to add, was *reconfirming an opinion he had expressed three years ago, when the last India side led by Bishen Singh Bedi was touring Australia*.

It was a subtle move by Bradman to lull Gavaskar into a false sense of century security—and Sunil saw through it, judging by the correct response he came up with when he said:

It's a great honour to be thought of so highly, but Sir Donald surely was the greatest. Not until someone makes 30 centuries in 51 Tests can you argue against that.

In saying this, Sunil was drawing pointed attention to the fact that, where he had 23 centuries from as many as 63 Tests, Bradman had 29 centuries from just 52 Tests.

They Were All Away

Yet, in spite of himself, Sunil could not but be affected by Bradman's loaded assessment. True Sunil had earlier kept his cool in the face of the fact that Sir Garry Sobers had rated him among the Top Ten in the World, even as Kerry Packer began to make inroads into the game at the highest level. But that time Sunil had not been called upon to prove himself

against the world's best bowling. In fact, he had proceeded to draw closer to Bradman's world record of 29 Test hundreds while the world's best bowling was away with Packer.

Sunil did say at that stage, when feeling against him began to grow for threatening to walk over to Packer, that all he wanted was to prove myself against the best bowling in the world, not against second-rate stuff. Yet, when the opportunity presented itself to prove himself against the best bowling in the world in the shape of the 1980 tour of West Indies that never was, Sunil cried off.

Sunil had a genuine cricketing reason for so crying off from the international West Indian scene: after 26 Tests in 16 months, not even a Gavaskar could be expected to be fresh for the fast-bowling fray.

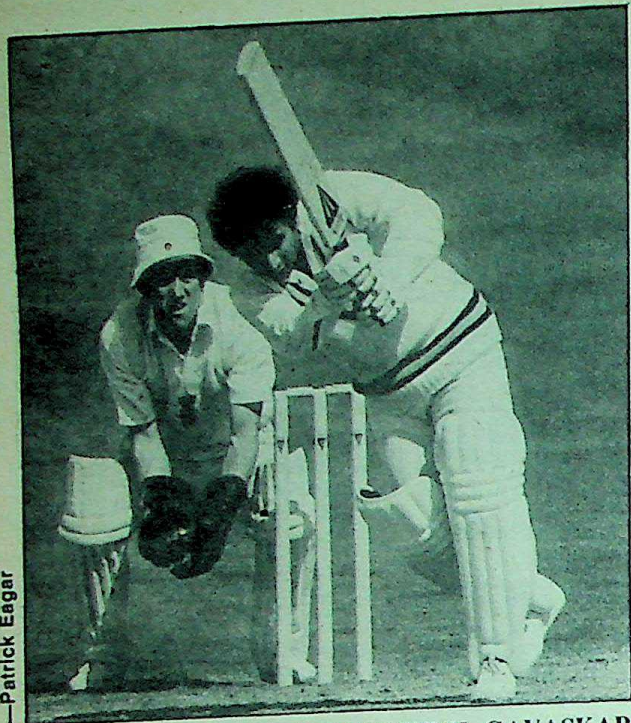
Still, in retrospect, it does seem a pity that Sunil went neither to Packer in 1979 nor to West Indies in 1980. For, if he had, we would perhaps have come to know earlier whether, like Viswanath, he had at last become a victim of Peter's Principle by which *each employee survives only a limited number of promotions: sooner or later, a stage arrives when he ceases to be competent in his new assignment. This is the stage when his further promotion ceases. He rises at last to his level of incompetence!*

New Weakness

Viswanath may yet give the lie to Peter's Principle by getting his eyes examined to see whether the ball is so often rolling, off the inside edge, onto the stumps simply because it's got to a stage where he needs a pair of contact lens. By the same token, Gavaskar could stage, in the Final Test at Melbourne, the kind of comeback he did in the Final Test at The Oval, where his 221 totally erased the memory of his earlier Test failures in England—in



—Patrick Eagar



STRAIGHT BAT SUNIL GAVASKAR

1971, 1974 and 1979. But any success that comes in the final Australian Test, can it really regain for Sunil the superstar status, when the Kangaroos have discovered that, on a pitch with a bit of bounce and movement, Gavaskar has a definite weakness outside the off-stump?

The slow Third Test track at Melbourne can never provide the true measure of how much class Sunil retains—just as the sluggish pitches in India gave no evidence of any loss of skill on his part the one time in the last three years that he was pitted against genuine fast bowling in the shape of Imran Khan, at last fit, firing on all cylinders at Madras and Calcutta.

His True Test

Sunil's true test was thus in the First Test against Australia, when he was up against the world's greatest fast bowler in Dennis Lillee, on a Sydney pitch that suited the Aussie quickie down to the ground. For Gavaskar there had a 1972 World XI score to settle with Lillee—and Greg Chappell at least was aware of it.

Greg Chappell logically expected Sunil to raise his game to its highest pitch in the face of the renewed challenge posed to his supremacy by Lillee. Greg Chappell also knew that his own batting would now be assessed in the context of the fact that, in his rival skipper, he was up against a superstar whose world

reputation exceeded his. This knowledge made Greg Chappell, though fighting a stomach ailment, raise his game to its highest level in the shape of a career-best double century.

Pitted against a rival superstar, one would have expected Sunil, too, to so rise to his international peak. But leave alone any new peak, by the time the First Test came round, things had got to a pass where you could not even mention Gavaskar in the same century breath as Bradman. Inexorably but effectively, Bradman had played on Gavaskar's nerves to emphasise the fact that *nil* was something that formed part of the name of Sunil!

They Don't Like It!

No record-holder likes his mark to be surpassed. I say this from personal experience. I remember the time Ajit Wadekar, having passed 300 for Bombay vs Mysore in 1966, was approaching Vijay Merchant's Ranji best of 359 not out. I was in the same commentary-box as Merchant at the time and just casually happened to mention to Vijay that Ajit was approaching his landmark.

There was no immediate response from Merchant—it was obvious he did not relish the idea!

This was confirmed by the look of relief that spread across Vijay's face when Ajit finally fell for 323—just 36 short of

Merchant's career-best 359 not out.

This, I say, was a very natural feeling. If Vijay Merchant, the nearest thing we have produced to Bradman, felt that way, could Sir Donald feel any different when Sunil Gavaskar came to Australia with the specific object of mounting a final assault on the Don's 29 Test centuries' record on Bradman's own native heath?

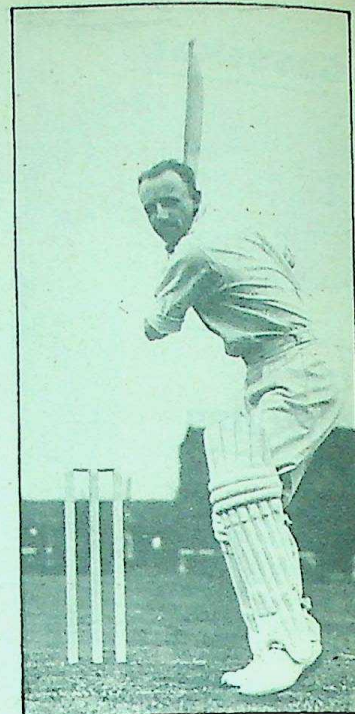
Once a mark is passed, a great cricketer must rise to the occasion by saying every record is, after all, made only to be broken. But the greatest of batsmen, whether it be a Bradman or a Merchant, would not be human if he did not want to hold on to something that's become part of his psyche—a career-best score is a sentimental memory one would like to hug all one's life!

Chappell Did It!

As I noted earlier, Sunil may yet find his batting bearings to take a fresh stab at Bradman's 29 centuries' record. But this only after losing batting caste in the one country in which Sunil wanted to leave behind the greatest impact as one who was equal to the Packer challenge of Lillee, Pascoe, et al.

Richie Benaud has noted in his Channel 9 TV summing-up how Lillee, Pascoe and Hogg, operating as Australia's finest and fastest threesome since Lindwall, Miller and Johnston, laid bare Gavaskar's unsuspected weakness outside the off-stump. On a tour on which he's gone from weakness to weakness rather than strength to strength, one can but wonder now whether things would have been different had Sunil been given a normal itinerary—with better three-day and four-day opportunity to prepare to meet the challenge of Lillee & Co. But then Greg Chappell sat in with the rest of the Packer crowd on preparing the Australian itinerary and he naturally drew it up in a style calculated to suit him and Australia!

Greg Chappell calculated that, by the time it came to taking on India, Australia—and he—would have had the opportunity to play 3 five-day Tests against



STRAIGHT BAT DON BRADMAN

New Zealand, while Sunil & Co would have had hardly one such (State) exposure before the First Test.

Greg Chappell knew that the one hurdle in Sunil's career had been the failure to draw a balance between one-day and five-day cricket and now, like the true professional, he cashed in on that chink in the Gavaskar armour by fashioning an itinerary that would give *all* advantage to Australia!

Sunil Knew It!

However, it was not as though Gavaskar was unaware of this trap being laid for him. Indeed, he was so conscious of it that, knowing his world reputation would be at stake in Australia, he preferred to forgo the programme of a West Indies tour and move over to England for a season with Somerset in which, stepping into Viv Richards' shoes, he would have the opportunity, like Glenn Turner, to break the one-day barrier.

Sunil's switch to Somerset was the action of the complete professional. And he seemed to have achieved his objective when we heard that, breaking free at last, he was hitting six after six in this class of cricket. In the process Sunil finished 59th in the English averages for the 1980

season—something that should have prompted us to take a second look at him.

The right conclusion here would have been to note

that, six or no six, one-day cricket or no one-day cricket, there was something wrong if a batsman of Sunil's calibre finished 59th in the averages. Instead, we worried only about Viswanath's poor batting average against Pakistan! We never stopped to think that, while the tragedy of Indian Cricket was that Sunil and Vish seldom succeeded together, the crunch would really come only when the two of them failed together!

Against Pakistan, the indication was that Dilip Vengsarkar was preparing to ease the burden on these two. But any such easing Dilip did was in a purely defensive light—in the role of a grafter rather than an attacker.

Wait And See!

How then could Sandip Patil get going where his three more accomplished colleagues (Sunil, Dilip and Vish) failed? All I can say is just wait and see! Sandip is going to have problems galore where the track is not as sluggish as it was at Adelaide and Melbourne. No doubt Sandip made his first impact (65 retired hurt) on the bouncy Sydney track. But, from all accounts, it was a highly lucky knock in which Sandip chanced his arm and got away with it.

Soon, very soon, Sandip must discover that you do not advance far in international cricket unless you build a defence. Surti and Solkar failed to grasp

this essence of Cricket, V understood playing in building a

All credit, Sandip Patil kind of after recovery the Hazare (his by Ridgway Contractor Amarnath don't ever fact that S great good the very ne injury play extra-docile track. Lille with a bum returned to But the bal reluctantly play it down all-importa battle.

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At Adelaide Sunil came extraordinary that the deci Australia in decision and to field, Indi prepared to c 450. How a afraid of bei lunch could gumption to

this essential of Test Cricket, Vengsarkar has understood the virtue of playing in the V and building an innings.

All credit, therefore, to Sandip Patil for staging the kind of after-injury recovery that even Vijay Hazare (hit on the temple by Ridgway), Nari Contractor and Mohinder Amarnath failed to do. But don't ever lose sight of the fact that Sandip had the great good fortune to find the very next Test after his injury played on the extra-docile Adelaide track. Lillee greeted Sandip with a bumper when he so returned to the Test fray. But the ball got up so reluctantly that Patil could play it down and win the all-important psychological battle.

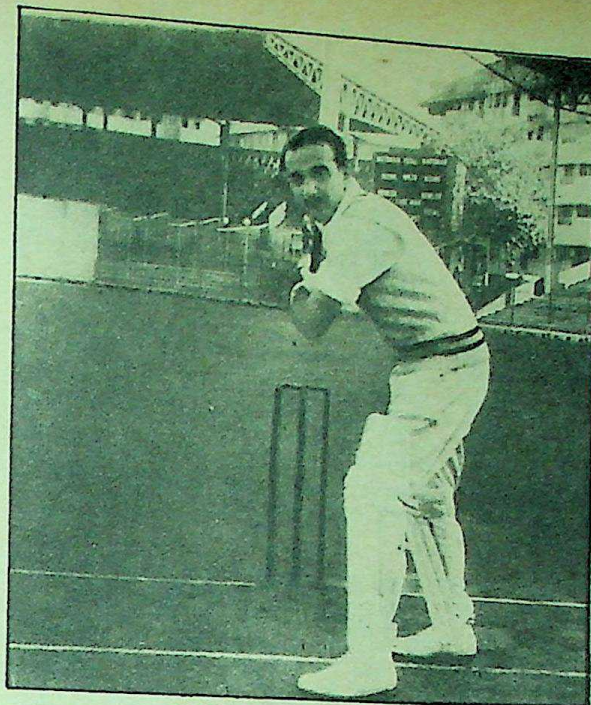
Mohinder Amarnath had no such luck. On his comeback at Wankhede Stadium (on the casting vote of the Chairman of Selectors), Mohinder had the wretched luck to receive, in the nascent stage of his innings, the fastest and only good ball Rod Hogg bowled in the entire 1979-80 series! Mohinder went down like a pole-axed bull—and out of Test Cricket.

Hits Nanny Hard

By contrast, one good thing about Patil is that, when he hits, he hits nanny hard. But, since he will always need a little luck to survive, Sandip would do well to begin to build a defence. As Sunil's example shows, the price to be paid for emerging a cult figure is, in the long run, too great in a game that is at all times a great leveller.

At superstar level, the expectations are so great that the realisation comes with the force of a thunderbolt that, if nothing succeeds like success, nothing fails like failure. And Gavaskar—at least up to the point of the Second Test we saved by the skin of our teeth—had found nothing going right for him.

At Adelaide, for instance, Sunil came up with the extraordinary argument that the decision to put Australia in was a team decision and that, in opting to field, India had mentally prepared to chase a target of 450. How a team that was afraid of being 80 for 7 at lunch could summon the gumption to chase a target



STRAIGHT BAT VIJAY MERCHANT

of 450 is a point Gavaskar left unanswered.

Let's face it, this decision of Gavaskar, after the tough way to victory he showed us against Pakistan, was a candid admission by one who was avowedly the world's best opener that he was not prepared to go out and face Lillee first. For me it was a harkback to the time I started out on the Test Cricket beat, in 1952, when the instruction to the Indian team, under Vijay Hazare, was to play for a draw from the first ball of the match!

In any case, how can the decision to put the opposition in be a team decision? If you ask the whole team about it, there will be as many views as there are players! Kapil Dev and Ghavri will logically prefer to bowl on the opening day, Yadav and Doshi on the last! Gavaskar, Chauhan, Vengsarkar, Viswanath will all ideally like to bat when the wicket has lost all sting.

Len Showed The Way

Len Hutton, like Gavaskar a great opener, put the point in a walnut-shell when he said that no one liked to go in first and face Lindwall and Miller, but it was a job that had to be done and, as captain, it was his job to show his team the way.

Any decision to put the opposition in, therefore, can at best be made by the senior members of the team—like Gavaskar, Viswanath, Kirmani and Chauhan—never by the team as a whole. This line of

reasoning is based on the simple premise that senior players (like the four mentioned above) will necessarily think of the team first, of themselves after. One can forgive the Durrani of 1980-81 trying to rationalise such a decision, since this Durrani is as predictable as the other Durrani was unpredictable. But when a player of Sunil's background and experience tries to rationalise the irrational, one can only feel sorry.

No Time To Squeal

In fact, one began to wonder whether Sunil in Australia was any longer his normal self when, at an official press conference at the end of the Adelaide Test, he used the kind of language players employ only in the dressing-room to describe the quality of umpiring. If we were outplayed, we were outplayed. Why, in such a setting, make a song and dance about the incompetence of Australian umpiring when, but for this very incompetence, Chetan Chauhan (97) would have been given out, caught by Marsh off Lillee, when he was only 19, thereby paving the way perhaps for India to crash to yet another swift Test defeat?

There is a time and a place to be critical: the way we were outgunned on our own kind of surface at Adelaide was hardly the occasion to squeal even if the truth be that, on balance, the umpiring in that Second Test went more against India than Australia.

The true source of our Adelaide trouble, let's face it, was Sunil's decision to field, as pinpointed by a "sympathetic" commentator like Henry Blofeld when he noted:

At long last India had decided to play both their spinners, Doshi and Yadav, but to field having done that illustrated perfectly the muddled thinking behind Gavaskar's decision: Doshi found himself bowling when the match was 11 overs old!

Price Of Charisma

In the circumstances, Dicky Rutnagur, though he may not exactly be a Gavaskar sympathiser, had a point when he reported:

Gavaskar said that visiting cricketers had "moaned and grumbled" about Indian umpires and, in speaking this sentence, used unprintable obscenities, regardless of the fact that he was speaking at an official press conference and was liable to be quoted. Does the office of India's captain no more carry any dignity?

That is the very question many leading lights of our Cricket Board are sure to ask when Gavaskar returns to India, since they have a "disciplinary" score to settle with Sunil. Gavaskar's great sympathiser, Fredun de Vitre, let us know exactly where he stands with our Cricket Board when he wrote of Sunil in the October 19, 1980, *Sportsweek*:

He's been able to get away with a great deal—due to one overriding factor: his on-field performances, both as captain and as superlative batsman. His deeds are unquestionably his most effective answer to his critics, his great shield to ward off all offensive attacks.

Indian Cricket can't do without him—and Sunil knows it just as well as the Board does. Yet he's too clever not to realise that, when the magic of his bat begins to fade, his detractors will be after him. Those who have their itching finger on the trigger today will then get ready to shoot. But I'm willing to wager that he'll never allow such a situation to overcome him.

When it's time to quit, you won't find him going battered and bruised and reeling under his critics' attack, à la Muhammad Ali. He'll leave when the going's

still good, riding the crest of a wave, whilst still at the top.

Is his presence then merely being tolerated? Let's face it, the truth is that he's wanted now. He's the Board's money-spinner, the "superstar". The Board and its personnel realise that their coffers keep getting filled thanks to the skills of the likes of him—even if, on occasions, they become the antics of a showman or the outpourings of an angry young man.

The time for Gavaskar's personal reckoning vis-a-vis the Board is, hopefully, still a long way off. Much remains to be done in the interregnum, starting off with Australia 1980.

The superstar sheen shed in Australia—no matter how much Sunil may salvage from the wreckage in the Third Test—can it really be regained by anything he does in New Zealand?

Well, Tiger Pataudi, switching to New Zealand from a like position in Australia early in 1968, led India to a noteworthy first "rubber" abroad. But nothing Pat then said about India having found their true touch only after the first two Tests were lost to Australia could prevent his being lined up for the axe when it came to playing New Zealand and Australia again at home. And Pataudi's team had finished the 1967-68 Test series in Australia on a much more positive note than Gavaskar's men are likely to do with only one (Melbourne) Test to go as this goes into print.

The Itching Finger

Sunil's deeds, as Fredun de Vitre puts it, are unquestionably his most effective answer to his critics, his great shield to ward off all offensive attacks. Indian Cricket can't do without him—and he knows it just as well as the Board does.

Now the Board is sure to have the upper hand for once, when Sunil finally returns. For, even if Sunil regains the run-getting habit in New Zealand, the Board can now always hold against him the "incredible" language he used about Australian umpiring. Yes, those who have their itching finger on the trigger are already getting ready to shoot. For they at last have the superstar where they want him—with his back to the ball!

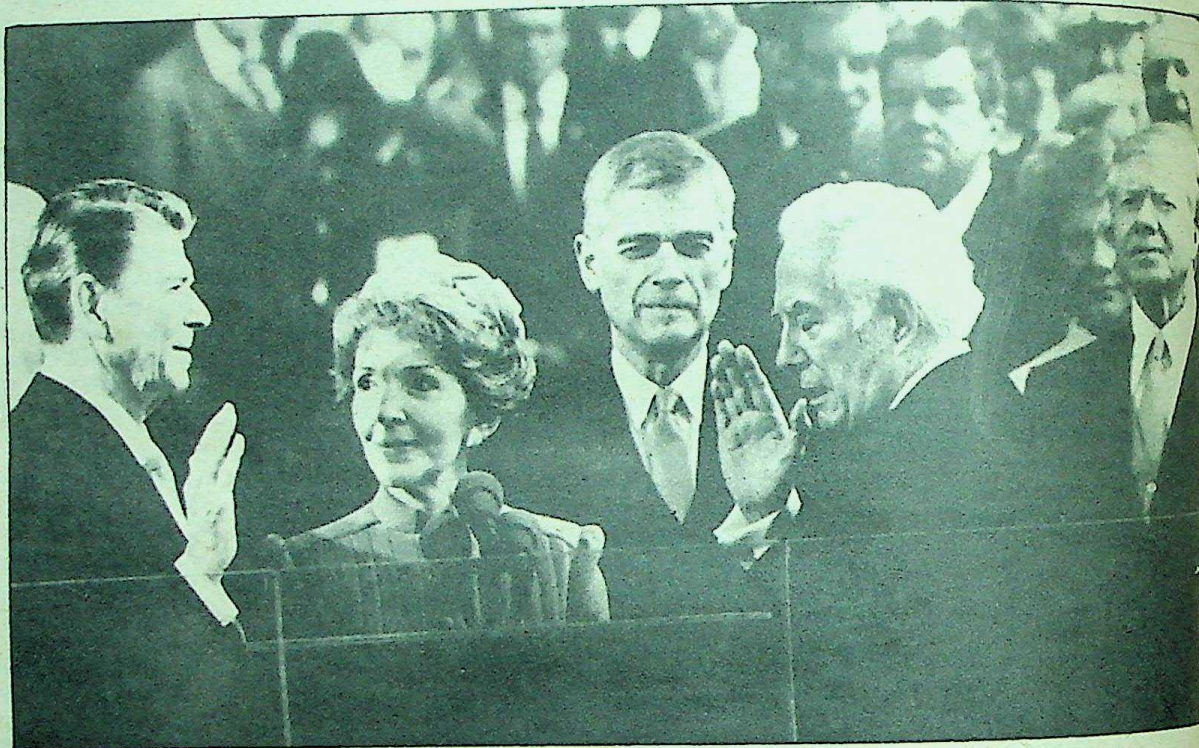


JANUARY JUBILATIONS

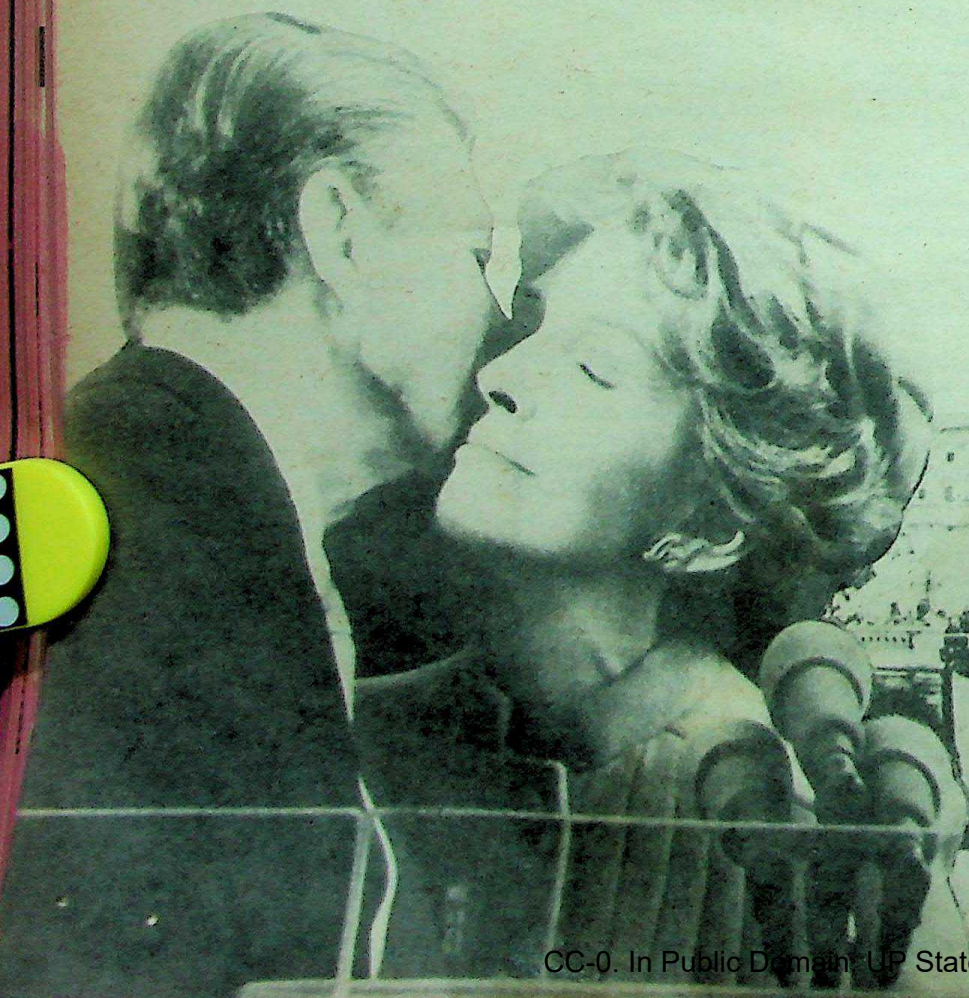
The United States had double cause for celebration last month: the inauguration of a new President is a grand reaffirmation of faith every four years; plus, this time, January 20 was made all the more memorable by President Carter's success in securing the release of the 52 Americans held hostage in Iran.

A TRANSITION SEALED WITH COFFEE. Before attending the inauguration, Jimmy and Rosalyn Carter adhere to the tradition of welcoming the President-elect and his wife to the White House for a cup of coffee.

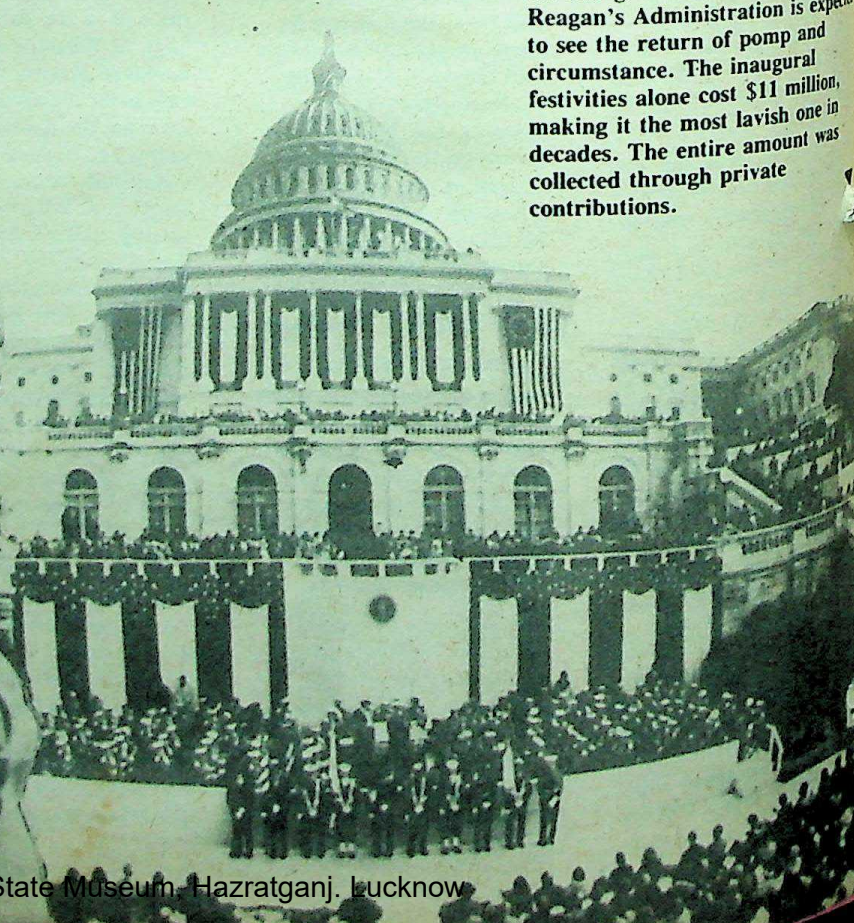
HAIL TO THE NEW CHIEF! Ronald Wilson Reagan takes the oath of office as the 40th President of the United States. Nancy Reagan and Jimmy Carter (far left) look on, as Chief Justice Warren Burger administers the oath of office.



TRIUMPH AND TENDERNESS. President Ronald Reagan's first act after being sworn in was to kiss his wife, Nancy, who is expected to be one of the most influential First Ladies.



THE RETURN OF POMP. The Capitol provides the perfect setting for inaugural festivities. President Reagan's Administration is expected to see the return of pomp and circumstance. The inaugural festivities alone cost \$11 million, making it the most lavish one in decades. The entire amount was collected through private contributions.



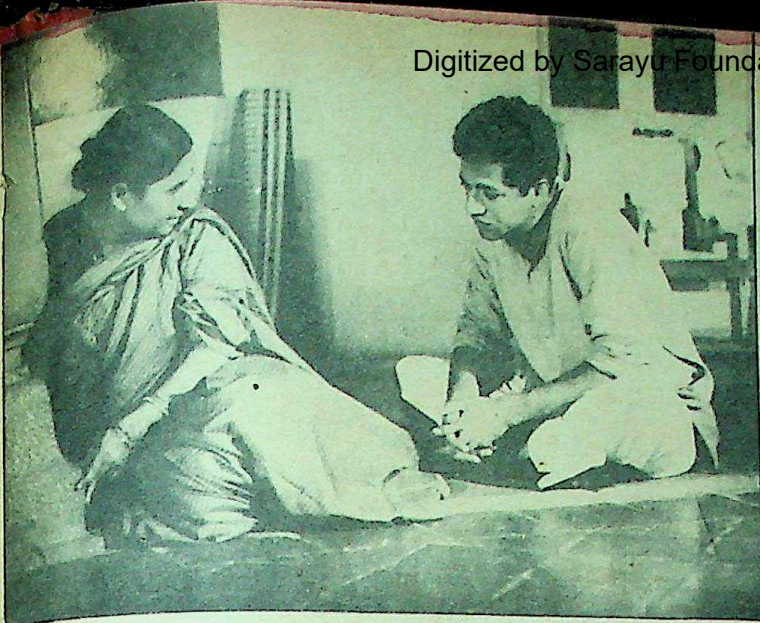
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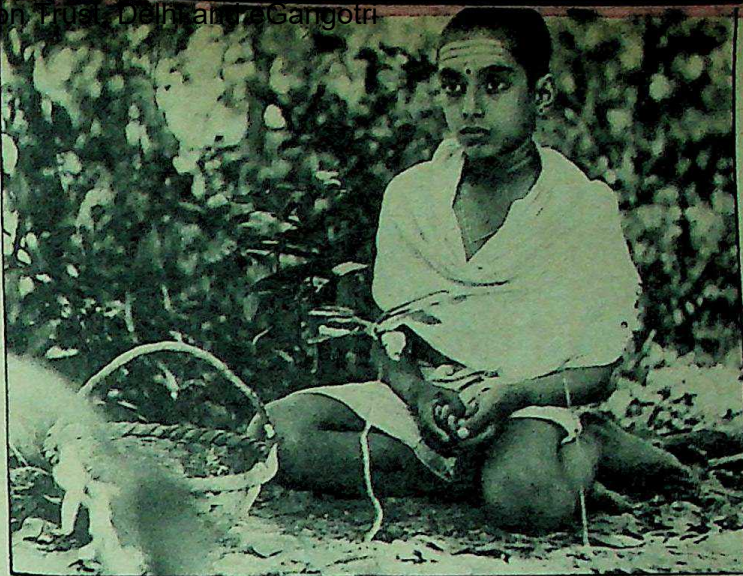
by V.

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Karna



THE GIRISH KARNAD OF "VAMSHA VRIKSHA" AND "SAMSKARA" is almost lost to Kannada Cinema, according to the author.



AJIT KUMAR in Girish Kasaravalli's Swaran Kamal-winning "Ghatashraddha", which makes compulsive viewing.

Kannada Cinema Today

Kannada films would seem to be losing their vital spark. They are no longer as strongly in the National Awards' reckoning as they used to be.

by V. R. Kusnur

KANNADA CINEMA would appear to be going downhill, if the National Film Awards for the past two years are any indication. After *Chomana Dudi* and *Ghatashraddha* (both won the Swaran Kamal), there has not been a single Kannada film which could be considered for the National Award.

This does not mean that the craze for the new-wave cinema has ebbed in Karnataka. Offbeat movies are still being made in great numbers. However, they fall short by the high standards set earlier.

The reason for this is not far to seek. The two leading new-wave film directors, Girish Karnad and B.V. Karanth, have diversified into other fields. Karnad is neck deep in Hindi films. And Karanth, President of the National School of Drama, has very little time for Kannada Cinema.

The medium in Kannada is thus bereft, with Karnad (an outstanding director in his own right) turning to acting in Hindi films. His intentions are clear. According to him, there is no money in regional cinema. True enough. However, one would have thought that Girish Karnad had more talent as a director than as an actor. His acting leaves much to be desired. Judging by his performance in some of the Hindi films so far (like *Man Pasand*), he is unlikely to make much headway here.

Plenty Of Talent

Happily, there is plenty of talent in Kannada Cinema besides these two.

Girish Kasaravalli, Puttanna Kanagal and Lankesh have it in them to prove that this two-year period is a temporary slump in the Kannada film industry.

In the latest National Awards, there has been some consolation for Kannada Cinema—*Dangeyedda Kakkalu* has been adjudged the Best Children's Film. Produced by T.S. Narasimhan and directed by U.S. Vedraj, the film portrays the story of some courageous inmates of an orphanage who decide to put an end to corruption and tyranny in their institution.

Ariyu, produced by K.R. Lalitha and directed by Katte Ramachandra, has been adjudged the Best Regional Feature Film in Kannada.

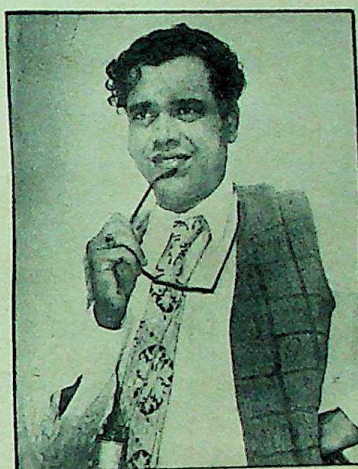
Ray-Directed Wind Of Change

It was Satyajit Ray who put regional cinema on the national map. It was he who experimented with new-wave films and brought a totally new outlook to bear on the medium. The result was *Pather Panchali*, which was an instant artistic success, not only in India, but also abroad.

This wind of change gradually percolated to other regions, especially Karnataka and Kerala, which followed up, with telling effect, the good work done by Satyajit Ray. It started with Ramu Kariat's *Chemmeen* in Malayalam—which won the President's Gold Medal. Karnataka then stepped in and a series of small-budget films, with social themes and artistic finesse, were made by Girish Karnad, B.V. Karanth, Puttanna Kanagal, Lankesh and Girish Kasaravalli.

Five Decades Old

Kannada Cinema is five decades old. It was in 1929 that *Mrichkatika* was made. It may be said that early Kannada Cinema was an extension of the professional theatre. The first Kannada film, *Rajasuya Yoga*, was produced in Karnataka in 1935.



TRAIL-BLAZER PUTTANNA KANAGAL whose films, even while being within the commercial format, set the tone for the renaissance of Kannada Cinema.

The 'fifties saw some signs of improvement. Gubbi Karnataka Productions' *Bedar Kannappa* bagged one of the National Awards instituted by the Government of India in 1954. This was the maiden film of matinee idol Raj Kumar, who has over 175 films to his credit.

The first rumblings in the otherwise quiet atmosphere, however, were felt in the 'sixties, when new talent was inducted and well-known literary works became vehicles for the Kannada film medium. Folk music and poetry invested Kannada Cinema with a character native to its soil and its people. Two outstanding films were made during this decade. While N. Lakshminarayan's *Nandi* dealt with the deaf and dumb, Puttanna Kanagal's *Belli Moda* adapted the famous novel, *Triveni*, to the screen.

The 'seventies were marked by a total change in the very concept of film-making. Conventions were relentlessly broken and creative experimentation became the order of the day. Controversial themes were

boldly tackled. Starting with Pattabhi Rama Reddy's *Samskara*, a string of offbeat films—Girish Karnad's *Kaadu*, G.V. Iyer's *Hamsageethe*, B.V. Karanth's *Chomana Dudi*, Lankesh's *Pallavi* and Girish Kasaravalli's *Ghatashraddha*—were made which kindled national interest and admiration. Kannada Cinema's superiority over other regional films can be judged from the number of National Awards it has won during the last decade. B.V. Karanth, Girish Karnad and M.S. Sathyu have become celebrities.

Helpful Government Policy

A large share of the credit for the success of Kannada Cinema goes to the helpful policy of the Karnataka Government in promoting the arts. The State Government has provided a number of incentives for the growth of this vital medium. For more than a decade now, it has been offering a substantial subsidy for every feature film made entirely in Karnataka.

Starting with a modest sum of Rs 30,000 for each film, the Government now pays Rs 1,00,000 for every black-and-white film and Rs 1,50,000 for a colour film. Besides, films in any language other than Kannada—Tulu, Coorgi and Konkani—are also entitled to a subsidy of Rs 50,000 each.

The success of this scheme can be measured by the fact that, while in 1967 only one film was produced, 70 films are now made every year. Apart from this, the Karnataka Government has instituted an awards' scheme. Outstanding films, artists and technicians are suitably awarded and their merits adequately recognised. The State Government also provides assistance for the subtitling of award-winning films.

However, all such assistance, while acting as a spur to start with, is now beginning evidently to be taken for granted, judging by the steady drop in cinematic quality.

Should Vish Not Remain Captain?

Is Sunil Gavaskar again captain of India or only Rest of India? For G.R. Viswanath is now to play under Gavaskar for Rest of India. Vish became India captain only when Sunil didn't feel like it. Now that Sunil feels like it again, should our selectors deprive Vish of the India captaincy when that player is in super touch again, is senior and the holder? The choice is between Class and Craft.

by Raju Bharatan

SUNIL Manohar Gavaskar returns this week from his second sojourn in Somerset. Does he return as India captain? Pammi's guess is as good as Kavita's!

Viswanath is the holder. But then the challenger in Sunil has surfaced all over again. Sunil has made it clear to Sharad Kotnis in *Sportsweek*:

I am available in any capacity. My standing down from captaincy was only for the tour of West Indies for which I was not available.

This could be interpreted as another way of saying that the switch to Viswanath as India captain was a personal arrangement between Sunil and his brother-in-law. Rusi Modi puts the point in perspective when he says:

The right person to captain would be Gavaskar, but he is in the habit of accepting captaincy and chucking it when it suits him, which he did during the last series against Pakistan. This attitude should not be encouraged and the Cricket Board and the selectors must be firm. However, all along, their attitude has been spineless and I won't be surprised if Gavaskar is made the captain for Australia.

Rusi Modi is being proved right to the hilt seeing how our selectors have already reversed gear and made Sunil captain of Rest of India over the head of Vish.

Rusi Modi gives his qualified vote to Sunil in a symposium conducted by *Sportsweek* in which there is a total consensus in favour of Gavaskar as India captain. Nari Contractor, Dilip Sardesai, Madhav Apte, Ramakant Desai, Ramnath Kenny, Madhav Mantri, Khandu Rangnekar, Naren Tamhane, all eight, come out strongly in favour of Gavaskar as India's only captaincy choice for Australia, with Rusi Modi alone expressing certain reservations about Sunil accepting and rejecting the leadership as and when he feels like it.

However, this kind of consensus is neither here in Bombay nor there in Bangalore! Conduct a survey in Bombay and you are sure to get a consensus in favour of Gavaskar. Conduct a similar survey in Bangalore and you are certain to get a verdict in favour of Viswanath—on the ground that the India captaincy was legitimately Vish's when Sunil pre-empted him for the post.

P.E. Palia, under whom Rusi Modi cut his Pentangular teeth, may in Bangalore have come out strongly in favour of Gavaskar. But the rest of Karnataka could put forth the legitimate argument that, no matter what may have been Viswanath's form last season, 1980-81 is another pair of cricket shoes, that Vish now could proceed to assert himself in a manner which would justify his being allowed to retain the India captaincy as Sunil's senior.

Much could be said on both sides. Certainly, the circumstances in which Sunil renounced the India captaincy were odd, to say the least. Sunil's point, that the idea was to give Viswanath a feel of the India captaincy before our team embarked for the tour of West Indies that never was, may have had its cricketing validity, but the peculiar circumstances in which Gavaskar took his decision made it look as

though he was backing out, leaving an off-form Viswanath to face the Caribbean music of Roberts, Holding, Croft and Garner!

There could be no doubt at all about the legitimacy of Sunil's argument that March 1980 was no time to embark on a tour on which you had to face the four fastest bowlers in the world—after you had gone through the grind of 13 Tests in 6 months on top of 13 Tests (with the World Cup thrown in) in the 10 months preceding. Clearly, there was no method in the madness by which our Cricket Board wanted to undertake such a gruelling West Indies tour after 26 Tests in 16 months. And Sunil, after what he wrote in his book about Caribbean crowds, was in no moral or physical position to take on such a West Indies tour. But the lay public could not be expected to understand the nuances of this dilemma of Sunil's own making. To



—Patrick Eagar

IS HE OR IS HE NOT AS GOOD A TECHNICIAN AS SUNIL? True Vish failed to keep runget pace with Sunil in the last series against Pakistan in India. But, before that, in Pakistan, in three Tests, Sunil had scores of 89 & 8 not out; 5 & 97; 111 & 137, Vish 145; 20 & 83; 0 & 1. (However, in the Test at Karachi, where Sunil made 111 & 137, he was out early in both innings, but refused to "walk" with Vish the question of not "walking" has never arisen.) Then, in the four Tests of the 1979 series in England, Sunil had scores of 61 & 68; 42 & 59; 78; 13 & 221, Vish 78 & 51; 21 & 113; 1; 62 & 11. However, it is final impressions that count—and Sunil's 111 & 137 in Pakistan and 221 in England ensured that it was the memory of his batting that would endure!

them it looks like a case of shirking

Truly Professional

In the long term, shirking his responsibilities turns out, has 1980-81 Australian professional tour of Australia, other tour: expected to play traditional Test one-day limited And Sunil has problem to a demands of cricket. So, in with the West when he was could be, Sunil's decision to ease of Australasian conditioning England.

This season has if not in terms of Sunil's varying demands three-day and has acquired sixes in England that, when he will now be altogether in while keeping for the mighty up with Bra centuries in

them it looked, plain and simple, a case of shirking on Sunil's part.

Truly Professional

In the long term, however, far from shirking his responsibility, Sunil, as it turns out, has geared himself for the 1980-81 Australia tour like the true professional he is. This 1980-81 tour of Australia, Sunil knew, was like no other tour: on it our cricketers were expected to play a five-day traditional Test one moment and a one-day limited overs' game the next. And Sunil had, always found it a problem to adjust to the contrasting demands of these two styles of cricket. So, instead of taking a chance with the West Indies crowds at time when he was mentally stale as stale could be, Sunil made the professional decision to equip himself for the tour of Australasia by spending a conditioning season with Somerset in England.

This season has proved most fruitful, if not in terms of runs, at least in terms of Sunil's being able to adjust to the varying demands of one-day, three-day and five-day cricket. Sunil has acquired a reputation for hitting sixes in England and it is a fair bet that, when he goes to Australia, he will now be a different proposition altogether in the one-day matches, while keeping his batting powder dry for the mighty effort needed to catch up with Bradman's tally of 29 centuries in Tests.

In acting as he did, Sunil, it could be argued, was thinking of himself first and India after. But, in the process of thinking of himself first, Sunil is now likely to be of greater five-day and one-day value to us in Australasia, where we are to play 20 one-day games alongside 6 Tests.

Sunil's approach is professionalism in excelsis, which is what makes him stand apart from even Viswanath. On his return from England, Sunil makes it a point overnight to turn out for his local club in a maidan match. It is his professional instinct that makes him do so. Sunil knows that the light in India is quite different from the light in England and that, unless he mentally attunes himself to the changed light in India, he would be all at sea in the Test match to follow in an era in which Test matches follow thick and fast.

Temperamentally, Vish can never bring himself to acclimatise his cricket to such cold-blooded planning. For, while Sunil lives for the morrow, Vish lives for the moment!

Vish: India's Victor Trumper

The difference between Sunil and Vish is the difference between Bradman and Trumper. To this day, there are those who maintain that Victor Trumper was the better batsman—that Victor was a true run-getter while Don was a mere run-gatherer. Trumper, when he set

up a sports shop after retirement, made a hash of it—he would give away a bat or two free to a young prospect who had the essence of cricket in him. While Bradman, if he had set up such a sports shop, would have insisted on the young prospect going out and getting the runs to be worthy of being presented with a bat!

Viswanath, if he opens a sports shop, may confidently be expected to make a Trumper-like hash of it. On his day, Vish is a better batsman than Sunil. But his days, it may be argued, are becoming fewer and farther between.

Certainly Vish had a very patchy run when we played Pakistan and then England at the climax of a hectic season. But, then, 26 Test matches in 16 months is not the kind of programme calculated to bring the best out of an artist like Vish. His keen edge was bound to be blunted in the circumstances. Now Vish starts a new season with a clean slate. If he shows himself in good touch, there is no reason why he should be divested of the India captaincy. It is no argument to say that Vish did not impress as captain in the two Tests in which he led India—against Pakistan and England. Remember, Sunil did not impress as captain in his first 12 Tests—it was only as he went along that he picked up the ropes.

Likewise, Vish is certain to improve as he goes along, though it cannot be overemphasised that he needs to take

a grip on himself. Let Vish recall how, when Sunil was injured after the First Test of the 1974-75 series against West Indies, he held the India batting together, all by himself, against Clive Lloyd and his men.

That was the series in which Viv Richards made his international debut with the First Test at Bangalore. In that Bangalore Test, Viv was all at sea against Chandra. It was only when our selectors so incredibly dropped Chandra for the Second Test of that series that Richards took the opportunity to come to grips with his Test career with an unbeaten 192 (at Delhi).

Now Brilliant, Now Brittle

From that point, Richards has not looked back—he is the toast of the cricket world today. While Viswanath has been now brilliant, now brittle. The way he batted against West Indies in Viv Richards' debut series, Vish invited comparison with Greg Chappell. But, today, he trails far behind both Viv Richards and Greg Chappell.

This is a psychological moment in Vish's career when his reputation as a batsman of international class is at stake. To deprive him of the India captaincy at this psychological point may shatter his confidence rather than help build it. The choice is between Class and Craft.



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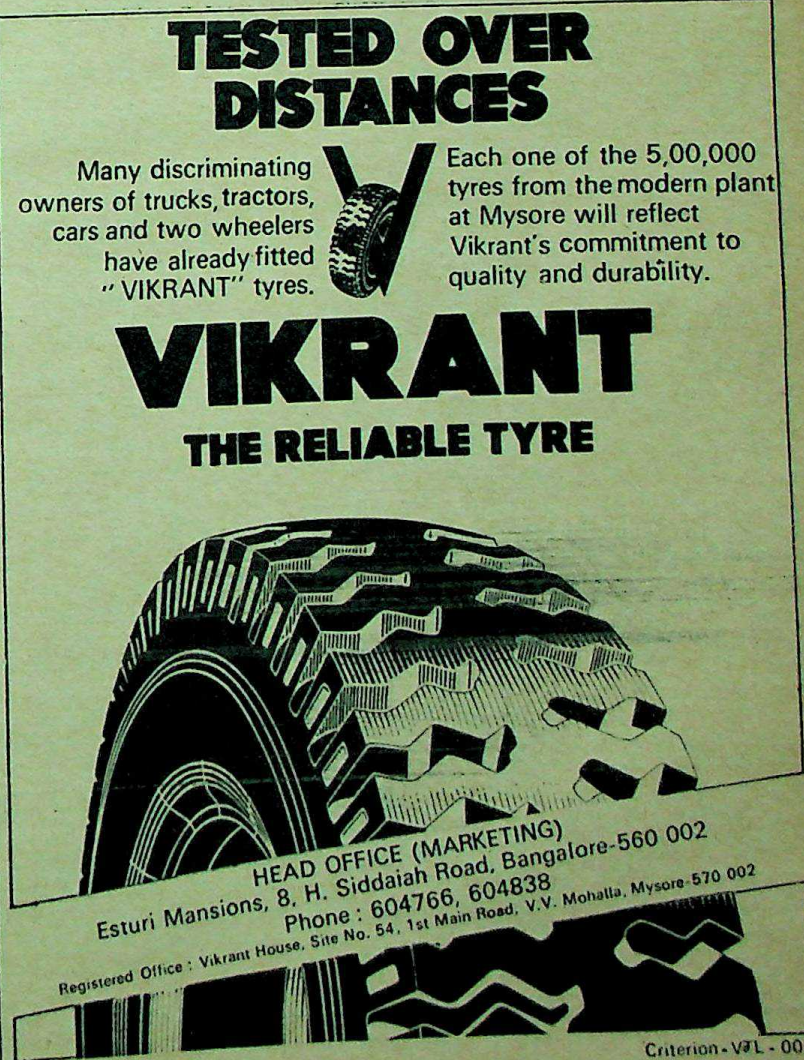
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A Cold Look At Islam

"Socialism alone can help the Muslim world to stand on its feet. To assist in this process, we should not only cast a cold and objective look at Islam, but suffuse it with the warmth of what it means to be a Muslim."

Review-article on Asghar Ali Engineer's "Origin and Development of Islam" (Orient Longman; Rs 65).

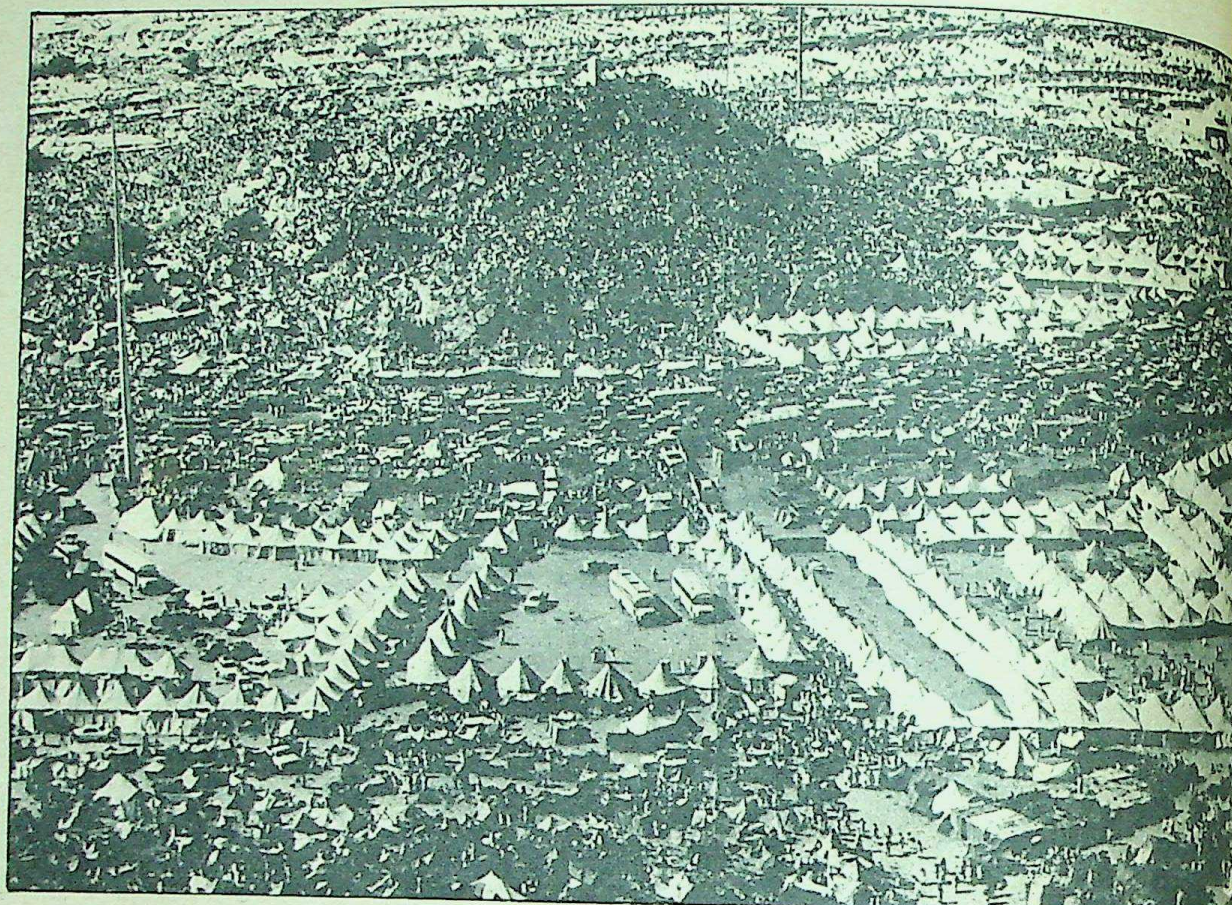
by Iqbal Masud

ISLAM is very much in the news these days. Discussion of the topic has now entered the domain of public discourse. In a section of the Western Press, Islam is given an unnuanced and sensational treatment. On the other side, we have the apologists who either see salvation in a return to the classical age of Islam or see Islam in a liberal-humanitarian fashion as an instrument of social change.

Before one can appreciate the underlying issues of the debate, one must know and understand the roots of Islam in their historical setting. In Asghar Ali Engineer's *Origin and Development of Islam*, an attempt has been made to place the origin and the growth of Islam in its socio-economic context. Similar attempts have been made in the past. Ibn Khaldun, as far back as the 14th century AD, showed startling insights into the interaction of religion, sociology and economics. In more recent times, both Maxime Rodinson and Montgomery Wyatt have considered in some detail the role of social and economic factors in Islamic history.

But Engineer's book appears to be the first systematic attempt to apply Marxist methodology to Islam. He has not followed the tempting path of broad historical generalisation. On the contrary, he has related specific texts and incidents to specific social and economic tendencies. The book is provocative in a creative fashion and, hence, constitutes a landmark in Islamic studies. Engineer sets out his approach thus:

When I strive to see historical developments from the Marxist viewpoint, what I have in mind is the broadest Marxist approach, especially its methodology, and not any rigid pattern conceived a priori.



GATHERING ON THE ARAFAT PLAIN—an essential part of the Haj. This has been called "the greatest single assembly of people from all corners of the earth ever to meet in one place, on one day, for one purpose".

Engineer points out that pre-Islamic Arabian society was not complex enough to evolve a sophisticated mythology, nor affluent enough to afford a priestly class. But the 7th-century AD Mecca saw the rise of a mercantile class which needed an organised state, bureaucracy and a standing army. This could not be provided by the individualistic tribalism of Arabia. It is Engineer's thesis that Islam was, in part, an answer to the needs of the hour. Its call for unity and brotherhood, its establishment of the elements of state machinery, struck the right balance between individualism and collectivism.

Engineer seems to be among the first of the writers on Islam to demolish completely the popularly held opinion that Islam was a desert or nomadic religion. On the other hand, Islam was the first among the great religions to be urban-based—hence the strict monotheism, the puritanism, the stress on scriptural revelation—on literacy, egalitarianism between believers and, consequently, absence of special mediation (which, of course, on its worldly side would involve hierarchy), the minimisation of ritual or mystical extravagance—moderation and

sobriety and stress on the observance of rules rather than on emotional states (which developed later in the non-Arabian peasant societies of Persia, Central Asia, India, etc).

The choice of Islam as a religion by the Arabs was not merely historic, but an act of history impelled by the need of the Mecca mercantile class to have its own ideology as against the ideology of Christianity and Judaism, which were identified with outside forces.

The Medina Phase

Engineer elaborates his thesis when he deals with the Medina phase of the Prophethood. During this period, ways and means were worked out to unify the various groups and classes, which included non-Muslims.

I would refer those interested in the now important questions of Islam's stance on land ownership, of interest and banking, of the status of women, to this chapter. Engineer's views may not command total agreement, but this chapter is an excellent introduction to the subject. Also, I do not think Engineer's conclusions about Islam as it took shape at Medina can be seriously challenged. Islam transformed a

primitive culture into an advanced, sedentary one. It became a cohesive force generating social solidarity, deference to authority and respect for the rights of others.

Engineer's Marxist analysis is specially fruitful in the period after the Prophet's death. He analyses the reasons both for the rapid expansion of Islam and the near civil war conditions which plagued the infant state 30 years after the Prophet's death. The Islamic explosion was partly theological, partly the drive of the Mecca mercantile class for safer trade-routes. For the Arabs, Islam was a national revolution and this revolutionary zeal infected the subjects of the neighbouring empires. But the foreign conquests and the wealth they brought in sowed the seeds of civil war, because they caused great social tensions at home. It was not a question of classical Islam losing its purity. The new milieu created problems for the early Islamic state for which ready solutions could not be provided.

One consequence of this failure was the rise of heterodoxy and schism in Islam which Engineer describes in his last and most brilliant chapter.

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Dissenters form a moving and fascinating chapter in the history of Islam. Engineer points out how each dissenting movement could be connected to the rise of a dispossessed or a disgruntled class. In fact, this chapter contains the germ of a big book.

Bones To Pick

Now for a few bones I have to pick with Engineer. There has been a tendency for most writers on Islam to overplay the role of most of its early heroes. Engineer has gone to the other extreme and overstressed the impersonal and historical forces at the expense of the role of the highly charged, motivated and intense individuals who lead the Arabs to consciousness as a nation and to their astonishing early conquests.

Engineer might well argue that he had to set right the balance—to see the expansion of Islam in a more objective fashion than in the past. However, this could perhaps have been done without sacrificing a degree of complexity. The history of Islam is a perfect illustration of the tensions created by extraordinary individuals (viz The Holy Prophet Muhammad and His Companions) acting upon and being influenced by social and economic forces.

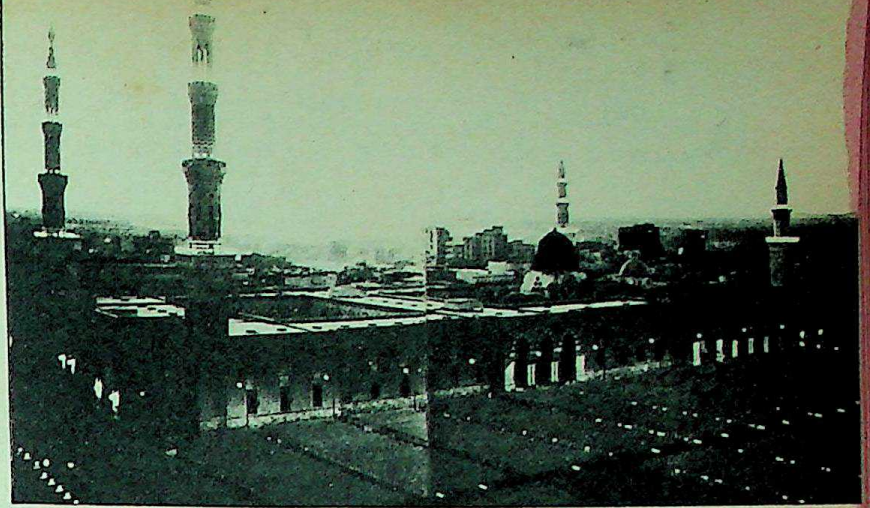
The next comment on Engineer's book is more a question of attitude and of emphasis. He has rightly pointed to the dilemma that faced Islam immediately after its conquests

began: How to integrate and assimilate not only the vast wealth but the vast population (mostly non-Arab) which conquests brought in their wake. He is so fascinated by this dilemma and the problems that it created that he follows up this thread almost to the exclusion of others. This again might be justified by the fact that this is a furrow which has scarcely been ploughed.

This train of thought takes Engineer on to a very fruitful inquiry about relationship between the various heterodox movements of Islam, like the Shiites and the Ismailis among the non-Arab (and usually discriminated against) peoples in the Arab empire (the Mawalis). He sees the battle of Karbala (680 AD) between Imam al-Husayn, son of Hazrath Ali, and Yazid I, son of the first Umayyad Caliph Muawiyah, as the battle of Islamic ideology against unprincipled political rule.

Interesting Debate

However, an interesting debate arises at this point. The Umayyads, who destroyed the elective Caliphate and turned it into a dynastic kingdom, have invariably received a "bad press" in history. But they were themselves the victims of a historical dilemma. They represented the "worldly wisdom" of imperial Islam which needed the qualities of compromise, strategy and political deceit. It should not be forgotten that it was under the Umayyads that



THE GREAT MOSQUE OF THE PROPHET MUHAMMAD IN MEDINA AT DUSK. The front covers his tomb.

North Africa was conquered and Europe invaded through Spain and half of France overrun, till the Arabs were stopped at Tours near Paris by Charles Martel (732 AD).

In a sense, the Umayyads were more "secular" than the earlier rulers of Islam and the great dissenters who came later. But can it be said with any degree of historical certainty that the Umayyad empire was "non-Islamic"?

This point is touched upon in *The Cambridge History of Islam* (Vol 1A, Page 76), but not elaborated. Engineer's veering off into a study of heterodoxy at a critical point of Islamic history makes for a limited view of the growth of Islam. Historical victors can be damned morally; but they cannot be ignored.

My next criticism of the approach in this book is Engineer's summary treatment of what he calls the Myths of Islam—its twin messages of equality and brotherhood. It is apparent that Engineer is using the word "myth" in its dictionary meaning—a commonly held belief that is untrue or without foundation. But "myth" also has another meaning in sociology—a pervasive complex of values and beliefs that are generally so deep that they are rarely verbalised, but are experienced unconsciously and taken for granted.

Of course, as psychoanalyst Rollo May has shown, some of the myths can disintegrate—in Western Europe, the Christian myth has been replaced by rationalism, individualism, nationalism and competition. But can it be said that the Islamic "myths" of brotherhood and equality have disintegrated in the sense that they no longer perform the function of a *Kerygma*—"a call to organise, maintain, defend or transform both the world in which men live and their personal lives by means of ritual or organisational actions"? Maxime Rodinson, from whose book, *Marxism and the Muslim World*, this quotation is taken, believes that "myths are not just epiphenomena, that they have their own importance and efficacy—Primitive Islam is a universalist myth which soon became

nationalist, then moved back into a universalist phase".

One would have liked at this stage a deeper examination of the question whether the myths of Islam are dead or if they can still motivate change. The recent happenings in Iran would seem to cast a doubt on the certainty with which Engineer enunciates his thesis.

Treatment Of Iqbal

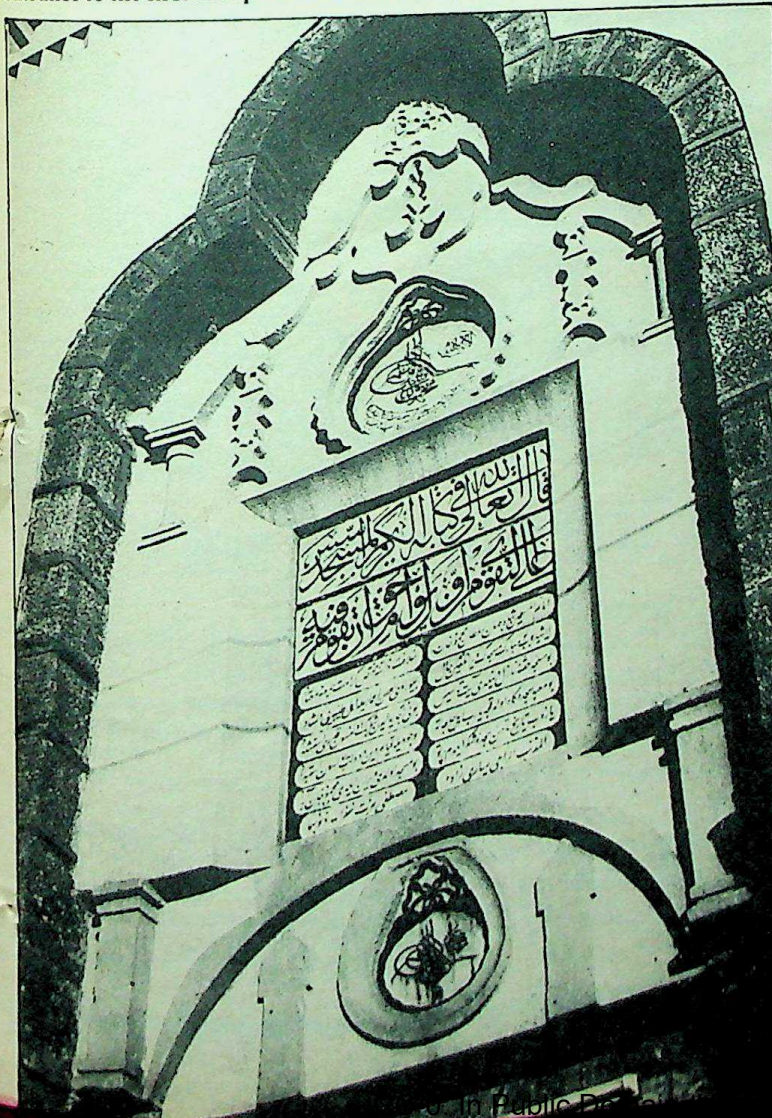
A connected aspect of the book is the rather summary and dismissive treatment of Iqbal. He is criticised as an idealist who totally ignored historical forces in harking back to the first 30 years of Islam. All I would say at this place is that to criticise Iqbal because of the "contradiction" in his thinking is to miss the point. Iqbal summed up in himself the contradictions of the educated Muslim who would like to mobilise Islam's "law, its education, its culture and to bring them into closer contact with Islam's original spirit and with the spirit of modern times". (Iqbal quoted in Aziz Ahmed's *Islamic Modernism*, Page 163). Iqbal's hold continues to be strong on the educated Muslim mind in the subcontinent. It may be more fruitful to use Iqbal's thought (contradictions and all) as a wedge to liberalise orthodox Islam rather than to confront it as a conservative force.

Engineer shows his hand in the last para of his book to indicate that this is no academic study:

Socialism alone, whether on its own merit, or deriving its legitimacy from the religious sanctions of Islam (on its own merit, as far as my personal view is concerned) can help the Muslim world to stand on its feet.

In my personal view, if Engineer wishes to assist in this process (which he is uniquely qualified to do), he should not only cast a cold and objective look at Islam, but suffuse it with the warmth of what it means to be a Muslim. Islam, after all, is a spiritual and human totality, and he who would persuade the Muslims into entering the modern world (and not coerce them) must betray an instinctive awareness of that totality.

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Islam in Kashmir

In the aftermath of Sheikh Abdullah's death, communalist forces may be expected to play mischief in Jammu and Kashmir. But they are unlikely to get far. The battle against the appeal and ideology of Pakistan, argues the author, was waged and won in the mosques and shrines of Kashmir. "Kashmiri Muslims," he goes on, "have now an opportunity—unique in Muslim history—of sharing power as a minority at the national level and as a majority at the State level. It should enable them to make original contributions to the theology and jurisprudence of Islam."

by Balraj Puri

THE community of Kashmiri Muslims has demonstrated its identity and its autonomous character on many crucial occasions. The massive upsurge of Muslim politics in the subcontinent, which culminated in the partition of India, for instance, conspicuously failed to sway it towards Pakistan or its ideology.

No doubt Kashmiri Muslims react as feelingly to developments in the Muslim world as a devout Muslim does anywhere else. But their tradition, although a part of the concentric circles of the greater traditions of the Muslims in India and the world, has distinguishing features of its own. In some ways, it is, indeed, distinct.

The decision of the State's political leadership to accede to the Indian Union in 1947, its alienation from the national identity in 1953, and its eventual reintegration by 1975 cannot be adequately explained except in terms of Islam as adopted and perceived by the Kashmiris. And in order to study the impact of Islam on Kashmiri personality and behaviour, it is necessary to understand the peculiarities of both the religion and the people.

In its 1,400-year-long odyssey through the length and breadth of the globe, Islam has influenced, and has been influenced in turn, by a variety of cultures and ideas. Underlining the flexibility and assimilative capacity of Islam in his famous Madras lectures, Dr Iqbal quoted Horten: "With the exception of atheistic ideas alone, it (Islam) has assimilated all attainable ideas of the surrounding people and given them its peculiar direction and development." And, of course, it has had a pervasive influence on all aspects of the life of the people who joined the fold.

In Kashmir, 95 per cent of the people profess Islam, and 90 per cent

speak the Kashmiri language. Geographically the State is compact, and it has an almost unbroken recorded history spanning a few thousand years. It has thus been uniquely equipped to assimilate and absorb diverse races, cultures and ideas without losing its own identity. According to the renowned Kashmiri scholar and historian, Din Fauq, even the people who came from the Middle East, Iran, Afghanistan and Turkistan as

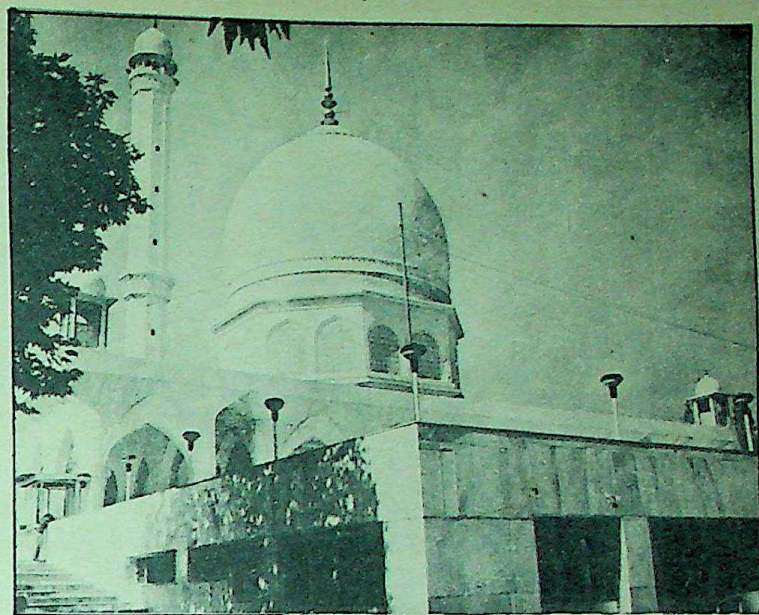


SULTAN ZAIN-UL-ABDIN, popularly known as Bud Shah.

late as six or seven centuries ago were so involved with Kashmiri Muslims, culturally and through matrimonial alliances, that "all non-Kashmiri traces are completely absent from their life".

Synthesis Of Philosophies

Before the advent of Islam, Kashmir had imbibed the essence of Vaishnavism, Buddhism and Shaivism and synthesised their philosophies. This synthesis was in harmony with the spirit of Islam as well. When a whole community is converted, it is bound to retain most



HAZRATBAL, in Srinagar—the religious emotional and political centre of Kashmiri Muslims.

of its traditional beliefs and rituals. Such was the case in Kashmir. It did not surrender to Islam as a spiritually emaciated and disintegrated personality but greeted it as a spiritually proud and mature community. In fact, it embraced the young creed as a like-minded friend.

Nor did Kashmir surrender politically or militarily to Muslim conquerors. The Kashmiri king, Lalitaditya, writes Mohibbul Hasan,



HABBA KHATUN, the wife of the last Kashmiri king, Yusuf Shah Chak.

defeated the Arab forces led by Mohammad Bin Qasim's successor and Governor, Junaid, and overran his territory. Two attacks by Mahmud of Ghazni, in a bid to conquer Kashmir, were also repelled. The Turkish sultans bypassed the valley.

Muslim rule in Kashmir was not an import but the result of the conversion of a local ruler. The indigenous Muslim rule lasted for 250 years till Kashmir was annexed to the Mughal Empire by Akbar in 1586. For the next 250 years, Kashmir was ruled by Muslim kings,

but since they were non-Kashmiris, most of the present leaders of Kashmir regard that period as a period of slavery. The history of Kashmir is not divided, as is the case elsewhere in the country, into Hindu and Muslim periods. It is divided into Kashmiri and non-Kashmiri periods.

Imported Sufism

Though individual conversions had been going on for some time, particularly after the local ruler, Rinchah, embraced Islam in 1320, Hazrat Amir-i-Kabir Mir Syed Ali Hamdani, one of the most remarkable personalities of the 14th century Muslim world, is regarded as the real pioneer of Islam in Kashmir. He is believed to have come thrice to Kashmir between 1372 and 1383, not on behalf of or with the authority of an imperial power but as a humble person facing persecution in Iraq after it was conquered by Timur. About 1,000 Sufi Syeds visited Kashmir in all.

However, the imported Sufism remained a surface phenomenon till a unique personality emerged from the soil and translated it into the Kashmiri idiom and converted Islam into a massive emotional and spiritual upsurge that swept through every Kashmiri's heart. He is called "Nund Rishi" or Sheikh-ul-Alam Hazrat Sheikh Nur Din Noorani, Alambardar-i-Kashmir.

While his status as a patron saint of Kashmir and a symbol of its cultural and spiritual personality is universally acknowledged, his great role as Wali of Islam was anticipated by Syed Hamdani himself and formalised by his son, Mir Mohammad Hamdani, through an *irshad* (written letter) from Mecca in 1415. His *kalam* (pen) is regarded by devout Kashmiris as the Kashmiri *Quran*. That the greatest Kashmiri is also the greatest Muslim is a tribute to Kashmir as well as Islam.



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ZIARAT OF SHAH HAMDANI,
one of the greatest names in Islamic
history and the pioneer of Islam in
Kashmir.

Laleshwari, or Lala Ded, was the first poet in Kashmir and represented the climax of the spiritual and cultural heritage of pre-Islamic Kashmir. Her spiritual heir thus inherited the glory of past tradition and carried it further. The rishi order, of which Nund Rishi became the most outstanding figure during its Islamic phase, dates back to the early days of Kashmiri history and continued until recent times.

Strict Vegetarians

Muslim Rishis, who represent the continuity of Kashmir's spiritual tradition, introduced Islam more as a preserver, consolidator and perpetuator of tradition than as a revolt against it.

There is much that is common between Vaishnavism, Buddhism and Shaivism as practised in Kashmir and the Sufi tradition represented by Nund Rishi.

The strict vegetarianism of the Muslim rishis and their devotional style of worship were similar to Vaishnav practices. According to a legend, the practice of Aurad-i-Fatina (mass singing in the mosque), resembling the Hindu *kirtan*, was approved by Syed Ali Hamdani who, it is said, received divine sanction for it in a dream.

The institutions of Buddha Vihars and Bikshus were forerunners of the Khanqas of the ascetic Sufis. The belief of Muslim rishis in non-violence, respect for the spirit of renunciation, control over desires and abstinence from worldly pleasures was in harmony with Buddhist teachings and practices. As Abdullah Yusuf Ali points out in

Modern India and the West, "the worship of the 'holy' hair of the Prophet at the shrine of Hazratbal, which is not known to be done elsewhere, is another instance of Islamisation of a Buddhist practice and Kashmirisation of Islam".

Finally, monotheism of Kashmiri Shaivism and Tauheed of Islam present a striking similarity.

Thus, as observed by G.M.D. Sufi in his *Kashmir*, "The cult of Buddha, the teachings of the Vedanta, the mysticism of Islam have found a congenial home in Kashmir".

Changes In Form

Says Prof Mohibbul Hasan, in *Kashmir Under The Sultans*: "In many respects the changes wrought were more of

form than spirit. Customs, language, beliefs and practices were too deeply embedded in the people to be uprooted and replaced. The Kashmiris assimilated new values but the past was not eliminated; it was allowed to blend with the new."

However, the new faith invigorated the Kashmiri personality which blossomed into a new renaissance in the regime of Zain-ul-Abdin, popularly called Bud Shah (1420-70). It extended to arts, crafts, literature, architecture and other branches of human knowledge. Bud Shah (which means great king) symbolised a harmonious Kashmiri personality on the secular front as Nund Rishi did on the spiritual; evidently both planes influenced each other.

The integration of the Kashmiri personality and its blending with the universality of Islam were outstanding triumphs of the Kashmiri Sufis. Islam in Kashmir is now rooted in a hoary local tradition, and this tradition permeates the Islamic spirit. This is what has enabled the Kashmiris to reconcile cosmopolitan affiliations with territorial patriotism in a manner hardly achieved elsewhere in the subcontinent. Kashmiri Muslims remain Kashmiri as well as Muslim, and rarely suffer from schizophrenic pangs which Islamic links and local patriotism often create among many other Muslim communities.

Appeal And Ideology

The integrated and all-pervasive view of Islam in the life of its followers in Kashmir is evident from the apparently paradoxical fact that the battle against the appeal and ideology of Pakistan was waged and

won in the mosques and shrines of Kashmir. The battle itself symbolised the autonomous character of Islam in Kashmir. It was this characteristic that kept Kashmiri Muslims almost unaffected by the epic debate between the ulemas and the modernists that split Muslim unity in the rest of the country from the mid-nineteenth century till the partition of India. The differences between them were projected through the so-called Aligarh and Deoband schools. While Aligarh was the centre of the Pakistani movement, its alumni comprised the leadership of the Kashmir National Conference which was not only aligned with the Deoband school but also with the Indian National Movement.

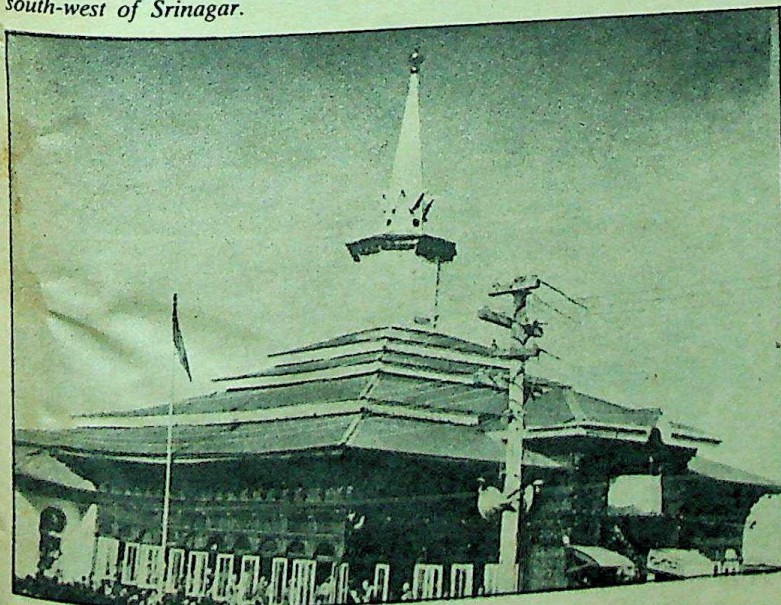
In their effort to preserve their identity against the ideological and armed threat of Pakistan and the integrationist forces of India, Kashmiri Muslims drew most of their strength from their faith in what may be called Kashmiri Islam. The future holds much promise in its latent potential.

Islamic history and theology do not offer much guidance for sharing power with others. But Kashmiri Muslims now have an opportunity—unique in Muslim history—of sharing power as a minority at the national level and as a majority at the State level. This opportunity should enable them to make original contributions to the theology and jurisprudence of Islam.

After all, Kashmir, as part of democratic India, is perhaps the only area where, in spite of the Muslims being in a majority, it is still possible to have a free debate on Islamic principles and practices.



TOMB OF SHAIKH NUR-UD-DIN WALI at Charar Sharif, 20 miles south-west of Srinagar.



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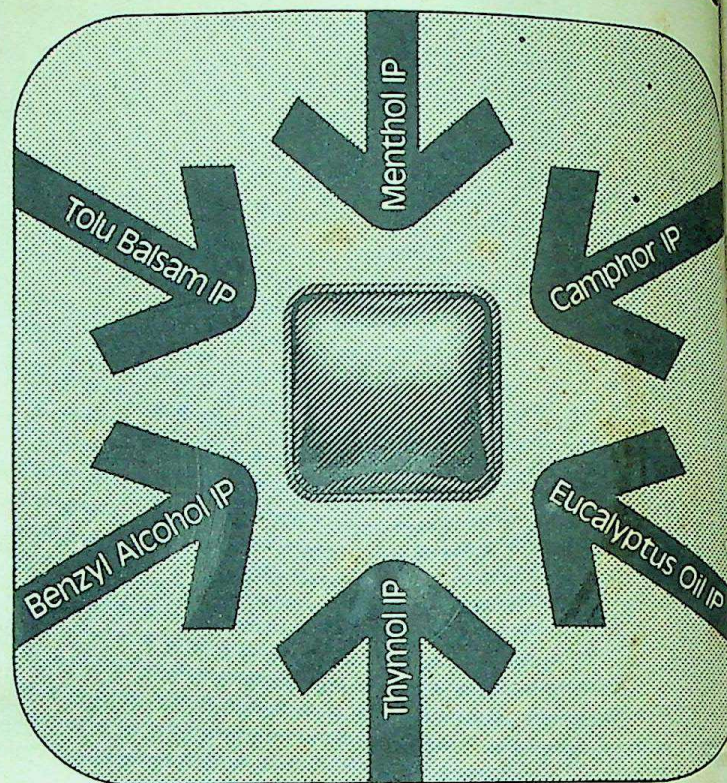
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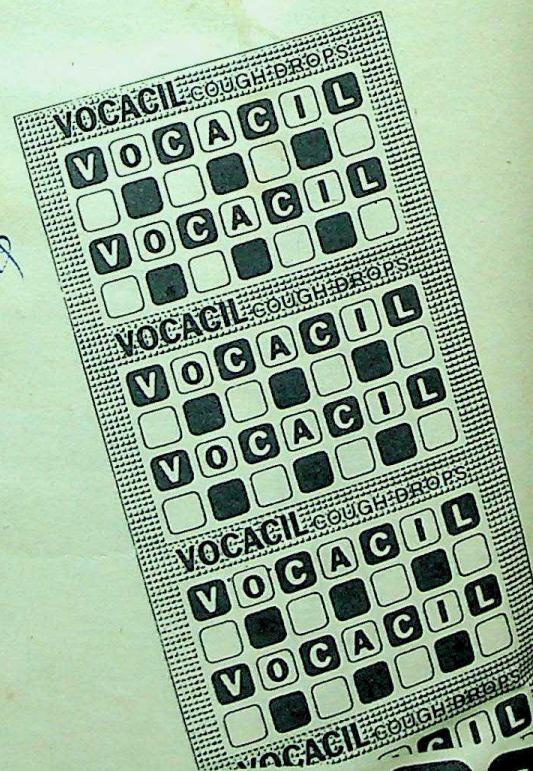
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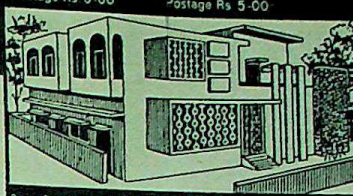
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BOOK REVIEW



No Mere Layman

NATURE, SPIRITUALITY AND SCIENCE by Sukh Raj Tarneja; Vikas

At a time when the common ground between religion and science is slowly surfacing this book fulfils a real need. It is written by one who calls himself a layman and is addressed to laymen who lack the expertise and the time to wade through tomes penned by scientists or philosophers, each vying with one another to impress by rhetoric and scientific abstractions.

Both religion and science speak in the same language which the layman finds it difficult to comprehend and it is here that Sukh Raj Tarneja fills the bill. His treatise deals with the common ground between science, nature and religion, the way they look at man and the ways the world around us is constituted. Though the author is a Hindu he draws freely from other religious works. How many Hindus have had the time to delve into the contents of the Quran and learn that the way it deals with the end of the world bears a striking resemblance to the conclusions of the modern astrophysicist, Sir Bernard Lovell?

The author is anxious to share with others his feeling that there is a unity behind all creation and he has drawn from a wide repertory to bring together between two covers a good deal of intimations that would fill an entire library—of course, intimations that are available to everyone who cares to develop his power of discrimination. In a book of this kind there is some oversimplification but, as long as it helps to make things clear to the lay reader, it is justified. Don't we oversimplify to explain facts to kids? In the matter of philosophy adults are just grown-up kids.

To cite one such oversimplification—water is really light in a condensed form, says the author. How much more simple than to be told that water is a mix of two atoms of Hydrogen and one of Oxygen or that water is the gift of Lord Indra to man. There really is a need to save the layman from the bombast of scientists and revivalists.

This book makes a bold bid to do just that. Another explanation is about fire. Says the author, fire comes third in the order of grossness—after space and air. Fire can be seen, heard and felt. In the order of evolution fire is the first element that can be seen. That is why it is considered to be the nearest to the Creator in visible form and, therefore, it is employed for invoking the Lord in all rituals. How effectively this disposes of all the Cassandras who are looking for opportunities to run down our time-honoured rituals. It also furnishes a good riposte to modern youths who choose to marry with a bureaucrat registrar as witness rather than the immortal sacred fire that has been with us since the dawn of creation.

Attention is also paid to concepts in the Upanishads which go above the heads of most people. The reviewer found the author's explanation of the Shanti sloka in the Isa Upanishad more satisfying than others he has come across. There are copious references to other sacred literature of India and the world, like Guru Nanak, the Gita and the Quran which make the book easily assimilable to inquisitive commoners. Its sketches and diagrams will interest the student of science too. For those who bunked school and missed the lessons on the oceans in the geography class there is an interesting section. For those confounded by modern scientific jargon like the black hole, too, there is a simple elucidation. All in all there is something here to interest a wide readership.

In one respect alone the viewer could not agree with the author—where he dedicates the book "from a layman to a layman". The writer has surely amassed so many useful tidbits in one place that he cannot be called a mere layman.

K. P. Balakrishnan

Harmonious Whole

BRAHMA: A STORY by M.A. Partha Sarathy; Photographs and Design by the author; Hamsini Books, Bangalore; Rs 27

BRAHMA is a story about a bull by that name. But it is an unusual story and it is unfair to recount it for the end is as powerful as it is unexpected. M.A. Partha Sarathy himself is an unusual man. Educated in the United States, he is a nature conservationist, engineer, film-maker, painter, farmer and lives in Bangalore where he is associated with a variety of activities.

What makes this short work so appealing is the blending of story, pictures, design into a harmonious whole. Some will recall Jonathan Livingstone Seagull and seek to make uncalled for comparison between Richard Bach's masterpiece and this. The parallel exists and will be noticed. But Partha Sarathy handles his theme with an originality that is

peculiarly Indian; only an Indian mind with its own framework of conceptualisation could have conceived *Brahma: A Story*. Partha Sarathy may have been inspired by the Jonathan saga and the technique of marrying word and picture in building a powerful theme. He has succeeded in his attempt and in the end it is this that really matters. Success is its own justification.

M.V.K.

Unique Personality

DADABHAI NAOROJI CORRESPONDENCE Volume II, Parts I and II; Edited by Prof R.P. Patwardhan; Allied Publishers, Bombay; Rs 100

THE growth of nationalism in India required a political and economic foundation. Dadabhai Naoroji gave this to us long before Gandhi or Nehru. Highly respected for his integrity, he was one of the best and brightest of men India produced in the 19th century. Luckily, the political events covered by Dadabhai's long life have been recorded and preserved in the form of his correspondence with another patriot and financial expert, Dinshaw Wacha.

These letters would have remained unknown and ultimately perished but for the patriotic service rendered by the Tatas and the Trustees of the Dadabhai Memorial Prize Fund in publishing this valuable correspondence with the help of the veteran educationist and historian, Prof R.P. Patwardhan, IES (Retd).

We owe much to Prof Patwardhan who had to go over 40,000 letters many of which were fragile and required great care in handling. This work took many years but was undertaken by the scholarly Oxford trained Professor as a pure labour of love sustained only by "the unique personality of Dadabhai" as he puts it. It is hoped that the above Trust will continue the good work by publishing—preferably through some other publisher more interested in better marketing of such a valuable work as this—the succeeding volumes.

A perusal of private letters of well-informed honest patriots, letters not intended for publication at the time they are written, can be invaluable as a source of political information. The letters now published are from Wacha. His rugged bluntness, his suspicions of the rich—being himself "as poor as a church mouse" as he writes—his frank appraisals of our heroes of yesteryear come out as startling revelations. Human character is many-sided and comes out well in private correspondence. For example, we find that Dadabhai was so highly respected by even a revolutionary like Tilak that a letter

written to Dadabhai in 1906 is subscribed "Yours obediently, B.G. Tilak".

This correspondence shows also how the serious defects of our people are deeply rooted in our character and are neither temporary nor due to inexperience. Our apathy or indifference, disrespect for law and order, desire to have some person who can be made responsible for everything, aptitude to deliver long speeches without much sense, etc, were all there a hundred years ago. Whilst the then Congress President suggested the need to control all "over-talk" an important leader described them as mere "buk-buk".

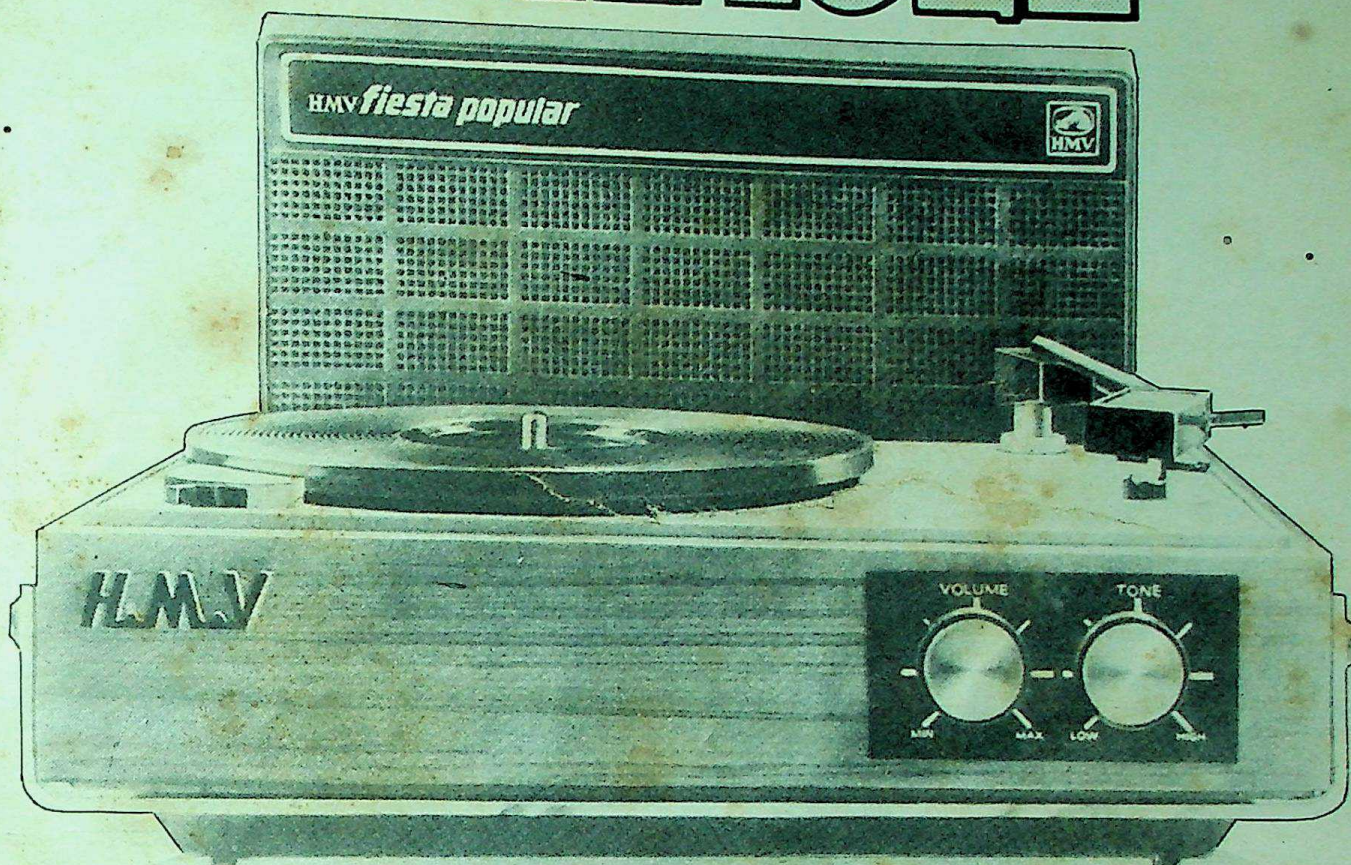
Justice Tayabji felt in 1888 that there could be no order without a strong President and there was even a plan to have a permanent Congress President. Public apathy forced patriots like Wacha and Dadabhai to suffer poverty and neglect, though this poverty did not shake their integrity. Prof Patwardhan in his scholarly introduction quotes Srinivasa Sastri on the integrity of Wacha: "Nothing could be more eloquent testimony to his (Wacha's) lofty principles and unselfish character than that, throughout his life, though money lay all about him he never possessed more than a competence, and for some time before his death he was even without that competence."

Wacha was as unsparing a critic of British Imperialism as he was of lack of character in his own apathetic countrymen. He went to the extent of calling Lord Dufferin "a moral assassin". Wacha disliked the political methods of Tilak. His strong national feelings, however, made him sympathise with the people during the controversial incidents of the Plague about 1895-98. Dadabhai and Wacha were both sympathetic to the Nattu brothers and worked for their release.

These letters show that Wacha's patriotism did not blind him to the great value of education in English which, in common with others like Tilak and Gokhale, he knew was very important for Indian unity. Those who blindly accept the utterly wrong view that English education was introduced by the British to produce "clerks" will get from this correspondence some elementary education in the real truth, which is contrary to this belief. Lord Dufferin had issued instructions to discourage Indians from taking to higher education in English. Wacha looked upon this attempt as a nail being driven in the coffin of nationalism in India—such was the importance of higher education in English according to men like Wacha and Tilak.

Prof P. N. Dr...

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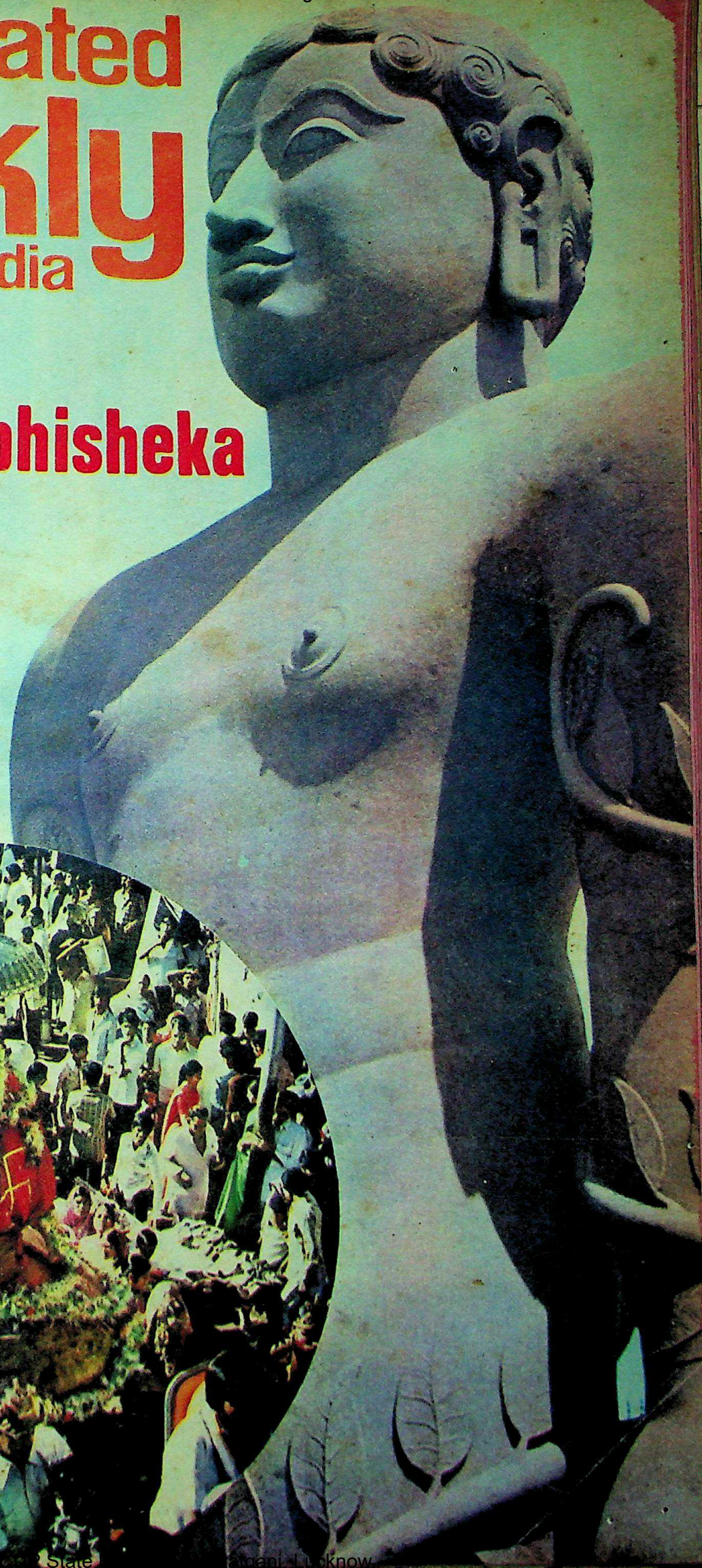
Krackjack

The Illustrated Weekly

of India

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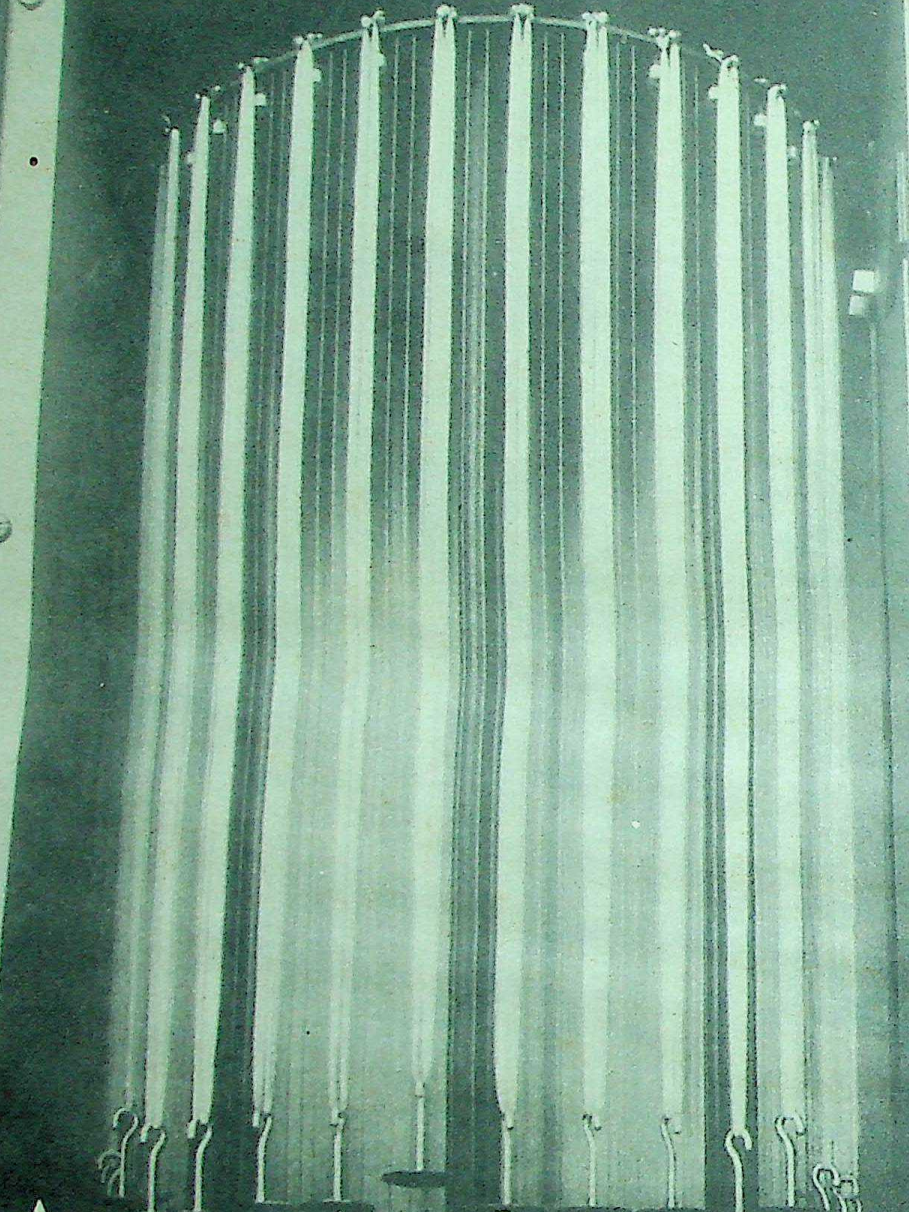
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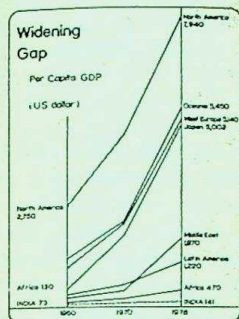


The Illustrated Weekly of India

Forthcoming Issues

Weekly, March 1, 1981

Special Budget Issue



30 Years Of Indian Economy

What do we know of the 1981 Union Budget except that the people are likely to be asked to pay more and more for less and less! However, with this 1981 Budget, we will be completing 30 Years of the Indian Economy. What is the Nation's Balance-Sheet at the end of these 30 years? Narottam Shah, Chief of the Centre for Monitoring Indian Economy, makes a comprehensive survey—the first of its kind ever undertaken—complete with up-to-date facts and figures, of the picture the Indian Economy presents 30 years after the nation became a Republic.

Why Colour TV?

The Third World countries all have colour TV and, with the Asian Games not far away, India will willy-nilly need this facility if it is to put this big event across to the neighbouring nations. In this context, a feasibility study by Gopal Saxena of the FTIL, based on spot interviews with experts. Colourful centrespread.

MNEMONICS: The Great Way To Memory

"Recently I met a person whose telephone number was 464692. How do I remember it? Easy. 46 is the exchange. Repeat the exchange number and add up the two." 'Human Computer' Shakuntala Devi shows you the great way to memory.



Super Babies

Recent irrefutable proof has shown that decompression during pregnancy can produce babies of above-average intelligence—super babies in fact. How super? An unusual picture story tells you all.

Mahashivratri

"What Rituals Mean To Me"—by Hiren Mukherjee and V.K. Gokak.

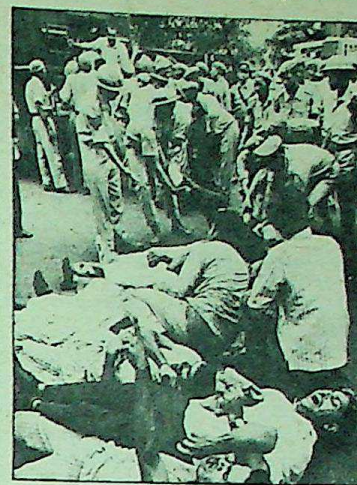
Sai's "Diva Sapna"

National Award Winner Sai (Sparsh) Paranjpye directs a different type of film in Gul Anand's *Diva-Sapna* (Day-Dreams). A picture-story on this movie featuring the serene Deepti Naval opposite Farouque Shaikh and Saeed Jaffrey.

"The Honest Taxpayer"

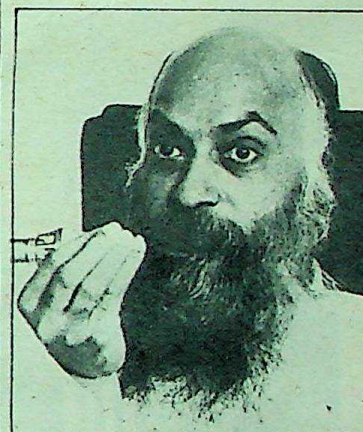
Short story by Anurag Mathur.

Weekly, March 8, 1981



A Nation In Turmoil

Socially, economically and politically, India today is caught up in a turmoil through which every nation has to pass some time in history. There's not a morning on which you can open your newspaper without seeing a whole rash of disturbing headlines. Why this continued state of unrest? What are the forces at work which have led to unsettled conditions everywhere in the country? RGK tries to understand the conditions that have led to this unprecedented crisis in the nation's affairs and wonders whether a new order will emerge out of the prevailing chaos.



The Saffron Superstar

"If you ask me, he needn't be crucified, nor glorified. Only ignored." Shobha Kilachand on Bhagwan Rajneesh.

"who is to his followers what Amitabh Bachchan is to his fans." Colourfully illustrated.



The Bird Lady Of St James's

Novel picture-story of a lady who has developed an amazing rapport with seagulls.

Create Your Own Rose

Roses have traditionally been a source of joy. Brahm Dutt highlights another facet to the joy of roses—the thrill of creating your very own variety. Arresting centrespread.



Table Tennis Champ Chandrasekhar Speaks

The National Champion talks to P.N. Sundaresan about his game and career, about table tennis in India and abroad, about where he lag behind in a sport whose very face has changed over the last ten years.

Anagrams Are Fun

P.S. Ranganathan tells how the seven letters of *SUHARTO* can be rearranged to make *AUTHORS!*

"Greet With Garlands"

Short story by Evelyn Harter.

Weekly, March 15, 1981

This Holy Abuse!

A festival like Holi is an occasion for national rejoicing. But such festivals



have now begun to acquire a *risque* tinge. Holi as a festival has also acquired a riotous character and is apt to create law-and-order problems. Once an innocent celebration, Holi and Eve-teasing now go together.

Why this Holi abuse? Preeti Chaturvedi meets a cross-section of people, from the North and the South, to record their reactions to Holi as it is observed today. Colourful Cover Story.

"This Is All India Radio"

"AIR and TV have cast aside all pretension of fairness and balanced coverage and have unabashedly reverted to their Emergency role—as peddlers of the personality cult and purveyors of partisan propaganda," says L.K. Advani. How? The former I & B Minister compares and contrasts AIR and TV in the Janata and Congress regimes.

Baba And I

"As we grow older and older and wiser and wiser through our constant exposure to his mere presence, we'll realise that there are no longer any doubts to be cleared or questions to be answered." A.S. Raman on what Sathya Sai Baba means to him.

India In Asian Soccer

We do not count at all in World Soccer. But there was a time when we looked like being an Olympic force and went on to win the Gold Medal in the 1962 Jakarta Asian Games. From that spectacular achievement, Indian Football has come steadily downhill. In this light, B. Krishnan carries out a telling probe keeping in mind the recent National Championships and the Asian Games due next year. Action-packed centrespread.

Parulla Masks And Chhau Dance

This dance is very popular in West Bengal, Bihar and Orissa. What are its origins? Dilip Banerjee covers its full range in an informative photo-story.

To Chase A Crooked 'Dhuan'

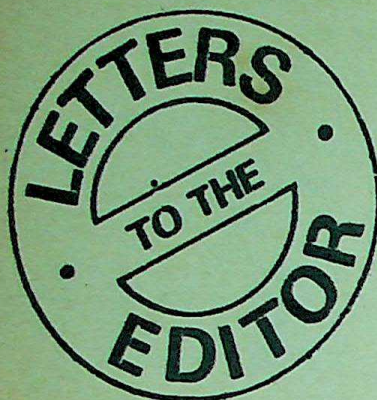
One of the more offbeat crime thrillers from Hollywood was *To Chase A Crooked Shadow*. How good is its Hindi version, directed by Dulal Guha and starring Raakhee and Mithun in the key roles? Picture story on a film in which Raakhee once again shows her true histrionic paces.

Dolphin Spectacular

Photo trip to the Dolphinarium at Windsor Palace, home of British Royalty.

"Dusty Answers"

Short story by Shailaja Ganguly.



The Bhagalpur Blindings

Sir—M.V. Kamath's "Operation Gangajal" (January 4, 1981) was probably the fourth report that I read on the Bhagalpur blindings and I can say it is the most detailed study of the outrages. It gave, at the same time, a picture of a sick administration as well as a sick society.

Is suspension the only punishment that can be meted out to these policemen? There should be some special way in which the policemen involved in such barbaric acts can be chastened.

S. KRISHNA KUMAR
Bombay

On February 4, a leading national daily reported that all but 2 of the 14 police officers suspended for their alleged involvement with the blindings have been reinstated. The order added that the suspended officers were being released on "merit and conditionally". It did not clarify the conditions.—Editor

Sir—Your coverage did not miss a single detail and gave an intelligent analysis. This compensated for your having woken up so late to Bhagalpur.

R.S. PRASAD
Jamshedpur

Sir—The Chief Minister's hold in his own State can be judged from the fact that his policemen's misdoings came to his knowledge through the press! In the United Nations Year of the Disabled, all we have done is wilfully add more to the unfortunate ranks.

K.N. TYAGI
Meerut

Sir—The article fails to take note of one aspect. The CID inquiry has now clearly established that, out of the 33 persons whose eyes were gouged, only 7 are hardened criminals, 9 have nothing to do with any crime and charges have been framed against 11 persons.

K. RAVINDRAN
Ariyalur

Sir—The press has once again proved itself to be blind about everything except incidents which can be best sensationalised. There is great shock value in the faces of the blinded but,

to be fair, mention should be made of the victims of the blinded. Why did the common people of Bhagalpur support the blindings?

M. MADHAVAN NAIR
Vattankulam

Sir—Bhagalpur is just the tip of the iceberg. The administration in Bihar is manned by incompetent henchmen of ruthless politicians. Please treat this as an SOS and come once more to our State.

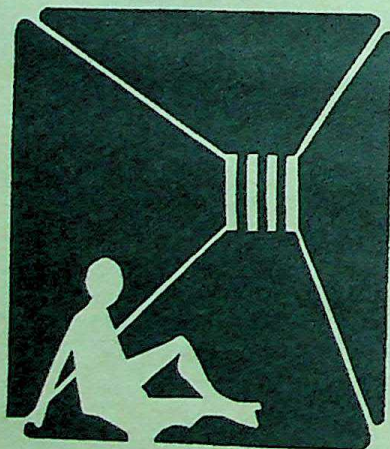
ANANT MISHRA
Patna

Sir—Though I agree with your indictment of Bihar's police and administration, I take strong exception to your conclusion about magisterial negligence. Your inferences are not well founded, as you did not interview the magistrates in Bhagalpur to find out what exactly they did as regards the undertrials. In fact, many a time, undertrial prisoners are not even produced before the magistrates for months. Also, though the undertrial is supposed to be in magisterial custody, he has virtually no control over his ward in prison. Hence I feel you have condemned the magistrates of Bihar unfairly. Surely, this is against the principles of justice.

P.N. KASHALKAR
Amravati

Sir—Your report made me so sick that I could not go through it fully. I shudder to think what your fate would be if your offices were situated in Bihar!

A.R. RAMANARAYANAN
Rourkela



Sir—Perhaps an even more perverted act than the actions of the police is the support given to this act by the public in Bihar.

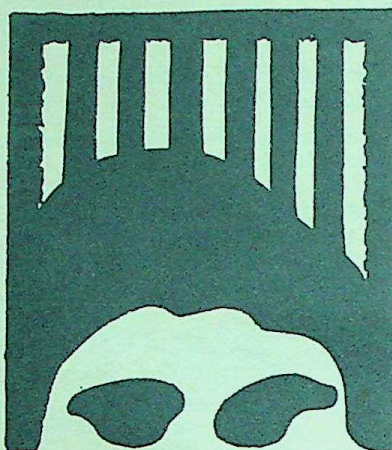
V. KRISHNAMURTHY
Bombay

Sir—The *Weekly* is being edited by a person whose puerile performance is enough to make one retch after taking one look at the magazine. If Khushwant Singh was a sycophant, you are an epicene bore whose biased treatment of political issues and highly coloured versions of semi-sensational tripe are enough to make *Weekly* readers of the old school commit suicide.

FRANK KRISHNER
Kalmpong

Sir—Are local conditions not known better to the local people themselves? How would you expect people to react in a civilised manner to grim cases of murder, rape and terrorism? Not many bother about the victims of criminals, but they shed crocodile tears for the blinded criminals. I am ashamed to be born an Indian.

T.V.M. RAO
Mangalore



Sir—What a stunning cover! The Buddha looks down with compassionate, gentle eyes, Jagannath Mishra's gaze is arrogant and full of pride about his own actions—and caught in the middle is a victim of blind justice.

MADAN MOHAN MISRA
Muzzafarpur

Sir—Jagannath Mishra's refusal to resign is shocking, the more so his reasoning. Have we forgotten that, when Lal Bahadur Shastri was Railway Minister, he resigned because of the Ariyalur railway accident?

BHEEM RAO
Kushtagi

Sir—There is no way Jagannath Mishra can shrug off the moral responsibility for this crime. If he will not resign voluntarily, then the higher authorities must force him to it.

VASUDEV R. KALGHATGI
Hubli

Sir—Dr Arthur Lundkoist, a member of the Nobel Prize Committee, said:

There are some good Indian writers, in Hindi for example, but they are so far not up to the international standards we must maintain. They are primitive cultures and I don't think somehow they are capable of developing in a global way.

When I read this, I was outraged, but now, after reading of Bihar, I think otherwise. Never have I been so ashamed of being an Indian.

PRAVEEN KUMAR
Delhi

Sir—May *Gangajal* bring a ray of light into the lives of those who have lived in the utmost fear and terror. Does not matter if it is at the cost of "snatching" away the light from the life of a person who holds a record in chopping his victims into 100 pieces in 15 minutes.

Dr GHULAM MOHD
Bombay

Sir—All your efforts are futile. The Government has already come to the conclusion, with the connivance of the bureaucracy and its political supporters, that the police have nothing to do with Bhagalpur. There is an elaborate hide-and-seek game on—the people accuse the police, the police the villagers, the Government the Opposition parties—and this will go on till we forget Bhagalpur with the next atrocity.

U.S. IYER
Pune

Sir—The Bihar police deserve a pat on the back for the bold and effective step to curb the rising crime wave. The sovereign remedy lies in just two words: *capital punishment*.

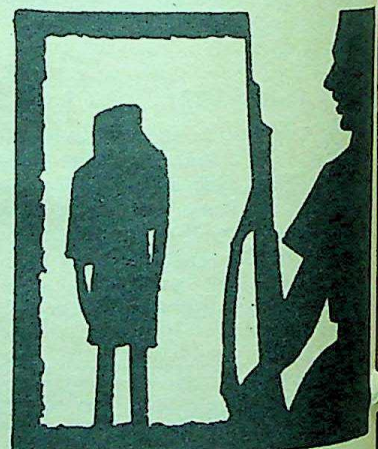
K.C. GOYLE
Bombay

Sir—The people of Bihar are grateful to you for your excellent and courageous coverage. Bihar is currently groaning under the excruciating burden of the most corrupt and incompetent Ministry in its history. We wish you would make another trip to find the other skeletons in the cupboard of the Mishra Cabinet.

RAM CHANDRA PRASAD
Patna

Sir—I am ashamed of you for having ruined the glossy pages of the *Weekly* with those 33 nonentities. How I wish you were as worried about 660 million hopeless Indians!

P.K.B. MENON
Bombay



Sir—I belong to Bihar and I feel very ashamed of my own inability to do something about my State before it is too late. I am a retired civil servant and I totally endorse your view that Bihar should not be run for at least a decade by Bihari politicians or administrators. There is no disgrace in seeking outside aid if it will help build a better and more prosperous Bihar.

S.N. PRASAD
Bhopal

Sir—When I read the news of blindings in Bihar jails in the local newspapers, I felt that the police were really brutal. But, when I went through your detailed report, I

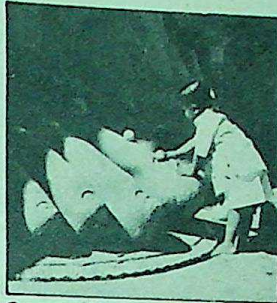
The Illustrated Weekly of India

VOL CII 6 FEBRUARY 15, 1981 ESTD 1880

REGD. No. MH By South-25

Registered as Newspaper in Sri Lanka

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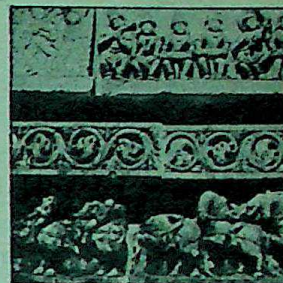
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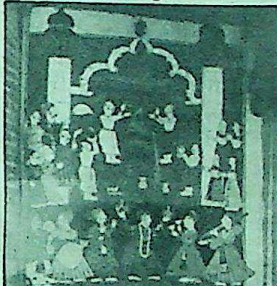
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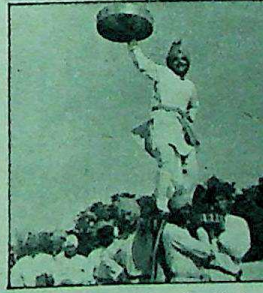
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Next Week



"Nothing Is Moving Except Time"—H.N. Bahuguna

"Hers is neither a Government that works nor merely a Government that shirks. It's, very simply, a Government that wrecks. Mahatma Gandhi chose the instruments of change, Mrs Gandhi has destroyed those very instruments." Hemvati Nandan Bahuguna, like Atal Behari Vajpayee a new rallying point of the Opposition, makes his point with insight and clarity in a hard-hitting interview with Raju Bharatan.



The Haryana You Do Not Know

M.V. Kamath takes you on a ten-page tour of the State.

Chit Funds Or Cheat Funds?

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Joy Adamson's World Of Cheetahs

A captivating picture-story



"Mother India" Down The Years

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Ladakh: The World's Last Shangri-La?

Its atmosphere captured in a colourful centrespread. By A.A. Tyabji.

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realised that not only the police but all citizens of Bihar were responsible for these brutalities. The remedy that you have suggested seems to be the only way to stop Bihar from going any further on the path of bloodshed and inhumanity.

RANVIR SINGH ANTIL
New Delhi

Sir—Your concluding suggestion is not drastic—it is a fanatical outburst unsupported by reason. The idea of a complete "administrative blood transfusion" of Bihar is preposterous. If your argument is accepted, then, for setting right the ills of the country, we should invite foreigners to rule this country.

And the fact is that Bihar, particularly Bhagalpur, is presided over by a non-Bihari Chief Secretary (P.P. Nayyar), Inspector General of Police (S.K. Chatterjee), Divisional Commissioner of Bhagalpur (G. Ramanujam) and Bhagalpur District Magistrate (Siva Priya). What you suggest as a remedy may as well be the cause of the malady.

KAMLENDRA PRASAD
Patna

Sir—It is not only a "Portrait of a Sick Society" but indeed a portrait of a society dying a cancerous death. The backbone—the lawyers, the judiciary and the administration—have all collapsed. The article was strong right up to the conclusion—when major organs fail, there is no way out but transplanting.

R.M. QURESHI
Ashta

Sir—Your solution to the problem (that Bihar should be administered by outsiders for a decade) is absurd for the following reasons: it supposes that some Indians are more virtuous than others; while the truth is that all of us have been nurtured in the same culture which made Bihar what it is today. You try scratching the other States and you will find much the same story. I hope you do not suggest a similar solution for the whole country! You probably felt obliged to offer some solution where there was none.

B. RAVINDRANATH
Mysore

Sir—It is not just Bihar that is sick, the whole nation is so.

N.C. BARVE
Sakharwadi

Sir—I do not agree with your concluding remarks that non-Biharis are needed to give this State a facelift. What is needed is a drastic revision of the present electoral system so that able Biharis, who are no doubt in abundance, reach the top spots. This can put the numerous Sadanand Singhs and Jagannath Mishras in their right places.

PRAVIR KRISHNA
Patna

A Pilgrim's Progress

by Dr Saryu Doshi

The ascent to the top of the Indragiri hill is steep and tortuous. As a pilgrim climbs up this path to reach Gomateshwara, he enters a state of elation, of detachment and a liberation from mundane human relations.

—Saryu Doshi

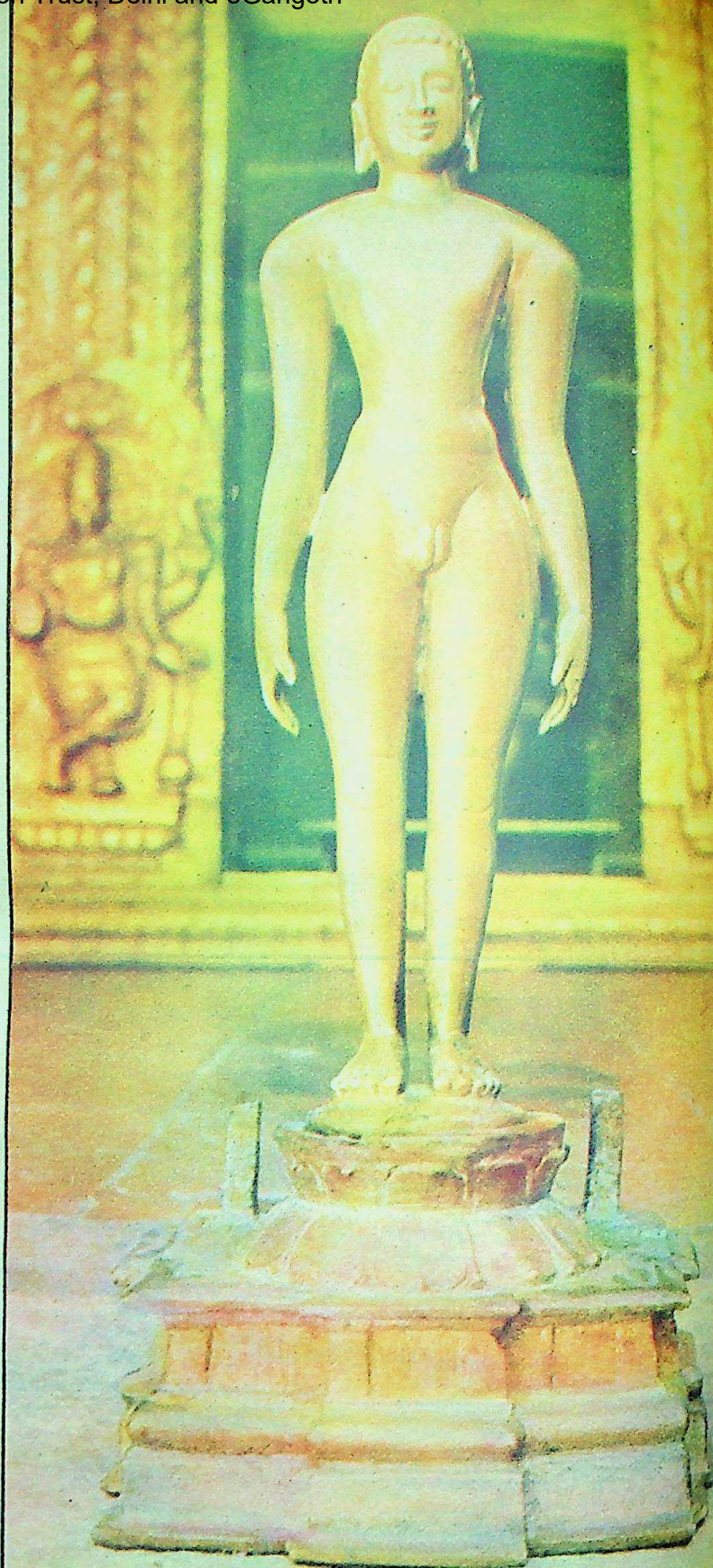


DEVI KHUSHAMANDINI adorned in flowers and jewels is the patron deity at Sravanabelagola.

ORNAMENTAL BRONZE (above right) belonging to the 10th century.

PADUKAS (right) at Sravanabelagola.

Jain Special



—Saryu Doshi

—Lance Dane



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In the evanescent stillness of dawn there was scarcely anyone about in the village; the streets were quiet and still slumbering and only an occasional window glowed with lamplight. The quietude of the early morning was broken by the notes of the *shehnai* and the beat of the drum. This was a daily event in the Jain *matha* temple, a matinal to wake the gods and men to greet the auspicious beginning of another day.

Nestling between two hills, the town owes its name to two distinctive features associated with the larger hill — the image of Gomateshwara on its summit and the pool of water at its base. The term *Sravanabelagola*, translates as the naked ascetic and the white pond. With a crenellated wall around, ornamental gateways and steps leading down to the water, this beautiful pond must have been once a shimmering sheet of water between the boulder-covered twin hills set amid the lush green countryside with its paddy-fields and groves of coconut and areca palms.

The way up to the top of the Indragiri hill lay over the barren hillside, its expanse unrelieved by boulders or any growing thing. The ascent was steep and as I went up I began to feel I was leaving everything behind, and this emotional state was not one of desolation but of elation, of detachment and liberation from mundane ties and human relations. It was an upliftment of the soul.

The steps, cut into the dark hillside, led into a stone enclosure encircling the upper slopes of the hill. For me it was like stepping into the inner recesses of the self and, anxious not to break the spell, I continued past the Odegal Basti picturesquely buttressed by stone slab, and the Chaturvimsati Basti—an offering in stone by the pilgrims of Rajasthan.

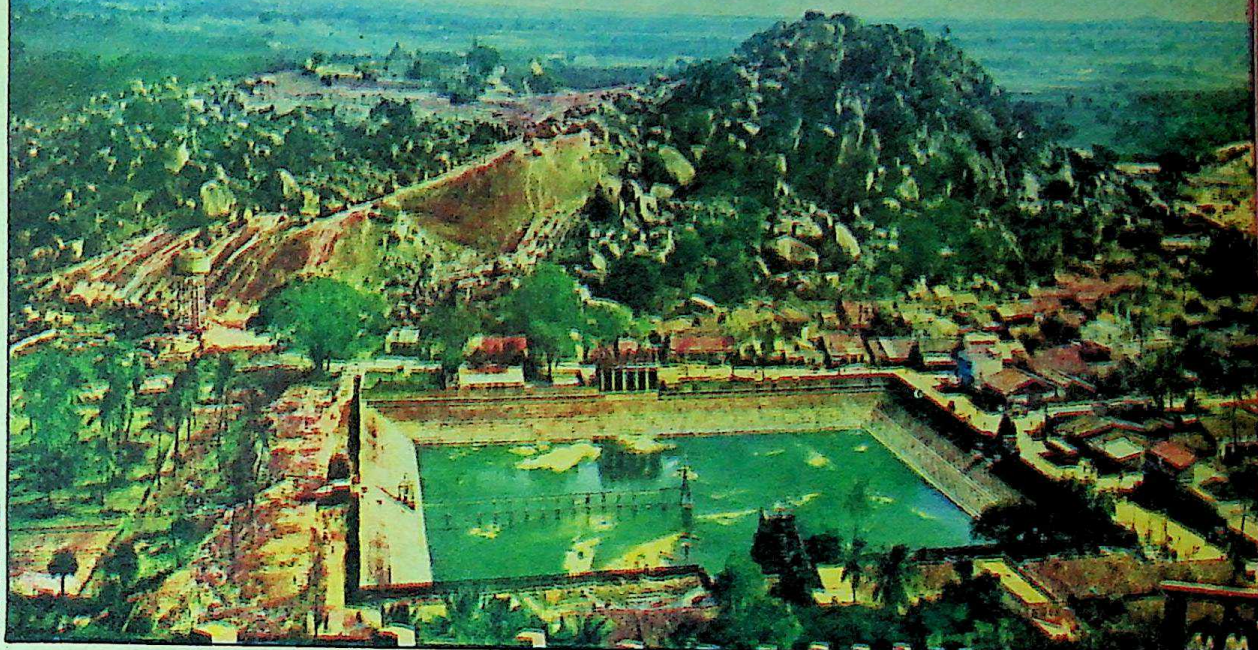
Slowly I climbed up the high steps to the landing with its pillared pavilion from where the stairway angled up to the summit, terminating at the portal of the outer courtyard of the Gomateshwara Temple.

Upon entering the open-air *suttalaya* temple I saw the awe-inspiring image of Gomateshwara in its totality. It was a moment of total communion, for my innermost self lay bare, like the sky-clad naked *muni*. It was a brief moment of self-revelation — the end of a journey.

I sat there in the courtyard at the feet of the statue and under the open sky. The priest performed the *puja*, all the while chanting *mantras* in a soothing entrancing monotone. In a way I felt lesser because I could not share the devotion and the piety of the other pilgrims present there — my approach was too cerebral, lacking in faith.

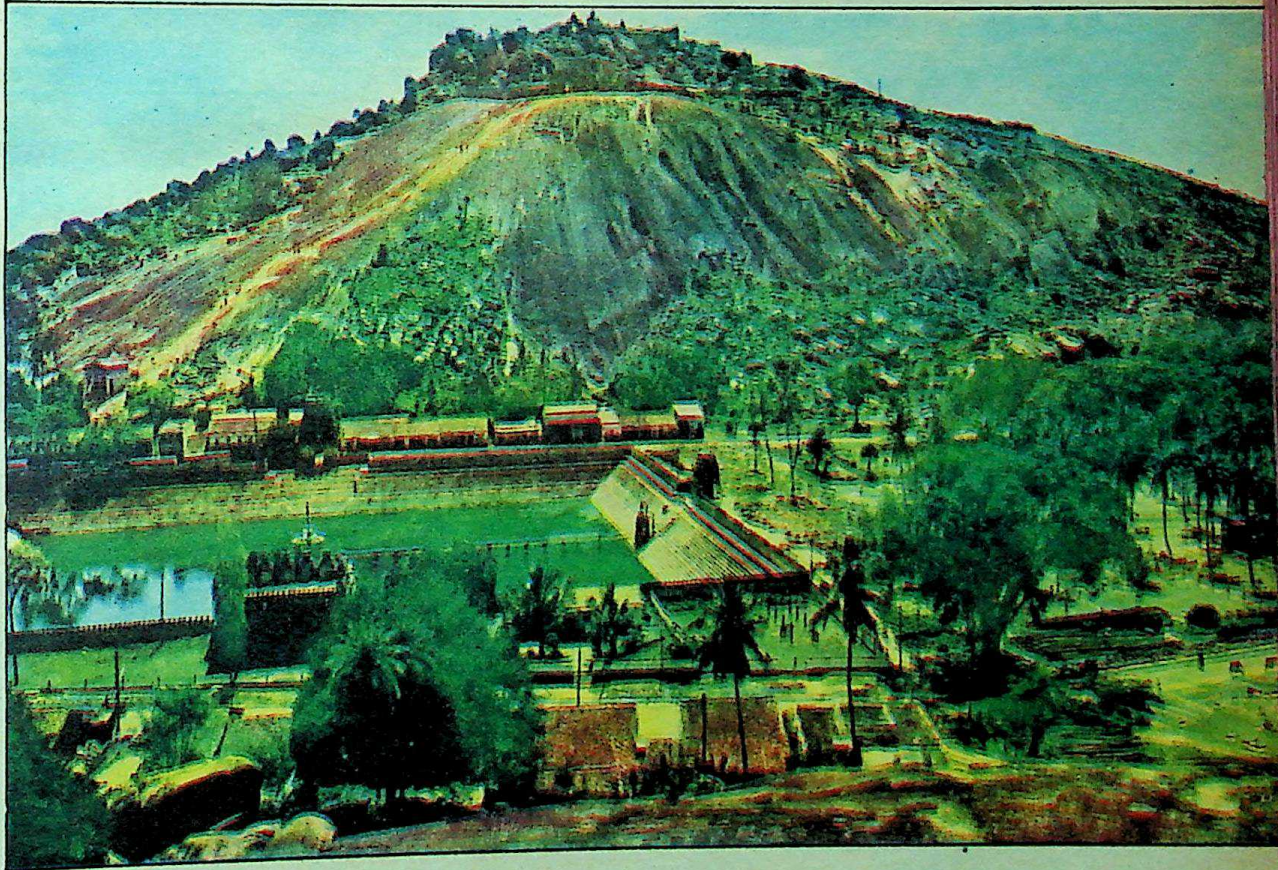
Anxious to be one of them I joined them and accompanied them around the circumambulatory passage of the open-air temple offering worship to the 24 Tirthankars and other gods and goddesses all carved ornately in black stone.

S.N. Kulkarni



CHANDRAGIRI HILL is a sacred place for the pilgrims because Bhadrabahu performed penance there. The hill is named after Emperor Chandragupta Maurya who was attending on Bhadrabahu.

—Saryu Doshi

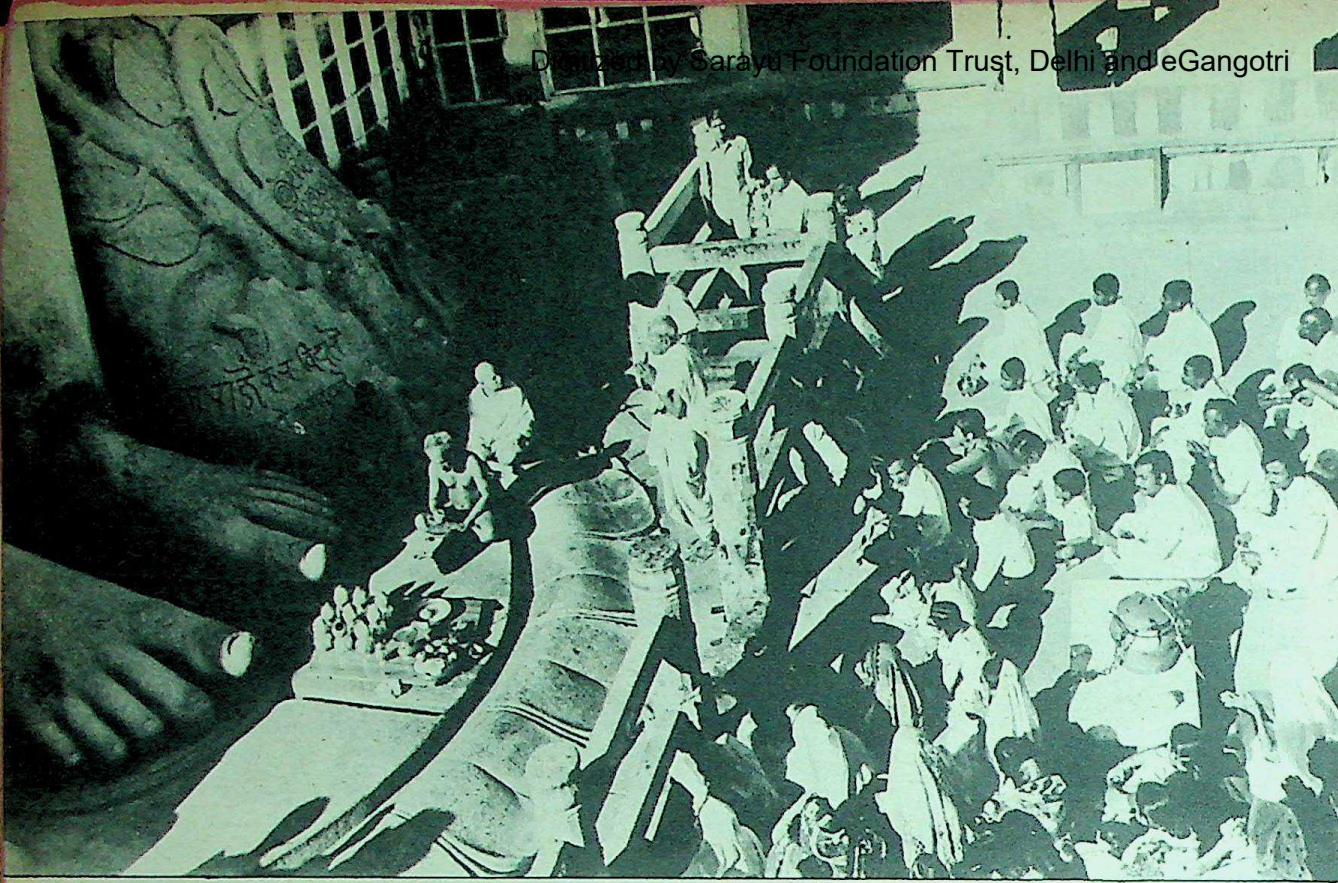


—Lance Dase



INDRAGIRI HILL: The imposing statue of Gomateshwara stands atop this hill which overlooks the Shveta-Sarovara.

◀ **DEVOTEES** walking up the Indragiri hill. On the morning of the *Mahamastakabhisheka*, thousands of pilgrims will gather to watch the colourful ritual.



In the outer courtyard of the temple we stopped to pay homage to Gullakayyaji, the poor old lady whose form Goddess Kushamandini had assumed to subdue Chamundaraya's arrogance and feeling of self-importance at having commissioned such a splendid image of the Lord Bahubali.

Chamundaraya's Footprints

As is to be expected, certain spots, motifs and monuments on this hill are closely associated with Chamundaraya. Outside the larger courtyard of the Gomateshwara temple, for instance, there is a huge boulder which, apparently, bears the imprint of Chamundaraya's feet. It is claimed that he stood there for so long and for so many days watching the progress of work on the statue that his feet made indentations on the rock. Another motif connected with Chamundaraya is the horse-rider carved in high relief on a pillar of the pavilion on the stairway leading from the summit to the Akhanda Bagilu. It is supposedly his portrait. Further down is the Tyagada Pillar which marks the place from where Chamundaraya made daily payments in gold, weight for weight, for the stone chipped away while carving the image. A *pujari* informed us that, owing to his many pious deeds, Chamundaraya was superior to other mortals and could construct a pillar which did not touch the ground, and proved the point by passing a thin piece of cloth under the pillar.

At this point in our descent down the hill, we deviated from the route taken while coming up the hill. Turning left, we went towards the stone *mandapa* and the Channana Basti with its *manasthambha*. From there we descended down the hill and on reaching the ground we began the circumambulation round the hill reciting prayers and *mantras* as we went along. I bade farewell to the group and returned to the town and its morning bustle.

At the Tyagi Nivas, I joined my cousins who had been busy preparing food for the *muni* who was spending some time at Sravanabelagola. To serve food to a Jain monk is considered to be an act of great merit. The Digambara Jain monk, having renounced everything in life, possesses nothing, wears no clothes sleeps on a plank, eats food from the hollow of his hands examining every morsel for impurities and observing total silence during the meal. The entire procedure — of inviting the monk to partake food, the serving of different items and the sequence in which they are offered — is almost ritualistic in the systematic manner in which it is performed and the solemnity that surrounds it.

The Bhandari Basti, the largest temple in town, is situated in a high-walled courtyard. As we went through its pillared *mandapas* we could hear the monotonous incantations of a long *puja* in progress. The 24 Jina images sculpted in black stone and standing in one row very gradually assumed concrete shape in the dim interior of the *sanctum sanctorum*. The line of images was a grandly conceived scheme and very effective too, for the images, whether seen singly or collectively, were superb artistic creations — forever beautiful.

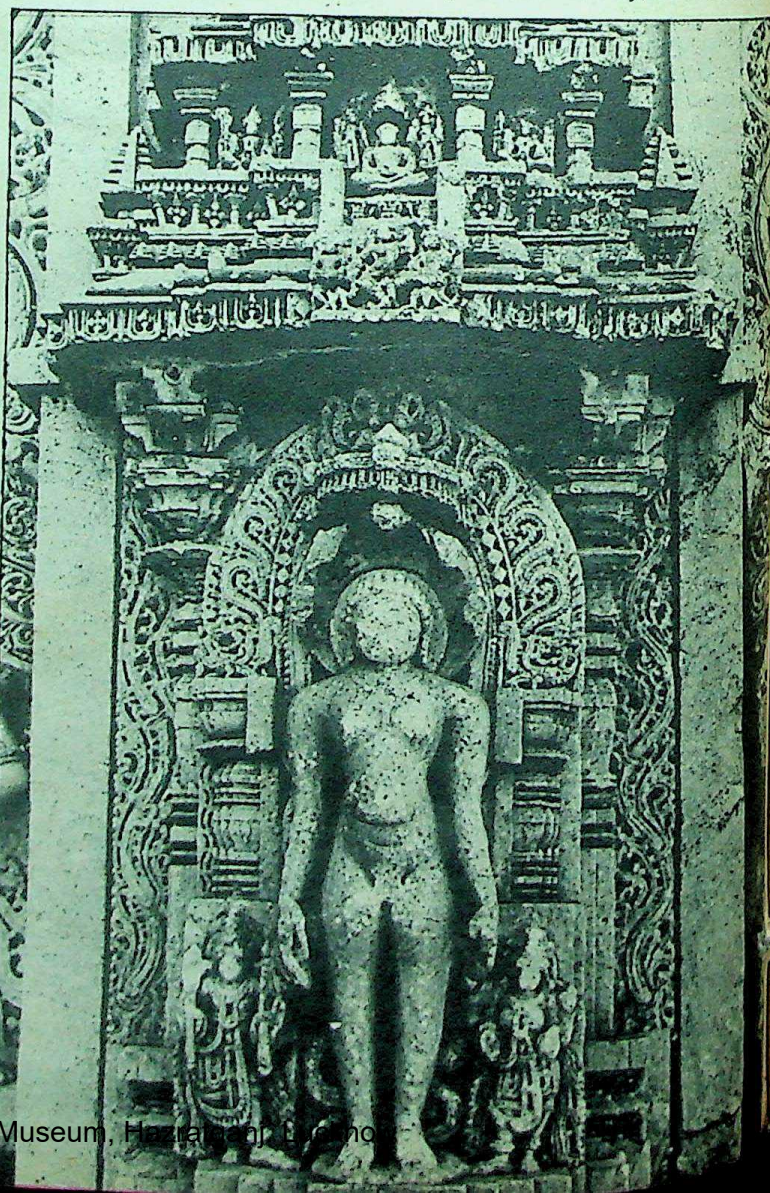
For lunch, we went to the *matha* dining area where all pilgrims would eat without any discrimination of class or creed. All of us sat on the floor, in a line along the walls of the dining hall and ate the simple wholesome fare with relish.

Treasures of Precious Stones

We then went for the *darshan* of Bhattaraka Swami Charukirti, the religious head of Sravanabelagola. Many pilgrims were present there and with all of them he struck an immediate rapport with his winning personality and austere but pleasant demeanour. A special representative from the *bhattaraka's* establishment

PADAPUJA OF GOMATESHWARA. Jain holy men and pilgrims perform the sacred rites on the Indragiri hill.

JINA FIGURE (12th century) at Shantishvara Basadi at Jinanathpura.



came with us to the *matha* for the *Siddhanta darshana*—the viewing of the images fashioned out of rubies, emeralds and precious stones. There were several of them, gleaming with translucent beauty in the dimly-lit room.

We spent hours in the *matha* admiring and examining the several metal images that were arranged both sides of the *sanctum sanctorum*. There were beautiful icons of standing Tirthankar figures unadorned and in deep meditation. One of them—a magnificent piece—was over a thousand years old, others ranged in date from about AD 1500 to the present time. It was however the later images that immediately arrested one's attention with their flamboyance and grandeur. Apart from these there were many pieces which were used for ritual purposes and were therefore of great interest.

This *matha* was at one time the residence of the *bhattaraka* and since this position is that of a religious ruler the building, like a palace, had been decorated with frescoes. On one entire wall was featured the life of Parshvanatha portraying his last birth and the nine births prior to that. On the other side were scenes from the story of Nagakumara. And what was fascinating about these paintings, apart from their religious significance, was that they were set in the Karnataka of the 18th and 19th centuries—the architecture, the costumes and jewellery, the army with its various contingents including a cannon corps all belonged to that period. Obviously, the artist did not

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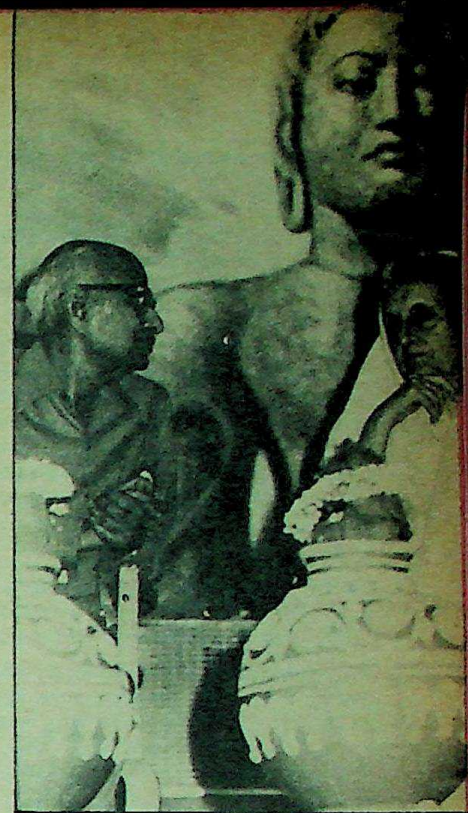
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PRIME MINISTER INDIRA GANDHI WITH SHRIYANS PRASAD JAIN (right) at a ceremony held in Delhi to mark the Mahamastakabhisheka. (above) The Amritakalash was to be taken in a procession in 110 villages before it reached Sravanabelagola.

think the depiction in any way anachronistic and in the process has left a permanent picture of his times.

Later, in the afternoon, we proceeded to the Chandragiri hill known also as the Chikka Betta. The road to it lay through the town starting from the Bhandari Basti and along the narrow uneven lane lined with several temples including the Akkana Basti. Situated at the base of the boulder-strewn hill the Akkana Basti is a poem in architecture with excellent proportions and sober cadences in its wall surfaces.

Ornamental Architecture

The road wound around the base of the hill skirting the ponds with white waterlilies. More numerous and larger in olden days than now, it was these pools of water that made the place renowned for its *shveta-sarovara* (white lake) and gave it the name of Belagola. We walked on the rocky terrain and came upon the Kanchina Done, the lotus pond with large flowers and huge curling leaves. A high protective stone wall ran around the plateau on which were built several *bastis*, some of them rather plainly austere, others more ornamental and truly fine pieces of architecture.

Walking on this hill was almost sacrilege, for one was treading on rock surface which was covered with sacred symbols. Most of them were epitaphs inscribed on stone.

Occasionally they took the form of footprints carved on the rock surface. Some of them had eroded with time and the wear and tear inflicted by the pilgrims shuffling over them.

Although Sravanabelagola is known for the Gomateshwara statue atop the Indragiri hill, it is the hill of Chandragiri which is holier to the pilgrim. For him its importance dates back to the third century BC when Shrutakevalin Bhadrabahu, the last

pontiff in the line, started by Tirthankar Mahavira himself, foresaw a famine overtaking the land of Magadha and moved southwards with 12,000 followers. When they came to this hill, Bhadrabahu, realising that his life was nearing its end and wishing to perform *sallekhana*, instructed his followers to proceed and stayed back on this hill. With him was his disciple

Chandragupta Maurya who attended upon him till the end.

After Bhadrabahu's death, it is said that Chandragupta continued to live on the hill, served by forest dieties, and worshipping the footprints of his preceptor. He too died observing *sallekhana* and "in course of time, 700 rishis accomplished *samadhi-marana* here," informs a 7th-century inscription, the most

ancient of all lithic writing engraved on the hill.

Because of its close association with these holy persons the Chandragiri hill itself became sacred, absorbing and imbibing as it were their spirituality and then radiating it. More and more persons, thus, came to observe the ritual of *sallekhana* on its hallowed rocks and boulders. Even if an individual performed

Chandragupta Maurya And Sravanabelagola

THE importance of Sravanabelagola as a religious place of the Jains goes back to ancient times, to the third century BC when Shrutakevalin Bhadrabahu came from distant Pataliputra to the southern regions.

It is said that Acharya Bhadrabahu, acquired with the nature of eight-fold omens and a seer of the past, present and future, foretold in Ujjaini that there will be a famine for 12 years. With the entire samgha of 12,000 followers he set out to the Dakshinapatha and reached by degrees "a country consisting of many hundreds of villages and filled with happy people, wealth, gold, grain and herds of cows, buffaloes, goats and sheep".

When they reached the place now known as Sravanabelagola, Bhadrabahu sensing that his end was near bade farewell to his followers and dismissed the samgha in its entirety and in the company of a single disciple "mortifying his body on the wide expanse of the cold rocks, accomplished *samadhi*".

This disciple was none other than the Emperor Chandragupta Maurya who worshipped daily the footprints of his preceptor and continued to live on this high-peaked hill "with rocks dark as a mass of great water-laden clouds and variegated with the embellishment of bunches of flowers and fruits of various choice trees, and with extensive low lands, valleys, ravines, great caverns and inaccessible places filled with herds of boars, panthers, tigers, bears, hyenas, snakes and deer".

According to the inscriptions carved on the rock surface of this hill Chandragupta Maurya was served by forest dieties, and at an appropriate time, like his guru, died while observing the vow of *sallekhana* or ritual emaciation of the body. "And in course of time" says the earliest lithic record inscribed in the dark hard rock of the hill, "seven hundred rishis or saints similarly accomplished *samadhi*".

Several inscriptions at Sravanabelagola refer to this tradition of Bhadrabahu and Chandragupta. Written during the 7th and 8th century AD, they reveal the implicit faith and care with which this legend was handed down from one generation to another from the third century BC. The persistence of this belief as well as the fact that certain spots at Sravanabelagola are associated specifically with Chandragupta Maurya and Bhadrabahu serve to support the veracity of the tradition.

S.D.



FOOTPRINTS ON CHANDRAGIRI depicting the *Sallekhana*—emaciation till death—performed by ascetics.

Gomata

BAHUBALI, the second son of the first Tirthankar, Rishabha is also called Bhujabali—he with the strong arms. In Karnataka Bahubali is known by various names like Dorbali, Kukkuta Jina and Gomateshwara or Gomata.

Bahubali is most widely known as Gomata meaning that which is beautiful or excellent. The Jain scriptures describe Bahubali as being extremely handsome and for that reason he is often alluded to as Manmatha or Kamadeva signifying cupid. In the process of change that is inevitable in the structure of language the word Manmatha became Gomata in Prakrit and Gomata in Kannada to Gomata in colloquial usage. Even today gomata means beautiful in Konkani and in Marathi where it is often used in conjunction with gore—the fair one. Also the phrase gora-gomata is employed as an adjective more for men than for women.

In this connection it is interesting to note that Chamundaraya, the man who commissioned the carving of this statue was known as Gomata Raya on account of his pleasing personality. Now, in Karnataka it was not unusual for a temple or shrine to be connected with the name of the person who had it constructed.

Yet another explanation equates the word gomata with kumata or the summit of the hill, and Gomateshwara as meaning the Lord of the hillock. This statue was so awe-inspiring that three more were modelled on it. One of these is at Karkala set up by the rulers at Karkala in 1432 AD. It is 41.5 feet high and was taken up to its position on top of the hillock by a train of 20 iron carts furnished with steel wheels. In 1604 AD, Timaraja set up at Venur an image of Gomateshwara that was 35 feet high.

These statues are among the most remarkable in the world due to their immensity and the fact that they are carved as free standing images from a single monolithic block of stone.

S.D.

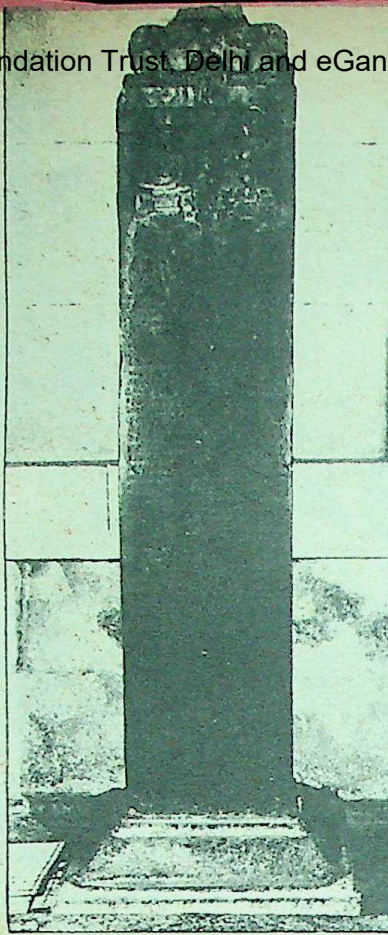
sallekhana elsewhere, it was not unusual for his nishidhi, commemorative motif or tablet to be put here at Sravanabelagola. Nishidhis in the form of inscriptions and footprints are found all over the rock surface of this hill while the

nishidhi pillars are enshrined in mandapas or in the basadis.

Outside the enclosure on a higher slope of the hill near a grove of champaka trees was a low shallow cave enshrining the footprints of

NISHIDHI PILLAR at Parshvanath Basadi.

Bhadrabahu the great teacher. Still higher, on a peak on the same hill, were two sets of footprints—one supposedly marking the spot where Bhadrabahu meditated and the other, the nishidhi of Chandragupta Maurya.



Jain Special

On the way down we came across more nishidhis and it was not a matter of surprise that this hill was known from ancient times as the Hill of Tombs. What a wonderful contrast it was then to see the little village children laughing and shouting in glee as they went sliding down the steep lower slope of this hill.

It was evening, and we went to the various bastis in the town of Sravanabelagola for darshan. We lingered long in the Mangayi Basti listening to the evening prayers being recited by the children of the Sravanabelagola Jain Gurukul. Seated in neat rows they sang hymns to the various Tirthankars finishing with Gomateshwara stutih—a song in praise of Gomateshwara.

From there we went to the matha where the evening arati was in progress. A special prayer was being said in honour of the Goddess Kushamandini, the patron goddess of Sravanabelagola, who was dressed and decorated in jewels and flowers. The temple musicians played the shehnai and the drums to mark the end of another day.

The pilgrims, tired and fulfilled, dispersed, going to different dharmashalas to rest, and gradually the townsfolk also retired for the night. Even the village dogs stopped barking as darkness enveloped the little town.

Courtesy: Marg Publications

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MAHAMASTAKABHISHEKA

The time-honoured tradition of performing the Mahamastakabhisheka continues even today, on a stupendous scale and with no less enthusiasm.

by Dr B. V. Sirur

MASTAKABHISHEKA or the anointment ceremony of the idol of Gomata in Sravanabelagola is one of the most important features of the religious rites and rituals of the Jains, which they perform with great pomp every 12 years. This ceremony was first started a thousand years ago by General Chamundaraya, who installed the statue of Bahubali (or Gomata) on the Indragiri hill.

The monolith of Gomata at Sravanabelagola, in Hassan district, Karnataka, is the tallest known specimen of Jain iconographical art. The statue in all its extreme simplicity, is a landmark in Indian architecture. Fifty-seven feet high, the statue of Bahubali is carved from one rock atop an isolated hill 3,347 feet above sea level. The figure, carved in fine-grained light grey granite, has remained untouched. Even today, it looks as bright and clean as the day the carver first took up his chisel to shape it.

The figure is a picture of serenity. The hair is curled in short spherical ringlets all over the head, while the ears are long and large. The statue has been treated conventionally—the shoulders being very broad and the arms hanging straight down the sides, with the thumbs turned outwards. The waist is narrow and from the knees downwards, the legs are somewhat dwarfed. The image is majestic though not particularly elegant.

The statue has been widely appreciated by foreigners. The Duke of Wellington was astonished at the amount of labour involved in its superior workmanship. Mr Fergusson, the distinguished archaeologist, says: "Nothing grander or more imposing exists out of Egypt and there is no known statue to surpass it in height." The *Imperial Gazetteer* praised it as a "wonder of the world".

The statue was installed in 981 AD by Chamundaraya, a general and minister of Rachamalla, the Ganga

king. As Gomata was one of the names of Chamundaraya, the image of Bahubali is known as Gomateshwara.

The Legend

According to legend, Bahubali had renounced the world and attained salvation. Bharata, his brother, erected a golden statue in his memory at Ponderapura. Chamundaraya's mother vowed to undertake a pilgrimage to the holy statue of Bahubali with her son. Halting at Sravanabelagola during their journey, Chamundaraya had a strange dream about the difficulties which they would experience on their way to Ponderapura. He dreamt that by striking an arrow at Vidyapuri, he would get the statue at Sravanabelagola. Chamundaraya struck a golden arrow and found the image in the midst of the boulders. It had an inscription which stated that it had been worshipped by Rama and Ravana.

Whatever might be the legend, it is true that the statue of Gomata was erected by Chamundaraya. Kannada, Tamil and Marathi inscriptions on its pedestal support this thesis. After the installation, Chamundaraya decided to perform the Mahamastakabhisheka, the great head-anointing ceremony on the image of Gomata. It requires a certain conjunction of the planets for the observation of the ceremony. In the year 981 AD, Chamundaraya collected thousands of pots of milk, sugar, butter and honey, which were poured on the head of the image by priests on a scaffolding. To the surprise of the onlookers, the liquid would not flow beyond the waist of the image. Chamundaraya was worried.

At that moment a celestial nymph, Kushmandini, appeared in the form of an old woman with a small white herb in her hand and requested Chamundaraya to pour the milk on the statue. As the milk was poured again it covered the colossal image completely and flowed into a pond down the hill. The old woman was named Gullakayajji and her image was installed in front of Bahubali.

The holy Mahamastakabhisheka perhaps commemorates the visit and stay of King Chandragupta Maurya with his guru, Bhadrabahu, in Sravanabelagola for 12 years, when drought and famine ravaged Northern India. There are some records mentioning the performing of Mahamastakabhishekas held so far. Inscription No 105 in Sravanabelagola, for instance, refers

to a Mahamastakabhisheka held in 1398. Another inscription states that Panditarya, a Jain guru of Sravanabelagola, performed seven ceremonies. The last anointment was in 1967. Seventy-one such rites have been performed in the last thousand years according to the records.

Impressive Account

An account of the Mahamastakabhisheka in 1887, gives a true picture of the ceremony even as it is performed today. "14th March was the day of anointing for the statue of Gomateshwara. It was a great day, in anticipation of which 20,000 pilgrims gathered there from all parts of India ... on the great day, the 14th, people began to ascend the hill even before dawn in the hope of securing good places from which they could watch the ceremony. Among them were a large number of women and girls. By 10 o'clock all available space in the temple enclosure was filled. Opposite the idol an area of 40 sq ft was covered with bright yellow paddy, on which were placed 1,000 brightly painted earthen pots, filled with sacred water, covered with coconuts, and adorned with mango leaves. Above the image was a scaffolding on which stood several priests, each having pots filled with ghee, milk, curds, etc. At a signal from the Kolhapur Swami, the Master of Ceremonies, the contents of these vessels were poured simultaneously over the head of the idol. In the final anointing, fifteen different substances were used, namely water, coconut meal, plantains, etc ... With gold and silver flowers were mixed nine varieties of precious gems, and silver coins amounting to Rs 500 completed the offering."

The Mahamastakabhisheka of 1981 is the twin celebration of the 1,000th year of the installation of the statue of Bahubali and its Mahamastakabhisheka. Nearly 10 lakh people are expected from different parts of the country and abroad. Last time tourists from America, Germany and England were among the onlookers.

The ceremony will be performed under the guidance of Shri Elacharya Mahaswamiji who arrived at Sravanabelagola on foot, four months ago from North India. The Jana Mangala Mahakalasa started its epic journey from Delhi on September 29, 1980, and is expected to arrive at Sravanabelagola on February 20. The Government of Karnataka is believed to be spending Rs four crores on the celebrations.



THE ELEGANT STATUE OF GULLAKAYAJJI

The Story Of Bahubali

A narration of how the Gomata defied his elder brother Bharata during the latter's *digvijaya*.

by L.C. Jain

Other territories were similarly assigned to his remaining sons to rule independently.

Though Bharata was ordained from his birth to become a *chakravarti*, this status could be achieved only after completion of his *digvijaya*—"conquest of the world". This moment had to await the appearance of a *chakra*, a divine discus, in his armoury. A day came when the *chakra* appeared coinciding with two other auspicious events for Bharata—attainment of *kevalgnan*—omniscience, by his father, Rishabh Deva and the birth of a son to Bharata's queen.

Having celebrated these events, Bharata started on his *digvijaya* with the *chakra* heading his great and invincible army. It was a great march and the conquest complete. When his victorious army led by the *chakra* returned and was about to enter the outskirts of Ayodhya, the *chakra* made a sudden halt and would not proceed further. Consequently the army too had to stop. The news was conveyed to Bharata who was at the rear. He came forward to find out for himself why the *chakra* would not enter Ayodhya. Would his *digvijaya* remain incomplete? One of his ministers had an explanation to offer. His brothers' territories had yet to be recovered by the *chakra*.

"They are my brothers. Let my messengers proceed immediately with an affectionate invitation to all of them to participate in the rejoicings of my *digvijaya*," commanded Bharata. A wise and sagacious messenger was specially sent to Bahubali. None of the brothers was willing to submit to Bharata's dominance. The other ninety-eight brothers approached Rishabh Deva to find a solution to their predicament. They were advised to renounce the world of conflict and violence by becoming *munis* and to lead a life of *dharma*, which they did likewise. But it was Bahubali who decided to defy his elder brother, whose ambition and avarice could not spare the independence and individual dignity, even of his own younger brother.

Interesting Dialogue

It was an interesting dialogue that took place between Bahubali and Bharata's messenger.

"Your revered elder brother, Sir, feels sad that this invitation has been delayed due to his preoccupation with the *digvijaya* which has been successful so far. He feels that there is no joy in achieving *digvijaya* unless it is shared by you, his Kamdeva brother of great prowess. It is but natural that the elder brother should expect his younger brother's company on such an auspicious occasion."

"True, but the invitation is not from an elder brother, but from a king who wants obedience from the king of Podanpur to complete his *digvijaya*,"

A VIEW of the hill on which the statue of Bahubali (above) stands. The township of Sravanabelagola can be seen in the foreground.

description who saw to it that there was absolutely no break in the dance and the change went unnoticed by the courtiers.

"So ephemeral, so uncertain is life," reflected Rishabh Deva, "and so much remains to be done in that other domain of spirit which reveals values more real and lasting, and ways which lead to an eternal life of peace and perfection, achieved through cessation of the cycles of births and deaths which bring manifold miseries."

Having decided to renounce the world Rishabh Deva anointed Bharata, his elder son, as the king of Ayodhya and his second son, Prince Bahubali, as the ruler of Podanpur.

kingdom at Ayodhya to his son Rishabh.

Rishabh Deva taught his people the art of *asi* (wielding a sword in defence), *masi* (art of writing), *krishi* (agriculture), *vanijya* (barter and commerce), *vidya* (literature and arts) and *shilpa* (crafts).

Among Rishabh Deva's hundred sons, the first two—Bharata and Bahubali—occupy a prominent place. The names of his two daughters Brahmi and Sundari too, are mentioned in the context of their education by Rishabh Deva in scripture, numerology and the fine arts.

The story goes that once when Rishabh Deva was witnessing the dance of a heavenly damsel, Nilanjana, sent by Indra, Rishabh alone saw how Nilanjana suddenly breathed her last and disappeared like a waft of camphor. But Indra managed to replace Nilanjana with another *apsara* of the same

To place Bahubali in proper perspective one must go back to the time when Rishabh Deva, the first Tirthankar of Jain lore, evolved a unique social order for mankind and laid down the foundations of literature, the arts and crafts. He is also known as Adinath, Adi Brahma and Prajapati. Obviously, he did this when the world was taking a turn from *bhoga bhumi* to *karma bhumi*. *Bhoga bhumi* indicated the age of enjoyment when man got all that he wanted, in fact, all that he wished for, from nature through its *kalpa vrikshas*—the wish-fulfilling trees.

As time passed, these *kalpa vrikshas* began to dry up and a whole series of new, natural phenomena gripped mankind with fear. At the turn of each such major change, there appeared a Manu or Kulkar—a wise man and leader, who guided his tribe to overcome disasters and ride over the rough tides of change. Nabhi Raj was the last of the Kulkars, who handed over the command of his

said Bahubali. "Tell King Bharata that I am an independent ruler and want to maintain my independence without any hindrance."

"The tradition of your family, honoured Sir, has been to guard the sacredness of Ayodhya—the city which has so far seen no *yuddha* (war). Now that Raja Rajeshwar Bharata has acquired the divine *chakra*, he has become invincible. The *chakra* brooks no opposition, and so also his *danda*, an infallible weapon of punishment."

"What, *chakra* and *danda*! Doesn't a potter have these implements—a wheel and a rod to carry on his profession?"

"Permit me to say, Sir, that whereas this attitude of yours will invite war against Podanpur, your homage to the *chakravarti* will win you favours and will add to your territories."

"Get out of here, you insolent fellow. Let there be war if that is what your master desires. Make him understand that he has more land than he can manage and that I am as much a beneficiary of our father's land as he is. We are kings of equal status. That's all."

Thus the *chakra* remained suspended at the portals of Ayodhya; preparations for war started and gradually the two armies gathered face to face to strike at a moment's notice. Horrified at the prospect, the senior ministers of the two sides

joined hands to decide how to maintain peace among the two brothers.

The scheme they came up with was to persuade the two brothers to enter into a three-fold combat of *drishti yuddha* (combat through unflinching gaze) *jala yuddha* (combat in water through overpowering splashes) and *malla yuddha* (a wrestling bout).

Bahubali, who was taller and stronger, defeated Bharata hands down in the first two combats. Still easier appeared the third combat when Bahubali, after a few moments of wrestling lifted Bharata over his shoulders and was about to throw him down with a crushing thud when a thought crossed his mind: "After all, he is my elder brother. There is a limit beyond which I cannot go." He put Bharata gently on the ground. Bharata had by now reached the zenith of defeat, dishonour and desperation. Infuriated to the extreme and losing all control over himself, Bharata summoned his divine disc (*chakra*) which functions only to kill. There was a roar of condemnation from all sides at this immoral act of Bharata.

The *chakra* set itself in motion, made three rounds of Bahubali's head and stood still. Bharata had forgotten in his anger that the divine *chakra* did not attack blood relations, much less real brothers. While Bharata stood bewildered and ashamed, Bahubali's

spontaneous reaction was to renounce a world of such hateful violence, greed and overpowering pride.

In the meantime Bharata, realising his folly and indiscretion and wanting to make amends, pleaded with Bahubali to stay and to take command of his empire as it was he who was the real victor, the real *chakravarti*. Shedding tears of remorse, Bharata went so far as to bow down before Bahubali.

But Bahubali's pride was so great that he became an ascetic but he would not go to the Tirthankar to get initiated in the order of *munis* where a guru is considered necessary. Perhaps he wanted to avoid paying obeisance to his younger brothers, as one particular version of the story suggests, who had acquired precedence over Bahubali because they had become *munis* earlier than him. These motives and mental reservations proved such a hurdle in the path of spiritual progress of Bahubali, that attainment of *kevalgnan* was thwarted, though he stood in a *kayotsarga* or *khadgasan* pose for one full year, in deep meditation, without moving even by one step.

Severe Penance

Moved by such severe penance, and perturbed by Bahubali's non-attainment of *kevalgnan*,

Bharata and his sisters approached their father Tirthankar Rishabh Deva for advice. The Tirthankar revealed that proud by nature as Bahubali was, perhaps his mind was disturbed by the thought that he had been standing on the land ruled by Bharata which made him a subject of his elder brother. He may also alternatively be feeling distressed at the thought that he had been responsible for inflicting pain to his elder brother. The three were therefore advised by Rishabh Deva to seek the affection and blessing of their brother.

When the three approached Bahubali in the forest they found him covered with creepers. Serpents had made burrows near his feet and birds had made nests in his matted hair. The two sisters began removing creepers from over his body and Bharata bent his head down in homage. "Dismount the elephant, dear brother," said one sister in all humility. Bahubali began to ponder over the words,

"Dismount the elephant", which kept reverberating in his mind.

The meaning suddenly dawned on Bahubali. Yes! The elephant of pride! In an instant *kevalgnan* lighted up the whole being of Bahubali.

Attainment of *nirvana* was not far behind. The event had its own glory in as much as Bahubali was the first to reach the goal of salvation even before the pathfinder, his father Rishabh Deva.

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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA, FEBRUARY 16, 1901

Jain Thought And Philosophy

More than a religion, Jainism is an ethical doctrine with rigorous self-discipline as its core.

THE origin of Jain thought goes back to very early times to those mysterious depths of consciousness which gave rise to primitive currents of Indian metaphysical speculation. From this very source emanated also other ancient Indian systems of philosophy such as the Samkhya, the Yoga and the Buddhist, and it is their common origin perhaps, that has left its imprint on all these different schools of thought. For, all of them are imbued with deep theological pessimism and are inspired by the same ideal—liberation.

The Jains regard life on earth as painful, a condition perpetuated indefinitely by the soul's transmigration from one incarnation to another. In order to free one's soul from this unending process of birth, decay and rebirth the Jains follow the path of the Three Jewels: Right Faith, Right Knowledge and Right Conduct. However, there can be no Right Conduct without Right Knowledge and no Right Knowledge without Right Faith. And to kindle Right Faith in one's self, one must first develop the *anekanta* attitude and grasp the fundamental religious, metaphysical and ethical aspects of Jain philosophy.

The Anekanta Attitude

Jain philosophy, which is based on life and experience, believes that the *anekanta* attitude, the many-sided approach, enables one to develop a proper perspective in life. The non-violent attitude of the Jains results from this approach.

Reality, according to the Jains, is many-sided. This belief is known as *anekantavada* and *nayavada* and *syadvada* are its two aspects. *Nayavada* declares that there are many points of view from which a thing can be looked at and that all these points of view are relative. Insistence on any one point of view as the only and absolute one will take a person away from reality. *Syadvada* is a logical consequence of *nayavada*. It deals with the various points of view from which one can look at reality comprehensively. Essentially *syadvada* is the recognition of the fact that there is a distinct possibility of reconciling the apparent contradictions of the whole. It gives seven ways in which a thing and its attributes can be described. Of these, the first three deal with the existence of a thing; of asserting the existence of a thing, of denying its existence in



other contexts, and of being able to see its different contexts simultaneously. For example, a building is a building, it is a house if used for purposes of residing, but it would not be a house if used as a godown for storing material. The remaining four classifications of *syadvada* deal with the indescribability of a thing. The first defines this quality of indescribability in a thing, the second the existence and indescribability of a thing, the third the non-existence and indescribability of a thing and the last the existence and non-existence combined with indescribability of a thing.

And, it is this *anekanta* view that has helped the Jains to maintain a spirit of tolerance towards other religions.

According to the Jains there are seven fundamental truths: *jiva*, *ajiva*, *asvara*, *samvara*, *bandha*, *nirjara* and *moksa*. The first two constitute the concept of duality, while the remaining five form the theory of *karma*.

Concept of Duality

One of the basic presuppositions underlying Jain philosophy is that the whole universe consists of a substance which can be classified into one or the other of two everlasting, uncreated, coexisting and independent categories: the *jiva* or *atman* (soul) and *ajiva* or the body (physical matter). The distinguishing

DWARAPAL AT SHANTINATH TEMPLE, Kambadahalli, is a fine example of Ganga sculpture.

PILGRIMS AT SRAVANABELAGOLA walking up the Indragiri hill.





PAINTING ON GLASS showing a Tirthankar. It belongs to the Mysore School.



WALL PAINTING depicting the life of Parshvanath—the 23rd Tirthankar.

characteristics of the *jiva* is its *chetana* (consciousness) while that of the *ajiva* is its non-consciousness. All beings, whether sentient or insentient, possess both *jiva* and *ajiva*—the *jiva* being the soul and the *ajiva* the physical body.

The *jiva* is eternal and immortal, but is neither all pervasive nor of a fixed size. At any given moment it is equal in extent to the body it occupies. And, since it enters a new body with each incarnation, it undergoes a change in its dimensions expanding or contracting to fit the body it is to inhabit "like the flame of a lamp whose light can fill a small room as well as a large hall". By virtue of this peculiar quality a *jiva* can range in size from the smallest atom to that of the whole universe. The *jiva* itself is formless and, therefore, cannot be perceived by the senses. It can only be

known through introspection and inference.

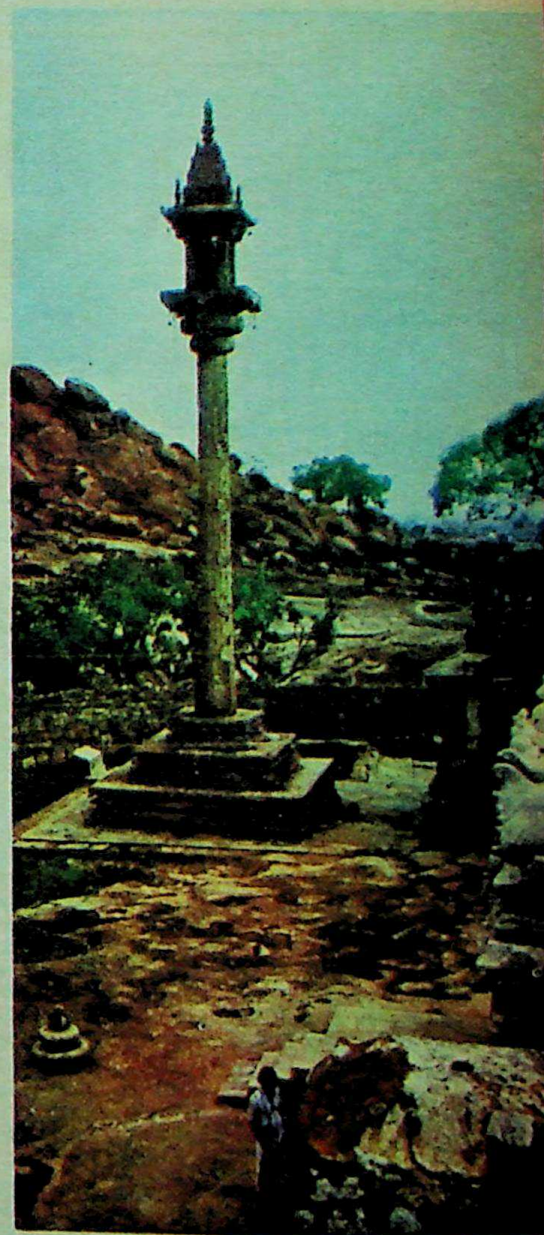
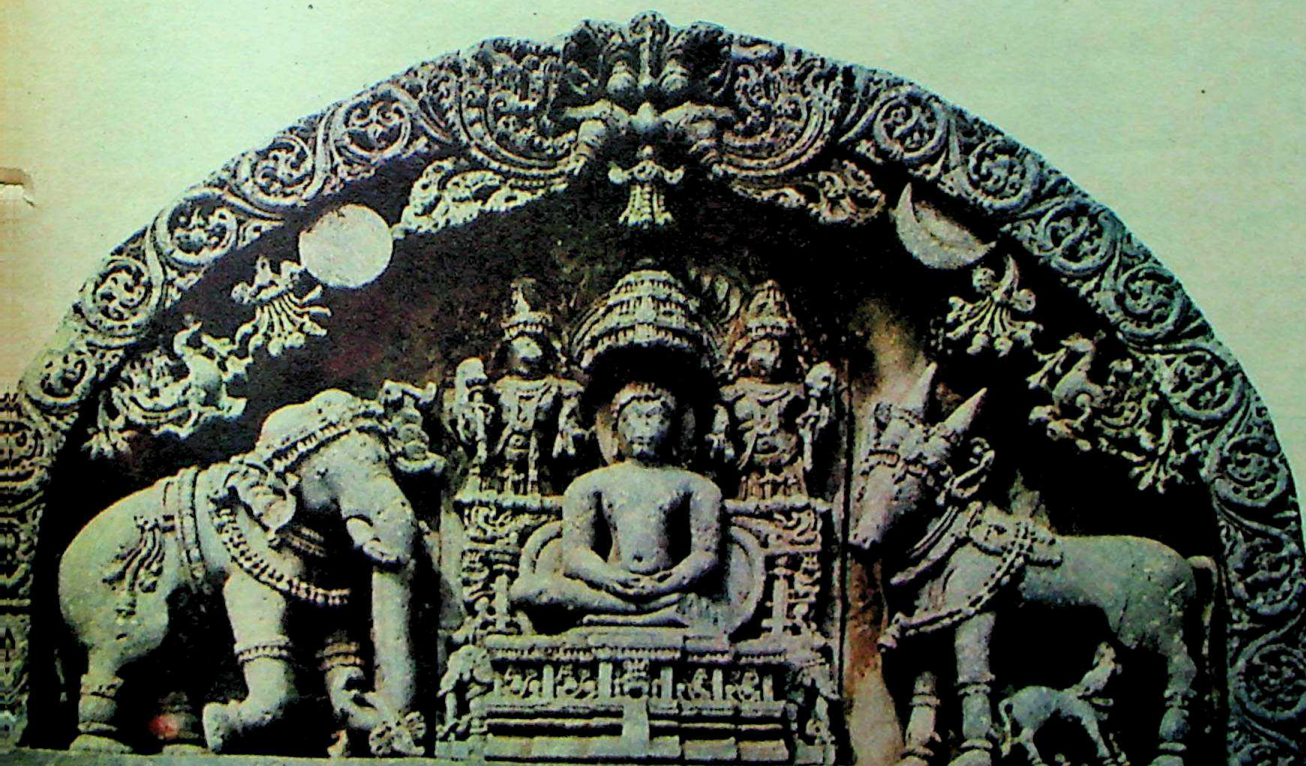
Ajiva has both form and formlessness. Its form is *pudgala* (gross matter) or elements that are perceptible to touch and possess taste, colour and smell. Its formless aspect is made up of qualities which give its body motion, or keep it motionless, give it concrete form in space, and with time, produce physical changes in it. Since the beginning, claim the Jains, every *jiva* has been tied to *ajiva*, and the bonds that hold them together are responsible for the continued existence of the *jiva* in *samsara* (cycle of rebirths). This is by definition a worldly *jiva* and distinct from the liberated *jiva* which is no longer subject to the processes of birth and death as it has succeeded in disassociating itself from *ajiva* by

dissolving the ties that once bound them together—the bonds of *karma*.

What is *karma*? Jainism, unlike other religious systems, does not define *karma* as "work" or "deed" but as subtle matter made up of infra-atomic particles which have the peculiar property of being able to enter a *jiva* and defiling it. When not affected by *karma* every *jiva* is radiant and perfect, possessing infinite perception, infinite knowledge, infinite power and infinite bliss. This pure state of perfection, however, is realised only by the liberated *jivas*, in all other *jivas* it is polluted by *karma* matter, its brightness obscured.

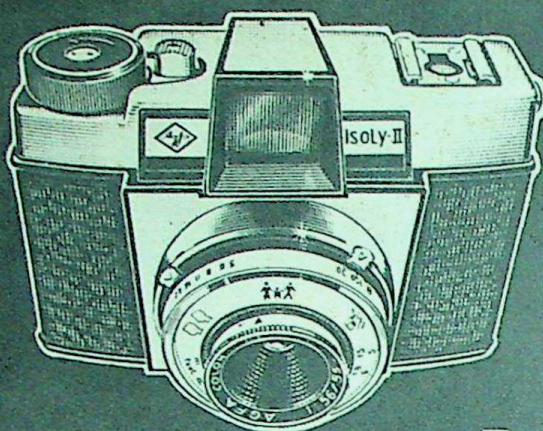
Karma Bondage

The theory of *karma*, which occupies a central position in Jain religious thought, describes *karma* matter as



MANASTHAMBHA: Pillars of this type are a unique feature of the temple architecture of Karnataka.

INSCRIPTION STONE of the Hoysala period projects an intricate style of architecture.



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subtle and imperceptible and existing everywhere—the whole cosmic space is full of it. And just as water flows into a lake through streams, *karma* matter flows into the soul through the various channels of its activities of the mind, body and speech. All actions of a *jiva*—irrespective of whether they are motivated by pious intentions or by sinful desires—lead to the inflow of *karma* matter into the soul. Pious activities produce *punya* (weal) or good *karma* and sinful activities give rise to *papa* (woe) or bad *karma*. But contrary to what one would expect, the two types of *karma* do not annul one another by cancelling each other out. Instead both pour into the *jiva* and attach themselves to it adding to its *karma* burden “just as grains of sand will fill a bag and weigh it down”.

Karma matter not only enters the *jiva* but wraps itself around it and as successive deposits of *karma* matter envelope the *jiva* they form a special body known as the *karmana-sharira* which not only clings to the *jiva* in all its transmigrations but is also instrumental in determining its physical form in its forthcoming birth.

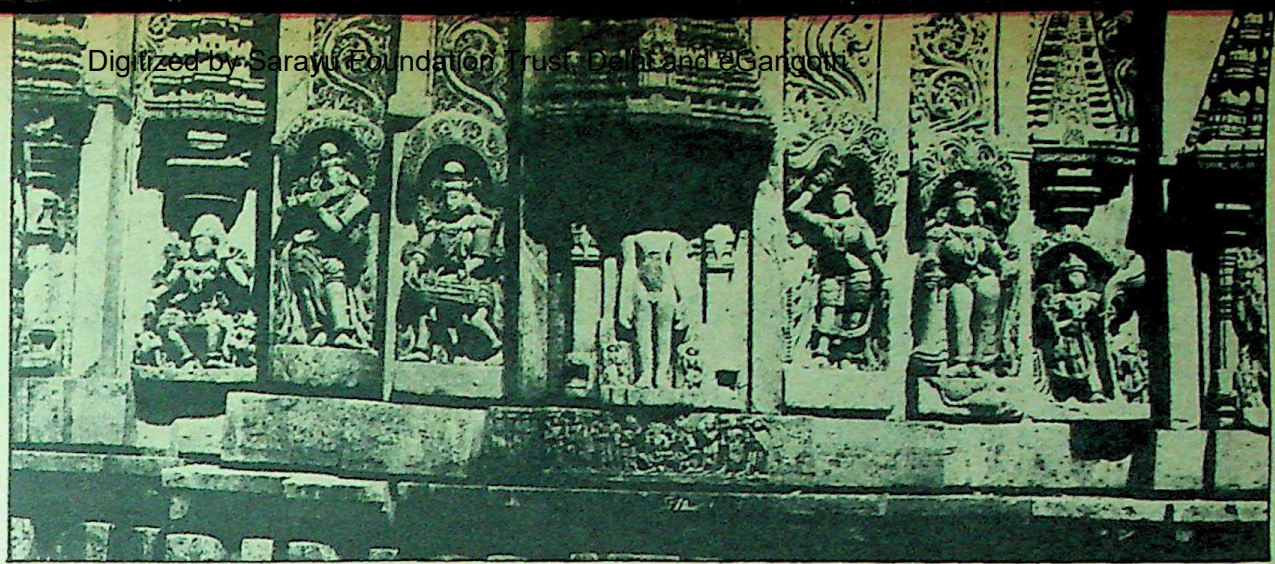
Fetters of Karma

Every *jiva* is born either as an immobile *jiva* or a mobile *jiva*. An immobile *jiva*, a tree for example, has only one sense—that of touch, whereas a mobile *jiva* in addition to the sense of touch possesses one or more of the four other senses: taste, smell, sight and hearing. All mobile *jivas* are cast into any one of four categories based on the number of senses they possess: the lowest to the highest being exemplified respectively by creatures such as earthworms, ants, insects and lastly animals or human beings. The last category is further divided into creatures with a mind and those without one.

Imprisoned within the *ajiva* by fetters of *karma* every one of the infinite number of worldly *jivas* “performs different kinds of actions, reaps the fruit of those actions and circles around returning again”. It is thus, enmeshed in a continuous ceaseless process where death merely puts on end to one existence and paves the way to another. “This painful condition of the self,” explain Jain teachings, “is brought about by one’s own actions, it is not brought about by any other cause (fate, creator, chance or the like)”.

Jain religious thought is careful to emphasise that even though the union of *jiva* and *ajiva* causes and constitutes *samsara* it is never so complete as to make their separation impossible. Since man has a will and is himself, alone, responsible for his actions, he can either strengthen the *karma* bonds that hold the *jiva* and *ajiva* together or cut them asunder releasing the worldly *jiva* from its physical entanglements to become forever, a liberated *jiva*.

For those of the faithful who seek salvation from *karma* bondage, the



SHANTINATH BASTI, Jnanathpura. These intricately sculptured panels date back to the 12th century AD.

Jain religion offers hope in its theory of *karma* which gives a detailed exposition on the nature of *karma*, its formation and annihilation. The theory rests upon the presumption that every worldly *jiva* is contaminated by *karma* matter from the very beginning of its existence, that it goes on accumulating more and more *karma* matter in all its transmigrations, and that emancipation from the torment of the cycle of Rebirths is effected only after all the accumulated *karma* matter, good and bad, is destroyed. Jainism believes that it is not only the sinful *karma* that impedes man’s progress towards total deliverance but also the virtuous *karma* with its attendant pleasures that ties him down to worldly existence.

The actual inflow of *karma* matter into the *jiva* is known as *asrava* (influx). The *jiva* itself is not free of certain *kasayas* (passions) such as anger, pride, deceit and greed. These passions cause the incoming *karma* particles to adhere to the *jiva* and amalgamate with it. Says a Jain text, “as heat can unite with iron and water with milk, so *karma* unites with the soul”. This process is known as *bandha* (bondage).

After being absorbed in the passion-tainted *jiva*, the *karma* matter gets transformed into any one of the eight types of *karmas*:

1. *jnanavarniya*: which obscures right knowledge.
2. *darshanavarniya*: which obscures right intuition.
3. *vedaniya*: which arouses emotions and feelings of pleasure and pain.
4. *mohaniya*: which deludes right faith and right conduct.
5. *ayus*: which determines the age of the individual.
6. *naman*: which determines the special qualities that collectively make up an individual’s physique and personality.
7. *gotra*: which determines the family and social standing of the individual.
8. *antaraya*: which obstructs the inborn energy of the soul preventing it from doing good actions.

Each of these *karmas* has its own cause and effect. *Karma* caused by noble, base and indifferent actions will give rise to corresponding conditions—pleasurable, painful and indifferent. The intensity of the situation will depend upon the circumstances that caused the *karma*.

The age determining *karma*, for example, confers a quantum of life on any one of the four stratas of existence—celestial beings, human beings, animal beings or hell beings. In this scheme of things, a *jiva* whose *karma* has been formed by activities as right belief, self-discipline, chaste behaviour and patience will become a celestial being, while a *jiva* who owes his *karma* to qualities such as humbleness, sincerity and chaste behaviour is entitled to becoming a human being. A *jiva* whose *karma* has been produced by deceit and fraudulent behaviour is considered fit for animal life and lastly the *jiva* who has accumulated *karma* through torture, killing and slavery to passions is condemned to being a creature in hell.

Towards Liberation

Those *karmas*, the effects of which have been borne by the *jiva*, are treated as discharged or expiated for. If this process is allowed to continue uninterruptedly then all *karma* matter will be expurgated from the *jiva* leading to liberation. But, unfortunately, this is never possible for the *samsari jiva* in the ordinary course of its existence, because while it is purging past *karma* matter, its activities of mind, body and speech are being translated, all the while, into present *karma* matter. The exercise of expelling old *karma* and that of admitting new *karma* goes on simultaneously, thereby forcing the worldly *jiva*, to continue its mundane existence. Escape from this unending self-defeating process says Jainism lies in the active annihilation of all existing *karma*. The act of wiping out ones *karma* matter however, can be performed only during the span of time when a *jiva* is born as a human being. In all other births it is powerless in this matter. And therefore, Jainism emphasises, a *jiva* should value the fact that it is born as a human being—an existence which comes after traversing through many births—and use the opportunity for the destruction of *karma* burden.

For the dissipation of *karma* the Jain religion advocates a procedure in two stages: the first being *samvara* (stoppage) or methods by which a person can plug one by one, all points of ingress through which new *karma* finds entry into the soul, and then, when all input has been effectively arrested, to take up *nirgara* (disassociation) or the process of burning up of the existing *karma*—accumulations of the past—in the blaze of *tapas* (ascetic penance) till the very seed of *karma*, the *karmabeej* is burnt up and the *jiva* attains *moksa* (liberation).

Endless Calm

Upon being liberated the soul immediately reverts to its original state of pure perfection and goes straight up to the end of the universe. There it dwells as a *siddha* “without caste, unaffected by smell, without the sense of taste, without feeling, without form, without hunger, without pain, without sorrow, without joy, without birth, without old age, without death, without body, without *karma*, enjoying on endless and unbroken calm”.

The tenets of Jainism show that this religion is not passive, but one that calls for exertion on the part of the individual to destroy all crystallised particles of *karma*. In his striving for *moksa* man must make the effort himself, he cannot depend on any outside agency to help him, as there is none. Taught Mahavira: “Individually a man is born, individually he dies, individually he falls (from his state of existence) and individually he rises (to another). His passions, consciousness, intellect, perceptions and impressions belong to the individual exclusively. Here indeed the bonds of relationship are not able to help or save one.”

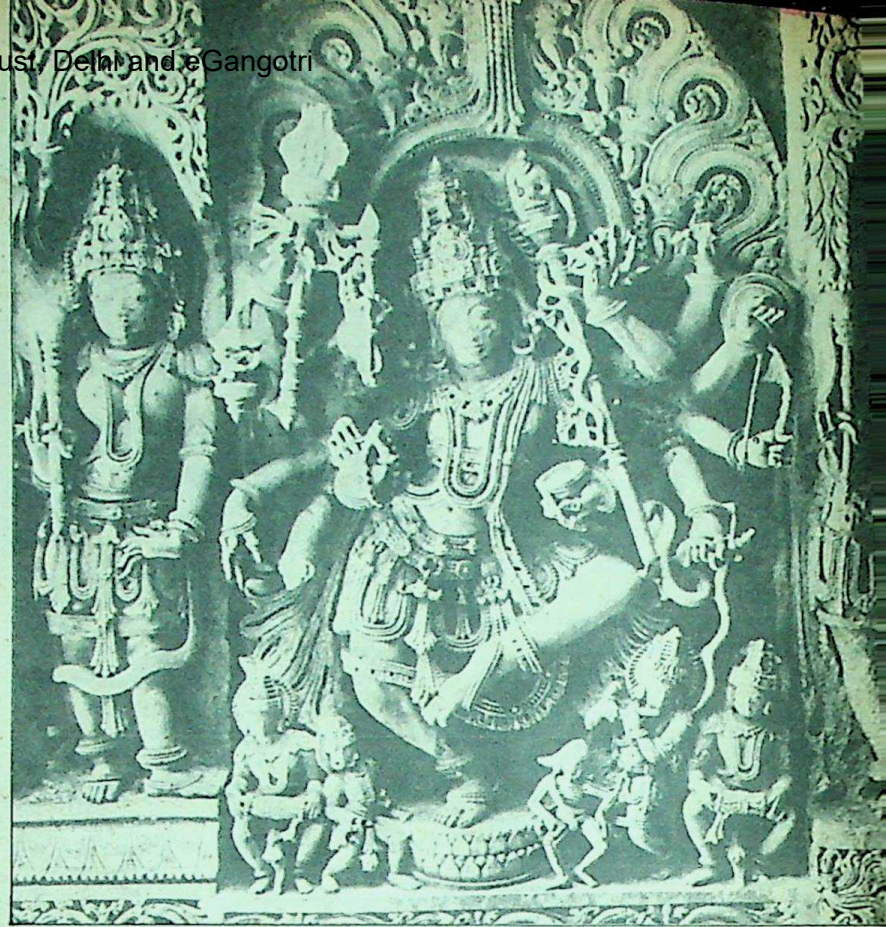
More than a religion, Jainism is an ethical doctrine with rigorous self-discipline as its core. It recognises no God, no Supreme Being but only Tirthankars, or those enlightened ones, each of whom was “originally a man like other men, and who nevertheless by his own power has attained omniscience and freedom and out of pity for suffering mankind teaches it the way to salvation that he has found”.

S. D.

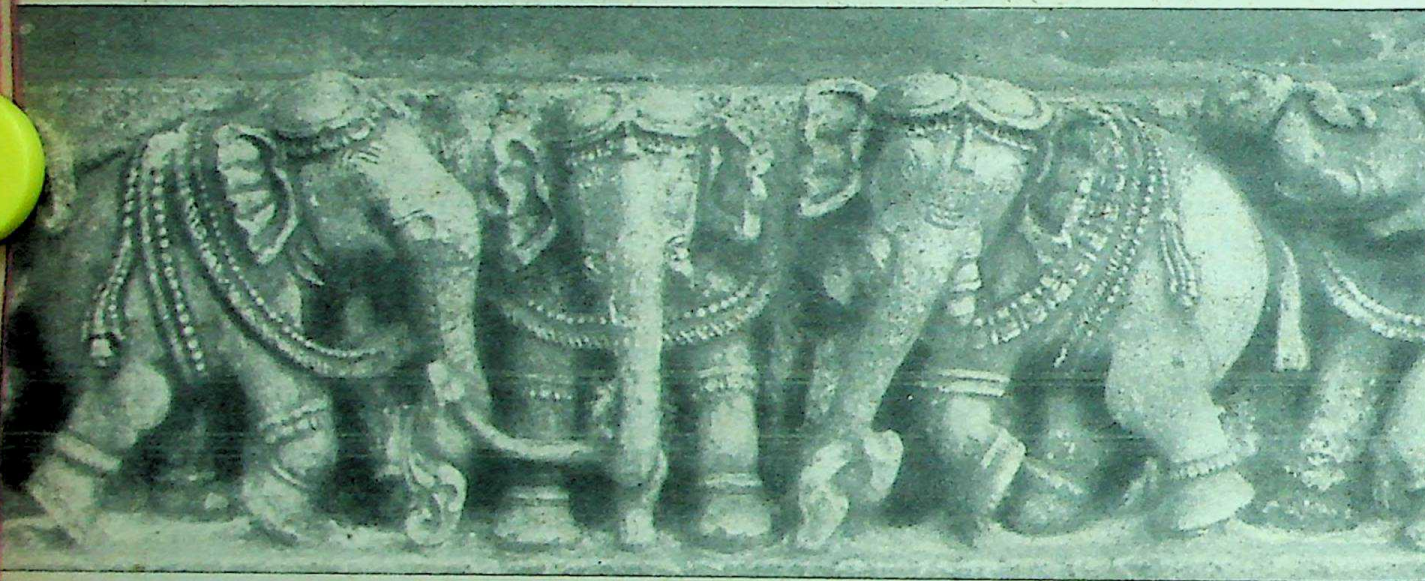
Social Conditions In Medieval Karnataka

A study of stone inscriptions and literary works reveals the existence of an enlightened and harmonious society in medieval Karnataka. It was marked by a fusion of diverse religious sects and was the golden age of art, architecture and literature.

by V. G. Kulkarni



SHIVA IN THE NATARAJ POSE



AN ELEPHANT FRIEZE AT BELUR

SRAVANABELAGOLA is an important place of pilgrimage not only for Jains but for all those interested in Karnataka history, art, archaeology, literature and religious movements. Numerous lithic inscriptions are scattered over its two hills—Chandragiri and Indragiri. From these and various other inscriptions found all over the State, as also from several literary works we can obtain a fairly clear picture of social conditions prevalent in medieval Karnataka.

The inscriptions can be broadly classified according to the subjects they deal with, namely: construction of temples and *basadis*; gifts to temples, *maths* and *agrarhas*; hero stones (monuments to those killed in war); sati stones (monuments to widows) and Mishidige stones (monuments to Jain munis who succumbed to a ritualistic death). These inscriptions carry elaborate records of the lineage, prowess,

erudition and exploits of people and as such, they throw ample light on the social and political conditions of their times.

Judging from these sources, the society of that period (7th-14th century) had numerous religious and caste divisions. However, for a major part of this era, there is hardly any evidence of social and religious disputes. Caste conflicts are unknown and acts of religious intolerance and persecution were extremely rare.

Caste System

The theoretical divisions of Hindu society—the four *Varnas*—are often mentioned in inscriptions and literary works. The Brahmins were highest in the hierarchy, and entitled to great honour and respect. Learned and religious Brahmins received gifts of villages called *agrarhas*. They were also the hereditary priests in temples and a specified area called

Brahmapuri was set apart exclusively for them.

Scholarship and a rigorous adherence to religious practices were the distinctive traits of the priestly class. However, many Brahmins took to secular occupations. There are instances of them occupying official posts in Government services and some were even appointed ministers. There are references to Brahmin royal houses as well.

This venerable class predominantly contributed to the religious and scholarly heritage. Lower down in the hierarchy, on the other hand, was a particular class of artists and craftsmen, which was responsible for the outstanding artistic achievements of medieval Karnataka. They specialised in various fields of art, and were the architects of the exquisite temples, sculptures and images found all over the state. Their names are carved below their creations

The artists venerated the deities and images which they designed, and were also followers of Shaivism, Vaishnavism and Jainism. This caste, though small in number is extant in Karnataka.

There were other caste distinctions too numerous to specify. The untouchables were the lowest in the chain of beings and were confined to habitations outside the villages.

Decline Of Jainism

Upto the end of the 12th century, Jainism was a strong force in Karnataka. Its decline can be traced to the beginning of the 13th century. It probably had its origins in religious intolerance and consequent persecutions which had come to the surface after the 12th century and later degenerated into violent conflicts. The former cordiality and harmony between Jains and Hindus gave way to polemical and virulent attacks on each other. Moreover, Jainism as a religion, lost its rigorous austerity. The worship of female deities and employment of devadasis in *bastis* corrupted the impeccable sanctity of Jainism. All these were contributory factors to the steady waning of the Jain culture in Karnataka.

The spread of Jainism in Karnataka gave a tremendous stimulus to literature, art and scholarship. Jain scholars and poets encouraged compositions in Kannada, and set up

a high standard of erudition for literary works. Besides creative literary productions, Jain scholars and intellectuals wrote dissertations on philosophy, astrology, medicine and grammar, thereby making valuable and impressive contributions to Kannada literature.

Along with literature, the Jains gave impetus to architecture, sculpture and the arts. During this period, exquisite temples were built all over Karnataka. The Siva, Vishnu and Jain temples reveal a high degree of technical skill. We have splendid specimens of Chalukyan and Hoysala art all over Karnataka.

The Temple

The building of temples and endowments for their maintenance were considered meritorious acts among Hindus and Jains. The majority of the inscriptions found in Kannada deal with this particular subject. The temple occupied a vital position in the village or town.

Primarily, it was a place of worship and devotion, whether Jain, Shaiva, Vaishnava or Shakti, and impressive rituals were performed according to the rules prescribed in religious texts. The temple was also a museum of art with the finest productions of artists and craftsmen on display. It served as a court of law, where disputes were settled. Schools and colleges called *mathas* were attached to several

temples and special instruction was imparted by erudite tutors. It would appear that the temple was a pivotal point for varied activities in towns and villages.

The building of temples was mainly the work of kings and wealthy merchants. There are also numerous references to women building and making endowments to them. We have evidence of courtesans and people of humble origin doing the same. In an inscription found in Kurtkoti in Dharwad district, dated 1087, we are told that a local barber had built a temple. His devotion to God is extolled and the inscription says that his fame has spread far and wide.

Educational Institutions

The temples were, as we have already seen, centres of higher education. There were other institutions where education was imparted, viz *agraharas*, *mathas*, *brahmapuris* and *ghatikasthanas*.

Agraharas were entire villages gifted to learned Brahmins who were to take pupils and train them in various branches of learning. There are numerous inscriptions mentioning the elaborate endowments of *agraharas*. The Brahmins are extravagantly praised for their vast learning and purity of character. They were known as mahajans and were the sole rulers of these villages. They were

proficient in the art of war as well, besides being authorities on the scriptures and higher learning. The study of the Vedas and Puranas occupied an important place in these institutions. Specialised fields of learning, especially logic, literature, astrology and grammar were also attended to.

Mathas attached to temples—both Jain and Hindu—were also centres of learning. Besides undergoing severe *askesis* (*tapas*), the Jain munis also pursued their scholarly and literary interests. They mastered the Jain scriptures and various other branches of secular learning. The Sravanabelagola inscriptions mention several luminaries. We also have inscriptions which throw light on the *ghatikasthanas*, also important centres of higher learning. They may be compared to our modern universities.

In all these institutions, it was mostly the Brahmins and some sections of Jains who received education. It would appear that the rest of the people were confined to hereditary occupations, the father imparting his knowledge and skills to his son. This reinforced the caste system—only Brahmins were distinguished in the field of learning.

Position Of Women

From the inscriptions we cannot gather much information regarding

the education of women. However, amongst the royalty and nobility, special attention was bestowed upon the training of girls. Singing, dancing, literature and other arts were taught and some of them became accomplished artistes. It appears that most women in those times were inclined towards religion. The Sravanabelagola inscriptions record instances of Jain women practicing penance.

A spirit of liberal religious tolerance was a salient feature of medieval Karnataka society. Almost all royal houses extended equal patronage to the four religious sects prevalent in their kingdom—Shaivism, Vaishnavism, Jainism and Buddhism.

Remarkable instances of a wide tolerance of religious beliefs and modes of worship have been recorded in the Sravanabelagola inscriptions.

A study of the inscriptions and other sources offers a fairly clear, overall picture of social conditions prevalent in medieval Karnataka. The social set-up, (particularly the caste system), does not differ much from any other part of India and corroborates the fundamental unity of our country, its society and tradition. It is the deep and abiding unity of our culture which is the abiding factor in the midst of bewildering diversity.

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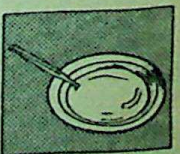
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Literary Contribution Of Jain Writers In Kannada

Upto the 11th century, Jainism had played a pivotal role in the evolution of Kannada literature. Some of the time-honoured traditions continue even today.

by Dr M Chidananda Murthy

THE history and culture of Jainism is so intimately linked with that of Karnataka that it is impossible to speak of one without the other. The coming of Jainism from North India to the Deccan in the first or second century BC marks an important step in the evolution of the culture of that region. If Karnataka boasts today of a rich literary tradition it is perhaps to a large extent on account of the Jains.

The first available Kannada work is *Kavirajamarga* (850 AD) whose author, Shrivijaya, was a Jain scholar patronised by the Rashtrakuta Emperor, Nripatunga Amoghavarsha. His work on poetics, based on Dandin's *Kavyadarsha*, provides interesting glimpses into the literary and cultural attainments of the Kannadigas during this phase. *Kavirajamarga* created new horizons and ushered in infinite possibilities in the literary field.

Among the important works that followed was *Vaddaradhane*, a prose work in old Kannada composed in 920 AD. It contains stories of 19 Jain saints who practised the five great *vratas* and martyred themselves for achieving the 'glory that never grows cold'. These stories are found in Harishena's (Sanskrit) *Brihat Kathakosha* and in the earlier Shivakoti's *Bhagavati Aradhana*. The work, unparalleled in terms of narration, language and style, has a deeply religious tone which adds to its literary excellence.

Chamundaraya, the general of the Gangas, who was responsible for installing the massive Gomateshvara statue, was another prose writer of the time. His *Trishashti-Lakshana - Mahapurana* or *Chamundaraya - purana* contained the stories of 63 great men including the 24 Tirthankaras. Though its narration is neat, the prose style is unimpressive when compared to *Vaddaradhane*.

IRich Harvest

The 9th and 10th centuries were the golden age of Jainism thanks to royal patronage. The 10th century saw 'the first golden harvest of Kannada literature with the great trio, Pampa, Ponna and Ranna composing their *champu* works. *Champu*, a literary

form which employed both prose and verse—prose for pure narration and verse for descriptions and heightened situations—had been established earlier, but it was Pampa (941 AD) who gave it its place in Indian literature.

For this reason, Pampa is justly known as the *Adi-kavi* and a *Yuga-Pravartaka kavi*, a poet who founded a literary tradition. His *Adipurana* depicts the story of the first of the 24 Tirthankaras, the Adivrishabha. The tale concerns not an individual but a soul that strives intensely to achieve *moksha* or final liberation after passing through miserable cycles of births and deaths. Another work of his, *Vikramarjuna-Vijaya*, is a poetic interpretation of the Mahabharata in terms of contemporary life. The ethos of the Karnataka of the 10th century has found full expression in this remarkable piece.

Ponna and Ranna, Pampa's junior contemporaries have written two *puranas* on Shanthishvara and Ajithanatha, both Tirthankaras. Ranna's secular *Gadayuddha* or *Sahasa Bhima-Vijaya* is a small *champu* in vigorous style. Though a narrative, it is highly dramatic in structure and it is even inferred that originally the poet intended it to be a play. Though the hero is Bhima, its so-called villain, Duryodhana, easily endears himself to the readers with his firmness, pride and selfless friendship towards Karna.

The trio compartmentalised their literary creation in two categories. Their religious commitments and spiritual experiences found an outlet in their religious works (*Jinagama-Kavyas*). The larger life around them, the people and their problems, the socio-political situation and experiences like love, friendship and hatred found expression in their secular works (*Laukika-Kavyas*).

Popularising Religion

Other poets who enriched the *champu* form are Nayasena, Nemichandra Aggala, Nagachandra, Janna and others. Nayasena's (1112 AD) *Dharmamrita*, a remarkable work in simple old Kannada, depicts the life of the Kannada people in images and metaphors. His intention was to popularise Jainism through stories, and in fact he is certainly the best narrator of stories in early Kannada literature. Nagachandra's *Pampa-Ramayana* is highly indebted to Vimalasuri and brings, for the first time, the Jain version of the Ramayana story into Kannada. The character of Ravana assumes tragic proportions. Janna's *Yashodhara-Charita*, a small work, is remarkable for its insight into the

complex nature of the human mind. The story of Yashodhara was very popular with the Jain poets because it effectively exemplified the merits of *ahimsa* and the sins of *himsa*. Somadeva had already handled the theme in his Sanskrit *Yasgasthi laka-champu*. But, Janna takes to a free rendering of Vadiraja's Sanskrit work, proving that a great translator could be as great as the original writer himself. The persona of Amrithamathi who kills her husband, a king, for the sake of her ugly lover is depicted as a toy in the hands of Fate (*vidhi*) and the god of sex (*manasija*).

There are other poets who have made signal contributions in other forms like *shatpadi* and *sangathya*.

Sangathya is a composition meant to be sung, and not merely recited, and *Bharatesha Vaibhava* of Rathnakara (16th century) which is in *sangathya* is remarkable for its theme, language and philosophy of life. *Yoga* and *bhoga* in India are normally looked upon as irreconcilable opposites. Rathnakaravarni strikes a different note when he portrays Bharata the hero simultaneously as a *yogi* and a *bhogi*. Bharata can meditate even while sleeping on his wife's lap, a concept unacceptable to the traditional Jain mind.

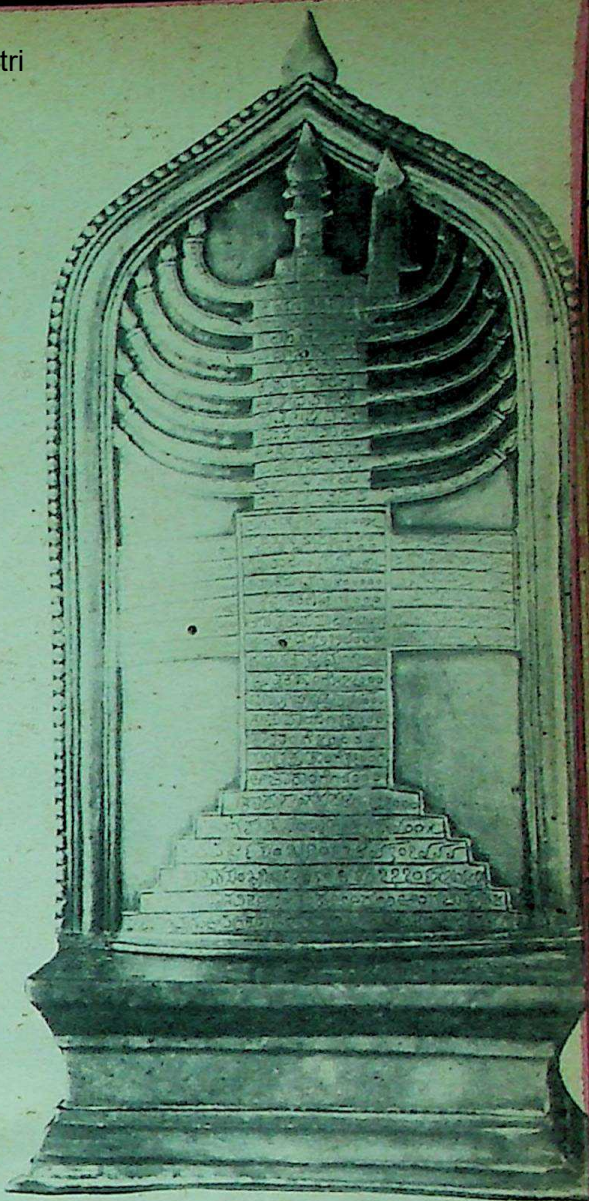
Scholarly Diversity

The Jain writers also enriched the language through their scholarly and analytical grammatical and scientific works. All the reputed grammarians of Kannada language were Jains. Nagavarma (11th century) is the author of a lexicon (*Abhidhana-Vastukosha*), a work on poetics (*Kavyavalokana*).

Keshiraja (13th century) wrote his monumental *Shabdamanidarpana*, a real 'jewel mirror' of classical Kannada. Bhattakalanka is the author of *Shabdanushasana*, an exhaustive grammar in Sanskrit. Nagavarma's *Chandombudhi* is the most exhaustive treatment of ancient Kannada metres. Jayakirti's Sanskrit book, *Chandonushasana*, contains a chapter dealing exclusively with *desi* Kannada metres.

Shridharacharya's *Jatakatilaka* is a work on astronomy. Jagaddala Somantha has written a book on medicine. There are other Jain scholars who have written on horse-lore, mathematics, rain-lore, cookery (*supa-shastra*), and also on Jain philosophy through translations, commentaries and original works.

The Jains identified themselves with the regional language. Poets like Andayya even went to the extent of declaring that Kannada could express highest thoughts and noblest feelings without the help of Sanskrit (by



SHRUTASKANDHA YANTRA (Saraswati Flaming Pillar) at Mudbidri belonging to the post-Vijayanagar period.

'Kannada' he meant both the native and the *tadbhava* words). After the 11th century Jainism waned in popularity when Virashaivism and Vedic Brahminism began to assert themselves pushing the religion into the background. This, however, never discouraged the Jain poets from their literary activities. When there were no printing machines, the liberal minded donors came forward and had thousands of manuscripts prepared and distributed as gifts to devotees and scholars. *Shaastradana*, the gift of books, is a tradition which continues among the Jains of Karnataka even today.

Profound Truths

"Humanity is one," (*manava-kulam-onde valam*), said the *Adi-kavi* Pampa, a Jain "God is one, his names are many," (*devanobba, nama halavu*) said Basava, a Virashaiva. "The outcaste is not outside, but within," ("*holeya horagihane, urolagillave*") said Purandaradasa, a Brahmin. The poets, whether Jains or non-Jains have all expressed the ideal of humanism that Karnataka stood for right from the beginning. They have produced literature comparable to the best in any language of the world. But the credit goes to the Jains whose early efforts certainly gave the language the necessary impetus in its genesis.



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Influence Of Jainism On Rajasthani Literature

Jain writers composed *rasas* which became popular in Rajasthan. The author is Director of the Jain Research Institute, Jaipur.

by Kastoore Chand Kasliwal

RAJASTHAN is evocative of heroism. Its forts, like Chitorgarh and Ranthambore, are still regarded as symbols of valour and sacrifice. However, Rajasthan also has many temples and *grantha bhandars* such as the Jain temples of Abu, Rampur and Sanganer and the *grantha bhandars* of Jaisalmer, Nagaur, Jaipur, Bikaner and Ajmer which have been centres of art and learning.

The Jain acharyas and saints were the first writers in Rajasthani. Udyotan Suri in the 9th century mentioned Marwari as a language. Jain writers composed works called *rasas* which were popular enough at that time and *Bharateshwar Bahubali Rasa*, composed by Shailbhadra Suri, in the year 1184 AD, is regarded as the first Rajasthani work.

The *rasa* having 203 verses describes the battle fought between Bharata and Bahubali. He is the same Bahubali whose Mahamastakabhisheka, after the completion of 1,000 years, will be celebrated on February 21, at Sravanabelagola in Hassan district, Karnataka.

Jambuswami Rasa was written by the poet Dharma in 1207 and in 1231 Vijaisen Suri composed *Revantgiri Rasa* which describes the historical importance of the Rewantgiri. Asagu, another Jain poet, wrote *Chandanbala Rasa* in 1257.

Rasa literature was popular in Rajasthan. Jain poets dominated the field. The 63 *shalakas* including the 24 Trithankars and Rama and Krishna were heroes of *rasa* literature. In 1353, Shalibhadra composed *Pancha-Pandava Rasa* in which the story of the five Pandavas is related.

Upadhyaya Vinay Prabha wrote *Gautam Rasa* which was popular for several centuries and hundreds of manuscripts are still available in the Jain *grantha bhandars* of Rajasthan. This work describes the life of Gautam Gandhar, the main disciple of Bhagvan Mahavira.

In the 15th century there was a Rajasthani poet called Brahma Jinadas who broke all previous records by writing about 50 *rasas* in Rajasthani dealing with various subjects. *Rama Sita Rasa* or *Ram*

Rasa is his biggest work and the first

Ramayana in Rajasthani written on Jain mythology. The other *rasas* of the poet are *Yashodhara Rasa*, *Hanumant Rasa*, *Nagakumar Rasa*, *Holi Rasa*, *Ajmath Rasa*, *Shrenik Rasa*, *Jambuswami Rasa*, *Bhavishyadatta Rasa*, *Jivandhar Rasa*, *Paramahansa Rasa*, *Karkandu Rasa*. He also composed *Harivamsa Purana* under the title *Harivamsapurana Rasa*. Brahma Jinadas remains a very popular poet and his works are available in most of the Jain *grantha bhandars* of Rajasthan.

vyahalo, *bhadawa*, *vinati*, *arti*, *bola*, *charcha*, *vichar*, *bata*, *gita*, *leela*, *charita*, *chhanda*, *chhappaya*, *bhawana*, *vinoda*, *natak*, *dhamala*, *chodhaliya*, *chaurasiya*, *baramasa*, *veli*, *hindolana*, *choonari*, *barakhari*, *bhakti*, *vandana*, *pachhisi*, *battisi*, *pachisa*, *bawani*, *satavani*, *samayika*, *sahasranama*, *namavami*, *gunavali*, *satyan*, *sambochan* and *mardo*.

Chhihala (16th century) was a poet of the common man. He is the only Rajasthani Jain poet to have attracted the notice of great writers of the history of Hindi literature like Ramachandra Shukla and Dr Ram Kumar Verma. His *Panchasaheli Gita* remains a most popular work depicting the condition of five women of various castes in the absence of their husbands.

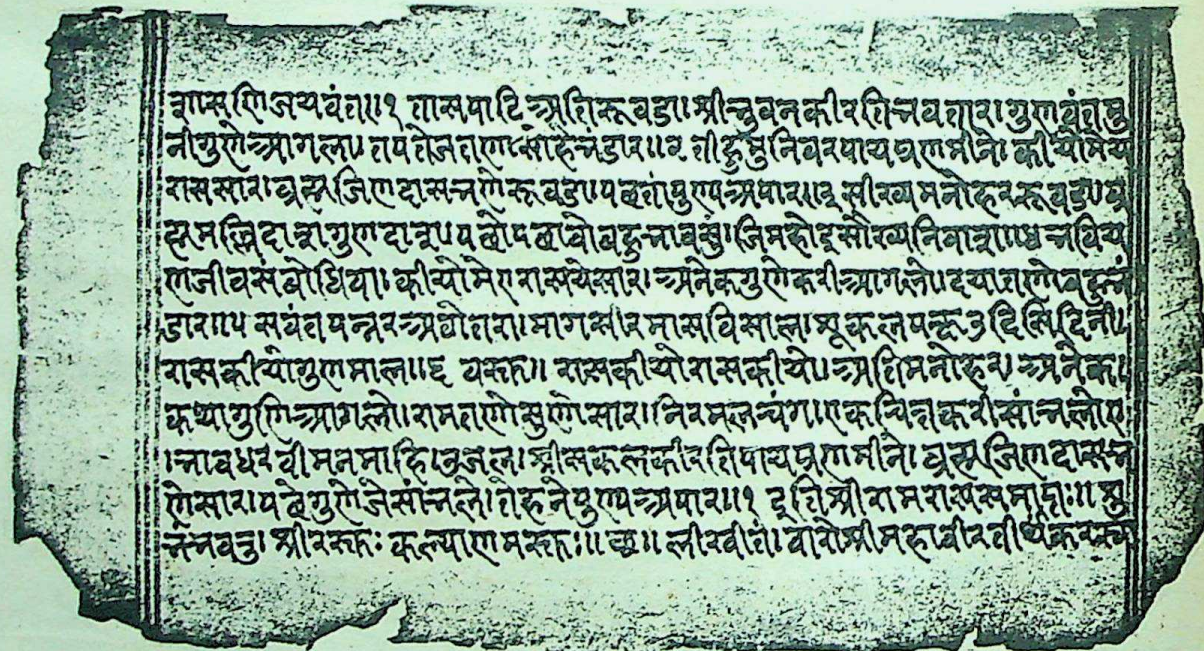
Voochraj was another poet of the 16th century. He wrote *roopakas*. The *Chitar Pudgal Dhamal* was written in the form of debates between the soul and the body

life to preaching non-violence through his writings. Bhattaraka Mahichandra, a pupil of Vadichandra, was a Dingal poet. He enriched Rajasthani literature with two works—*Neminath Samavasaran Vidhi* and *Lava-Kusha Chhappaya*. His second work, written in the *Chhappaya* metre, describes the character of Lava and Kusha.

Bhattaraka Veerchandra, a pupil of Lakshmichandra, was a student of philosophy and a master of prosody, rhetoric and music. He composed eight works among which are *Veervilasa Phag*, *Jambuswami Vali*, *Bahubali Veni* and *Neminath Rasa*.

Acharya Bhiku, the founder of the Terapanth sect, also wrote all his works in Rajasthani. Similarly Jayacharya, another acharya of the same sect, enriched Rajasthani literature by writing *Bhagavati ki jo* in 50,000 verses.

Acharya Tarunprabha Suri was the first prose writer who completed *Shadavashyak Balavabodha* in 1354. Pande Rajmalla, a scholar of Viratnagar, wrote *Balabodhini* on Samaysar Kalasha and, on the basis of this commentary, Mahakavi Banarsidasa composed *Samayasara Nataka* in 1629.



RAM RASA composed in 1451 by Mahakavi Brahma Jinadas

In the 17th century also there was a great scholar, Brahma Roymalla, who contributed more than 15 works to Rajasthani literature. He completed the *Neimshwar Rasa* in 1558, *Hanumant Rasa* in 1554, *Pradyumna Rasa* in 1571, *Sudarshana Rasa* in 1572, *Shripala Rasa* in 1573 and *Bhavishyadatta Rasa* in 1579. He was a contemporary of the Hindi poet Keshvadasa.

Some of the popular titles in Rajasthani were *stotra*, *patha*, *katha*, *mangal*, *jaimala*, *asthak*, *samuchhaya*, *varnan*, *subhashita*, *chaupai*, *doha*, *gatha*, *nisani*, *jakari*,

regarding the importance of each.

Kaushal Lalit was a popular Rajasthani poet. His *Dhola Maru* and *Madhavanal Kankandala Chaupai* are famous. He completed the works in 1559 and 1560 respectively.

Samay Sundar contributed more than 560 works published in *Samay Sunder Kusumangali*. Emperor Akbar was most impressed by his scholarship. Some of his important works are *Sitarama Chaupai*, *Sambapradayumana Chaupai*, *Mirgavati Rasa*, *Shatrunjaya Rasa* and *Stulibhadra Rasa*. He devoted his

In the 18th century, Daulat Ram's works in Rajasthani prose called *Dhurghan* are *Punyasrava Kathakosha*, *Adinatha Purana*, *Padma Purana*, *Harivamsa Purana*.

Mahapandit Todarmalla was a contemporary of Daulat Ram. Todarmalla was a writer of prose.

In prose, the services of Somasundar Suri, Chandra Suri, Akhayaraj Shrimal, Pande Hemraj, Deep Chand Kasliwal, Pandit Jai Chandra, Chhabra, Pandit Sadasukh, Rishabh Das Nigotiya, Kanak Kirti, Keshava Singh and Champa Ram stand out.

Preserving Our Heritage

The monuments at Sravanabelagola have faced the vagaries of nature for over a thousand years. Their preservation has been undertaken by the Archaeological Survey of India.

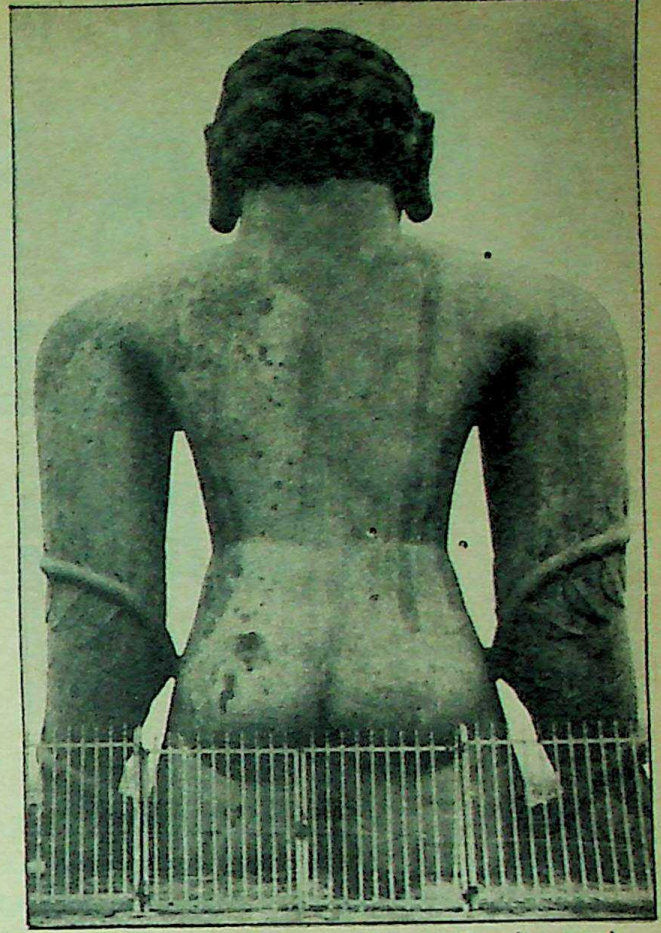
by L.K. Srinivasan

OF the many ancient monuments at Sravanabelagola in Karnataka several have been declared by the Government as being of national importance. They include the monolithic statue of Gomata and the structural complex surrounding it on the Indragiri hill, certain temples and inscriptions on the Chandragiri hill as well as the Akkana Basti. Since 1954, the Archaeological Survey of India has been responsible for their conservation, maintenance and preservation.

It was in the fitness of things that the unique monolithic statue of Gomateshwara or Bahubali, the pride of India, be given top priority in the general scheme of preservation of the monuments of Sravanabelagola. Hewn out of the top of the granitic Indragiri hill, the Bahubali statue has been carved in the round from the head to the lower half of the thighs, the portion below being finished in bold relief leaving two lateral pieces which depict anthills with serpents, and creepers entwined around the legs and arms of the statue. Smooth, homogeneous, hard, tenacious and light grey in colour, the rock is ideally suited for the carving of such a huge monolith. This factor seems to have been appreciated by the craftsman and the



REAR VIEW OF LORD GOMATESHWARA at Indragiri hill, Sravanabelagola, showing the pitted and scarred surface before treatment. Right : After chemical treatment, most of the scars have been covered.



sculptors as early as the 10th century.

Exposed To Weathering

Since it stands unprotected under the sky, the colossus has been exposed to natural weathering for nearly one thousand years. The rock surface, in spite of its relative hardness and tenacity, has proved susceptible to both chemical and weather action.

In addition to environment, other causes too have been responsible for considerable damage to the statue. Among these the chief ones are connected with the fact that the statue has been worshipped for almost a thousand years. Every twelve years, during the *mahamastakabhisheka* huge quantities of milk, ghee and curds are poured over the statue and this has resulted in the accretions of grease and oil over its surface. The smooth finish of the statue therefore has suffered in the process. Moreover, dark patches of moss and orange-red patches of lichen have spread over large areas leading to further deterioration of the surface of the statue.

More alarming, however, are the easily visible damages like numerous hair-line cracks all over, particularly the face. The surface has been gradually flaking, specially over the left shoulder and the left hand which has been constantly exposed to the windward side. The area around the feet and full blown *padmapitha*, on which the statue stands, has darkened. This has been caused by water and oil being constantly allowed to run all over the *pitha*.

Devotees, it may be recalled, even break coconuts against the surface of the statue. Even the constant blasting and quarrying of huge granite boulders on the Indragiri and Chandragiri hills have caused considerable damage to the free standing monolithic statue through the constant vibrations and shocks of the blasts of the explosions. This poses a grave danger to the statue's very existence.

The structural complex in the form of a cloistered *mandapa* subsequently erected around the statue and the inner and outer courtyards have all been subjected to considerable damage and deterioration over the years. The walls have suffered from repeated applications of lime and red ochre wash every year causing a thick covering over the ornate carvings and the inscribed surfaces as in the case of the *suttalaya* on the Indragiri hill. The ground has sunk in places making the flagstone pavement of the flooring in the inner and outer courtyards of the *suttalaya* uneven and this has led to the widening of joints. The roof has become weak and leaks most of the time.

Careful Study

The Archaeological Survey of India has made a careful study of these and other problems connected with the statue and has implemented remedial measures in such a manner that it does not affect the texture, originality and the ancient character of the monuments.

The work of chemically treating and preserving the monolithic Gomata or Bahubali statue was first taken up

in the early fifties under the guidance of the Gomateshwara Research Committee appointed by the Government of Mysore, and the Archaeological Survey of India later continued this work.

Initially, a number of experiments were carried out on samples of granitic blocks obtained from the site, with various chemicals and proprietary formulations imported from abroad. The experiments were aimed at ascertaining the best means by which to remove the lichen and preventing its regrowth; cleaning the oil and greasy matter; filling up the fine cracks that were noticed on the statue, particularly on the crown, and sealing and repairing the pitted surface on the back of the statue.

After the experiments, chemically safe trials were conducted on the statue, and the final treatment was taken up with the help of the chemicals that had given the best results.

Subsequently the dark growth of moss and the tenacious patches of orange-red lichen covering large areas of the statue, were removed and the cracks filled up. The statue was kept under constant observation so that any further deterioration could be immediately remedied. Before every *mahamastakabhisheka* the statue receives a preliminary coat in the form of a 10 per cent solution of paraffin wax in solvent oil. The covering enables the greasy matter in milk and other offerings to slide over the waxed stone surface and prevents its entry into the pores of the stone. This also renders the subsequent cleaning of the statue much easier.

“A healthy crop begins here...”

In its first 12 months the new Government of Karnataka dedicated itself to the cause of the much-neglected farmer. It was food for thought: a happy farmer meant a healthy crop. And that meant more food for more people.

On its first anniversary the Government reflects on these efforts and other achievements that have proved that preaching begins with practice.



Placing agriculture on surer ground

During the past 12 months, several schemes were devised to give the farmers of the State a fair deal. Most important among these:

- ☐ Land revenue on holdings upto 10 acres was abolished.
- ☐ Support price for agricultural produce was increased.
- ☐ Electricity charges for irrigational purposes were reduced.
Farmers have to pay only Rs 50 per HP upto 5 HP. The rate for pumpsets above 5 HP has been reduced from 22 paise to 17 paise per Unit.
- ☐ Agricultural Income-tax has been abolished on all dry land crops.
- ☐ Betterment levy on irrigated lands has been abolished.
- ☐ Takavi loans of small and marginal farmers have been waived.
- ☐ Sales tax on fertilisers has been reduced from 3 to 2 per cent.
- ☐ Surcharge on sugarcane has been waived and the purchase tax has been

modified to give a concession of Rs 7.2 per tonne to the farmer.

- ☐ Seed loan given during the 1970 drought has been waived in respect of small and marginal farmers.
- ☐ Social security measures have been initiated for agricultural labourers in the form of group insurance scheme. In addition, the Government has decided to provide ex-gratia payment of Rs 5,000 to farmers if an agricultural labourer dies on account of natural calamities.
- ☐ The Government has also decided to start a scheme of contributory provident fund for the benefit of the small and marginal farmers.
- ☐ The Government has decided to issue pattas to tenants who have been allotted land under the Land Reforms Act, without insisting on the initial payment of the first instalment of the occupancy price.
- ☐ The Government has also decided to extend in stages the crop insurance scheme to benefit all the farmers in the State.

- ☐ During off-season period farmers are offered 100 days employment in construction work, etc. 99 taluks were covered under this scheme. Minimum wages for workers under the employment affirmation scheme have been raised from Rs 4 to Rs 5 per person per day.

Silk marketing — a fair exchange

The Government has set up a Silk Exchange to act as the intermediary between the silk yarn manufacturer and the silk merchant — ensuring fixed prices in an open auction, together with correct testing, grading and weighing procedures.

During the year Rs 80 crores assistance from the World Bank was negotiated for Sericulture development.

Industrial muscle for the weak and backward areas

To develop backward areas in the State the Government appointed a committee to review the drawbacks and work out development plans. The committee has declared 50 taluks as “industrially backward”. To encourage enterprise in

these areas industrialists are offered many incentives and concessions. The Government has secured Rs 18 crores Dutch assistance for developing industrial estates for small and tiny sector.

Upliftment of the Hyderabad-Karnataka belt

The Government has appointed a high-level committee to look into the problems and recommend measures to improve the Hyderabad-Karnataka belt which is a very backward area.

One of the most important development projects under implementation is the Upper Krishna Project with an irrigation potential of over 20 lakh acres.

The Karnataka Government's 10-point plan for sharing Cauvery waters

The sharing of the Cauvery river waters has always been under rough weather for the basin States of the river. The Karnataka Government has recently worked out a 10-point formula that, among other things enables each State to "a fair and equitable share of waters for beneficial use".

If the formula meets with acceptance, it will be a welcome gesture of mutual understanding and co-operation... and a resolving of an age old dispute.

Irrigation: The west-flowing Varahi and other projects

The Rs 19.5 crore Varahi irrigation project in Coondapur is the first big venture of its kind for any west-flowing river of the State.

Planned to be completed by December 1982, the project should go a long way in developing industrial enterprise in the area and build in higher levels of economic and social patterns.

The Harangi and Hemavati projects just commissioned will add to the efforts of the Government in offering irrigation facilities to more farmers.

The Government has also decided to continue its efforts in this direction: during 1980-81 it is planned to commission 20,000 irrigation wells and energise 20,000 irrigation pumpsets.

Towards generation of more power

During 1980 the second unit of the Kalimadi hydro-electric project was commissioned resulting in an additional 1.35 MGW. Work on the Raichur Thermal

Plant is in progress. The first unit of the project with a capacity of 210 MGW is due to be commissioned in December 1983 and the second unit, with an equal capacity, during 1984.

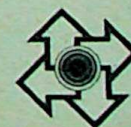
The cultural scene

In order to 'keep alive', the art of folklore and to retain the cultural splendour of

the State, the Government has invested a sizeable amount of money in facilities and grants. The Janapada Academy set-up recently is sure to promote folklore and folkarts in the State. 33 distinguished writers and artists have been granted honarariums of Rs 500 for their life time.

Achievements and future plans

- ☐ Two new universities established in Mangalore and Gulbarga.
- ☐ Sanctions granted for opening 140 secondary schools, 29 junior colleges, 59 I grade colleges, 11 colleges of education, 9 polytechnics, 12 engineering colleges, four colleges of Pharmacy and Medicine and one law college.
- ☐ Free text books and mid-day meals arranged for about 16 lakh children.
- ☐ Gnana Mandirs with lighting and furniture have been built to enable children study after school hours.
- ☐ A special component plan for SC has been prepared for Rs 64 crores for 1980-81 and a sub-plan for ST has been prepared for Rs 3.8 crores for 1980-81.
- ☐ Rs 18.7 crores provided for rural communication.
- ☐ Thirty six superfluous Boards, Committees and Corporations abolished.
- ☐ One hundred seventy five taluks brought under the integrated rural development scheme.
- ☐ Extension of service and re-employment of retired personnel barred.
- ☐ One lakh Janata houses are being built for the poor.
- ☐ Over 2.5 lakh files/pending papers have been cleared.
- ☐ 'Pulling of strings' with regard to transfers and promotions made impossible.
- ☐ Plans finalised for providing drinking water wells and primary schools for every village in the State by November 1981.
- ☐ All land tribunal cases are expected to be attended to by November 1, 1981.
- ☐ Over 1,000 villages and hamlets electrified during 1980.
- ☐ A package programme has been developed for providing assistance to the youth coming from backward class artisan families.
- ☐ The Government has finalised a development outlay of Rs 2,400 crores for the new sixth plan.



**karnataka
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Karnataka Government – a young Government that's alive to the needs of the people.

Dharmagurus Of The Jains

The Digambara Jains look with renewed hope to their gurus for spiritual strength and the integration of the community.

by Dr Saryu Doshi
and
Dr Vilas Sanghave

IN the religious hierarchy of the Jains, there is a special functionary who is considered to be above the laymen but below the ascetics. He is known as the *bhattacharaka* or the ruler in the community although he is often referred to as *yati* among the Shvetambara Jains. The *bhattacharaka* is not only the spiritual mentor of the laity but also its organisational head. In this capacity he is the chief custodian of the religious institution—be it a temple or a place of pilgrimage—and all the establishments connected with it.

As a concept, the office of the *bhattacharaka* evolved gradually over the centuries. In the beginning, during the time of Mahavira and in the centuries that followed, the Jain monks led an itinerant life: they wandered far and wide preaching and propagating their faith. Often they attracted members of the royalty and nobility to their fold.

In the next few centuries the dissensions which had been rife in the Jain community split it into two sects. This development, however, did not have a detrimental effect on the expansion of the religion; it continued to draw a large body of adherents and could claim to be one of the major religious movements of the period receiving considerable patronage from kings, queens, important ministers and military generals.

Royal Patronage

In the southern regions of the Deccan and Karnataka, Jain monks obtained generous endowments from rulers and subjects alike. Splendid temples were constructed and monastic establishments set up as retreats for the ordained. Often land grants accompanied the donation of such structures so that the revenue from them could be utilised for the maintenance of the building and the continuity of worship in it. For instance, King Mrigeshvarma, grandson of Kakutsthavarma

Kadamba, "gave to the divine supreme *Arhat* fields at Vaijayanti for the purpose of the glory of sweeping (the temple) and anointing (the idol with *ghee*) and performing worship entirely free from taxation."

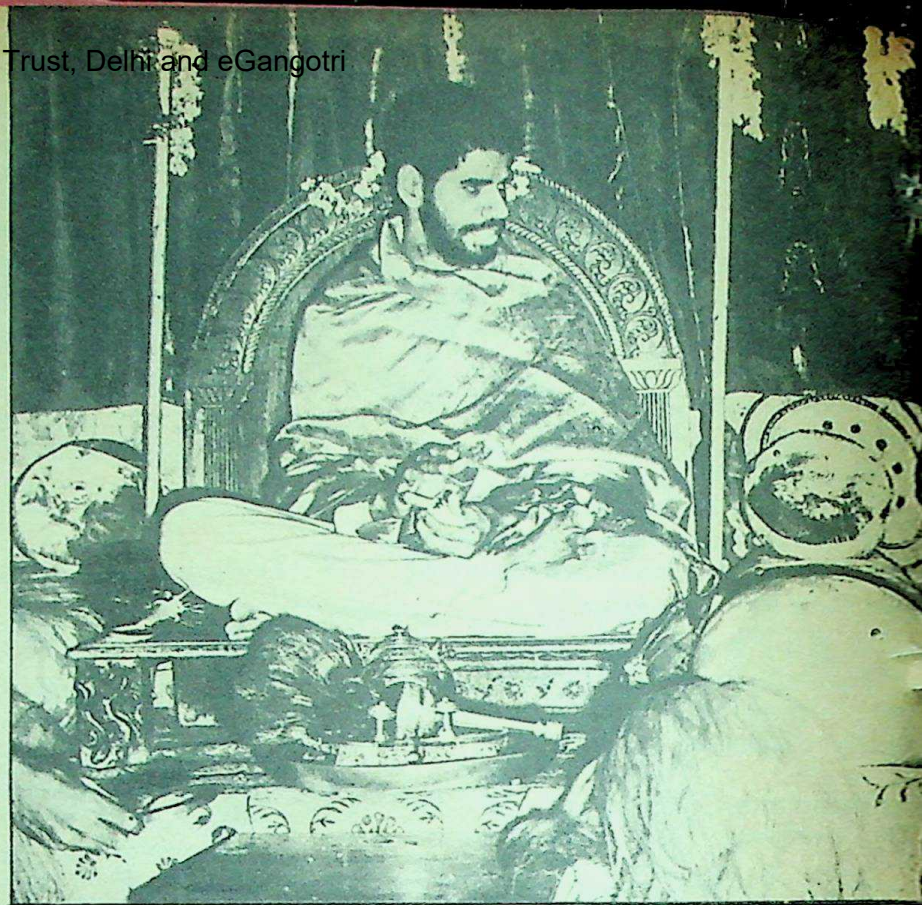
Before long, the Jain monks found themselves entangled in the managing of properties and estates given as grants to their religious establishments. The pontiffs became landlords and were occupied more and more with the administrative than the religious aspects of their work. Soon the Jain religious institutions, like their counterparts the medieval Hindu temple, amassed wealth and enjoyed various immunities on religious grounds.

The office of the *bhattacharaka* ensuing out of that of the landlord pontiff received sanction from the clergy as well as the laity of the Jain community. By the eighth or the ninth century the *bhattacharaka* institution had not only crystallised but also had become fairly well established. The *bhattacharaka* conducted his activities from the *matha* which served as his residence as well. These *bhattacharaka mathas*, particularly in South India, became important religious institutions wielding considerable influence over the lives of their followers.

The *bhattacharaka* combined in his person the qualities of both—the householder as well as the ascetic. Like the householder he lived in a house, owned property and could move from place to place using means of transportation. At the same time like the ascetics he was celibate, strictly observed religious injunctions like having only one meal a day, wore the orange robes of the ordained,



BHATTARAKA OF HUMCHA.



HIS HOLINESS SHRI CHARUKIRTI BHATTARAKA
SWAMIJI who heads the Jain Math at Sravanabelagola.

stayed in one place during *chaturmas*, the rainy season, and carried a *pinchhi*—a peacock feather fan. And towards the end of his life, the *bhattacharaka* was expected to enter, even for a very short period the "Nirgrantha Sadhu" stage or the state of the naked ascetic.

During the medieval period the Digambara Jains established several *bhattacharaka* seats in various parts of India, most of them being located in the provinces of Rajasthan, Gujarat, Maharashtra and Karnataka. With each seat was associated an honorific title which the *bhattacharaka* assumed upon appointment. Thus the *bhattacharakas* of Pratapgarh in Rajasthan bore the title of Yashakirti, those of Kolhapur were given the title of Lakshmisena, and those of Sravanabelagola and of Mudbidri the title of Charukirti.

Impetus To Arts

As religious heads of the community, the *bhattacharakas* performed several important religious and social duties. They supervised and directed various ceremonies and *pujas*. Among these can be included the elaborate sacred rituals connected with *murti-pratishtha*—the consecration of images for installation in temples—as also the *vrata-udyapaṇa-puja*, organised to celebrate the successful completion of religious vows. Being leaders in religious matters, it was their responsibility to provide education in Jain philosophy and train persons in the correct performance of rites and rituals. The *bhattacharakas* kept in close touch with their followers, administering *samskaras* at the time of birth, marriage and death and exercising a tempering influence whenever necessary.

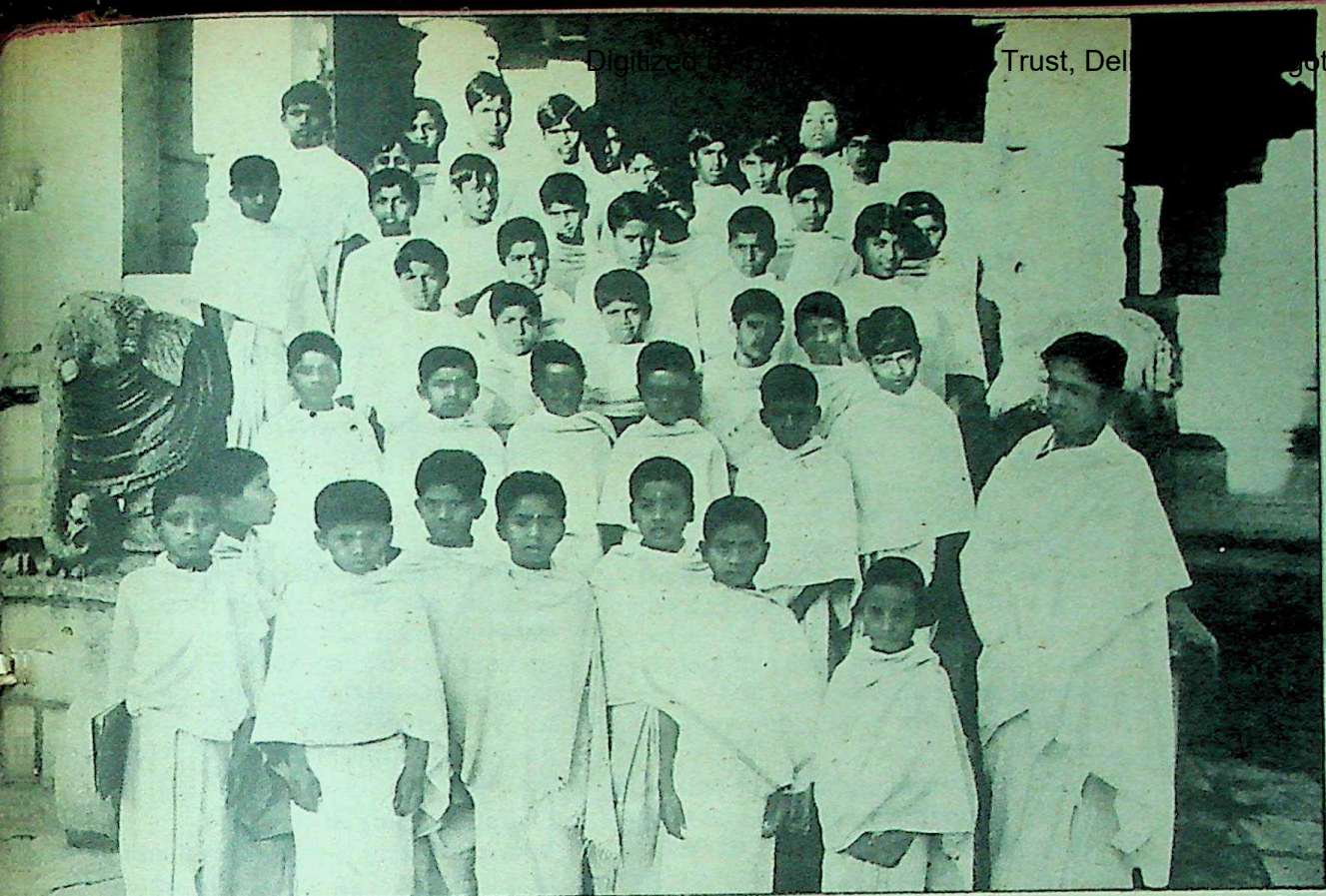
The unique position that the *bhattacharakas* enjoyed within the

community enabled them to channelise successfully the piety of their followers into proper religious outlets. They encouraged the affluent members of the Jain community to build temples, embellish them with sculptures and decorate the walls of the building with paintings. Other less wealthy devotees enriched these temples with gifts of images for worship and manuscripts—occasionally with illustrations—for spiritual enlightenment. All these activities gave a tremendous impetus to the various art forms including the different decorative and minor arts.

The *bhattacharakas* were the fountainhead of all social and religious activities. Moreover, at the time of sacred ceremonies or religious festivals they organised processions and celebrations which proved to be occasions of social gatherings and rejoicings with music, dancing, singing and dramatic performances. In this way they provided patronage to the different forms of performing arts as well and contributed significantly in promoting and preserving cultural values.

Many of the *bhattacharakas* were erudite and learned men who spent their time usefully in writing commentaries on difficult texts and composing stories which elucidated abstract philosophical dogmas. They chose to write in a language the people could easily understand.

The *bhattacharakas* were also keen collectors of works of other authors on different subjects. With patience and perseverance they built up libraries of handwritten manuscripts on subjects as diverse as logic, mathematics, medicine and astrology. These were stored in the *matha* or the temple along with other religious objects like stone and metal



—Lance Dane

PUPILS OF THE JAIN GURUKUL at Sravanabelagola.

coins as well as precious images made of gold and gemstones.

The *bhattarakas* *mathas* thus became seats of learning as well as repositories, veritable storehouses of knowledge and art. Their immense contribution towards preserving the Indian heritage in general and the Jain artistic and literary traditions in particular can be assessed by the fact that only a handful of manuscripts and art objects made prior to the 10th century—the period when the *bhattarakas* tradition appears to have established itself firmly—survive.

Several *bhattarakas* were reputed to be very proficient also in the *mantrashastras*. Their spiritual and intellectual powers often earned them respect from local rulers including some of the Muslim monarchs. For instance, a text giving the genealogy of *gurus* specifically mentions that Sultan Allaudin Khilji awarded recognition to *Bhattarakas Vidyandadi* of Karanja.

In addition to his religious duties towards the community and the faith the *bhattarakas* had many responsibilities of an organisational nature. He was in complete charge of the religious establishment—all the buildings and the various objects contained therein. He looked after their protection and maintenance as well as repairs and renovation as and when necessary. The *bhattarakas* were also the manager of all properties and lands received as donations.

Supreme Rulers

In course of time, however, the position of the *bhattarakas*, by virtue of his eminence in the community became equivalent to that of a ruler. It was inevitable that the *bhattarakas* subconsciously regard themselves as such and adopt the paraphernalia associated with royalty: the insignia of palanquin, umbrella and flywhisk.

The *matha*, which was also the *bhattarakas*' residence was termed as *sansthana* and his ceremonial place of sitting was known as *gadi*. These religious personages styled themselves as "*Rajgurus*"—the royal preceptors—and lived in great splendour, wore costly brocades, used objects made of gold and silver and moved around with a large entourage of people. They used horses and carriages for transport, armed guards stood sentry at the gates of fortifications that surrounded their vast estates.

Paradoxical Lifestyle

Within their own domain the *bhattarakas* were supreme: they awarded honorific titles to distinguished persons, issued proclamations and orders with their own seals, settled disputes, held enquiries, conducted court proceedings, gave judgements and prescribed punishments which included excommunication as an extreme case.

Even though the institution of the *bhattarakas* with all its pomp and glory appears paradoxical in the context of the severely austere living prescribed for the Jain ascetics, it was an important link between the two sections of the Jain community, the clergy and the laity. During the troubled times of the 10th, 11th, 12th centuries when Jainism was being driven to extinction by the Hindu Revivalists in the South, the close contact that existed between the *bhattarakas* and their followers proved to be of great value; the *bhattarakas* were able to provide the much needed security and stability to their congregations. At this time, they played a pivotal role in keeping the Jain religious organisation together and intact. It is largely due to their efforts that Jainism fared better

than Buddhism in retaining a hold over its adherents.

The excellent work done by the *bhattarakas* in the early period unfortunately was not kept up by their successors. Again, at this time, the Jains who had adopted the caste system from the Hindus, began to associate a certain caste with a certain *bhattarakas* seat. Thus, the *panchama* caste was connected with the Lakshmisena *bhattarakas* of Kolhapur while the *vaishya* caste was linked with Charukirti *bhattarakas* of Sravanabelagola. The pairing of a particular *bhattarakas* seat with a particular caste tended to isolate the Jains of one caste from those of another, creating a rift between members of the community. But even more distressing than this was the fact that the *bhattarakas* no longer inspired any awe and respect in the lay community. Their flamboyant worldly ways, their narrow outlook and lack of concern for their followers hastened the decline of this once powerful tradition. One by one the *bhattarakas* seats stopped functioning and faded into oblivion. By the beginning of the 20th century only 11 of the original 36 Digambara *bhattarakas* seats were extant.

Reorganising Spiritual Heads

In recent years one of the questions that came up for discussion among the Digambara Jains was whether or not to let the *bhattarakas* tradition continue. The consensus of opinion, arising out of a strong conviction that a religious preceptor was necessary to look after the spiritual and cultural life of the Jain community, was to keep the tradition alive but to organise it along different lines. It was felt that enlightened and dedicated religious leaders were needed, not as heads of caste groups, but as chiefs of pilgrim places and

temple complexes, who, like the *bhattarakas* of old, would protect and preserve the Jain legacy in all its facets.

As this reformist movement gained momentum there was an effort to modify the tradition so that it could conform with the new and changing circumstances as well as avoid the pitfalls encountered in the past. It was universally felt that the *bhattarakas* should be a person with a religious background and a modern education. Also, very importantly, his personal behaviour and requirements must be more like that of an ascetic than a prince. The recent appointments of *bhattarakas* have been carried out against this backdrop.

New Activities

In 1969 the *bhattarakas* formed a new organisation known as the "*Bhattarakas Sammelan*" to coordinate their various activities. For the first time in the history of the *bhattarakas* tradition, the *bhattarakas* of Sravanabelagola, Mudbidri and Humcha went to Europe and the USA to participate in the World Peace and Religious Conference and represented their views on these and related subjects. At home, in India, the *bhattarakas* are taking an active interest in running schools for imparting education with some emphasis on religious subjects and training people to conduct religious rituals. Also, they have started to organise *dharma sammelanas* which provide a forum for exchange of views and discussions on matters of common interest. Their *mathas* now have good libraries with thousands of books in them.

Many of the *bhattarakas* have initiated a publication programme which includes books as well as journals. For example, Lakshmisena *Bhattarakas* of Kolhapur has instituted a book-series entitled the *Lakshmisena Jaina Granthamala* under his editorship, as well as a journal called *Ratnatraya* with articles written in Marathi, Kannada and Hindi. Moreover, *Bhattarakas* Lakshmisena has been conducting educational programmes under the auspices of Lakshmisena Education Society and Lakshmisena Vidyapitha. Similarly, Shri Charukirti *Bhattarakas* of Mudbidri has devoted his attention to publication and research in Jainology at the Ramarani Jain research institute. At Sravanabelagola, under the enthusiastic leadership of *Bhattarakas* Charukirti, the *gurukul* is being organised along modern lines. In matters of publication, the Bahubali Committee took the unprecedented decision of commissioning a superbly illustrated book dealing with the various aspects of the pilgrimage centre at Sravanabelagola. It will certainly achieve the purpose of projecting this unique place to an international audience.



The Living Force

On the occasion of the Mahamastakabhisheka, *Marg* has brought out a special issue devoted to Jainism.

THE publication by *Marg** of a special issue devoted entirely to Jainism to mark the celebration of Mahamastakabhisheka is an event by itself. The production is beyond praise and rebounds to the glory of one of the most profound religions of the world. Textually and visually there is very little left to be desired and this special issue will long be cherished and studied by men and institutions devoted to religion—and scholarship.

Dr Mulk Raj Anand leads off with an article on the lapsing of the Jina as the source of the living force of images in Jain art. It is well to remember that for a long time, after the Jina had lapsed, his strict teaching did not allow any concession to the laity for his deification. The parallel with the Buddha can easily be drawn. The Jina and the Buddha, near contemporaries both, forbade images made to them. We do not know at what precise moment the advice was rejected or under what circumstances. Man, alas, needs images to be set up to be reminded of his great and wise preceptors. Words suffice not. He first starts with symbols but inevitably drifts into images. All over India now, we have Jain images but what we have in Sravanabelagola is not merely gigantic but the fruition of talent moulded by attained spiritualism. Great works are not the product of a mechanistic society. The inspiration for art can only come from something much deeper and, therefore, lasting.

Dr S.V. Gorakhshakar, an authority on Jain bronzes, gives us fresh insights into what went into their creation. And Dr Saryu Doshi has a descriptive article on the art treasures—and treasures they undoubtedly are—of Sravanabelagola. But even more relevant to the Jains is her description of a Pilgrim's Day, sensitively written and ably portrayed. Incidentally, Dr Doshi was invited to be the Guest Editor of this special issue.

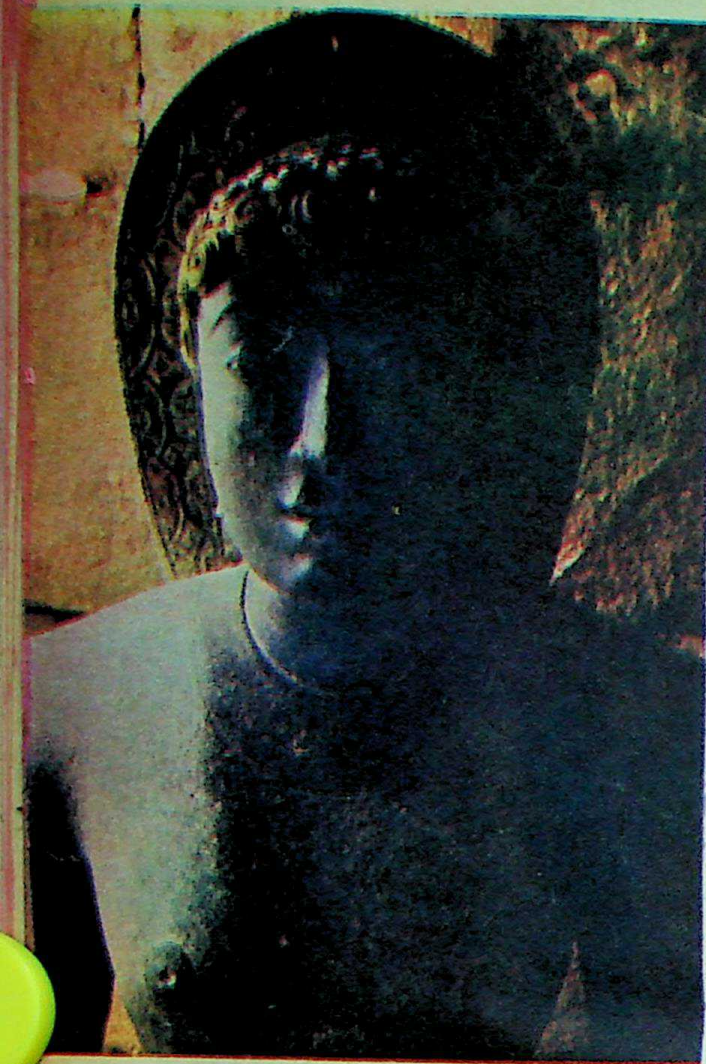
To be able to appreciate this issue one must appreciate the fundamentals of Jainism. The Jains regard life on earth as painful and a condition which has no end because the soul keeps transmigrating from one existence to another. In order to free oneself from this ceaseless process of birth, decay and death, the Jains believe in following the path of the Three Jewels: Right Faith, Right Knowledge and Right Conduct. Jainism lays emphasis on the moral responsibility of the individual and asserts that each soul is the architect of its own destiny. How can this be achieved? Seldom has any journal discussed such profound issues in any meaningful way. *Marg* has done it—for the first time. Strengthening the text are visuals worthy of

the Jain tradition. *Marg* carries 55 colour pictures and 120 pictures in black and white and three picture folds—and the effect is overwhelming. It is one thing to say what Jainism is or what its precepts stand for. That is easily done. It is one of the most tolerant of religions and has been discussed in great detail by many scholars. But it is quite another to show the *magnificence* of Jain art in all its manifestations and splendour and this is where the *Marg* special issue excels. For years to come *Marg* will be referred to as a work of reference.

On the morning of the Mahamastakabhisheka several lakhs of Jain devotees will be gathered at Sravanabelagola to witness the ceremony. The ritual is impressive. But all Indians share and rejoice in what is our common heritage. For presenting it to us in word and image, in meaningful text and stunning pictures the world should be particularly grateful to *Marg*. The Jain special issue is a thing of beauty and a gem of its kind.

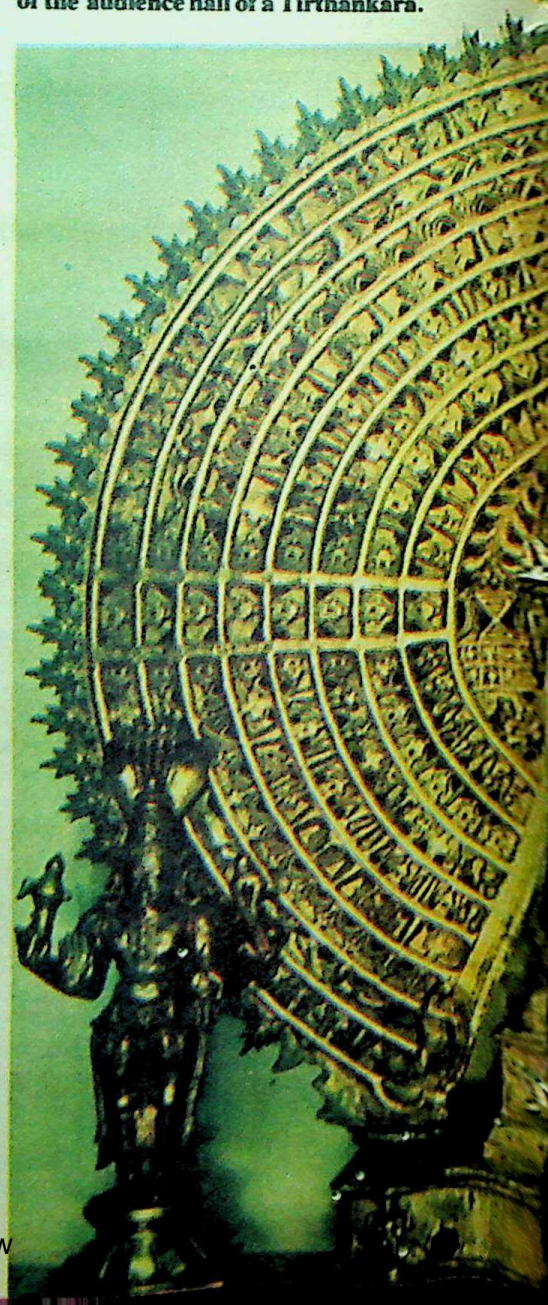
M. V. K.

SAMAVASARANA: A schematic rendering of the audience hall of a Tirthankara.



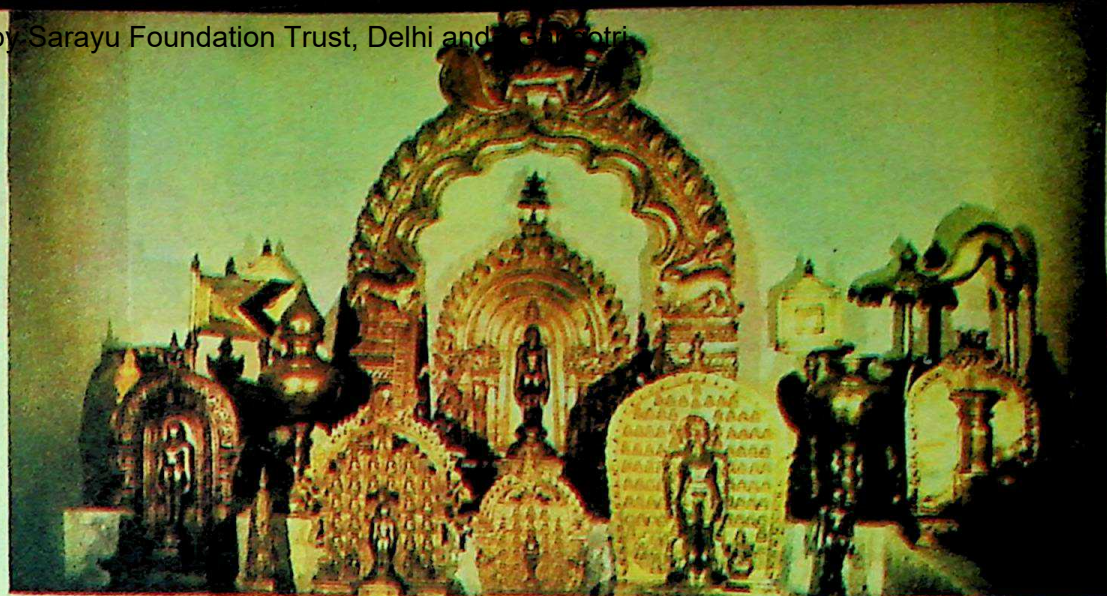
HEAD OF A TIRTHANKAR IMAGE from Kambadahalli

TREASURES OF THE MATH: An 18th century wall painting at Sravanabelagola.



**Marg* : Special Jain Issue; 122 pages; Rs 225.

Images

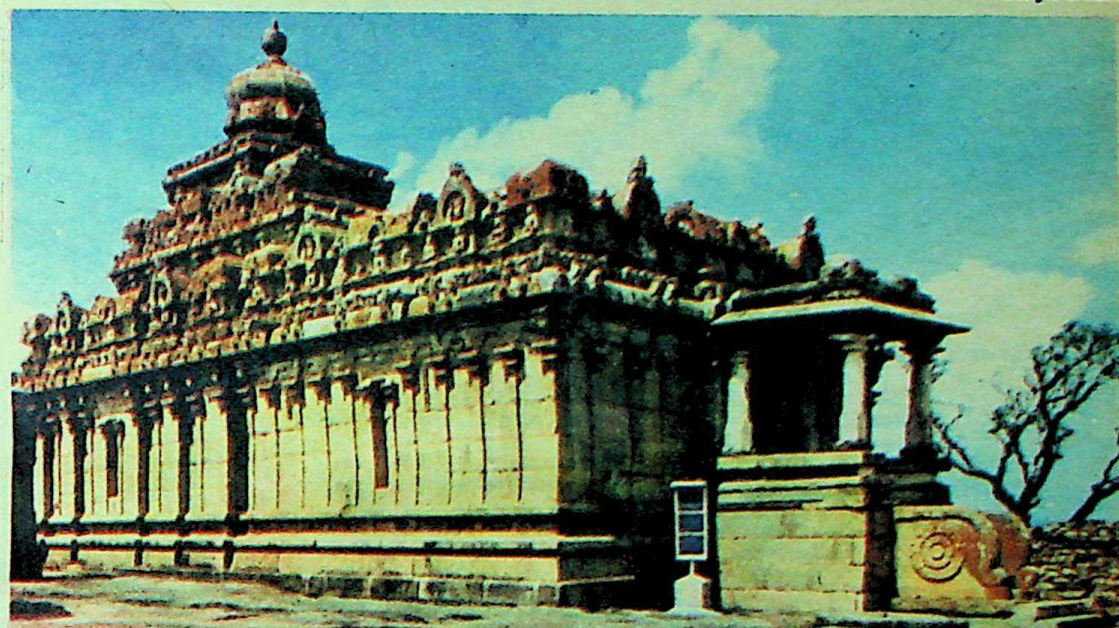


MANDASAN: A collection of bronzes spanning many centuries at the Jain Math.

—Saryu Doshi

← TIRTHANKAR IMAGE in the Mangayi Basti.

—Saryu Doshi

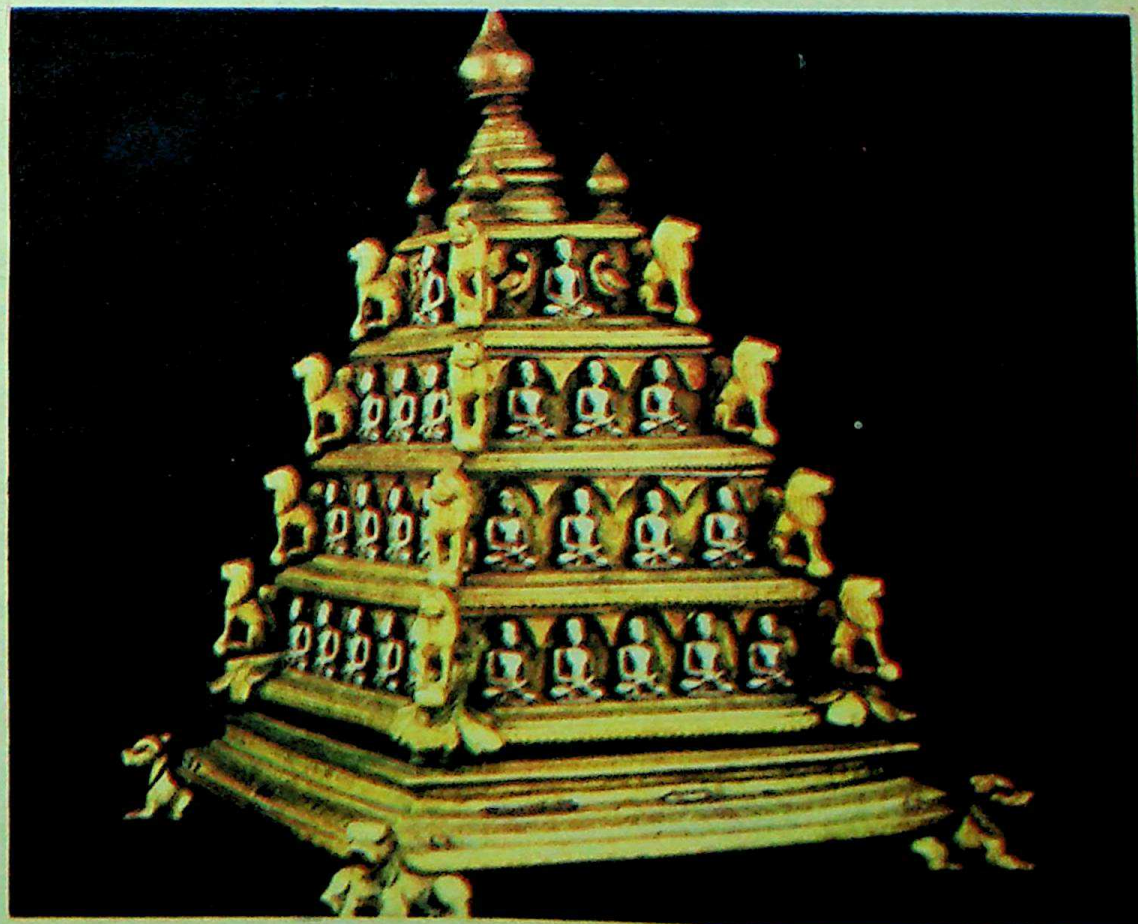


CHAMUNDARAYA BASTI on Chandragiri at Sravanabelagola. It is a superb piece of architecture in the Ganga style.

—Saryu Doshi

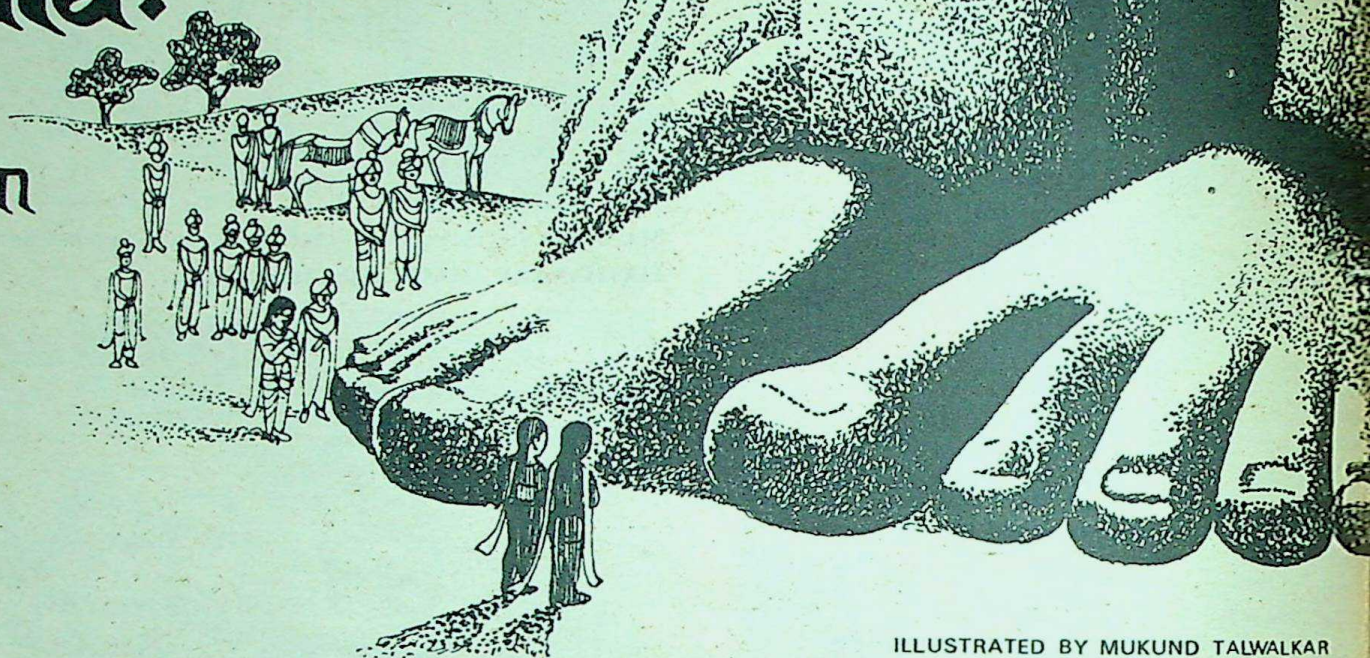
NANDISWAR BRONZE showing exquisite craftsmanship.

—Saryu Doshi



Shantala:

Portrait Of A Hoyasala Queen



ILLUSTRATED BY MUKUND TALWALKAR

This story is an excerpt from Pattamahadevi Shantaladevi, a novel in Kannada, eulogising the enlightened liberalism of Shantala.

by C.K. Nagaraja Rao

HEGDE Marasingiah left with his entourage, Bittideva, Revimiah and four escorts.

In just two days they made four leagues to reach Belagola. Shantala and Bittideva travelled on horseback, Revimiah trailing them. Hegde's men at the head, Bittideva's men at the rear, guarded the train. They camped in Belagola, a tiny village newly founded by Chamundaraya.

Early next morning they bathed in the beautiful lake Devarabelagola, halfway between the twin hills Chandragiri and Indragiri, and climbed Indragiri for a glimpse of Bahubali. In spite of old age, neither Marasingiah nor Machikabbe rested on the way—the smiling visage of Bahubali inspired their pilgrimage.

They went round and prostrated before the image of Bahubali. Weathered by a hundred summers, since Chamundaraya installed it, the colossus gleamed as if new. The children stood at the feet in mute wonder. Their eyes were glued to the monolithic figure.

The elders watched them from a distance.

Her eyes closed, arms folded,

Shantala sang a verse in praise of Bahubali.

They all stood in reverence. Bittideva emulated Shantala, closing his eyes. The echo of their song filled the air. Even the stony heart of Bahubali seemed moved by the child's devotion.

The priest in charge of Bahubali blessed Shantala. "The muse has favoured you, child. You have moved the Lord's heart," he said. To her parents, he said: "This child is your good fortune. I have seen musicians, from far and near, seeking the Lord's grace. They have shown virtuosity, won applause. But this child is different; her music is celestial. You are blessed in her. With the Lord's grace, she will go to a great house, and bring credit to both the houses. He will lift this child and bear her on his head. With his grace miracles come to pass. Royalty is already well-disposed towards you, as I see."

Marasingiah said: "I must beg your pardon. My lord loves his people equally. Favour is out of the question. I hope to be worthy of his affection."

The priest queried: "Does the Lord let the prince accompany all and sundry?" Marasingiah was silent, for he had no answer.

Bittideva answered the priest: "The choice was mine. Neither my father nor Hegde had anything to do with it."

The priest had the last word: "It is all the same. There is benevolence."

They shared the offering to Bahubali; it was a sumptuous meal.

Bittideva's eyes were on Bahubali even as he ate. Bokimiah, who watched him, remembered an old discussion, and asked him what he

now felt about Bahubali's nakedness. The prince was embarrassed. Shantala came to his rescue. "Master, let us defer it to the afternoon. This isn't the place to discuss it. You counselled self-surrender to the Lord. I beseech you not to provoke a discussion."

The priest felt the dig. Bokimiah looked at Shantala in surprise. He feared she was annoyed, but she wasn't. He agreed, and admitted his fault.

They retired to their camp downhill.

In the afternoon, Bittideva resumed the discussion. He said it was his second visit to Bahubali. The first visit was long ago, which he did not remember. He had heard it from his mother; he had tarried long after the others had left; in fact, he had been dragged away. He was then four or five, and he could not say why he had behaved as he had done. As he grew older he heard the word naked, which seemed embarrassing. That was why he had raised the matter with his master. But now when he saw Bahubali, he was not embarrassed. There was nothing vulgar in it, he said.

Why did he feel so? He could not explain, he said.

"Sanctity of the place," the master explained. "That is why we are urged to visit pilgrim centres. There are sceptics who laugh. But now the prince has realised it for himself."

Bittideva asked whether one could not realise God wherever one was. The master said one could, if one had faith. But it needs time and patience. Pilgrim centres are sanctified; they are ready means to realisation.

Bittideva said he had known it through experience.

Shantala spoke: "Master, when we were in Kudali, I had a doubt. I didn't speak, because I thought it would be impertinent when others were silent. May I now speak?"

The master encouraged her. Doubts, he said, should be cleared or they would enfeeble faith.

Shantala referred to what the priest had said. She asked whether saint Bhagavatpada had actually entranced goddess Saraswati by means of the *vanadurga mantra*.

The master explained to her at length. The power of the all-knowing saints could accomplish anything; there was nothing beyond it. One should not interpret literally. Bhagavatpada was a great saint. The legend about him is symbolic. Saraswati represents knowledge, and he had attained mastery in it. That the goddess of knowledge was at his beck and call is just a way of putting it. The master cautioned against scepticism. What the eye sees is little, there is a lot it cannot see. It would be wrong to say that others cannot do what we cannot. In the realm of the supernatural, the natural ceases to be valid. The miracles wrought by faith defy one's imagination. To think of saints in terms of ordinary mortals is to err. The master asked: "Do you remember? I once told you that Bhagavatpada stood on the same pedestal as Bahubali."

She said she did. So how come the doubt, the master asked. "I thought," she said, "a goddess could not be won over by mantra." The master explained: "The mantra is secondary. The quest is important. Where it is free from the self, righteous and well-meaning, even the gods surrender. So goddess Saraswati surrendered to saint Bhagavatpada."

Shantala agreed. She recalled the time when she had danced before the goddess and had heard the sound of anklets other than hers. She felt that what the priest said about the saint hearing the anklets as the goddess trailed behind him must be true. She didn't speak of her experience for fear of being laughed at.

The master said: "I know the truth now. What the priest said is right. The goddess has favoured you; that is the significance of the necklace dropping."

Bittideva's curiosity was aroused. He expressed a desire to visit Kudali.

Shantala invited him to Balipura.

"Not now. My father's instructions are that I should return to the capital," he said.

She enquired as to when he would come. Bittideva said that it all depended on his circumstances. He was not free to go. When his parents went, he could perhaps join them.

Bokimiah didn't speak; he merely listened. The conversation ended abruptly. There seemed nothing else to talk about. Revimiah entered with a message. It was time to leave for Chandragiri.

The mood suddenly changed. There was renewed enthusiasm.

CHANDRAGIRI seemed easier to climb than Indragiri. They visited several temples. The glow of the evening sun had cast a halo round Bahubali's head. Shantala, first to notice it, gave an exclamation.

Her master explained that it was a daily phenomenon. It was a homage to the Lord from the sun. The Lord's majesty is awe-inspiring. In fact, Chamundaraya, gazing at the rock, discovered him in it.

The discussion turned to the sculpture. Bokimiah explained that Bahubali's figure was wrought out of the rock. He reminisced the legend. On his way to Poudanapura, to fulfil his mother's wish, Chamundaraya had seen the Lord in a vision at this very spot. Just as Sankara is called Vidyasankara in the North, Chamundaraya is known as Gomataraya in the South.

Shantala said: "Whatever the faith, it leads to fulfilment."

Bokimiah agreed: "Yes. Unfaltering faith is the basis of realisation. The Lord shows his grace."

The goal is one, only the paths to it are different. Shantala asked why there was so much contention among faiths resulting in bitterness; on the other hand, whatever one's faith, it should bring peace and contentment.

Bokimiah answered: "You have spoken well. The contention and the resultant bitterness comes from man's selfishness. At the root is I, me, mine. My faith is superior to your faith. It is the triumph of the self over the faith. Weed out the self, and the faith grows strong."

Bittideva asked: "Master, will contention cease if one's faith is well-founded?"

Bokimiah explained that there was nothing wrong in contention. A well-founded faith grows stronger from liberal contention. "Look at Hegde's family," he said. Though the couple followed different faiths, there was no bitterness."

Hegde agreed. "But the journey was long and hard before we arrived."

Machikabbe struck. "Yes, when one says his faith is original, and the other's is at variance, the journey must be long and hard."

The discussion gathered heat and everybody was keenly attentive.

Marasingiah asked: "Tell me, Bokimiah, is not the Jain faith a late arrival?"

Bokimiah readily agreed. Machikabbe countered: "Does it make the faith less true?"

Bokimiah explained at length. Comparisons are invidious, he said. The original faith of this country had proliferated in course of time, acquiring new forms and names. But the kernel inside the shell was the same. Worship Siva, worship Jina; it makes no difference, he said. The quest for the true, the good and the beautiful at some point turned into the quest for power, which led to violence. The Jain faith, based on non-violence, was the answer. It frowned on violence, committed openly or unwittingly. Man's twin foes were desire and self; sacrifice was the shield against them. Bokimiah said:



"The ideal of sacrifice is ancient. Saints were revered for their sacrifices." He quoted a Sanskrit verse.

Marasingiah asked the master to explain its meaning. Bokimiah put it in these words: "If you are in doubt as to right and wrong, emulate the example of the saint. For he is good, loves virtue, is compassionate, is above temptation, free and fearless, the enlightened one."

The discussion turned to religious bigotry and Bokimiah said: "Look what is happening in the Chola kingdom. The king is a devotee of Siva. There is religious persecution and people of other faiths have to practise their religion secretly."

Marasingiah exclaimed: "How fortunate we are! Devotees of Siva

have nothing to fear in this Hoysala kingdom. Though a Jain, our lord does not look down upon Saivites."

Bokimiah made a short speech. Tolerance of mutual faiths should be a way of life. God was one, and it should be open to people to realise him by diverse paths. "Unless a ruler is liberal, people will suffer. When the king conducts himself as the people's chosen representative his name will endure. A tyrant king becomes his own hangman. The king who holds his office in trust is willing to sacrifice it at any moment. Chandragiri is in fact named after one such king. He gave up a vast empire, stretching from the Himalayas to Kuntala, and came here to practise severe austerities. After him, Katavapra came to be called Chandragiri."

Shantala raised a doubt. Did Chandragiri owe its name to the eighth Jain Swami whose idol Chandraprabha was installed in the temple there?

Bokimiah conceded, though legend ran otherwise.

Bittideva was silent. His mind was full of the master's words about the ideal king.

Then Shantala spoke: "Master, was not Chandragupta, who wrested an empire from Nanda, a pupil of the illustrious economist Kautilya?" Bokimiah said he was. Whereupon she asked her master to tell them more about the king and why he gave up his empire.

Bittideva became attentive.

Bokimiah speculated. After 24 years of kingship, Chandragupta felt the urge for sacrifice. Then he came here. He probably came so far to be beyond temptation. In a moment of self-realisation the highest sacrifice becomes easy. It is difficult to be more precise about Chandragupta. But his sacrifice is part of history.

Bittideva said: "It is true that he sacrificed, but did he not run away from his post of duty?"

THE discussion turned to individual freedom. Bokimiah stated that Chandragupta's conduct was above criticism, because he would have named a successor.

Bokimiah unravelled several other legends.

He cautioned against blind acceptance.

Shantala gave a sharp turn to the discussion about *avatars*. Bittideva asked whether she believed in *avatars*. Shantala said it was not a question of one's belief, but of respecting beliefs held by others.

Bokimiah was quick to laud Shantala. Liberalism, of which tolerance is the essence, behoves a king. Look at the Hegde couple, he said. There was peace in the household. On a larger scale, if the king is liberal, there will be peace in the land. The Hegdes were worthy of reverence. In fact,

Hegde's presence was a glowing sign of his liberalism, because he could well have stayed away.

Bittideva said: "Master, can we say that Hegde sees Siva in Bahubali, Chandraprabha, Parshvanatha?"

Bokimiah cleared his doubts.

Marasingiah spoke: "Master, you have been generous. We who worship Siva didn't give him a human form for this very reason. *Sivalinga* represents the formless, the omnipresent. We are liberal by tradition. Where there is no linga, we improvise one with a handful of sand. It represents the infinite."

Hegde said it was essentially a question of faith. The eye beholds what is in the mind. Is the naked vulgar? Or beautiful? The story of the trinity which beheld the naked Anasuya illustrates the moral. Bahubali's nakedness is as inoffensive as Anasuya's was to the trinity.

BOKIMIAH was pleased. He said the essence of liberalism was innocence. That was the guarantee of peace in Hegde's household. The Chola king was also a Saivite, but what a contrast, in their attitudes.

Marasingiah said: "The trouble begins when one thinks his faith is superior. There will be no trouble when one realises that his faith is in no way inferior to other faiths. That is the beginning of tolerance and impartiality. That is what we need."

Bokimiah said: "Only the Lord can show light."

Night had descended. Against the dark, stars shone like little lamps.

Marasingiah exclaimed; "Master, you have missed your meal; so has my wife!"

Bokimiah answered: "It is our good fortune. This place is sanctified by fasting. But let us move; it will be late for Hegde's meal."

Marasingiah reminded Bokimiah that it had been a mealless Monday evening.

Shantala said: "So we also benefit from a mealless Monday!"

Her father agreed. "You are doubly blessed. You have the best of both worlds, Siva and Jina. But what about the prince?"

Bittideva said: "Hoysala kings always follow their people. Let me also benefit from your mealless Monday!"

The peal of a bell roused them. They turned towards Bahubali. His visage shone and there was peace divine in it. Bittideva and Shantala prostrated before Bahubali.

Revimiah watched them in wonder. So did the others. "Let us move," said Hegde. The party moved, drenched in the spirit of supreme satisfaction. When they reached the camp there was hardly a feeling of weariness. Their sleep was undisturbed.

Translated by C.H. Prahlada Rao



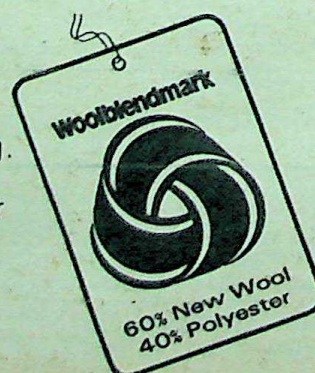
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Anecdotes-II

The Bespectacled C

by R.K. Laxman

"Long years in this business have taught me that there does exist a strange likeness...between people and animals, birds and... even inanimate objects."



WHETHER a face is beautiful, plain, comical or villainous, it is a fascinating object to watch. Most people take a face for granted and treat it like the address on an envelope. They go about with only a vague impression of their friends, relatives and neighbours. The physical features of a face are not needed for memory. That is why many times one wonders if a person one had just met the previous day had a moustache or not, if he wore any glasses at all, if he parted his hair on the left or the right side. Yet, if one happens to meet him again, the recognition is almost immediate. When we remember a face it is the personality of the individual we recall and not its details.

Once the cartoonist had an easy time drawing the popular world figures. Churchill generously lent his famous cigar to the caricaturist with which he could be symbolised and, perhaps, even be dispensed with altogether by drawing only the cigar. Stalin had his formidable whiskers, Hitler, his tooth-brush moustache. Nearer home Rajaji's dark glasses, Gandhiji's....well, he wholly offered himself to the caricaturist, and Jinnah's monacle, the cigarette-holder and his extraordinary physical thinness were all pegs for the caricaturist to hang his talent on.

But the times have changed and now he bemoans the departure of these colourful characters from the world stage. No aggressive characteristics are sported any more. On this basis Mrs Gandhi, Mr Reagan, Mrs Thatcher and Mr Vajpayee have nothing very interesting about them

that could be reduced to a simple recognisable symbol. But a true caricaturist does not merely depend on the eyebrows, beard and shape of the chin. He seeks a factor beyond the physical side and that is where the oddity lies and that is what goes into his caricature of a face. A normal person with an air of regal dignity about him could be made to look like Mickey Mouse without destroying his recognisable appearance. The art of caricature has revealed that the line that divides the silly and the solemn is very thin indeed.

Long years in this business have taught me that there does exist a strange likeness, however remote and far-fetched, between people and animals, birds and, stretching the imagination a bit further even inanimate objects. I do not find it difficult at all, for instance, to correlate the resemblance of a particular person to an old ramshackle truck or a Model-T Ford, or the appearance of a cabinet minister to a particular bottle in a drug store. I knew a person whose wife's presence unfailingly reminded me of the Taj Mahal in moonlight! Of course, the similarity was suggested by her make-up, size, jewellery, etc. It is this ridiculous association of ideas that helps the caricaturist. I discovered this secret when I was a boy.

Our home in Mysore used to get a lot of magazines. They lay scattered on a table in the hall. I used to spend hours going through them because they contained a lot of pictures of people, places, trees, mountains and animals. Constantly, our neighbours used to drop in to collect a magazine or two for week-end reading. Sometimes

they returned them dog-eared and begrimed and sometimes, mercifully, they did not return them at all. However, in course of time the periodicals disintegrated and disappeared, making room, like the change of seasons gradually, to new arrivals.

I was constantly busy drawing pictures wherever I could in those days—walls, doors, sheets of paper on my father's desk and even the margins and endpapers of de luxe editions of classics were all covered with drawings of trees, the rising sun, cottages, crows and funny portraits of men, women and children.

I used to derive particular delight in distorting the photographs in the magazines, adding curly moustaches to the pretty face of a winner of a beauty contest, or *namams* to a formidable-looking Nazi, or giving hats, goggles or turbans to those who did not have them, and so on I went merrily. My elders allowed me this liberty only with the magazines that had outlived their use on the table.

One day I was busy adding a pair of horn-rimmed glasses to a picture of a very attractive goat found in the Ural mountains. I think I found the *Life* magazine particularly good for my purpose. Sitting next to me was a friend of our family. This gentleman never took the magazines home but read them all in the cool comfort of our own drawing-room, taking his

own with on sat... absorbed in our respective activities.

Suddenly he jumped up and shouted at me, in what seemed uncontrollable rage which shook the house and brought the elders harrying to us. He was at that moment holding the *Life* magazine open at the page showing the bespectacled goat. "I will never again step into this house after this insult," he roared, hurling the magazine to the floor, and walked out. We stood petrified and bewildered, not having a clue as to what it was all about! My elder brother recovered from the shock a bit and picked up the magazine to find out what had triggered the family friend's outrage. He examined the goat for some time, turned to me with a smile and said, "You should not do this sort of thing. Poor man!"

Looking at the humanised goat I myself was astonished to discover the remarkable resemblance to our erstwhile friend of the family! Accidentally I had stumbled at that moment on the key to the art of caricature.

Even now I look in a face beyond the physical shape, light and shade, colour of the skin for the indefinable, elusive, surprise element which a face actually hides and which is so essential for caricature.

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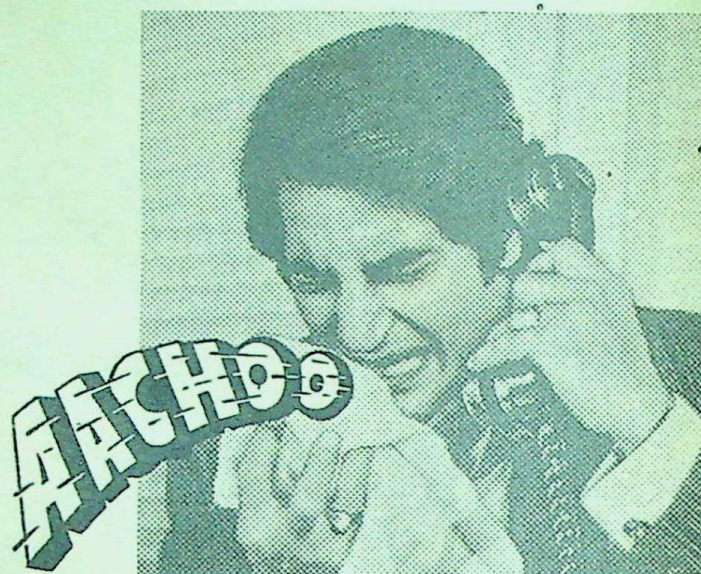
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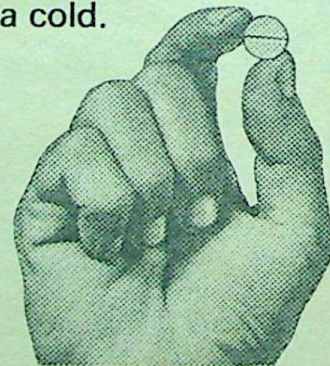
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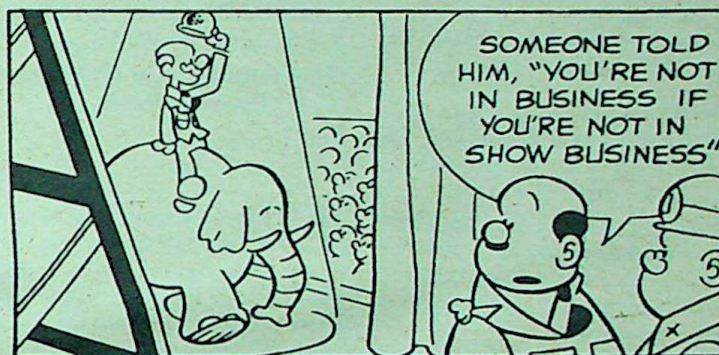
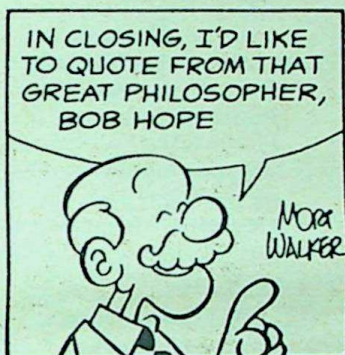
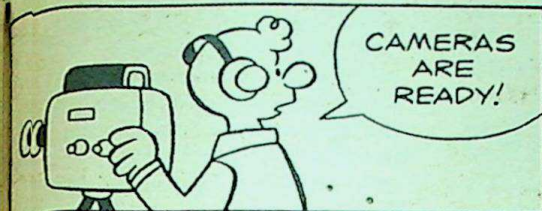
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BOOK REVIEW

A Visual Tribute

INDIA: preface by Max-Pol Fouchet, recounted and captioned by Nicole Menant, photographed by Jean-Louis Nou, translated from the French by Anthony Horder; Roli Books International, Delhi; Rs 210.

WHEN Indians write about India, they try and explain their country—and are more often than not on the defensive.

When foreigners write, they try to understand and in trying to understand seek a rationalisation of what they imperfectly comprehend. The foreigner—mostly European—must know the *why* of anything, whether it be phallic worship or the decline of Buddhism. The Indian has no need to rationalise, he has to accept.

Both approaches could be interesting even when they are illogical or incomplete. To say that India is too vast, too convolute, too incomprehensible is a cliché, but nevertheless true. One accepts India or one doesn't. Indians have no problem: they live in their country and no matter where they go, India pursues them relentlessly. For them there is no escape.

The foreigner being the outsider can love, hate or despise India. India does not care: it goes its own way, as it has for centuries, oblivious of alien comment. It is as if India tells the one from overseas: take me or leave me. Some leave it. Some accept India. How does one do it? In the text appended to this fabulous book of photographs (68 colour plates and 64 black and white pictures) Nicole Menant says: *But to love India, one must abandon oneself to its immensity, be open to its extremes, lose oneself to find oneself. To learn to see beyond India's apparent destitution and uncleanness, which form the leitmotif of complaint of foreign visitors, it is important to recognise the fundamental frugality of the Indians and their total indifference to appearances....*

The trouble with such comment is that it is much too general. Who says that Indians are indifferent to appearances? If one were to sift the

text for broad generalisations that the author makes with such delightful abandon, one would come across so many of them that one gives up after some time.

We read the text with scepticism mingled with amusement. So this is what a Frenchman thinks of India and Indians? He is entitled to his opinions, assessments and analyses. We need not quarrel with them. What we can do is to enjoy the pictures which are beautiful. The one generalisation that one can make about India is that it lends itself superbly to the camera art.

Jean-Louis Nou is an excellent photographer and he has caught India in its myriad moods. Visually the book is a major tribute to India and its people.

M.V.K.

A Famous Battle

THE BATTLE OF BAGUTO CITY by W.R. Hartson; Hutchinson & Co (Publishers) Ltd., London; Rs 10.

EVER as Karpov and Korchnoy are likely to fight again for the world chess championship in 1981, the Battle of Baguto City between these two giants in 1978 still remains fresh in memory.

The outcome of the match was a matter of prestige for the Soviet Union, for the title-holder Anatoly Karpov was their favourite, and the challenger, Victor Korchnoy, had deserted their country alleging maltreatment.

Paradoxically, the champion, Karpov a young man of 27 is, in Hartson's words, a "no-risk strategist", while the challenger, a veteran of 47, has a creative and aggressive style.

The greatest sensation of the match was Korchnoy's miraculous recovery after being 4:1 down in 17 games and 5:2 down in 27 games. The player who got 6 wins first (draws not counting) was to be the victor, but Korchnoy won the 28th, 29th and 31st games and the score was level at 5:5! Then came the anti-climax and Korchnoy lost the 32nd game miserably.

Hartson's book traces the careers of the two antagonists and describes their styles with illustrative games. Then he recounts the events that led to recriminations between them and Korchnoy's exit from the Soviet Union in 1976.

The ground for the battle of Baguto City is prepared with five of the previous encounters between the contestants, including three from their Candidates' Final match of 1974. Then follow the 32 games with copious notes.

The book is interspersed with interesting sidelights on the frivolous behaviour of the two adversaries and

their delegations, such as inspection of Korchnoy's chair for electronic devices, Karpov's refusal to shake hands with Korchnoy, Korchnoy's complaint about the Russian Dr Zukhar's parapsychology, his seeking the help of an under-trial Anandmargi to counter it.

A paperback of 121 pages, it will be an excellent addition to a chess-lover's shelf.

R.B. Sapre

Wanted: Indigenous Solutions

EASTERN INTELLECTUALS AND WESTERN SOLUTIONS: Follower Syndrome in Asia by Dr Doh Joon-Chien; Vikas; Rs 60.

THIS book is a fervent plea to Eastern intellectuals to find an Asian solution to Asian problems. It is the author's contention that Western-educated scholars have become intellectual followers instead of intellectual leaders, and have become so influenced by Western methodology and concepts that they are unable to analyse and formulate correct solutions for national problems.

Dr Doh comes from a Confucian-Christian family, was educated in Malaysia, England and the United States, and is currently Chairman of the Division of Public Administration at the University of Malaya. Although the term Asia is used, in practice, this study excludes Communist countries like the People's Republic of China, and also excludes Japan. The author was a member of a Malaysian Government Study Team in early 1972 that examined the pattern of post-graduate training for civil servants in India and Pakistan. The references in the book to India are not very numerous.

The author examines a number of Asian experiences associated with Western influence. The first is the effect of Western orientation on Eastern intellectuals. One of the major outcome of Western influence, he contends, has been the emergence of a class of "mentally colonised" intellectuals who are more a part of the cosmopolitan world than of their indigenous cultures.

In the late 50s and the early 60s concern with the administrative capacity of developing countries to support development effort led to a new emphasis in public administration called development administration. The presence of Eastern intellectuals, whose faith in Western technology was strong, facilitated the large-scale transfer and acceptance of Western institutions, structures, techniques and practices, but in the process, Dr Doh contends, the relationship

between public administration and social setting was ignored.

The case studies in the book are from Malaysia and the Philippines. Faced with the problem of a persistent shortfall in development expenditure, the Government of Malaysia called in American experts. These advisors prescribed the creation of a Development Administration Unit in the Prime Minister's Office. However, the DAU became organisationally defunct in a matter of a few years. The reasons for its failure forms an interesting part of the book.

Two case studies from the Philippines follow. One concerned the problem of overstaffing in the civil service there, leading to excessive outlay on personnel services. This was sought to be solved by a staff reduction scheme, which failed because of indigenous environmental forces. In the overpopulated Philippines, says the author, overstaffing is the symptom rather than the problem.

After pointing out that in countries like India, despite programmes of development, the poor in relative terms have become even poorer, the author concludes that Western solutions are, more often than not, ineffective in an Asian context. He urges that Governments should move towards defining the role of the state in terms of uplifting the welfare of the poor to the level of a minimum acceptable standard of living.

"The Eastern intellectuals have to make the difficult transition of becoming Asian intellectuals," he says. As Asian scholars they will have to search for Asia-based solutions to Asian problems. Most important of all, the scholarship of Asian intellectuals must serve the cause of People Development and People Administration. The author then elaborates these two complementary approaches and urges that for lasting progress to be made, the administrative systems of Asia have to be built on the strength of its cultures, traditions, values and resources.

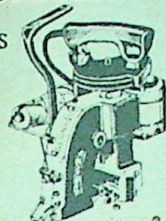
In the foreword Dr V.A. Pai Panandikar of the Centre for Policy Research, New Delhi, points out that there has been a marked change in the attitudes of the intellectuals in many developing countries, including India, to find indigenous solutions more relevant to local conditions. In recent years on the Indian scene, for instance, a much greater policy of Indianisation has taken place in such vital sectors as rural development, caste relationship and political participation.

This book is an unusual study which can be viewed in two ways. One can view it as an attempt at defining the problem that Asia is facing in relation to Western influence, or as the effort of a Western-oriented Asian to discover his identity as an Asian. Either way it is thought-provoking.

John Bowman

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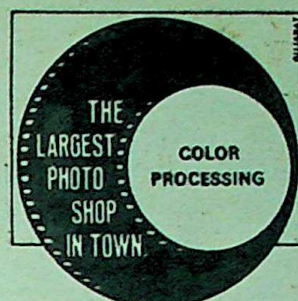
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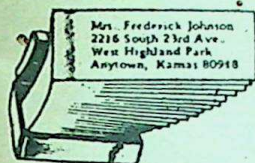
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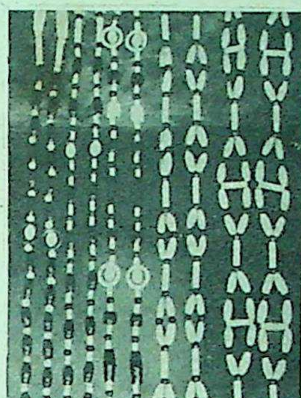
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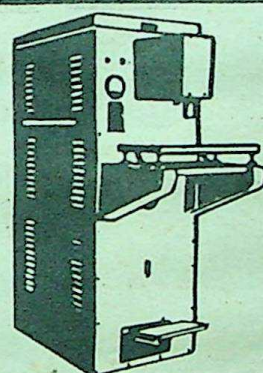
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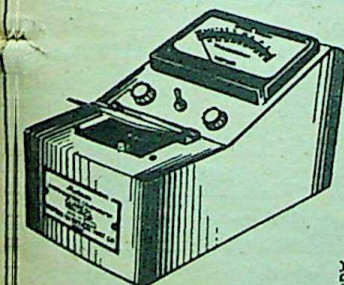
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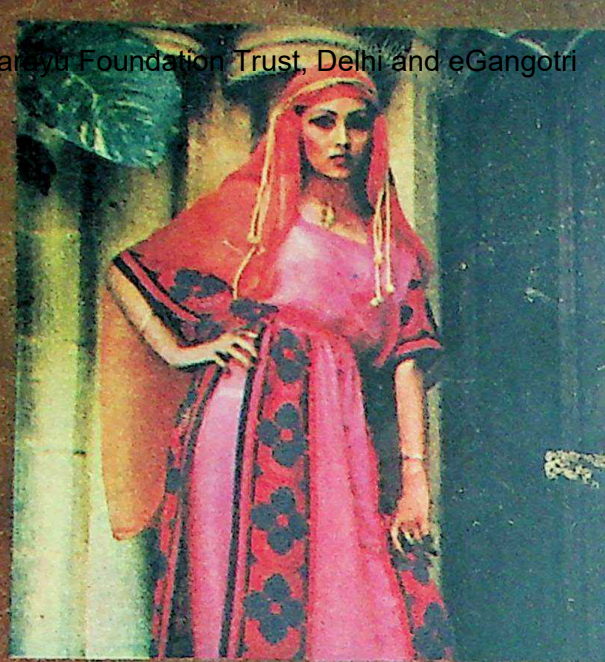
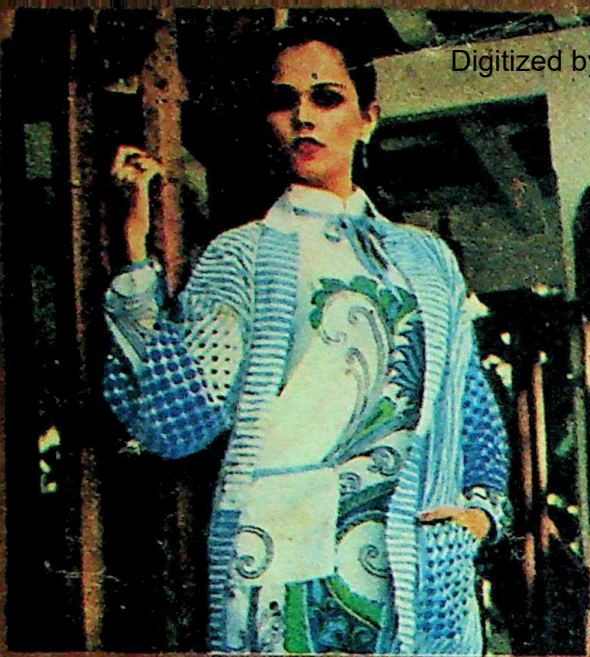
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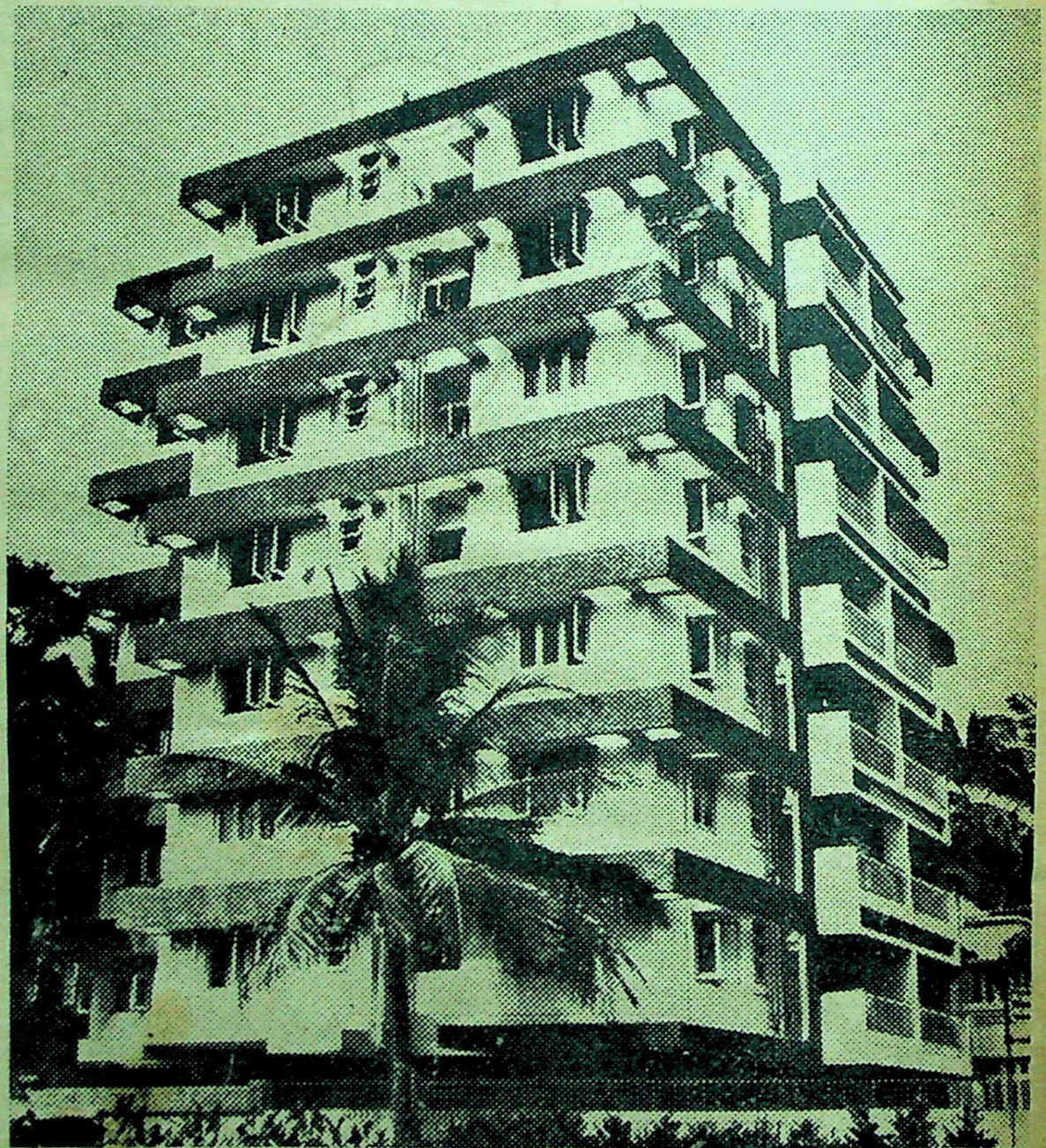
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The Illustrated Weekly

Of India

VOL CII 29 August 8, 1982 ESTD 1880

REGD No MH by South-25
Registered as newspaper in Sri Lanka

Contents

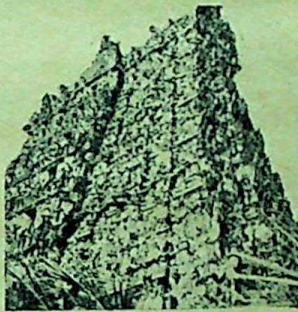


COVER STORY

8 The Ugly Face of India: Are Politicians To Blame?

Are politicians alone responsible for the warts and wrinkles that disfigure the fair face of India? R. Gopal Krishna, one of the nation's foremost intellectuals, H.N. Bahuguna, Atal Behari Vajpayee, Pranab Mukherjee, Madhu Dandavate, Shobha Kilachand and I.S. Johar tackle the theme in a series of hard-hitting, provocative articles. Plus an editorial.

Next Issue



Temples of Discord

Temples in the country have become deeply entangled in litigation and dispute among the devotees. They are being systematically plundered and cheated out of their revenues by the trustees and are so grossly mismanaged that they have become notorious centres of vice and corruption. A searing expose by Vithal C. Nadkarni.

Marriage Or Murder?

That the diabolical practice of dowry persists even 20 years after legislation is a disgraceful reflection on our social mores. The loopholes in the law must be plugged and the people must change their basic attitude before this evil can be totally eradicated. By Sujata Anandan.

Breeding Geniuses— California Style

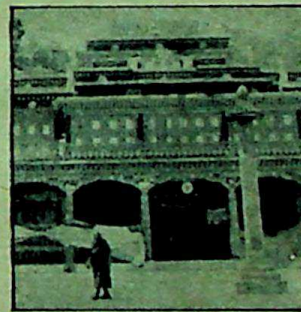
The elite sperm bank, limited exclusively to Nobel Prize winners in science, was set up in October 1980 by Los Angeles business tycoon Robert K. Graham, who is looking forward to the arrival of "super kids"—progeny of brilliant women impregnated with "Nobel sperm". But most of the world's top geneticists and behavioural scientists are sceptical about the children so begotten growing up into geniuses. By W.S. Titus.

Is The Artist Creating A Painting?

Narendra Nagdev laments the fact that contemporary Indian painting has been reduced to a mere melange of forms, colours and textures.

In Defence Of Cliches

Some of our pet words and phrases—the clichés—are in the dock for cold-blooded murder of the King's English. Yet since the days of the Philippics of Demosthenes, all great men have been faithfully served by their armoury of clichés, says Tarun Chandra Baruah.



Rumtek—A Monastery Sublime

Subhra and Jayabrato Chatterjee visit the Rumtek monastery, high in the hills of Sikkim, and describe how it feels to be half-way to Shangri-La.

Perspectives In Law Of The Sea

The super-power rivalry may unfortunately be fuelled by the controversy over deep-sea mining, judging from the United States' refusal to sign the Laws of the Sea treaty.

Wrestlers Of India

From Gunga to Gama to Dara it is a colourful assembly. Bala Dube sketches the history of wrestling and wrestlers in India.

PROFILE

17 Making of A Young Minister

Sheela Barse watches the "baby" of the Maharashtra cabinet—Shrikant Jichkar—making waves.

SPORTS

24 India, Asia And The Athletic World

India may be hosting the Asian Games, but its standards are still way below the Asian level. Jal Pardivala proves this with facts and figures.

BOOKS

29 My Own Tryst With Destiny

Excerpts from renowned journalist D.R. Mankekar's forthcoming book, *Sheer Anecdote: Leaves From A Reporter's Diary*, wherein he records his own experiences of August 15, 1947.

PHOTOFEATURE

32 India: Land of Beauty... Land of Bliss

Although this special issue deals with pits and scars on the fair face of India, the theme of this week's Third Eye focuses on the innate dignity and dynamism of both the land and its people.

Cover Illustration by Mario

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population next to Cauvery
waters which will cost less
and in which private parties will
participate is made out to be a big
joke.

Some people have a peculiar sense of
humour.

S. Ravindran
Tiruchi

Sir—By inviting Cho, that buffoon of
Morarjibhai, you are merely
following the well-worn trail of
editors and publishers from the
North who have a shallow and a
blinkered approach to the problems
and paradoxes of the
much-misunderstood South.

S. Ramakrishnan
Nawanipara, MP

Sir—The article was a veritable treat
to the readers. Particularly delightful
were the illustrations by U.K.
Umashy. Like Oliver Twist, may
we ask for more?

A. Kameshwara Rao
Parbhani

Prabhu Shrugged!

Sir—K.N. Prabhu was at his brilliant
best while describing Sandy Patil's
fantastic knock (July 11). I feel Sandy
has outdone even Sir Donald
Bradman!

Rahul Chandawarkar
Pune

Sir—Mr Prabhu's beautifully written
piece had a minor slip-up. He
attributes the book, *Once is Not
Enough*, to Ayn Rand; it was written
by Jacqueline Susann.

R.P. Chaddah
Chandigarh

Sir—Unlike other recognised
batsmen, Sandeep Patil is more
dangerous and volcanic in his 80's and
90's. With a few trenchant strokes, he
makes a century. Whatever the
situation, such a great player as he
should never be asked to play like a
tortoise.

Prem K. Menon
Bombay

The Immortal Harijan

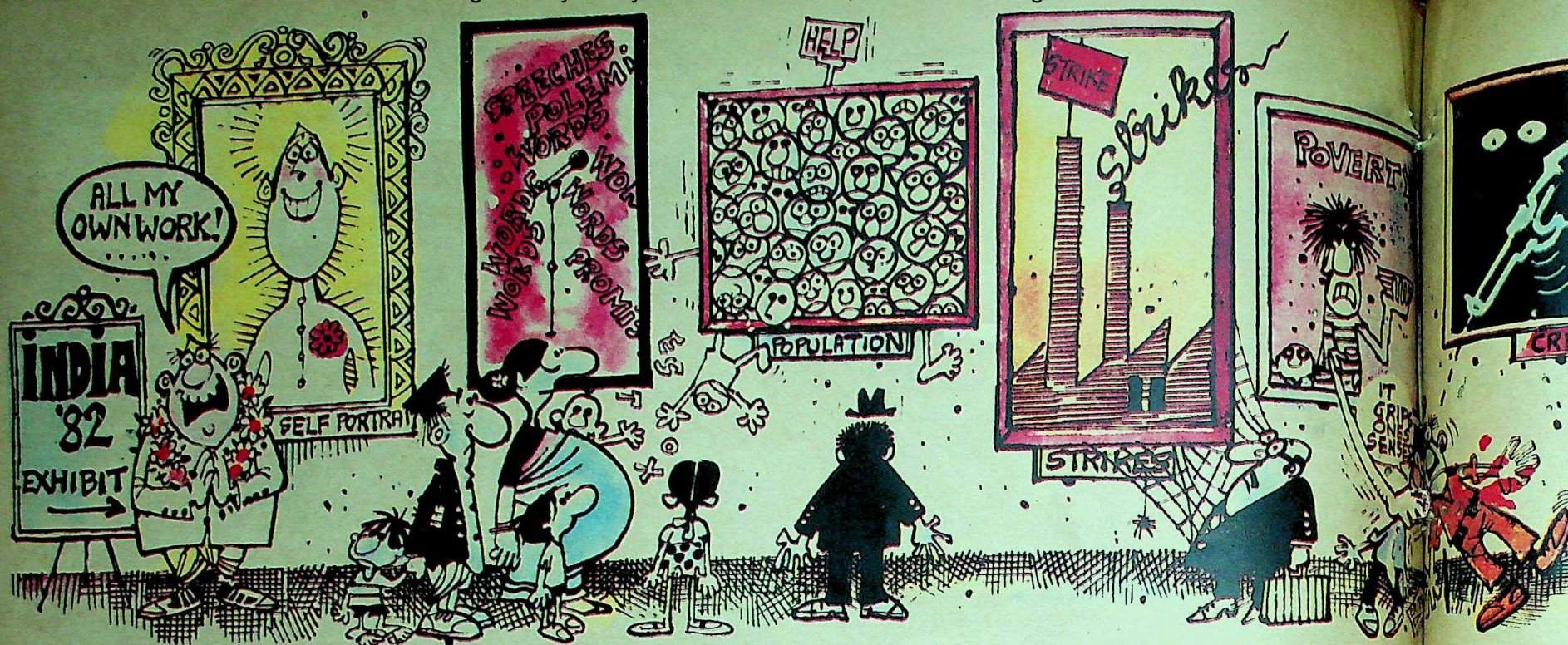
Sir—I find the illustrations in the
serialised story "The Death of a
Harijan" (July 1982) absolutely
incongruous. In Kerala nobody wears
elaborate handgear as they do in the
North. The older generation of
agricultural labourers did wear a cap
of sorts but it was fashioned from the
tails of the arecanut palms. How
about providing more authentic
pictures for your portrayals in the
future?

Jyothi Devi
Cochin

Sir—I am overwhelmed by the story.
It reflects the triumph of the spirit
over flesh.

Malcom J. Reeves
Gwalior

Sir—It was one of your best stories.
Gaurang Pushpak
Ahmedabad



The Ugly Face Of India

Have freedom and its opportunities brought forth the worst in us? Are Indians a race of rapacious people insensate to the sufferings of their fellow men? An anguished stock-taking on the 35th anniversary of our Independence.

by R.G.K.

WE had our dreams, all of us Indians, Brahmin and outcaste, poet and potter, kisan and sahukar. We dreamt of freedom as we ploughed our parched land all day long, prodding our famished bullocks with their ribs sticking out. We dreamt of freedom as we sat in the cruel sun and gulped down our gruel noisily and burnt our tongues with half-bitten chillis. Kallu dreamt of freedom as he promised his wife a nosering to beautify her sad face and bangles to bedeck her arms roughened by toil like sticks of firewood. Paru dreamt of freedom as she beat cowdung into round shapes on the walls of her mudhut and Kunju dreamt of freedom as she pounded rice and was hit by the pot angrily hurled by her mistress. Kallu, Paru, Kunju and all of us dreamt of freedom as the headmaster, stern in his

long coat, turned his face away from our grimy children crying in the dust and as the magistrate, looking like a raja in his turban, glowered at us because we did not bow low enough to him.

I remember the time when we vowed to break the chains that bound us so that our hands would be free to wipe the shame of the past. We had a little man in our midst to help us, to inspire us, to inflame us—and such a man as he the world had never seen before. Though he was frail and toothless he was to us like an elephant in strength and, though he was ethereal like a whiff of incense, he could be like a storm that uproots trees and mountains.

This little man who fought an empire with a spinning-wheel attracted other men to himself. There was Jawaharlal Nehru who was like a hero from our epics, handsome like Arjuna and impetuous like him and learned like a teacher at Nalanda. There was Vallabhbhai Patel who, like Bhima, was made of iron and could smite an army with his clenched fist. There was Subhas Chandra Bose who was like a flaming torch and there was Rajagopalachari who was as sharp as a sword. Then there was Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan who was hewn out of Hindu Kush and there was Maulana Abul Kalam Azad who was like a minaret pointing to the crescent

moon. We had so much greatness in our midst that we felt exalted in our humbleness.

I remember the time when we were without fear though we were unfree. We bared our chests to bullets and bit our lips when our backs and knees were broken in a rain of lathis. Our mouths twisted in a smile when we were crushed under hobnailed boots and our eyes misted when our mothers, wives and daughters washed our wounds in their tears. I remember Ratanlal, the clerk, who quit his job to become a satyagrahi. His daughter Sita stopped beautifying her eyes with kajal and she sold her gold and remained unwed so that she could care for her mother and little brother. I remember Gopalan Nayar whose wife died of TB when he was in gaol and Amrit Singh who went to the gallows laughing and crying "Vande Mataram!" And who will forget Varughese Mappila, Bashir Ahmed and Batlivala who wore themselves out in gaol until only their bones remained and their wives would not embrace them and their children screamed in fear when they tried to take them in their arms.

We were sustained by the motherland of our dreams. Bharatamata would rise from her stupor and all the world would bow to her and worship her with lotuses, roses and chrysanthemums. The snows of

the Himalayas would be a glittering crown of gold and silver on her head and Kanyakumari would be her anklet tinkling in the surge of the seas. She was our mother and she was a goddess and she could be serene and benign like Uma and fierce like Durga. We said to ourselves: "Sare jahan se achchha Hindustan hamara." Hindustan was to us the finest country in the world. It was greater than England, France, Russia, China and America. It was the jewel of the earth, lustrous under the sun and the moon and the stars and it was more priceless than all other lands known and unknown.

I remember those days with tears in my eyes when we were unhesitant, when we had no doubts and were filled with faith. We were all of us little heroes larger than ourselves, unashamed actors in a drama. I remember those incandescent days when I joined the crowds crying: "Jhanda uncha rahe hamara!" The flag of India was held aloft, held higher than the tallest trees, up, up, above the spires and the mountains, died holding it in our hands, felled by British bullets, and it became redder and redder with our blood and the blood of our comrades.

(Continued on page 9)

Illustrations by Mario



Politicians Alone To Blame

by The Editor

THIRTYFIVE years ago when the country finally shook off the yoke of British rule, Indian politicians were the cynosures of all eyes. They were the harbingers of freedom and messiahs of hope. Nobody blamed them for even the carnage of partition. A Hindu bigot did murder the Mahatma but his foul deed sent a shock wave of repugnance throughout the nation—and the world.

Despite the ups and downs since then, politicians as a class have achieved a good deal that they can be proud of. They have preserved democracy. They have initiated and spurred development. They have unleashed the latent energies of the Indian people and promoted social mobility. They have helped create a large and growing pool of trained manpower which is the envy of every country in the Third World. In our Republic Day issue, we carried a number of rags-to-riches success stories to highlight the point that the country today is a land of opportunity without a peer. This is a facet of the Indian reality that cannot be ignored.

Yet, the nation seems to have lost its *elan*. Indiscipline and disaffection stalk the land. It would be facile

to put down the prevailing cynicism, unrest and conflicts to the so-called crisis of rising expectations. Practically every country in the world is stricken with this malady. But in India disillusionment springs basically from a trend rate in the growth of per capita incomes during the post-War period of less than one per cent; elsewhere, the turmoil is generated by the feeling that progress at twice or even four times that rate is not good enough. It would be ostrich-like to pretend that the two situations are identical.

Nor is the so-called population explosion a plausible alibi for the failure of the Indian political system to ensure the best use of the country's vast natural resources. Even if the population grows to 1.4 billion by the turn of the century, as expected, its density, relative to the area of cropland, will still be less than that of present-day Germany and about one-third that of Japan. Our hydro-electric and coal resources, though expensive to develop, are massive. So are our untapped oil reserves, particularly offshore, and iron ore deposits. Unlike Western Europe or Japan, we have the wherewithal for building a relatively independent economy—

and the skills to match.

What then is holding us back? In this special issue, some of the country's leading politicians and intellectuals have tackled the problem, weighed its consequences and pinned the blame on the entire community or one another. But, to our mind, they have slurred over the central issue: electoral corruption. We believe that it is the root cause of all the warts and wrinkles that disfigure the fair face of India—black money, indiscipline in all walks of life, personal aggrandisement of the few and the unbridled anger of the many.

It is silly to suggest that politicians cannot be singled out for blame because they are the creatures of the electorate and, as such, reflect the prevailing social mores and infirmities. For, no one outside their ranks wants to perpetuate electoral corruption. In fact, they alone as a class have the power to eradicate it. As it is, neither the Congress (I) nor the Opposition is seriously pressing for even so simple a reform as legalisation of company donations to political parties which, everyone concedes, will help mitigate the evil. In this respect, all politicians are sinners.

(Continued from page 8)

I remember the time when freedom alone mattered. We did not fight for wages or salaries, we did not fight for prices and profits. We did not fight for a pittance, we fought for a whole future radiant with a thousand suns. We despised honours, we despised the Rai Bahadurs and Rao Sahebs who wore the golden badge of slavery. We scorned the men who built mansions when their brothers were eaten away by vermin in gaol. We spurned everything but freedom and romanticised ourselves and gloried in our rags and hunger.

Noble Vision

We had a noble vision of our land. It would free itself to free others. It would end the exploitation of man by man, nation by nation, continent by continent. We drafted eloquent resolutions and made brave resolves. The fruits of the earth would be shared fairly and equitably. After half a millennium of European domination, India would join hands with China so that Asia might regain its place in history. All the world would listen to the voice of India muffled for centuries. All the world would listen to it with respect. Like the emissaries of Asoka, Indians would go to all parts of the world to spread a new message, to impart a new teaching. I remember the time when we told ourselves that freedom alone mattered, that out of freedom flowed everything, that a free India would mean a mighty India, a beautiful India with beautiful people. A free India would be the beginning of a free world and a new civilisation for all mankind.

Then came freedom, half expectedly, half unexpectedly. It was not the gentle freedom that we had dreamt of or worked for, the freedom that comes purring or like a flock of doves settling on the gopuram of a temple or the dome of a mosque. Freedom came like a tigress in the night, baring her teeth and claws. Our beloved land, the land of our forefathers, Munda, Dravidian and Aryan, the land of Pururavas and Bharata, of the Kauravas and the Pandavas, of the Panchalas and the Kekeyas, of the Cholas, Pandyas, Cheras and Pallavas, our beloved land where Asoka and Samudragupta, Akbar and Tipu, Rajaraja and Krishnadevaraya ruled was cut in two—or was it three?—like a cow cut by a butcher. And the dreams that we had dreamed became a nightmare. Where was Bharatamata now? Could a goddess be mutilated and what

part of the mutilated deity was our land?

All revolutions in history have, in one sense or another, been betrayed. Our struggle for freedom was hardly a revolution in the usual sense. It was a movement, a slow movement that ended in a sudden spurt of violence not entirely as a logical end-product of its own forces but partly the result of arbitrary action. The immediate concern when we became free was not the fulfilment of our dreams, the realisation of our ideals, but the preservation of that part of Bharatamata that fell to our lot. This we managed somehow and are still managing somehow. Bharatamata is still on a stretcher. But where are the men and women to nurse her back to health? Where are the men and women who fought for her and died for her? Where are the children of these men and



women who made the earth red with their blood? Will Bharatamata be always on a stretcher, never to rise again and lead the world?

Muddling Through

For 35 years we have muddled through as a free nation. Sometimes—let us be fair to ourselves—we have sprinted and we have been encouraged to believe that we can race to our goal or achieve a speedy fulfilment of our dreams. But most of the time we have limped painfully or stood still or, worse, travelled backwards. The fact is that in freedom we stand exposed with all our weaknesses. Bondage to the British meant a common bondage, a shared

humiliation and a shared dream despite our communal and religious differences. Until we became free freedom itself was our common goal. The problem since 1947 has been the weaving together of our fragmented aspirations into a national objective. This is a problem more peculiar to us than to other countries and it taxes our leadership so viciously as to make it a curse.

When we look around, on the eve of the 35th anniversary of our Independence, we see despair everywhere. While travelling by bus and train I have heard fellow passengers curse the country of their birth, curse its rulers and curse themselves for being Indians. Our dreams lie shattered and we are afraid of dreaming again. The reality staring us in our face is too terrible for us to think of anything else. The problems facing us are more staggering than we had ever thought they would be. There is more wretchedness in the country than anywhere else in the world. There is more disease, there is more hunger and there is more ignorance. And there is more exploitation of one class by another. There is no department of administration that is not corrupt and there is no section of the people that is not willing to corrupt and be corrupted. That the Chief Minister of the most populous State should resign because he failed to put down the dacoits is a shameful admission that free India is unable to manage itself.

Unworthy Of Our Fathers

Have freedom and its opportunities brought forth the worst in us? Are we unworthy of our fathers, the men who were willing to lay down their lives for their country? Is their example forgotten? Why has there been such a manifold increase in greed and selfishness? Are Indians a race of rapacious people insensate to the suffering of their fellow men? Do they lack physical strength, intellectual ability and moral fibre? If they were inspired by great ideals during the freedom struggle, do they have no motive today to work and suffer? And could the heroes of yesterday degenerate into such despicable examples of humankind in the course of a generation?

Before we try to answer these questions let us consider our record during the past 35 years. On second thoughts has it altogether been disgraceful? Those who compare us with the West have no sense of history. How can we catch up with

countries like England, Germany and the United States, accomplishing the progress made in four centuries in one generation? Only the purblind will refuse to see the advance made by us in so short a time. Given a good monsoon we can feed a population that has doubled since Independence. And remember there are not only more people eating today, there are more people eating more than they ate before. There has been a qualitative and quantitative increase in consumption.

Yet there is poverty, disease, hunger and ignorance on a scale known to few other countries in the world. This is a matter for shame as much as it is for anxiety. But critics from abroad forget that many of our ills are attributable to European colonialism and that countries like India are backward today partly because Europe and America are forward. In other words they have progressed at our expense. The question now is: has our leadership the will and competence to tackle our problems and have our people the right outlook and attitudes? Is India, given its leadership and following, ever likely to forge ahead?

Mammoth Mess

The answer is difficult. We have to some extent done very well and we have to a great extent made a mess of things. We have had naturally to begin from the beginning and yet, on occasion, begin from the end. Otherwise there was no possibility of telescoping the technological and industrial advances of three centuries. Anomalies, absurdities, have resulted. We can make an atom bomb but we cannot make a good razor blade. And if we can build nuclear plants why don't we build houses for our poor and if we can dig the seabed for oil why don't we dig the earth for water? When we build five-star hotels for our rich to wallow vulgarly in luxury, why should there be naked and unwashed children fighting with mangy dogs for a morsel from the rotting banana leaves the guests have discarded with an obscene belch at wedding feasts? And we are promised an Asiad with an opulence that even Western capitals cannot provide when our famished children cannot run and jump about and swim not only because they are hungry and sick but because they have no playgrounds. Where do they swim? Will not the grime and dirt on their bodies foul the swimming pools of

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gymkhana clubs and other khana clubs? Independent India boldly plunged into planned economic development. There was no other way to push the country forward. But our plans went wrong and our priorities went wrong.

Bungling Politician

In all this we see the hand of the incompetent bureaucrat and the bungling politician. At one time we had an excess of greatness and highmindedness. Looking back it seems it was a waste. Nature is erratic, sometimes profligate and sometimes niggardly. From the lofty, noble, self-sacrificing leadership we have descended to a class that is selfish, unscrupulous and unprincipled. The average politician in India today is despised by his countrymen: he is treated almost like a subman. Often he is a reject from other walks of life. But he is not altogether lacking in certain abilities. He can usually look after himself very well unlike the freedom fighter of the past who has now been dumped into the garbage-can of history. He is clever without being intelligent and he can keep grinning all the time. If he is arrogant he can also grovel like a worm on the ground before the man or woman who has raised him from obscurity. And if another man or woman would promise to raise him further he would desert them and grovel before the new leader until it hurts or defiles the very earth on which he is grovelling.

Politics to such people is business, a career, and they are all the time out to make a profit. If some politicians are better off than others it is because, like some businessmen, they are better favoured by the bitch

goddess of success. The new politician gives his vote to whoever promises a better dividend on his investment of loyalty and his pursuit of success and profit is unabashed, uninhibited, uncircumscribed. I remember Einstein talking of the Nazi subman who needed only a spinal column and no brain. The average politician in India today is like Kabandha, the headless demon. He has a torso which is like a cistern with a limitless capacity for greed and he is omnivorous and devours everything in sight. People dread him and try to run away from him.

But are the politicians solely to be blamed? In my humble opinion our politicians are to some extent a reflection of our own people. In our politicians we see ourselves in all our horrifying ugliness. India has been let down by Indians and in the process Indians have let down themselves. We are the breeding ground for the pestilential type of politician who has spread like an epidemic in the country. Everyone has failed India. The businessman and industrialist have failed it because their concern has been to get the most from the country instead of giving of their best to it. Indeed, their objective has not been different from that of the politician, making a profit *somehow*, and in this the two have often been in league together.

What about the bureaucrat? Like the politician, businessman and industrialist, he too has let down his country. Our bureaucracy is so corrupt and so incompetent that, out of disgust, some Indians long for the Raj. I am not among them. I agree that, though the British were detestable as a colonial power and exploited us ruthlessly, they

were fair-minded as administrators. But what did they administer? Not a fraction of what the present government attempts to do. Governance means a great deal more than what it did during British rule and the administrative setup has necessarily increased a hundred- or two-hundred fold since 1947. It has become Hobbes' leviathan in another sense. It has grown so big and so hungry that in its insatiable appetite it may swallow the people.

The poor quality of our permanent secretariat and the ineptitude of our political leadership have combined to give us a bad government. But I feel self-government, however bad, is preferable to a good foreign government. Did not Gandhiji say in 1942 that he would prefer anarchy to the continuance of British rule? Mercifully, despite misrule and lawlessness, there is no anarchy in India, though I sometimes wonder if anarchy would not be better if it contained the promise of a better order. Clearly there is no virtue in a negative, unproductive, static or, worse, retrogressive peace. I agree, though, that creating disorder without a constructive motive is patently foolish if not criminal.

The trouble with us Indians is that we have become a soft people who have got Myrdal's soft state. On August 15, 1947, we thought we had gained all our ends in spite of the upheaval of partition. We failed to transform the freedom struggle into another struggle or movement, making use of the then available human resources in the form of a willingness to suffer and sacrifice. This was the only way the people could be kept in trim, fit to wage the battles for economic prosperity, social justice and national consciousness. We lost the momentum created by the freedom struggle and lapsed back into lassitude.

The adage, "Yatha raja tatha praja" (like ruler like subjects), is often quoted. The converse could also be true: "Yatha praja tatha raja." For it is said a people get the government they deserve. Whatever it be, the rulers and the ruled are not separate entities. They interact with, and influence, each other. In a democracy the ruling class necessarily shares the outlook and proclivities of the ruled. But any leadership, if it deserves to be so called, must outgrow the common failings though it need not be "superior" to the common folks. The politician who claims to be a leader in India has the failings of the ordinary people

magnified. If the average Indian is self-centred, the politician is selfishness personified. If the average Indian is indifferent to the sufferings of his fellow men, the politician is an insensate creature. If the average Indian is a hypocrite in all his religious apparel, the politician is a hoax and a humbug and a cheat.

There was a time when the average Indian was thought to be incapable of telling a lie. I think of those times with tears in my eyes and I do not mind being called a revivalist if I could revive the age when the Greeks and the Chinese thought we loved truth and beauty. But we cannot long for a golden age without possessing even silver virtues. Over the centuries the face of India and the face of the Indian have darkened. Today they have become so grotesque that we are afraid of looking at ourselves in the mirror. Before August 15, 1947, we told ourselves freedom would make us beautiful. Now it looks as if all the world is ranged against us and telling us how ugly we are.

The Sunny Side

But, notwithstanding the foregoing, I discern beauty on the face of India, on the face of Indians. I am afraid we morbidly love to dwell on our ills instead of trying to find a remedy for them. We deprecate ourselves instead of trying to understand ourselves. Self-deprecation could be self-destructive. For as a man respects himself so should a nation respect itself. I find today that too many of us are too eager to hate our country and our countrymen. If our land is backward we have a part to play in pushing it forward. To run away from one's country is suicide. If our politicians are ugly it is up to us to make them beautiful. If we keep our faces clean, the politician will cease to be dirty.

Worse than the poverty, disease and ignorance is the cynicism growing in our midst. We must regain our faith in ourselves. We must recapture the spirit of the freedom struggle. A people who found glory in making themselves free must rediscover the same glory in remaining free. The *atman*, says the Gita, can be raised only by the *atman*. So can a people be raised only by themselves. The tragedy of India is that we are waiting for an outside agency to help us. And as long as each one of us does not realise that he is as much responsible for the ugly face of India as his compatriot, *Bharatmata* will remain on the stretcher and waste away. But that cannot be.

What Really Holds Us Back

The democratic form of government that we chose 35 years ago is very much alive and kicking—and it has scored some impressive gains. But certain disturbing trends, if unchecked, might undo all that has been achieved so far.

by Pranab Mukherjee

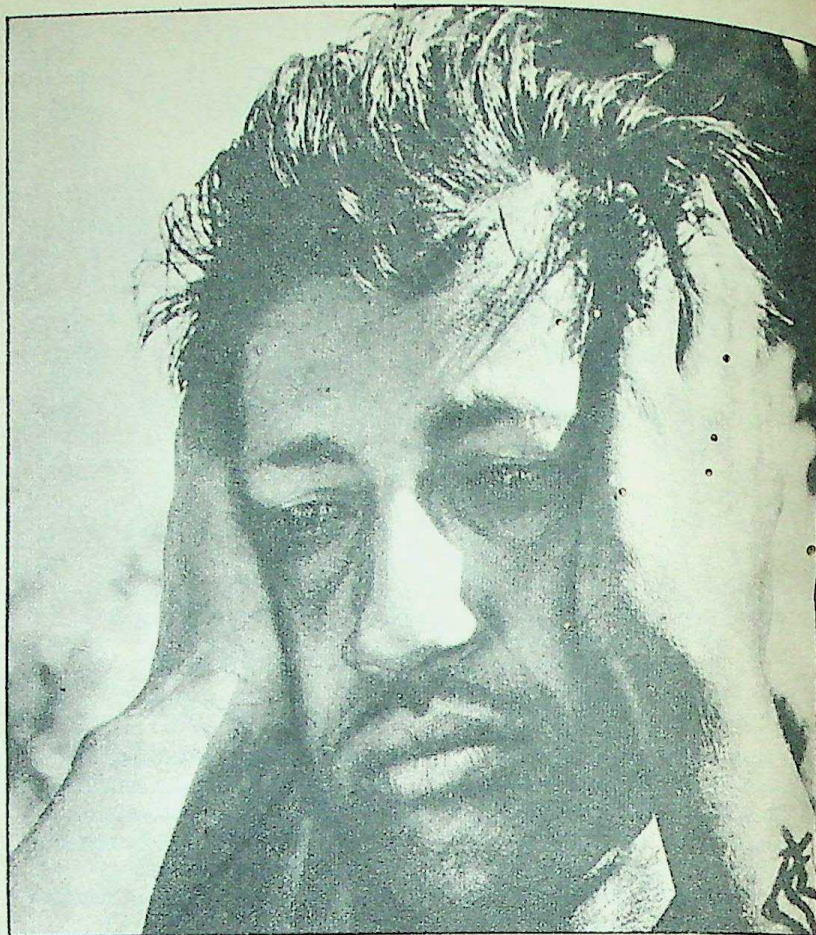
IS the face of India really ugly? I for one do not subscribe to such a view. It is not my case that our journey towards socio-economic regeneration since Independence has been all smooth sailing. Problems, difficulties and aberrations will always present themselves.

But to arrive at a conclusive view, we have to consider the pluses and minuses, achievements and failures. An exercise of this nature will reveal that our achievements far outstrip the failures and the face of India, if not pretty, is surely not ugly.

The socio-economic condition of our people at the time of Independence displayed all the ravages of a colonially-exploited economy. We were importing foodgrains and exporting raw materials, industrial development was primitive and educational and health facilities were available only to a chosen few. Today, our achievements can be the envy of many a developing country. The spectacular growth in

agriculture and industry, the creation of a basic infrastructure, the expansion of educational and health facilities and rural development are there for all to see. The process of planned development is now fairly well-entrenched in our system, evinced by the launching of six Five-Year Plans in a row. On the political front, the system has served us well. The democratic form of government which we chose at the time of Independence has withstood many a shock and has matured when the experiences of our neighbours have not been so happy.

It would, however, be naive to suggest that there have been no failures or that our progress during these 35 years since Independence has fulfilled the expectations of our people. On the contrary, there are certain disturbing trends which, unless checked in time, might overpower the forces of progress and jeopardise what we have achieved in these years. In the economic field, the objective that we had set before ourselves was



NO WORK ALSO MAKES JACK A DULL BOY. Despite an overall 4 per cent growth in our economy, India is still plagued with the problem of unemployment and inequality of income.

to initiate growth based on self-reliance, social justice and the gradual eradication of inequalities by a suitable redistribution of our wealth and resources. Despite a healthy overall growth rate of about 4 per cent in our economy, our fight against inequalities has not been all that successful. Inequalities of income continue to persist and we are still striving to ensure that benefits of planning and development reach the poorest of the poor.

Secondly, there is steady erosion of values and a general decline in the standards of morality in all aspects of our national life. This has adversely affected discipline in our educational institutions, factories, commercial organisations, industrial houses and the like. Thirdly, despite our best efforts, divisive religious forces, regionalism and caste conflicts persist in various parts of the country. Fourthly, there has not been any striking participation of our intelligentsia—particularly the middle-class intelligentsia who fought for the freedom of the country—in politics. The youth power in the country, which took an active part in our struggle for freedom, has not been systematically harnessed for nation-building activities since Independence. And lastly, the galloping rise in population has continued to nullify many of our achievements.

Whom Can You Blame?

What could be the reasons for some of our shortcomings which I have tried to identify, and on whom can one put the blame? In the form of government that we have chosen, the ultimate

DIVIDED WE FALL. Despite our best efforts, divisive forces based on religion, regionalism and caste are still rampant.



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AIMING HIGH. The youth power in our country, which played an active role in our struggle for Independence, has not been systematically harnessed to serve our nation-building activities.

responsibility for good government or misgovernment rests on the political leadership. Thus, while the politicians can justifiably claim credit for the achievements, they must also accept the responsibility for the failures. At the same time, one has to realise that the democratic system, by its very nature, raises aspirations which are difficult to fully match by performance.

During elections, every political party vies with the other in making pledges and promises which they all know would be difficult to fulfil. This is not an exclusively Indian phenomenon. Even in the Western democracies there is a wide gap between poll pledges and their subsequent implementation. So, naturally, even when a government fulfils a major share of its promises made at the time of elections, there always remains a gap between what the party in power promised and what it really achieved. This in turn leads to a certain amount of disillusionment among the people.

Another significant factor has been the nature of the evolution of the party system in our country. During the freedom movement, the Congress Party was the sole vehicle used by all sections of the people for launching the struggle against the British. But after Independence, the political

parties had to alter their policies and ideological considerations. While the Congress Party was quick to do so, the same cannot be said about the others. The result was that, barring isolated cases of regional parties, it is the Congress Party which has been ruling at the Centre and the States. The Opposition parties have not been able to present an acceptable alternative on ideological grounds. As a result, they have been trying to further their political interests by fanning the fires of casteism, linguistic chauvinism and religious bigotry, and they have often lost sight of the national perspective. Even now, there are constituencies in the country where elections are fought on caste considerations and where the success of a candidate depends on his caste affiliations rather than on his capability or political standing.

Resorting to expediency for the sake of temporary gains has led to the loss of credibility of politicians among the people. Democracy, which is based on the rule of numbers, presupposes that the minority will accept the view of the

I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN: There is a wide gap between poll pledges and their subsequent implementation because political parties vie with each other in offering utopian dreams.

majority with dignity and grace. The Opposition has a role to play and has the right to criticise the Government, but all this has to be done within an overall environment of fair play and decency. It is an unhappy feature which is developing in our system whereby the rules of the game are often forgotten by the Opposition parties leading to character assassination, indiscipline and general decline in standards of morality.

The question which naturally arises is: Where do we go from here? The declining trends in political behaviour and political morality do not augur well either for the politicians or for the nation. We all have to strive for the creation of an atmosphere of all-round discipline, decorum, decency and responsibility. The Opposition parties will have to transcend narrow political considerations and show a greater sense of national perspective.

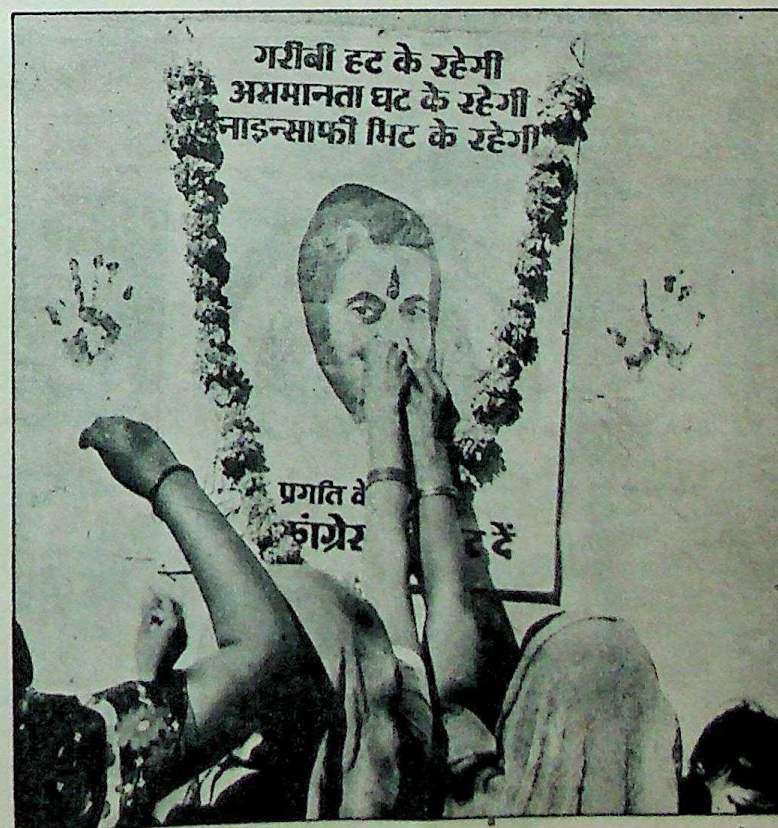
Opposition for the sake of opposition will not carry anyone far. The sad spectacle of political vendetta indulged in by certain political parties when they came to power at the Centre should not be repeated. Appointing various commissions to enquire into alleged cases of corruption, and subjecting members of the previous Government as also civil servants to all kinds of harassment, has caused incalculable harm to the system. Even the office of the Prime Minister was not spared, and in their enthusiasm some political leaders forgot that the office of the Prime Minister is sacrosanct



and any damage to its image can shake the very foundations of our system. The resulting crisis of confidence could endanger our very political existence.

Similarly, if we start suspecting our civil servants and politicians on flimsy pretexts, we can only undermine their initiative, efficiency and integrity. It is not my intention, even for a moment, to suggest that the corrupt amongst the politicians or civil servants should be shielded, but then corruption has to be eradicated not by creating a general crisis of confidence but by dealing with cases on an individual plane through our collective efforts, wisdom and action. What is required is to build confidence in our political and social system, and for this the responsibility rests entirely on the political parties and its leaders.

Until we achieve this, the dream of a beautiful, prosperous and plentiful India with justice and equality for all will remain unrealised.



To say that the face of India, in its totality, is "ugly" can be misleading but it would be churlish to deny that some of its features are frightening. It is easy enough to list them. I would certainly include among them the recrudescence of feudal, caste and communal conflicts; the ever-growing corruption at all levels and in all spheres of life; the dominance of black money specially in the political field; the circumvention of the established processes of law, decision-making and administration; the dismantling of not only national political instruments but also the very institutions which guarantee the survival of democracy; the identification of a party with a person and the identification of the private interests of a person with the interests of the state; the mortgaging of the long-term national interests for short-term, private, partisan benefits, political or otherwise; and the collapse of the many hopes and aspirations which had once inspired the nation's struggle for liberation from foreign bondage.

Concretely, the ugly features on the face of India are there for everyone to see in our homes, our villages, our towns and cities. The scars are glaringly visible in the form of filth, squalor and disease in the slums which are no more confined to Bombay and Calcutta.

We have a large, modern industry—the tenth biggest in

Carry On, Regardless

There is much that India can be proud of: a burgeoning industry, a growing pool of scientific manpower and the world's largest educational system. Yet, 35 years after Independence, corruption, communal tension and an untrammelled growth of population have combined to negate these numerous achievements.

by Hemvati Nandan Bahuguna

the world—but it caters for a very small urban population and a microscopic minority of the rural rich while the rest of our people live outside the money-market in utter poverty. We are the third biggest country in terms of the size of our scientific manpower but we have not solved even the smallest of the problems of our village artisans, peasants, the landless, the hill-dwellers, the Adivasis and the Scheduled Castes.

We are the biggest exporters of medical talent in the world; and yet the health of a large majority of our people is ill cared for or not cared for at all.

We have one of the world's largest educational systems with so many schools, colleges and universities and yet the modern, scientific temper has not penetrated the minds of the vast masses of our people whose mental make-up and social



attitudes are still those of the Stone Age or the medieval period.

What is wrong with us? We are a sovereign democracy, based on adult franchise. We claim to be secular and wedded to the establishment of a socialist society. Our democratic institutions spring from the grass roots, beginning with gram panchayats, and are crowned by Parliament.

We have a "free" press, an "independent" judiciary, a massive trained bureaucracy, an extremely talented elite, and a vast middle class. We have elaborate decision-making procedures established with due authority of law and the Constitution of the land.

We have a large, in fact, one of the largest body of laws, rules and regulations, which are, by and large, enlightened, egalitarian and liberal in spirit.

We have sufficiently large raw material reserves and other natural resources good enough to make us economically self-reliant. We have a vast network of rivers and underground water resources, apart from a rich, productive soil.

Yet, 34 years after we attained freedom we are not self-reliant even in the matter of our food supplies. Fifty per cent of our people still live below the poverty line and cannot afford the calorie intake necessary to keep body and soul together. Why is the nation so profoundly disillusioned, despondent, desperate and apathetic? Why such disenchantment, scepticism and cynicism all around?

Yes, there are many ugly features on the face of India. The ugliest feature of our political, social and economic life is that everywhere the form has survived and the substance is dead. We are a democracy in which elections are rigged; we have a "free" press which sets its own unwritten, though subtle, limits to criticism, comment and even news reporting. We have laws which are either not enforced or, when enforced, circumvented at all levels; we have a bureaucracy which seeks patrons among politicians and we have politicians who seek a career in corruption. We have an elite which prefers convenience to liberty. We have a judiciary which values prudence more than pride. We have at the helm of affairs leaders who swear by socialism during the day and strike the dirtiest of trade deals at night.

In a representative democracy, the responsibility for such a

ABJECT POVERTY. Beggars relax at this cattle shed after being rounded up by the police. India's large modern industry caters only for a very small urban population and for a similar minority of the rural rich. The rest of our people live in utter poverty.



state of affairs politicians for they who go frame laws, programmes land and gov people. Their opinions on be stated, even sake of recon cannot opera oblivious of t economic en grow in the s belong and v senior leader by the social everyone else single them current state neither justifi any purpose condemnatio class can sev very system preserve. On analyse the c attempt to id the rot.

Basic Causes

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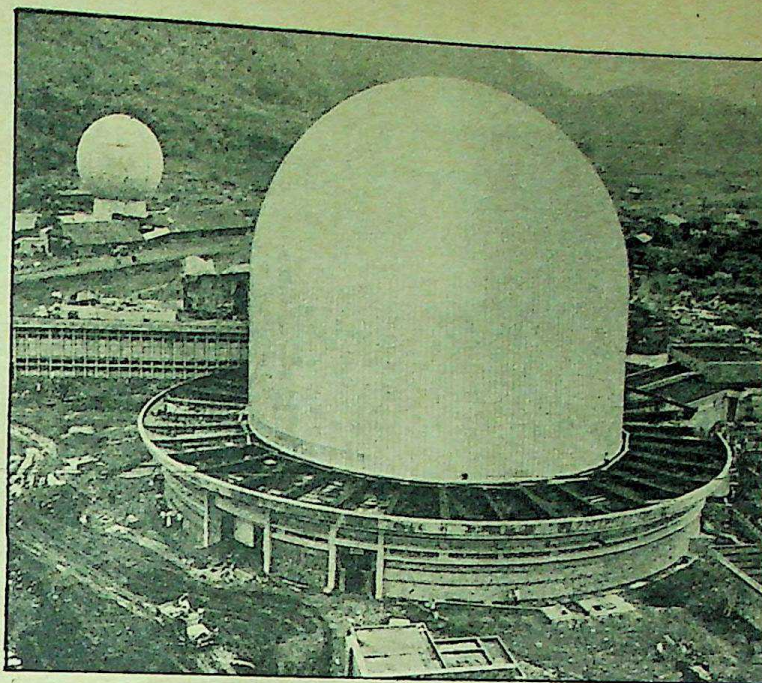
However, on removed from Indira Gandh political stag socialist slog younger elem and the mass her. She didn whom she is acted essenti dictators of a Rome, who w introduce der populism int

state of affairs must rest with the politicians for it is essentially they who govern the country, frame laws, decide policies and programmes, administer the land and govern the lives of the people. There just cannot be two opinions on this, though it must be stated, even if only for the sake of record that politicians cannot operate in isolation, oblivious of the social and economic environment. They grow in the society to which they belong and within parties under senior leaders. They are affected by the social atmosphere like everyone else. Therefore to single them out for blame for the current state of the nation is neither justified nor does it serve any purpose. Mere sweeping condemnation of politicians as a class can severely damage the very system we all want to preserve. One must concretely analyse the conditions and attempt to identify the sources of the rot.

Basic Cause

The basic cause of the rot which afflicts our public life—be it political, social or economic—lies in our blind adoption of the colonial administrative structure, the colonial system of governance, the colonial spirit and structure of our education, the colonial and feudal class and community attitudes and the colonial values which we inherited from our former British rulers. These colonial attitudes and ways have permeated all our endeavours, be it in the sphere of economic planning, selection of the administrative elite, composition of textbooks or even the regulation of our day-to-day social relations. We did not feel and notice the effects of this inheritance in the early years of our life as an independent India because of a certain ennobling image of leaders like Jawaharlal Nehru, whose liberal views were moulded with distinctly radical and egalitarian aspirations. Politicians, though they are, they had a certain sense of self-sacrifice; they were imbued with certain values of public life and conduct; and they had a certain respect for norms and conventions.

However, once they were removed from the scene, Mrs Indira Gandhi captured the political stage, raising radical, socialist slogans to rally the younger elements in the party and the masses at large around her. She didn't act like Hitler to whom she is often compared. She acted essentially like the dictators of ancient Greece and Rome, who were the first to introduce demagoguery and populism into democratic



THE MODERN SCIENTIFIC TEMPER is still to penetrate the minds of a vast majority of Indians, whose mental attitudes still cling to those of a bygone era.



—Bimal Maskara

politics to capture and strengthen their hold on the levers of power. Like the Roman dictators, she even projected the national effort for the liberation of Bangladesh as an exploit of her own.

Once Mrs Gandhi had consolidated her hold on various instruments of power, she began to dismantle the Congress brick by brick, enfeebling the party organisation by setting one against the other. She concentrated all powers in her own hands and in the hands of a few opportunist aides of hers. Once the Congress had been reduced to a shambles, she began to conduct the same operation on other vital organs of our national life—the Judiciary, Parliament, the Election Commission and the Press. She debarred companies from making donations to political parties, knowing well that as for

herself she could always squeeze the captains of industry and business to cough out whatever sums she demanded.

Where have we come since then? Today, corruption has become a norm. Earlier, politicians might have been collecting funds by way of open or secret donations from industrialists and businessmen but they seldom offered any favours in return.

The politicians of the earlier generation did not inspire or fabricate real or false income tax cases against businessmen to coerce them to cough out money. Nor did they implicate businessmen in tax cases merely because they were keeping funds to their political rivals. This is a common practice now. Today, ministers do not ask for donations; they enter into business deals, sharing commissions. They even offer to

hike contract prices in import orders or agree to import substandard technologies, goods and commodities at the cost of the nation's economy and the people's health and well-being to increase their share in such commissions.

Corruption has corroded the spirit and substance of every public institution, of laws, of conventions and of every wing of the Executive.

The private interests of the ruling family have been identified with the interests of the party and those of the party with the State.

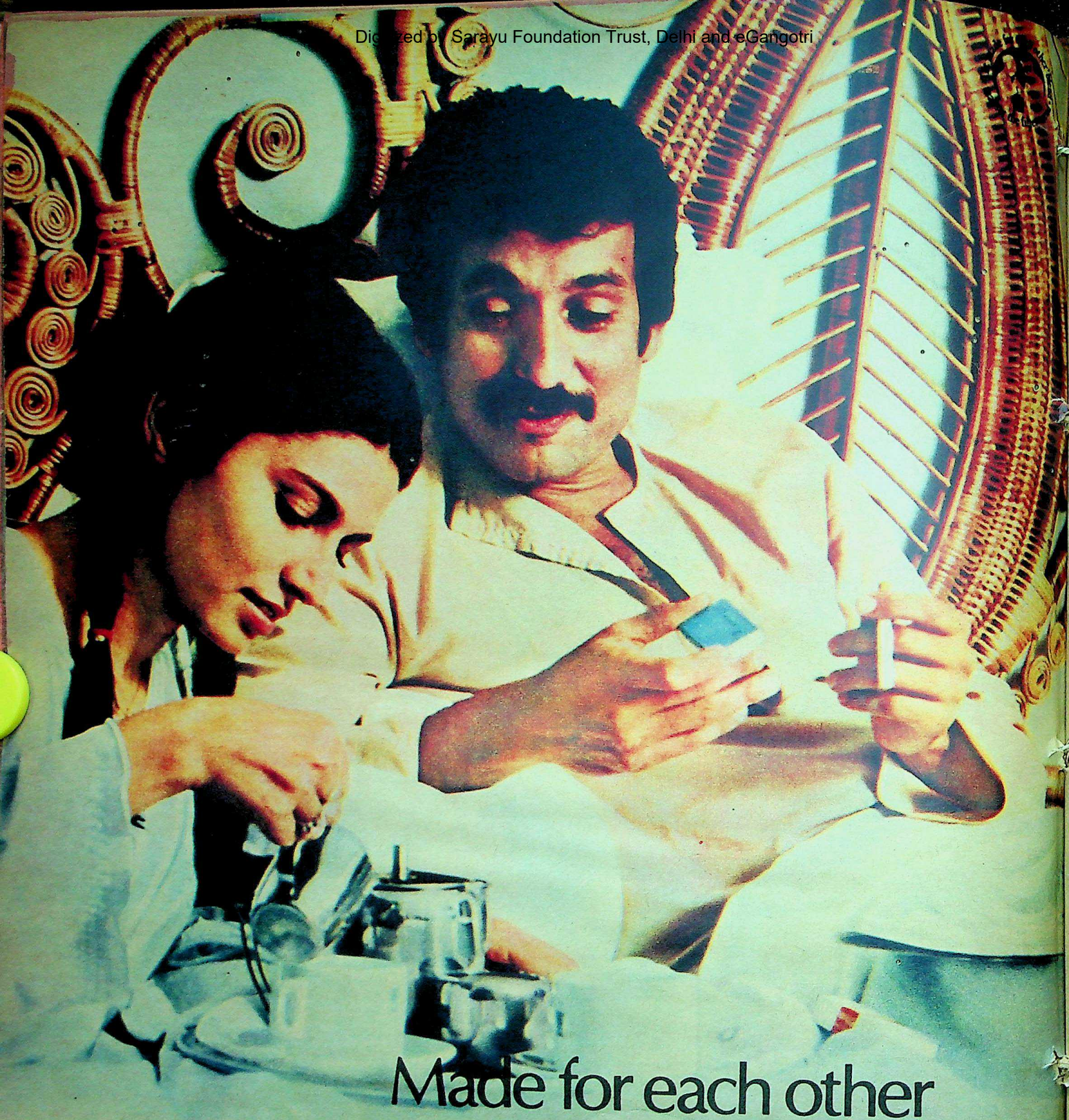
The bureaucracy and the police has been coerced, compelled and bent in various ways to become an instrument in the hands of the ruling party for furtherance of its interests. The misuse of administrative authority reached its climax in the Garhwal Parliamentary bye-election when policemen in uniform and mufti were deployed to capture polling booths, and the whole machinery of the State was swung into action to enhance the electoral prospects of the ruling party.

Effects Of Corruption

Corruption has had a cascading effect on every aspect of our national life. Black money has come to dominate decision-making not only in the darker niches of business and commerce but in the very ministerial offices and drawing-rooms of the politicians in power. With Government itself having been made available for commerce, those with black money have become confident that every favour can be purchased and every punishment waived as long as they have the money. Survival in business has been made impossible without coughing out black money before men who wield power. Therefore, decision-making has slipped into the hands of a few who wield power and control the purse.

All other sections—whether they be the educated unemployed, the peasants, the salaried classes or the wage-earners—are suffering. Planning has become a mere ritual. The ideal of self-reliance has been forgotten and the economy has been mortgaged to vested foreign interests. In these conditions, it is unreal to talk of educational reforms or social and economic change. When every norm is being given the go-bye to satisfy the insatiable lust for power, how can one talk of restoring values which can build the nation?

Yet, the nation must struggle, and so must we.



Made for each other



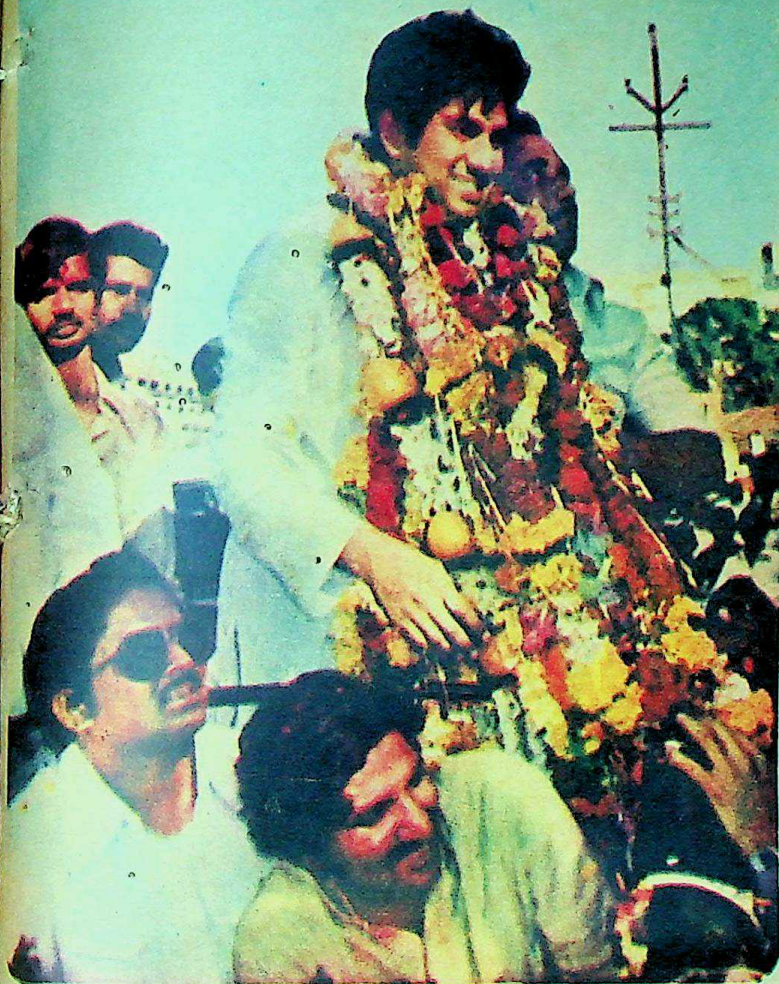
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Filter and tobacco perfectly matched

by Sheela Barse



SHRIKANT JICHKAR, Maharashtra's Minister of State for General Administration, Home, Revenue and Rehabilitation, Information and Public Relations, is a 27-year-old, tall and trim (courtesy *yogasanas*) man in white kurta-pyjama. He holds a long string of degrees: MBBS, MD (Community Medicine), DBM, B Journ, MA (Public Administration), MA (Sociology) and LLB. Neither the degrees nor the power conferred on him by his status deter his 12- to 18-hour day in his office at the Mantralaya in Bombay. The constant pressure of work, however, has drained the tint of youth from his brown face.

Jichkar goes through files with a petitioner, the petitioner's promoters and the Government officials concerned. He asks

pointed, specific questions and, scribbling instructions on the papers in front of him, puts them on the appropriate shelf. He listens to a woman who wants her transfer cancelled, then explains pithily as to why he will not interfere. A smuggler's daughter, in tears, accuses him of being heartless, for he does not issue parole orders instantly. Jichkar is embarrassed, but asserts that smugglers are very, very horrible people.

The next petitioner, an aggressive youth, is sent away. The doctor-lawyer-economist-administrator puts his elbows on the desk and listens to another petitioner and his mates. He murmurs an order and an assistant obediently trots off to fetch the relevant files.

The phone buzzes and Jichkar speaks into it. "Yes, sir. Yes, sir,"

RIDING HIGH. Shrikant Jichkar with his aides. Below, left: Stepping out in style. Below, right: The world through rose-coloured glasses. Jichkar celebrating Holi.

Making Of A Young Minister



"I'll do that, sir. What's the survey number? All right, sir."

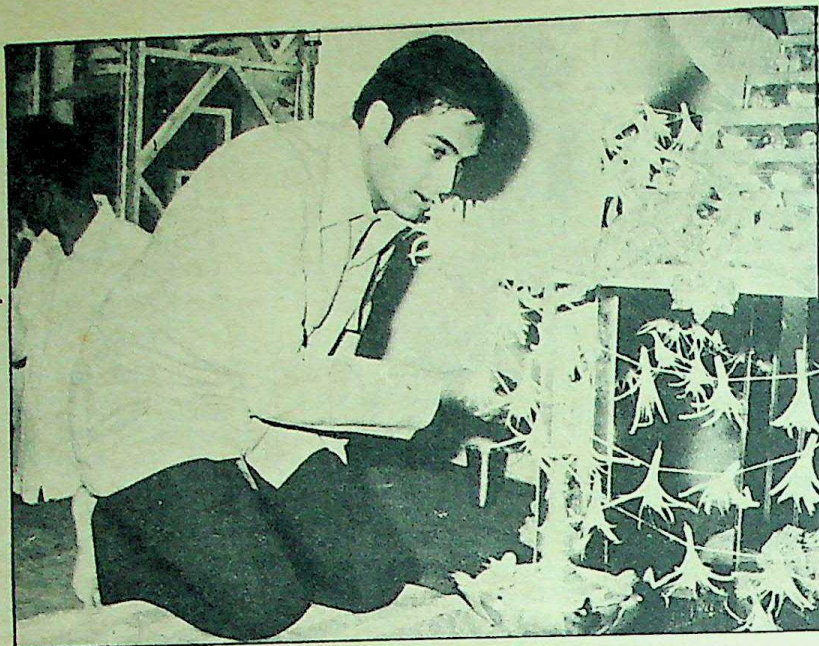
An MLA suggests that they step into the antechamber with his proteges. Jichkar agrees. He returns to his chair, picks up the telephone and asks his personal assistant to get him the Collector of Kolhapur, the Commissioner of Akola, the Town Planning Officer of Buldhana, the Superintendent of Police, Amravati, and the Home Secretary, wherever he may be.

Movie Fan

Orders issued, he listens to a young lad who wants his family to stay in the police *chawls*—a year after the constable father's death. He is told, in a grandmotherly fashion, that the rules do not permit this—*na*; and, if they overstay, the police would turn them out, *haan!*

Jichkar wipes the tip of his nose with his sleeve and pays attention to an uncouth ex-Minister who wants an order passed. Aware that a favourable decision has already been taken by the Government, he raises objections, consults the secretary, checks the papers and writes out a precise order, including a minor clause of punishment.

An umpteenth person places his request to cancel his transfer. Jichkar flares up and pushes the papers away: "What's all this? You all come to me with cases of transfers."



THE CHOSEN ONE. Jichkar performs a pooja at a police station.

He writes out orders for a group who are talking of catching the 6 o'clock show. "You're going to the cinema!" the Minister booms. "I've not seen a movie for a month. And I love the cinema."

The Chief Minister calls Jichkar and he rushes out. He returns later, rushes into his chamber (No 627) and takes the chair.

By 7 pm, Jichkar is exhausted. But the show must go on. At 9.30 pm Jichkar goes home and sits for a meeting with the Chief Secretary, the Home Secretary, the Commissioner of Police, the Additional Commissioner of Police and others. He discusses repercussions, security

arrangements, the law-and-order situation, *et al*, till 2.30 am.

After five hours of sleep, he is back at the Mantralaya by 9 am. Some 50 minutes later, officials start trickling in. Two of the city's top executives have come to meet him. The Commissioner of Police and the Additional Commissioner of Police enter, salute Jichkar and wait in the antechamber at his request. Amongst those asked to wait is the Home Secretary, D.N. Kapoor. Says Jichkar: "There was criticism that I address my Secretaries as 'sir'. The Additional Chief Secretary Sundaraman's son is 32, five

years older than I am. How can I not speak respectfully to him?"

Within the next few minutes, Jichkar is closeted with a horde of officials to discuss the previous night's attack on his Chief Minister, the schedule and content of the press conference, the reports filtering in....

A few months ago, Shrikant Jichkar was riding his "motorbike, wearing huge sunglasses, a T-shirt and slacks. Today, he rides the roller-coaster of leadership, moving through the labyrinths of complex political games and operating from one of the more important desks in the country, as a Minister of a tenth of the national population, occasionally joining the crude and vulgar politicians in playing the game, filling "every unforgivable minute with 60 seconds worth of distance run".

Jowls And Crutches

This restless, versatile man drew his trump-card in the early 1980s—the period in Indian history when Sanjay Gandhi stopped the tradition of venerating seniority, jowls and crutches. Sanjay offered a third of the political arena to the young. The great gamble with the nation's future was on. And 25-year-old Dr Jichkar, rejected by the District and Pradesh Congress Committee (he is still opposed by the leaders of Vidharbha), sought out Mrs Gandhi, applied to Sanjay for a ticket and was given one for the pro-Congress (I) constituency of Katol, a cotton-and-oranges *tehsil* town (population: 94,000).

Jichkar was declared elected on June 2, 1980. The rest is history. His friends started addressing him as *dada*. "Please continue to call me Shrikant or Shikya, as you used to, otherwise I won't talk to you," he would admonish them. He opted for the white khadi kurta-pyjama. "As you move up, your value-framework changes," he explains. "Clothes and such things lose their attraction."

However, before his knowledge mellowed into perception, his convictions tested and strengthened, he was engulfed by the masses, the politicians, the favour-seekers, the bureaucrats, the rules, laws and decisions of the Cabinet. Jichkar is convinced of the validity of Machiavelli's ideas and Chanakya's *neeti* of *saam*, *daam*, *dand*, *bhed* (offering goodwill, reward, punishment and creating dissensions) to retain power. He is now an astute, bold, intelligent, boyish, humble yet cunning, dependent-on-the-civil servants administrator.

MAMMA MIA! The "baby" of the Maharashtra Ministry with his mother (centre).



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THE situation in the country is most depressing. In the fourth decade after Independence, we are emotionally less integrated and less united than we were in the first. The incidence of caste conflicts and communal riots is rising menacingly. Untouchability, the biggest single blot on our society, is very much alive, though on paper it has been abolished.

The exploitation of the scheduled castes continues unabated, and unspeakable atrocities are being perpetrated upon them—in many cases for no graver offence than asking for minimum wages prescribed by law. The gunslingers who mow them down are named in the FIRs, but they roam about as free men thanks to their unholy alliance with those in power. Well over half of the country's population is below the poverty line. And indications are that their numbers are swelling while the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few is rising alarmingly.

In the revised industrial policy, which is Mrs Gandhi's gift to the nation in her second spell as Prime Minister, monopoly houses and FERA companies have been given entry into the core sector of the economy which had so far been reserved for the public sector. If any representative of these companies had been asked to write a piece in this series, what else would he say but that it was never so good as now and that all this talk about an "ugly" face is so much nonsense!

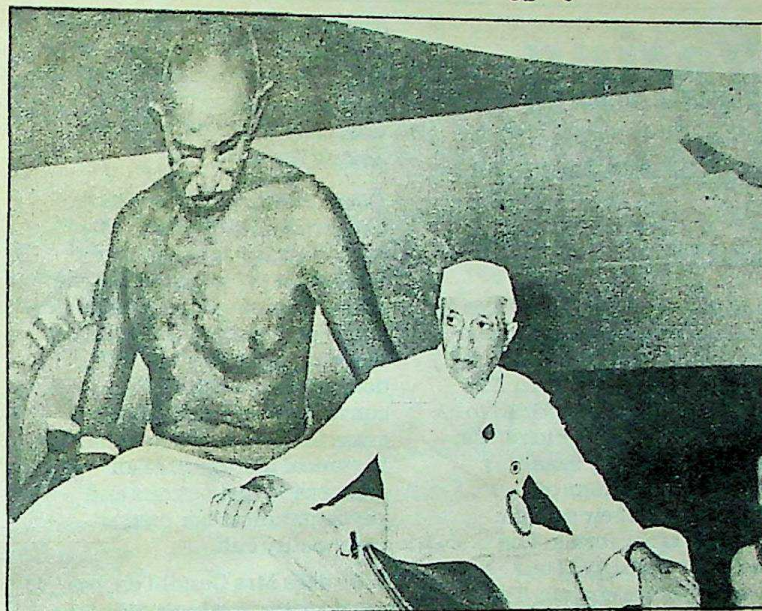
Law and order is in a shambles. It is the dacoits' writ that runs in vast tracts of major States like UP and MP. With the dacoits holding court, hearing complaints and announcing verdicts which they have the power to enforce, all semblance of government has disappeared. Local toughs, who know how feeble the administration is, have been emboldened enough to inflict gang rapes on hapless women. Sometimes, the policemen, too, join them—in the police stations. Deaths of innocent persons in fake police encounters have become endemic in certain areas.

Life has become an unending nightmare for the common man because of sharply rising prices. But the Prime Minister is content to dismiss it as a "world phenomenon". Economic priorities have gone into a spin. Thirty-five years after Independence, a very large number of villages in India have no potable water of their own;

A Commitment To Value-Based Politics

Life in India has become an unending nightmare for the common man. And it is the politicians who have been at the helm of affairs who are to blame, says the author. What the people want is a credible alternative to the present government. The BJP seeks to provide such an alternative with its commitment to value-based politics.

by Atal Behari Vajpayee



THE BEGINNING OF DYNASTIC RULE. Had Jawaharlal Nehru heeded Mahatma Gandhi's advice and dissolved the Congress Party after Independence, it would have helped in the evolution of the two-party system so necessary to keep the party in power in check.

the old and the young, and women particularly, have to trudge miles every day to bring drinking water for the family. The programme to alleviate their plight has yet to take off due to the paucity of funds. And yet, for an extravaganza like the Asian games, money flows like water. We shall have colour TV to watch the festivities while the majority of our countrymen groan in pain and suffering. Visiting foreign dignitaries will now no doubt be properly impressed with our "progress". But will they get to know the other side?

Erosion Of Morality

One can go on *ad nauseam* in this strain. Naturally, the question that arises is: Who is to blame for it all? And the only answer is: The politicians who have been at the helm of affairs of the nation.

The ugliest reality of the Indian scene, however, lies elsewhere: the erosion of the moral fibre of the men and women in the country's public life. To my mind, this is a far more serious

matter. Sadly, the politicians who are in a position to improve things—if they wish to—are so preoccupied with jockeying for their own advancement that they could not care a jot about the fate of the nation. This is a tragic development indeed. It means that the instrument with which a recovery or regeneration could be launched has itself become flawed and blunted. Is there a way out?

It is a truism that in each of us there lurks some of the schizophrenia of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. Which will prevail—the baser or the better part of our natures? All depends on the atmosphere and the temper of the society of which we are a part. To foster the right social conditions is the responsibility, nay the duty, of the persons at the helm. This can only be achieved by example, never by mere preaching. And let it be remembered that, except for a brief spell, it is the Congress Party, led first by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and

then by Mrs Gandhi, which has been in power at the Centre and in most of the States from the dawn of Independence to this day.

Two-Party System

I am among those who hold that the tone and temper of public life in India would have been different and healthier if Pandit Nehru had heeded Mahatma Gandhi's advice and dissolved the Congress Party after Independence. In the first two decades of freedom, and to a lesser extent even now, there were hardly any senior leaders in any of the national parties who were not in the Congress in the days of the struggle for liberation.

With the dissolution of the Congress, new political parties would have been formed and some of them would have been of comparable strength. This would have helped in the evolution of a two-party system so necessary to keep a check on the party in power. The leaders of the undissolved Congress got votes on the plea that the party had brought Independence to the country. It was like the eldest son inheriting properties under the law of primogeniture.

I am also of the opinion that Pandit Nehru should have started a healthy convention by refusing to become Prime Minister beyond two terms (as George Washington did 200 years ago in a land which had no tradition of *rishis* and *munis* to boast of). In that event, our politics would have been much healthier and cleaner.

Other practices started by Pandit Nehru have also done untold damage to the quality of our public life: the party's organisational wing has been robbed of its importance, meaningful role and pride because of the personality cult; the engineering of defections began with Pattom Thanu Pillai when a rabidly communal party like the Muslim League was accepted as a partner in the coalition in Kerala; family members were appointed to party posts over the heads of other abler persons; corruption among ministers was tolerated; and official machinery was misused in elections.

Watershed Year

The seeds sown in those early years have now grown into thorny, malefic forests. In this process, 1969 can easily be regarded as a watershed. It was then that the Congressmen's lust for power and money began to assume the monstrous proportions it has now acquired. This monster knows no bounds.

brooks no interference and it is unmindful of all values and norms of public life.

Congressmen misuse official machinery in elections to the hilt. They befriend toughs and dacoits for booth-capturing. They are not averse to taking hundreds of crores from blackmarketeers and smugglers for elections. And, in return, they allow the criminals to make thousands of crores in black. They will fan caste or communal animosities to win elections. They have no qualms in politicising institutions like the press, the bureaucracy, the

Judiciary, the academics, even the religious bodies. When the Party still does not win a sufficient number of seats to form a government, they form unscrupulous alliances and "buy" out independent or Opposition party legislators with money or ministerial gaddis. When even this ploy fails, they twist the Governors' arms to clinch the issue in their favour (never mind the damage done to the gubernatorial office).

They have scant respect for constitutional proprieties and court verdicts. And when there is a protest, they can always

clamp an Emergency. What does it matter if, in the process, so many more people go behind the bars than in the British days?

Credible Alternative

The Congressmen force senior party leaders to kowtow to upstarts (who are "family" members). Sycophancy is the religion of the Congress. And the party is even trying to impose dynastic rule on a free nation.

Despite all this, I see no reason for despair. I do know that the people of India are sick of self-seeking politicians and they realise that this must stop if the nation has to be saved. They are

hungering for an alternative which has the credibility and the purity of intentions so necessary to usher in a new climate and create a new temper in the society. When that alternative becomes a fact of life, the warts and wrinkles, as indeed the sadness, on the face of Mother India can be wiped off in a single swipe! In their place, an alluring smile will reappear and all will know that a great nation with vast potential is at last on the right track. That is the task the Bharatiya Janata Party, committed to value-based politics, has taken upon itself. It means to succeed—and it will.

Stop Bickering

and get down to nation-building, the author exhorts the Opposition.

by Madhu Dandavate

INDIA'S face is ugly... Wrinkles and warts disfigure it completely... There is hardly any corner free from the pervasive moral ugliness...

Democratic values and standards of public morality are getting eroded at an alarming pace. Misuse of money, muscle and media power and caste and communal tensions are severely straining our democratic processes. Politicians pursuing politics of defections are reversing the mandate of the electorate with no qualms of conscience. The freedom and independence of the Judiciary is under attack. Doubts are raised about the very viability of the Parliamentary form of government. Will it give way to a Presidential system under which there will be less accountability but more stability? That is not all. More than half our population still lives below the poverty line. Disparities between the rich and the poor are yawning wider and wider. While the real income of the urban and rural poor is shrinking steadily, the power and wealth of a small coterie of the neo-rich is growing by leaps and bounds. The Government proclaims from the housetops its objective of self-reliance but it feels no embarrassment in securing huge IMF loans with humiliating strings that run counter to the basic thrust of the nation's declared economic policies.

The sanctity of human life has been sacrificed in the deteriorating law and order situation. And the weaker sections, minorities and women continue to cower under the

cloud of insecurity. The forces of communalism are gaining an upper hand while those of secularism are on the run. The prisons, which are expected to deter the criminals or to reform them, have become dens of atrocities—blindings of prisoners and their sadistic torture in other forms. The conditions in many of our universities are chaotic. The authorities have been turned into helpless pawns in power politics. The educational institutions hardly respond to the needs and urges of the students. In all, this corruption that has eaten into the vitals of public life has become a monstrous status symbol of power.

Chronic Ills

Who is to blame for this depressing state of affairs? While diagnosing the ills besetting our society, one cannot escape the conclusion that the aberrations in public life are closely linked with the State, the Governments. Also the politicians who cannot be absolved of the responsibility for the present mess.

During India's freedom struggle, the values which the leaders of the movement cherished, their life-styles and the restraints they observed in political functioning evoked a reciprocal response from vast sections of the people. In that atmosphere, men of vision and idealism were inducted in various fields and they in turn set the pace of the progress of society. Such springs of idealism have gradually dried up. Their place is taken by a spate of avarice and

corruption. The poorest among the poor are not able to get their share of opportunities which are often monopolised by the relatively better-off sections among the poor.

Democratic institutions have also gradually declined. The responsibility for this rests largely on the shoulders of the Prime Minister. She has started a new political culture which is based on repudiation of all democratic norms and conventions. Her unbridled craze for personal power has led to cynical disregard of all democratic institutions and perpetuation of her own personality cult.

Why does Mrs Gandhi choose mediocrities for high offices? She wants to denigrate the offices and institutions and to make them subservient to her. This has led to the decline and ultimate destruction of all institutions and authority that can serve as restraints on her personal power. Concentration of power of this scale is bound to affect the decision-making process which is guided by subjective considerations in all fields—political, economic, social and administrative. It is a highly centralised and personalised system of functioning. Decisions are delayed, corruption flourishes and people are left out of the schemes of development. There is economic stagnation and demoralisation of the administration. Predictably, break-downs of law and order are frequent and discontent inevitably spreads among the masses.

Under an authoritarian regime such as ours, the discontent among all sections of the people has remained defused. It has yet to find a point of focus and crystallisation. Thus it is impossible effectively to challenge the established authoritarian regime. It is in this context that one has to candidly admit the failure of the

Opposition parties. They don't seem to realise the stakes involved. The fragmented and mutually destructive Opposition parties very often appear to be more interested in annihilating each other rather than opposing the authoritarianism. Who else but the politician is to be blamed for this?

As an antidote for all this we need to revive the spirit of Gandhiji. We must end the internecine warfare. We need the unifying spirit of Loknayak Jayaprakash Narayan of 1977. History does not throw up a Gandhi and a Jayaprakash again and again but their spirit can be rekindled.

Battle For Revival

There is still ground for hope. The politician in India need not feel discouraged. The battle for revival of democracy and creation of a just and egalitarian socio-economic order is not lost forever. Let us remember what Loknayak Jayaprakash wrote to Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, from prison during Emergency:

"Please do not destroy the foundations that the Fathers of the Nation, including your noble father, had laid down. There is nothing but strife and suffering along the path that you have taken. You inherited a great tradition, noble values and a working democracy. Do not leave behind a miserable wreck of all that. It would take a long time to put all that together again. For it would be put together again, I have no doubt. A people who fought British imperialism and humbled it cannot accept indefinitely the indignity and shame of totalitarianism. The spirit of man can never be vanquished, no matter how deeply suppressed."

The words of Jayaprakashji are still relevant. But can they inspire the politicians to erase the ugliness from the face of India?

The author... duality of I... saying tha... one hand, t... themselves... cultural sta... of Ram Ra... other, they... ignore the... chauvinism... who put Si... trial by fire... chastity.

VISIT any P... Muslim fo... will see Dewar... Dewan-e-Khas... Hawa Mahal, I... skyhigh marb... ornate arches... "Where did the... the Maharanis... and Shahensh... themselves?" I... Puzzled, they... am from anoth... giggle and rep... they pleased, t... theirs..."

Funny? But ev... the fact that e... writers and jo... these places d... absence of toil... don't notice th... occur to them... without a toile... notice because... to them that a... to an abode. L... gazing at the... feeling the sti... islands of sple... seeing the sea...

India has been... Vedic times an... distant past. T... simple: an ari... land, oppress... restricted effo... rulers who ca... food. We neve... eat. The posit... to reduce the... be fed, religio... form of sanya... compel old, u... to leave home... with wild bea... them.

Cruel Expe... Cruel? Yes, bu... expect cleanli... kindness and... starving man... the right to st... kidnap, ensla... the law of the... fittest. We pra... with immunit... stigma till the... superior Briti... us we had an... tried to remov... through educ...

The author mocks at the duality of Indians, saying that while, on the one hand, they pride themselves on their high cultural standards of *Ram Rajya*, on the other, they totally ignore the ugly chauvinism of Rama who put Sita through a trial by fire to prove her chastity.

VISIT any Hindu or Muslim fort in India, you will see Dewan-e-Aam, Dewan-e-Khas, Sheesh Mahal, Hawa Mahal, Moti Mahal, skyhigh marble minarets and ornate arches but no lavatories. "Where did the Maharajas and the Maharanis, the Shahenshahs and Shahenshahnis relieve themselves?" I ask the guides. Puzzled, they look at me as if I am from another planet; they giggle and reply: "Anywhere they pleased, the world was theirs..."

Funny? But even more funny is the fact that even present-day writers and journalists visiting these places do not notice the absence of toilets. Westerners don't notice this because it does occur to them that a home can be without a toilet; Indians don't notice because it does not occur to them that a toilet is essential to an abode. Like gutter-rats gazing at the stars without feeling the stink, we look at the islands of splendour without seeing the seas of squalor.

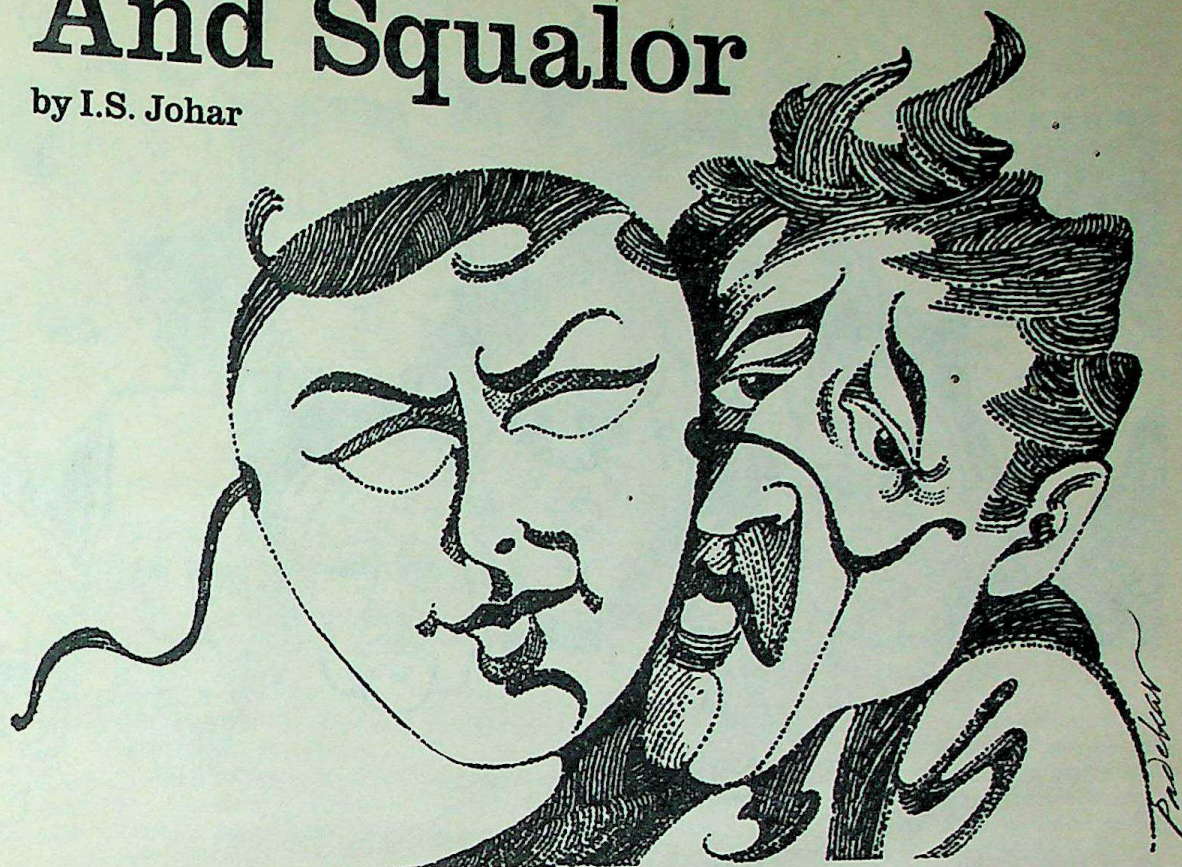
India has been a gutter from Vedic times and even the more distant past. The reasons are simple: an arid, unproductive land, oppressive heat which restricted effort and predatory rulers who caused scarcity of food. We never had enough to eat. The position was so bad that to reduce the legion of mouths to be fed, religious sanction in the form of *sanyas* was enjoined to compel old, unproductive people to leave home for forests infested with wild beasts who devoured them.

Cruel Expectations

Cruel? Yes, but it is also cruel to expect cleanliness, decency, kindness and morality from a starving man. He will and has the right to steal, cheat, banish, kidnap, enslave and kill. That is the law of the survival of the fittest. We practised this law with immunity from social stigma till the culturally superior British arrived and told us we had an ugly face. They tried to remove our ugliness through education, democratic

Of Splendour And Squalor

by I.S. Johar



institutions, codification of rational laws and eradication of evils like *sati*, *thuggee* feudalism, etc.

But the Nawabs and Rajas interpreted all this as a challenge to their privileged position. They fanned the fires of superstition into the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857. It was a desultory revolt against progress, which we rechristened as the "First War Of Independence". In other countries heroes make history, we rewrite history to make heroes. As a result of the Mutiny, the British relinquished the responsibility of reforming us and thus the great opportunity of a Renaissance bypassed us.

However, we clung to their political institutions, which suddenly made the middle classes aware that they too could aspire to a share of power. But

the power was now with the British, who were telling us and the world we have an ugly face. An ugly face can be improved only by surgery, but we were too scared and unskilled for that. We had to find a solution without solving the problem.

Masking Ugliness

We found not one but two solutions. One, we avoided looking in the mirror, and, second, we put on a mask. We told the British they were responsible for our ugliness; otherwise we were a beautiful people. We wore the first mask when we declared that Bharat was once a golden sparrow, a land of milk and honey.

Indian historians trained in English schools, like Sir Jadunath Sarkar, Surendranath Sen, Professor Neelakantah Sastri and K.M. Panickkar manufactured Indian history with a national bias. We spoke of the high cultural standards of *Ram Rajya*, ignoring the ugly chauvinism of Rama who put Sita through a trial by fire to prove her chastity. We trumpeted about the statesmanship and justice of the Moghuls, ignoring that they held their Empire together by forcing smaller Nawabs and Rajas to surrender their daughters and sisters as hostages, a few of whom they married and the rest they used as concubines and

prostitutes. We lied about Hindu-Muslim unity, ignoring the communal carnage when both Hindus and Muslims proudly paraded themselves in the streets wearing garlands made of the breasts cut off from each other's women. We bragged about spiritual values, ignoring widely practised gang-rapes, dowry deaths, blindings, mutilation of children for beggary, burning of untouchables and bonded labour.

The euphoria of freedom clamped a mask on us for 30 years. We started believing that our ugliness had gone with the eviction of the British, who had originally caused it. Now that this mask has started wearing off, we are shocked, as if our warts were something new and unexpected. Again, instead of trying to cure the malady, we have started shifting the blame.

First it was the British and now it is the politicians who are our whipping boys. As if Antulays, Bhajan Lals and Devi Lals were imposed on us and not elected by us! We still refuse to admit that they are the reflections of our own face. Those who blame them in erudite editorials should face the crucial question: "Would the electorate defeat them if they resigned and sought re-election?" The answer is a big "No", and we all know it. Who is to blame?





Beautiful Land, Ugly People

THE face of a country as beautiful and wonderful as India can never be described as ugly. I write this as a fierce romantic who passionately loves India and everything she represents. No, India is not ugly. It is the people who are. Nothing can defile the timeless beauty of this country... least of all a bunch of avaricious, grotesque politicians. That will be giving them far too much importance and a power that they don't really possess. The India I know, love and cherish, goes far beyond the destructive forces that attempt to ruin her. Thank God these elements are mortal and therefore time-bound. India is eternal and supreme. No, nothing can touch India—it is both blessed and immortal.

Even as I write these words, I feel like a maudlin, sentimental fool. What do I know about my country? How much of its rich history am I familiar with? History be damned, I'm shaky even when it comes to elementary geography. Ask me where Cherapunji is, and I'll be stumped for an answer. I am constantly astonished by my own ignorance—the vast, gaping holes in my “general knowledge”. I can just about

The author refuses to accept the definition of *Ugly India*. She refuses to surrender her optimism or discard her naive dreams about her country. For, she says, it is not India but Indians who are ugly.

by Shobha Kilachand

Illustrations by Mario

distinguish between the achievements of the Maurya period and the Gupta period. Most of the Indian languages baffle me. I do not relate to the rites and rituals that abound in every community. I am semi-literate in my own mother tongue. Can I call myself an “Indian” without blushing?

Even with these obvious, self-confessed contradictions—I feel a hundred per cent Indian—and that's all that matters. Or should matter. I can't even call myself a true “nationalist” in any sense of the word. Politics leave me cold, and if at all I keep up with the latest upheavals and changes on the political scene, it is so as to not appear like a yahoo at public functions.

Throughout my formative years, “India” had the last priority. It

was like home—taken completely for granted. Like the rest of my friends, I even remember feeling vaguely ashamed of being an Indian. Ashamed that we didn't produce quality goods, ashamed that we spoke English with funny accents, ashamed of our strange ways and customs, ashamed that the world looked down on us and above all ashamed of our poverty. Yes, I knew the national anthem and I did remember to stand still while it was being played, but the hard-core concepts of “motherland” and “patriotism” were alien to me. I felt no special fervour, no great stirrings of patriotic zeal.

Farcical And Incongruous

If at all, I deeply resented, even mocked, the now-discarded practice of standing to attention

while the national anthem was played after a movie. It seemed so farcical and incongruous. The idea of juxtapositioning the strains of *Jana Gana Mana*... after a James Bond super-thrilling ending, made a mockery of the “noble” purpose of reminding Indians about their duty towards their beloved Bharatamata. This was in the wake of the first Indo-Pak war, if I'm not mistaken, with fines being slapped on people showing disrespect to the national anthem. After a night show, a fidgety, restless crowd, yawning audibly, would curse under their breaths, waiting impatiently for the two and a half minutes of over-familiar music to end. Some wise guy woke up years too late to withdraw the order. By then the audience had been completely anaesthetised. No longer can I hear the familiar music without recalling the recoil-reaction of those days.

In fact, the only time I remember feeling proud of belonging to this country was when as a child, I witnessed the Republic Day parade in Delhi. Just the pageantry and colour of that occasion were enough to instil thoughts of undying patriotism in my young mind. Patriotism of

a very primitive of course—but of those occasions permanently etched in memory. Spectacular fly-pasts and marching—imagine a devastating effect. Today, I can show for what “tamasha” means: a naive crowd and one morning, our non-existence.

Today, I can remember pompous displays of hardware and are a part of the ignominious game. I laugh at the people with their meagre and recognise they are worthless. I can yawn at the processions of dancers, and venerate attention to the instead. Today, I hat off to the masterminds of these great occasions—a masterly touch.

We Are To

When we talk of politicians” and hypocritical and these ugly people first place? We blame them? We ourselves—first is we who have And did we weren't what voted for them moment, believe promises? We party to their corruption?

Can we shake responsibility in the mess we people around “deteriorating” country, in his sanctimonious them what the it? Some of the “sink or swim” while others plans—settling better deal for their children a dark and gloomy a complete breakdown system as we every single of, without a directly or in the very system vehemently over cocktail

Which Indian hasn't at some bribe either disguised as asked for favours is above paying or two for the

a very primitive, unformed kind, of course—but the visual impact of those occasions remains permanently etched in my memory. Spectacular formation fly-pasts and high-precision marching—imagine the devastating effect on a child of six. Today, I can see the whole show for what it is—an empty “tamasha” meant to distract the naive crowd and that too for that one morning, let them believe in our non-existent “greatness”.

Today, I can react to the pompous display of military hardware and feel sorry that we are a part of this ominous, ignominious game. Today, I can laugh at the pathetic “floats” with their meaningless slogans and recognise them for what they are worth—nothing. Today, I can yawn at the endless processions of pseudo folk dancers, and wish they’d pay attention to the real thing instead. Today, I can also take my hat off to the lady who masterminds and orchestrates these great occasions with such a masterly touch.

We Are To Blame

When we talk of the “ugly politicians” aren’t we being hypocritical and unfair? How did these ugly people get there in the first place? Why should we blame them? We should blame ourselves—first and last. For, it is we who have put them there. And did we really imagine they weren’t what they are when we voted for them? Did we, for one moment, believe their election promises? Weren’t we also a party to their venality and corruption?

Can we shake off our responsibility and deny our role in the mess we are in? I hear people around me discussing the “deteriorating climate” in the country, in high-sounding, sanctimonious tones. I often ask them what they plan to do about it? Some of them shrug and say “sink or swim with the tide”, while others talk of vague plans—settling abroad, getting a better deal for themselves and their children. Everyone talks of a dark and gloomy picture, with a complete breakdown of the system as we know it... Yet, every single person that I know of, without an exception, is directly or indirectly supporting the very system that he or she so vehemently condemns over cocktails.

Which Indian do you know who hasn’t at some point given a bribe either blatantly or disguised as *bakshesh*? Or asked for favours at a price? Who is above paying that extra buck or two for the next cylinder of

gas? Who has not at some point or the other, resorted to seeking “influence” for getting things done—from the simple advantages to the bigger stakes—it’s all a pretty relative matter of economics and opportunities.

Law-abiding citizens talk of how they are “forced” and “compelled”, to be a party to corruption in its varied avatars. People who see red at the thought of black money have learnt to accept its existence and coolly deal in it themselves. Compromise at every level has become the name of the game. Who really gives a damn? Unfortunately, not enough people.

Who is the guilty, who the accused, and which one of us is above and beyond reproach? From school admissions for your toddler, to licences for industry, the rampant practice of greasing eager, outstretched palms, has become so commonplace as to go entirely unnoticed. Are politicians to blame? No, we are. Though the temptation to pass the buck on to these convenient scapegoats, is always there. It makes one wonder why, if it mattered all that much, we don’t lift a finger to do anything about it.

I tell myself to stop sermonising, stop criticising, till such time as I am ready to put myself on the line and involve myself actively in the process of overthrow and change. A mere mouthing of rhetoric is absolutely meaningless. I admit, I do find it amusing to be in one of these drawing-room discussions on the future of our “great country”. By the hour, *ad nauseam* our armchair *pundits* hold forth on the problems that confront us. Realms of analytical spoutings fill the pages of our newspapers and magazines. Never is a clear-sighted solution to these myriad malaises offered. For the simple reason that nobody has one.

Intellectual Exercise

Finger-pointing has become the intellectual exercise. Problem identification, the number one obsession. Apportioning blame is one way of exonerating oneself—giving a clean chit, a certificate of merit to one’s conscience. Evening after evening, these lofty minds meet to ponder over our collective destiny, without a single constructive alternative emerging from their deliberations. And the target of their joint accusations, invariably, is the politician.

Without holding a brief for that species, I only feel like saying,

“Let’s hear it for the other side now.” Those who, of their own volition, have chosen to be a part of our governing machinery, have done so with some motive, and it’s only one—service of self. But before we so readily damn these men who control our lives on a thousand levels, let us also extend our sympathy to them.

What for? For being in the most hated, the most hateful job in the country. Even they, with all their greed and craftiness, must at some point, confront their sorry image and realise the extent of the contempt and loathing that the public reserves for them. When they aren’t being depicted as bumbling fools, they are shown as ruthless exploiters. In all likelihood, they are both, and no excuses either. But let us not forget before we pronounce them guilty, that we are equally guilty too. And let us apply to ourselves the same rules we judge them by.

Knocking the system and condemning the politicians has become a convenient past-time. We, in the media, constantly indulge in this futile exercise—and always to suit our own purpose. Through the ages, politics has been depicted as the dirtiest game of all, on par with the oldest profession. Is it any wonder then, that it fails to attract men of real calibre or talent? Should we be surprised that no self-respecting person wants to enter the murky world of politics today? And that our political system has been handed over to people who can at best be described as social drop-outs—outcasts who have nowhere else to go?

We have grown accustomed to thinking within those parameters. We actually show astonishment when an honest



act makes news. We have become so cynical and so conditioned as to expect and accept dishonesty as a way of life. Nobody really reacts anymore. Blindings. Atrocities. Political murders. Poll-rigging. They don’t make news these days. How can they? They have become the system.

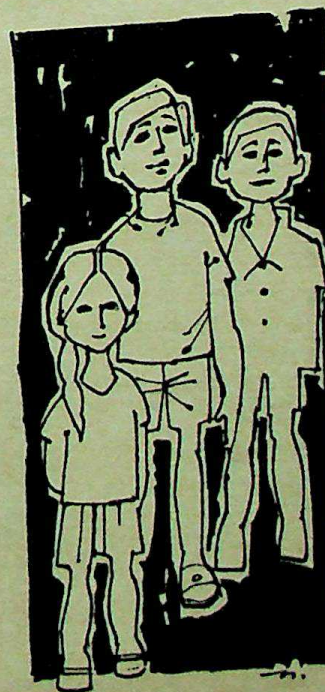
To my mind, it is our own values that are fast becoming warped and perverse. It is we who have left no room for straightforwardness. It is we who have encouraged wheeling and dealing. It is we who have made convoluted thinking and functioning “respectable”. The culprits aren’t the politicians. The culprits are us.

Naive Dreams

Ugly India. No, I will never accept that definition. I refuse to surrender my optimism or my naive dreams about my country. Yes, I say that possessively and with pride. I will not discard India because I don’t like its face. I will not reject it because I cannot change it. I will not damn it because it has let me down. Neither will I plead helplessness in the face of overwhelming odds.

If my expectations of a glorious, golden India have been dashed, it is because of my doing. If the country is in fact “going to the dogs” (and I don’t believe that it is) it is my responsibility to see that it doesn’t. If the politicians are raping and ruining it, then too, it is up to me to exercise my right as a citizen and replace them.

My children are growing up, even more remote from the ethos of India, than I did. Maybe they prefer to adopt *Disco Deewane* as their anthem over *Jana Gana Mana*. It’s also possible that they will be further alienated from the immediate environment. On the other hand, perhaps, we have come full circle finally, and they will be the ones to witness a new dawn. An era of hope and fulfilment. A glorious flooring of all that we hold precious—yes, I’m confident they will see it. The India of my dreams will become the India of their reality.



India, Asia And The Athletic World

India may be hosting the Asian Games but our standards are still way below the Asian level, as this authentic survey proves with facts and figures.

by Jal D. Pardivala

It was well over 30 years ago that the inaugural Asian Games were held in Delhi. In that festival, only 11 Asian countries had participated. Now, for the 1982 Asiad, the number of countries participating is more than double that number and the competition, naturally, will be stronger and keener in the various disciplines of sport. Let us take a look at the picture in track-and-field athletics, the mainstay of any Games, be it Olympic, Asian or Commonwealth.

In the inaugural Delhi Asian Games of 1951, in athletics, India was 2nd to Japan. We scored 10 first places, 12 second places and 12 third places to Japan's 20 first, 17 second and 11 third places. In the following Asiad—held at Manila (1954), Tokyo (1958), Jakarta (1962), Bangkok (1966 & 1970) and Tehran (1974)—India had varying fortunes which could not be compared with 1951. However, in the Bangkok Asiad of 1978, we were almost near our 1951 standard, though still far away from Japan and China. Our athletes there secured 8 first, 7 second and 3 third places, as against Japan's 10 first, 15 second and 10 third places. China's score was 12 first, 9 second and 13 third places.

In the 1978 Bangkok Games, 14 Asian Games records (8 men, 6 women) saw the light of day. The 3,000 metres run and the 400 metres hurdles, both for women, were events introduced for the first time in the Asiad. Japan established 6 new records, followed by China (5), India (1), Iraq (1) and Korea (1); while the 100 metres Asian Games record of 10.44 sec was equalled by Sucharat Jaesuraparp of Thailand. Slowly but surely, therefore, China and Korea are edging in and they should be forces to reckon with in future Asian Games.

Why, the Chinese, Zou Zhen Xian, while participating in the Tokyo Meet last year, triple-jumped an amazing 17.05 metres, leaving the second man full 44 cm behind! At Rome, for the World Cup, Zhen Xian astonished spectators by leaping 17.34 metres—an advance of 29 cm—to secure the silver (This mark could easily be compared with Jack Uudimiae's gold-medal performance of 17.35 metres at the 1980 Moscow Olympics.) Prior to Rome, Zhen Xian's other achievement was at the Bucharest World Student Games, where he had hopped, stepped and jumped to 17.32 metres. It must be mentioned here that, on his Rome performance, Zhen Xian was rated 3rd best in the 1981 World Top List and 7th best in the All Time List.

Unfortunate Tendency

Given this grim background, how our athletes will fare three months hence is a matter of conjecture! Whatever is expounded here is based on the reports and the results of last year's Asian Track and Field Meet (held at Tokyo), the Asian Ranking List of 1981 and a few other performances of 1982 (which includes Indian and Asian marks).

Unfortunately, there are two tendencies amongst our sports officials: when

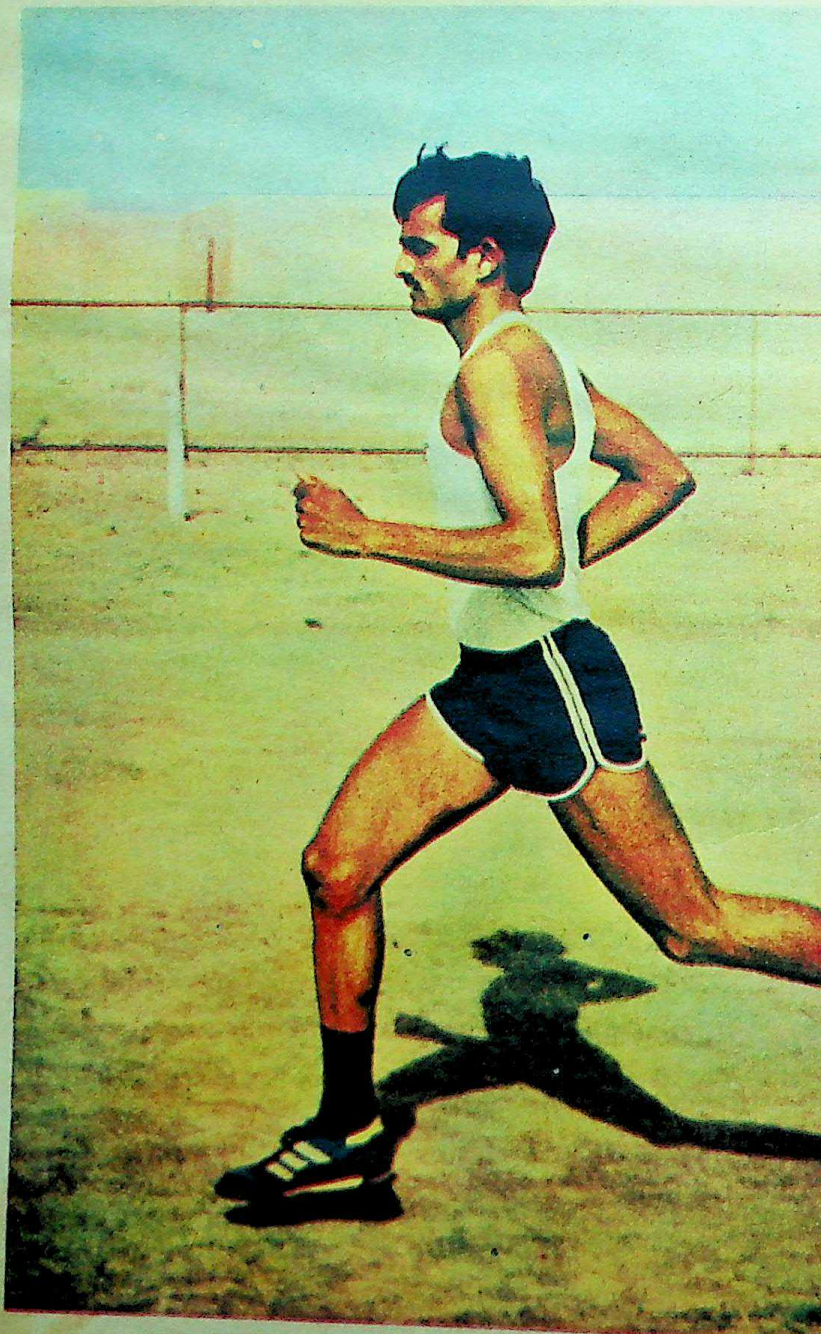
our sportsmen do not do well, they are ready with excuses; and, when they do just about well and no more, their performances are very much overrated. Instead of making a *factual* statement to the public, the utterances are generally extravagant. This creates a wrong impression, not only in the minds of sportsmen, but also in the mind of the public at large.

Last year, after the Fourth Asian Track and Field Meet at Tokyo, one of our officials shouted hoarse about the Indian athletes' achievement of securing 19 medals, omitting to state the crucially

important fact that Japan, comparatively, had won nearly three times as many medals as India—no fewer than 54! The real position:

	Gold	Silver	Bronze	Total
Japan	19	20	15	54
China	11	4	2	17
India	5	5	9	19

It could have been different, though, had North Korea, Iran and Israel participated.



Colour Photographs by Kamal Julka

GOPAL SAINI, India's big gold-medal hope in the 5,000 metres of the 1982 Delhi Asian Games. He is also a good prospect for the 3,000 metres steeplechase.

Why, our coach-manager, who in 1982 accompanied the Indian team to the Pakistan National Games at Peshawar, declared: *India's haul of medals was the country's best ever performance at any international competition!* He did not say whether the 20 medals in various sports in which India participated. Our coach-manager has stated: *Most of the Indian athletes proved upon their own timings and distances.*

Unfortunately, we do not know the total Indian athletic strength at Peshawar. From the little information available, one gathers that hardly 10 Indian athletes were on the scene. Actually, except javelin-thrower Gurtej Singh, who proved on his home performance by 3.58 metres, the others flopped—they nowhere near their Indian marks. Still, coach-manager claimed that the "Indian athletes improved upon their own timings and distances"!

Revealing Timings

Remember, Sunil Abraham had been timed 10.9 sec at Calicut to his 11.18 sec mark at Peshawar. Moreover, at Calicut, Sunil had been 4th in the final; at Peshawar, he was 3rd in his heat and did not even reach the final! Sunil also participated in the 200 metres, where he was 5th. His time was not taken; however, the third man's mark was 22.19 sec. At Calicut, Sunil had finished 2nd in the 200 metres final in 22.4 sec.

At Peshawar, Amreet Singh, another 200 metres representative, was 4th in his heat at 23.3 sec. At the Five Nation Meet held in Pune in November 1981, he had been timed at 22 sec for the 3rd place.

Again, at Peshawar, Charles Doron tied for the 1st place in the 800 metres with his performance of 1 min 54.77 sec. But this mark is too poor compared to his Calicut showing of 1 min 50.8 sec.

Satnam Singh, while participating in the Five Nation Meet at Pune, was 2nd in 3 min 54.0 sec in the 1,500 metres, while at Peshawar he ran the distance in 4 min 1 sec—a difference of 6 sec.

V.S. Tomar, our representative for the 5,000 metres, was almost 2 sec behind his 14 min 45.7 sec performance at the Calicut Inter-State Meet. This, however, is negligible.

Basant Singh was nowhere in the picture in the 400 metres hurdles at Peshawar; in Calicut, he had been 1st in 53.6 sec—which was almost the mark (53.64 sec) of the third man at Peshawar.

The only Indian at Peshawar to prove upon his home performance, as said earlier, was Gurtej Singh. At Calicut he was 1st, throwing the javelin to 68.4 metres; at Peshawar, he improved on his mark by 3.58 metres, hurling the missile to 71.92 metres.

Coming to the point, let us see how many of the 1978 Asian Games medalists will defend their titles and who will vie strongly for a place under the sun.

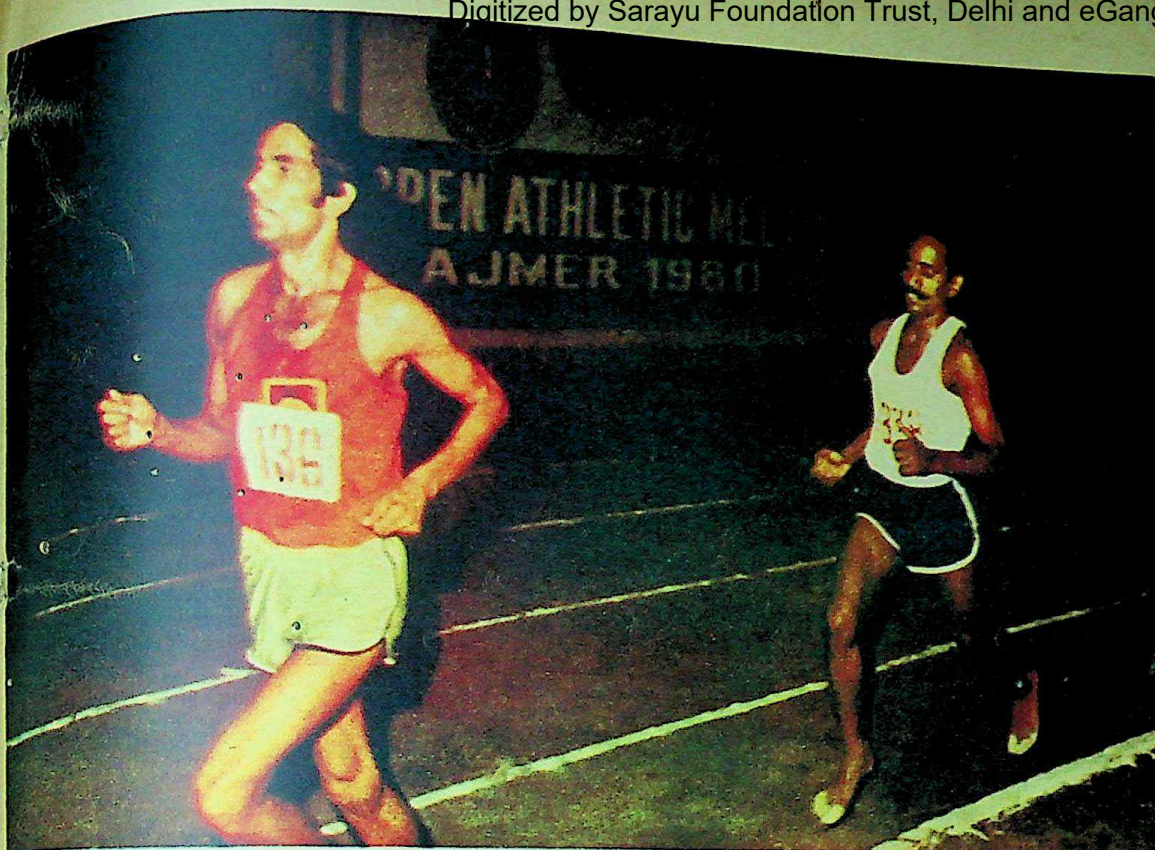
In this context, I cannot help paying a small tribute to the Thai, Sucharat Jaesuraparp, for his long sporting career—a career without Asian participation in this section of athletics. Sucharat appeared on the Asian scene in the 1974 Tehran Asian Games, where he was 1st to his Thai compatriot, Anat Ratana. Thereafter, he turned out for Thailand in the 1976 Montreal Olympics. In 1977, he represented Asia at the World Cup

Dusseldorf. In 1978, he won the Asian Games Sprint Championship in 10.44 sec. In 1979, he won the Asian Games Sprint Championship in 10.44 sec. In 1980, he won the Asian Games Sprint Championship in 10.44 sec.

Asia at the World Championships in Montreal—and he could not participate in the 1980 Olympics, it was "boycott". In 1981, in the World Field Meet at Tokyo, he won through with a mark of 10.52 sec. On the occasion of the Cup in Rome last year, Sucharat heads the list with 10.4 sec performance. Ten Nation Meet (electrical) sec (from 10.50 sec (from Championships).

Others Fiercel

As for the other sprinters, the new member of the team, has a sprinting time of 10.6 sec (10.50 sec)—who is going training in the run, along with who was 1st at the Asian Games. Another Thai sprinter, who was 3rd last year, shows a performance of 10.6 sec (10.50 sec), and in November 1981, he should give a good debate, but one Thailand has produced Asian sprinters. They have yet to know the strength of Japan. Against this, our sprinters' reputation is still to be established.



tan Singh had secured the bronze on his 3 min 48.1 sec performance. One can but hope that one of our present middle-distance men achieves at least that!

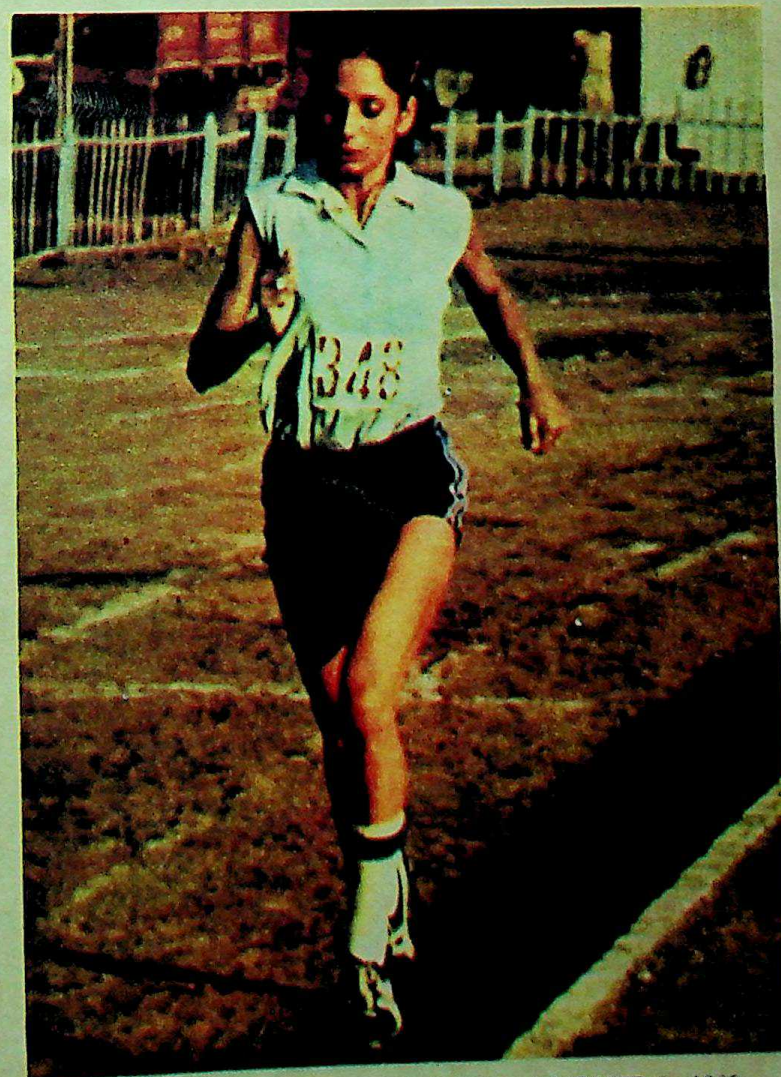
In the Asiad of four years ago, Japan's Yoshifumi Fujimori was second to the Chinese, Wang Hsun Hua—their respective marks: 14.33 sec and 14.28 sec—in the 110 metres hurdles. Last year, in Tokyo, no Chinese athletes took part in this event and Japan's Fujimori was 1st in 14.22 sec—a new Meet record. It was, however, reported that one Chinese, Zhang Shen Sheing, on September 2 last year, was timed at 14.2 sec in Beijing. What sort of competition our sprint hurdlers, especially Satbir Singh (14.5 sec) and S.A. Naidu (14.6 sec), will offer is to be seen. Four other hurdlers, Japan's Nariyuki Takashashi (14.18 sec), Kazumi Kashiwasaki (14.33 sec) and Shegeo Itoh (14.35 sec) and China's Lu Quan-bin (14.35 sec), deserve notice. Clearly, a difficult job awaits our sprint hurdlers.

66 Seconds Less In 3 Years More!

In 1978, it was 50.98 sec; in 1981, it was 50.32 sec—that has been the improvement shown by Japan's Takashi Nagao who, four years ago at the Bangkok Games, was 2nd to Iraq's Hasan Abdulkadhim (50.81 sec) in the 400 metres hurdles. Nagao established a new Meet record at Tokyo last year and heads the List for 1981. There are two others from the Land of the Rising Sun who have less than 51 sec to show: they are the Tokyo silver medallists, Shigenobu Ohmori (50.68 sec) and Yukihiro Yoshimatsu (50.68 sec), along with the Chinese, Wang Gui-hua, who has a mark of 50.96 sec, achieved at Beijing on September 20, 1981. →

SHIVNATH SINGH AND HARICHAND (right): our medal prospects for the Marathon. Harichand had won both the 5,000 and the 10,000 metres at the 1978 Bangkok Asiad.

GITA ZUTSHI: our best hope for a medal among the women. Her best time for 800 metres: 2 min 6.6 sec, achieved during the 1980 Moscow Olympic Games. Gita aims at Asiad 82 to come nearer the 2 min mark.



Dusseldorf. In 1978, he became Asian Games Sprint Champion on a timing of 10.44 sec. In 1979, he again represented Asia at the World Cup—this time at Montreal—and was timed 10.51 sec. If he could not participate in the 1980 Moscow Olympics, it was only because of that "boycott".

In 1981, in the Fourth Asian Track and Field Meet at Tokyo, Sucharat came through with a bang to win the 100 metres in a new Meet record time of 10.52 sec. On the strength of this, he once again represented Asia at the World Cup in Rome last September. Even now, Sucharat heads the Asian List on 10.50 sec. He has also been credited with a 10.4 sec performance (registered at the Ten Nation Meet in Bangkok last November) and two other marks of 10.52 (electrical) sec (from the South East Asia Games at Manila in December 1981) and 10.50 sec (from the International Kuwait Championships).

Others Fiercely In The Fray

As for the others prominently in the sprint fray, the United Arab Emirates, a new member of the Asian Games Federation, has a sprinter, Rashid Al-Girbi, who has to his name a timing of 10.54 sec and two other such marks. There is also Qatar's Jamal Suliman who, while participating with West German athletes, was timed at 10.6 sec. Pakistan's Habib Shah (10.50 sec)—who is at present undergoing training in West Germany—is also in the run, along with China's Gia Jixan, who was 1st at Peshawar in 10.61 sec. Another Thai sprinter, Sumeth Promna, who was 3rd last year at Tokyo in 10.74 sec, shows a performance of 10.28 (electrical) sec, achieved at Bangkok in November 1981. How much credence one should give to this mark is a matter of debate, but one thing is certain—that Thailand has produced many top-class Asian sprinters. Over and above this, we have yet to know the present sprinting strength of Japan, China and Korea!

Against this background, where will our sprinters really finish in Asiad 82?

However, much one tries to be optimistic, one must face facts. In the Tokyo Meet last year (as already noted), we won only 5 gold medals and that, too, not by appreciable margins. The strong forces of the 1970s, which included Sriram Singh, Suresh Babu, T.C. Yohanan and a few others, are no longer in the picture. A fact laid bare at Tokyo was that we had neither sprinters nor hurdlers of the class needed to compete with athletes of other Asian countries. Our two sprinters, Adil Sumariwala and P. Subramaniam, had left the shores of India registering good performances at 10.4 sec and 10.7 sec, respectively; but in Tokyo, in spite of the incentive of better competition, they could not even reach the final. This year Adil once again registered 10.4 sec at Calicut, while the figures of K. Premachandran, another sprinter, show consistency at 10.6, 10.7 and 10.8 sec. Still how keenly they are able to vie with other Asian sprinters is to be seen on the track.

Takashi Ishii of Japan won the 1,500 metres at the 1978 Bangkok Asian Games in 3 min 47.5 sec. As matters stand today, it seems he is going to retain the title and that with ease! For last year, at the Tokyo Asian Meet, he was home first in 3 min 50.63 sec. In September, while representing Asia at Rome for the World Cup, he ran an inspiring race and registered an improvement of almost 10 sec, his time being 3 min 40.93 sec.

From this, one can divine how much keen competition can improve one's standard and performance, if one so desires. In the Japan Games (October 14-18, 1981), Takashi Ishii registered 3 min 50.5 sec. There is none to match him except Arye Gamliel (3 min 43.6 sec) and Israel's Zwi Dauber (who are both doubtful for Asiad 1982) and China's Wang-bin, who shows a decent mark at 3 min 44.6 sec. Two other Japanese, J. Motoyama (4 min 47.63 sec) and Masami Ohtsuka (3 min 48.30 sec), are also in the picture. In this galaxy, where will our Raj Kumar (3 min 50.2 sec) stand along with Satnam Singh (3 min 51.3 sec), Suresh Yadav (3 min 51.6 sec) and Gurmek Singh (3 min 52.0 sec)? In the 1978 Bangkok Games, Rat-

A cursory glance at the results of the Indian competitions—Lucknow Open Meet, Five Nation Meet at Pune and Calicut Inter-State—shows that there is no Indian one-lap hurdler who is near the above marks. At the Five Nation Meet last November, Vijay Singh was 1st in 54.4 sec. In January 1982 at Calicut, Basant Singh of Bihar was 1st in 53.6 sec. K.S. Balasubramaniam, who was 4th last year at Tokyo (52.02 sec) and 1st at the Lucknow Open Meet in October 1981, registered just 53.1 sec. His best mark is 51.6 sec from last year's Inter-State Meet at Bangalore.

How come Balasubramaniam has gone down in the year of the Asiad? Our neighbour, Pakistan's Faryad Ali, was timed 51.91 sec at Peshawar, where he was 1st. Faryad was also the winner in the 110 metres hurdles in 14.3 sec. He is expected to participate in the Asian Games at Delhi; with what results is, of course, to be seen. In both events, his timings are good from the Asian point of view. But will he contend in both at Delhi?

Impressive Strides

Another person likely to defend his 1978 Bangkok Games title is Masaya Shintaku, the steeplechaser from Japan. Four years ago, his mark was 8 min 40.7 sec. Last year, in June at Tokyo, while winning the gold, it was 8 min 29.09 sec. In September, at the World Cup in Rome, it was 8 min 23.64 sec—it won him the bronze and it rated 15th in the 1981 World List.

What a magnificent improvement! I do not think anyone will be near Shintaku three months hence. Our Gopal Saini at Tokyo gave Shintaku a good fight while securing the silver in 8 min 30.88 sec; while Anok Singh, our other representative, was 3rd in 8 min 52.67 sec. In the 1978 Games, Gopal was 2nd in 8 min 44.8 sec. This means that, during the course of 3 years, Gopal improved by 14 sec. In the year of the Asiad, he must be consistent and should not falter, as he did last October at the Lucknow Open Meet, where he was timed a mere 8 min 40.0 sec while coming in 1st. The result of lack of competition, hopefully!

Last year in July, at a meet in Bucharest, two Japanese, Tadashi Kawano and Masami Ohtuska, were timed 8 min 38.45 sec and 8 min 39.11 sec, respectively. Should something happen to Shintaku, these two are thus there to substitute. Gopal Saini must be mindful of this fact. He must also be more careful about his hurdle clearance.

Pole-Vault: 20 Years Behind!

5.10 metres—5.20 metres—then 5.40 metres: these are the pole-vault heights cleared by Tomori Takahashi while winning, first at the 1978 Asian Games and then at Tokyo last year, and, after that, coming in 4th in a classical competition at Rome in September. Takahashi has one other mark better than all the above ones: his 5.46 metres cleared on August 9, 1981, at Takamatsu (Japan). Takahashi was also 1st, with 5.40 metres, in the Japanese Championships last October. He is not only going to defend his title but is likely to rule the roost, since no one is anywhere near him, except his compatriots, Itsuo Takanezawa and Kyotaka Konishi, both credited with clearances of 5.35 metres. Knocking at the door are two Chinese: Zhen Guoming and Yang Wei-ming, both with 5.26 metres' clearances.



ZOU ZHEN XIAN, the physical education student from China, is Asia's big bet for a medal in the 1982 Los Angeles Olympic Games. On his performance of 17.32 metres in the triple jump, Zou was rated 3rd best in the 1981 World Top List and 7th best in the All Time List.

India's S.S. Tanwar (of Bihar), at Lucknow last October, established a new National record of 4.40 metres. At Calicut last January, he improved on this by 5 cm. This is good so far as it goes, but does it really go far enough? In fact, we are 20 years behind in the pole-vault event of the Asian Games!

High-jumper Sakamoto Takao had cleared 2.20 metres to bag the gold at the 1978 Bangkok Asian Games. Last year, at the Tokyo Asian Meet, though he improved on this by 4 cm (a new Meet record), he was only 2nd, as Zhu Jianhua, hardly 19, had cleared over 2.30 metres for the gold! Very recently, on June 20, Jianhua established a new Asian record of 2.31 metres at Beijing.

In fact, no Asian is close enough to challenge Jianhua. In the Asian List, 20 jumpers are shown to have cleared 2.08 to 2.30 metres. Our present best are still far away from this. In the Open Meet last October, Puthuraja claimed 1st place on 1.92 metres. In January, at the Calicut Inter-State Meet, K. Ramachandran went over 2 metres to secure 1st place.

It now seems that our past high-jumper, Bhim Singh, had set a high standard—if it was a high standard—by clearing 2.09 metres, way back in 1968! In spite of astronomical amounts being

spent on coaching and training, how many more years will our high-jumpers need to come near this height, one really wonders. It must be mentioned here that Zhu Jianhua, on his performance of 2.30 metres, was rated 5th best in the 1981 World List, along with five others.

India's Best Jumping Hope

In the 1974 Tehran Games, T.C. Yohanan had set up the Asian Games record of 8.07 metres in the long-jump. Two jumpers, the Chinese, Liu Yuhuang (8.05 metres) and the Japanese, Junichi Usai (7.94 metres)—gold and silver medallists at the Tokyo Asian Meet—are on the point of erasing Yohanan's mark from the record-book. In fact, it has been noted that Junichi, in July 1979 at Paris, leaped a distance of 8.10 metres. He has another mark of 8.04 metres, achieved last year at Tokyo. But going one better is the above-named Liu Yuhuang who, during the World Student Games at Bucharest last year, achieved 8.11 metres to secure the silver—on which performance he was rated 10th best in the 1981 World List, along with five others.

Our best at present is S. Balasubramaniam, who appears in the 1981 Asian Top List on a mark of 7.52 metres, achieved at Delhi on October 10 last

year. Balasubramaniam's Calicut mark is almost equivalent (7.52 metres). He is head and shoulders above other Indian long-jumpers and, though his Lucknow performance was not that good, he has, I feel, a reasonable chance to finish in the First Four.

The Chinese, Li Weinan, who won the discus gold at Bangkok four years ago with a hurl of 56.26 metres, is still in the picture, having come in 1st last year at Tokyo with a not very impressive mark of 53.30 metres. However, he improved on it at Rome by 40 cm and was 5th in the competition. Li Weinan will surely try to defend his title at Delhi in November.

China has tremendous depth in this event—in the List, there are 9 Chinese among the Top-Ten. The best of them is the above-named Li Weinan with a 59.48 metres' throw, achieved in Beijing on April 18, 1981.

India has three good throwers: Kuldeep Singh, who has three marks to show—48.42 metres at the Bangalore Inter-State Meet, 48.36 metres at the Open Meet and 49.78 metres at this year's Inter-State Meet at Calicut. Ajmer Singh had 48.24 metres from the Open Meet, but was woefully off the mark at Calicut, where he was placed 6th with 45.12 metres. R.S. Bal was 3rd at Tokyo last year on 50.04 metres. The List shows a mark of 51.68 metres against Bal's name, achieved on August 2, 1981, at Edinburgh. Unfortunately, this performance was not reported in the Indian papers. However, in Calicut, Bal was 4th, behind Kuldeep Singh, when he threw only 46.32 metres. To bag a medal, our discus representatives will have to throw more than 50 metres, as the Japanese, Michio Kita, 2nd at Tokyo with 51.76 metres, has improved to 53.76 metres, not to speak of Mohammad Zankawi who, with a mark of 48.02 metres, was 6th at Tokyo compared to his 50.52 metres at the Kuwait Nationals.

Goes At It Hammer And Tongs!

To secure an 8th place at the Olympics is by no means easy. This was the performance of the Japanese, Shigenobu Murofushi, in the 1972 Munich Olympics, when he hurled the hammer to 70.88 metres. Four years later, at Montreal, he was still throwing and was 11th (tops in Asia) on 68.88 metres. In between, during the 1974 Tehran Asian Games, Murofushi won the gold (66.54 metres) and captured it again four years later (1978) at Bangkok (68.22 metres). Last year, at the Tokyo Asian Meet, he not only captured the gold, but came close to his 10-year-old mark while establishing a new Meet record of 69.62 metres. Not content with this, at the October 1981 Japanese Games in Shiga, he bettered his own Asian record for the second time, when he threw the hammer to 71.72 metres. Shigenobu Murofushi thus seems set to emerge as the Al Oerter of Asian Hammer.

It is good that the rules allow only two competitors from each country for any event. This leaves scope for others to come in and, in the Hammer List, India's R.S. Bal appears as 10th best on his performance of 64.90 metres at the Delhi Open Meet. (Tokyo: 63.84 metres). Between Bal's mark and the top best (71.72 metres) of Murofushi, there figure 3 Japanese and 6 Chinese. India's representative at Peshawar, Sukhwant Singh, threw 63.86 metres and was 1st. Both Bal and Sukhwant should try their level best to be in the First Four at the 1982 Asiad. But it is not going to be easy, as Japanese

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CHINA'S ZHU JIANHUA, hardly 19, holds the Asian high-jump record at 2.31 metres and is rated 6th best in the 1981 World List (along with five others).

and Chinese throwers, with performances better than the Indians', will try to clinch the issue.

The Chinese, Shen Mao Mao, is the other athlete who will be defending the title in throwing the javelin. And what strides he's made in three years' time! Mao Mao won the gold in the 1978 Asian Games on a throw of 79.24 metres. Last year, at the Tokyo Asian Meet, Mao Mao's spear landed at 85.40 metres. The man who finished 2nd, Japan's Yoshinari Kuriyama, was almost 7 metres behind (78.56 metres). Here, too, the 1981 List is replete with Chinese and Japanese throwers in the First 20, with a sprinkling of 3 from Pakistan, 1 from Iraq, 1 from Malaysia and 1 from India (Shabir Ali with his Dresden mark of 68.72 metres last August). I feel sure that, for the Asiad, Shabir Ali will be concentrating only on the Decathlon, where he has a good chance to bag the gold. Unfortunately, our best, Gurtej Singh, has throws of only 68.04 and 68.34 metres! What sort of competition will he then provide?

Not So Bahadur!

One Indian defending his title is Bahadur Singh, who captured the gold in the 1978 Bangkok Games with a put of 17.61 metres. But that was four years ago. In 1982, can he come up with a repeat performance before his home crowd? As matters stand, his prospects are not that bright, since the man from Kuwait, Mohammad Zankawi, keeps improving. Zankawi, at the 1978 Bangkok Games, was 3rd on 17.4 metres. Last year, at Tokyo, he putted the shot to a distance of 17.87 metres: a new Meet record and an improvement of 47 cm—that is, 18½ inches. Bahadur Singh was 2nd with 17.38 metres—a difference of 49 cm.

Last year, at the New Delhi Open Meet in March, Zankawi had scored over Bahadur by a good margin. Thus Zankawi will have the psychological advantage. Zankawi and Bahadur also have two other better marks—18.65 metres and 17.68 metres, respectively. Between these two is the 18.05 metres of Israeli Yair Meckler, achieved at Athens on August 25, 1981. But it is now certain that Israel will not be allowed to participate in the 1982 Asiad.

India has three other putters: Vijay Bahadur Singh with his best of 16.71 metres at Tokyo and 16.48 metres at Lucknow; and Balwinder Singh with 16.82 metres at Ludhiana and 16.48 metres at Lucknow. Jagraj Singh also has 16.71 metres from last year's Bangalore Inter-State Meet and 16.43 metres from this year's Calicut Meet. Any one of these men can join Bahadur Singh for the New Delhi Asiad.

In the shot-put, the 1981 List shows five Chinese with marks ranging from 16.83 to 17.42 metres. If two of them participate at Delhi, the task for our men, at least on paper, seems stiff. Also, the Iraqi, Adil Sihab (16.55 metres), 4th at Tokyo, will do his best to put it past our men. At the time of writing, the men from Japan are ominously quiet. They may well spring a surprise in November 1982!

MOHAMMAD ZANKAWI, the radio engineer from Kuwait, put his country on the Asian athletic map.



India's Ramaswamy Gnanasekaran, who had won the gold in the 200 metres (21.42 sec) at the 1978 Bangkok Asian Games, is no longer on the Indian athletic scene. Will his mantle be carried by K.K. Premachandran at the Delhi Asiad? Premachandran's performances in India—21.4 sec at the Lucknow Open Meet, 21.5 sec at the Pune Five Nation Meet and 21.9 sec at the Calicut Inter-State—raise

a faint ray of hope. But remember that the Japanese, Toshio Toyota (who last year registered 20.99 sec at the Asian Athletics to win the gold), along with 3rd-finishing Hirohito Yamazaki (21.23 sec) and Koichi Mishida (21.08 sec), is fighting fit. The Thai, Sumet Promna, who was 2nd last year (21.16 sec) at Tokyo, has a slightly better mark (21.14 sec), achieved at Manila on December

13, 1981, during the South East Asian Games. At these Games, the Malaysian, Rabuan Pit, was 2nd in 21.22 sec. Lee Kuo-sheng also has a time of 21.29 sec at Manila, while Korea's Jang Jae Keun has a Mexican mark of 21.09 sec, set on June 13 last year.

India's P. Subramaniam, who was 5th at Tokyo on 21.66 sec, seems to be deteriorating, as at Lucknow last October he was 2nd on a performance of 22.1 sec. Thereafter, he has not come into the picture at all.

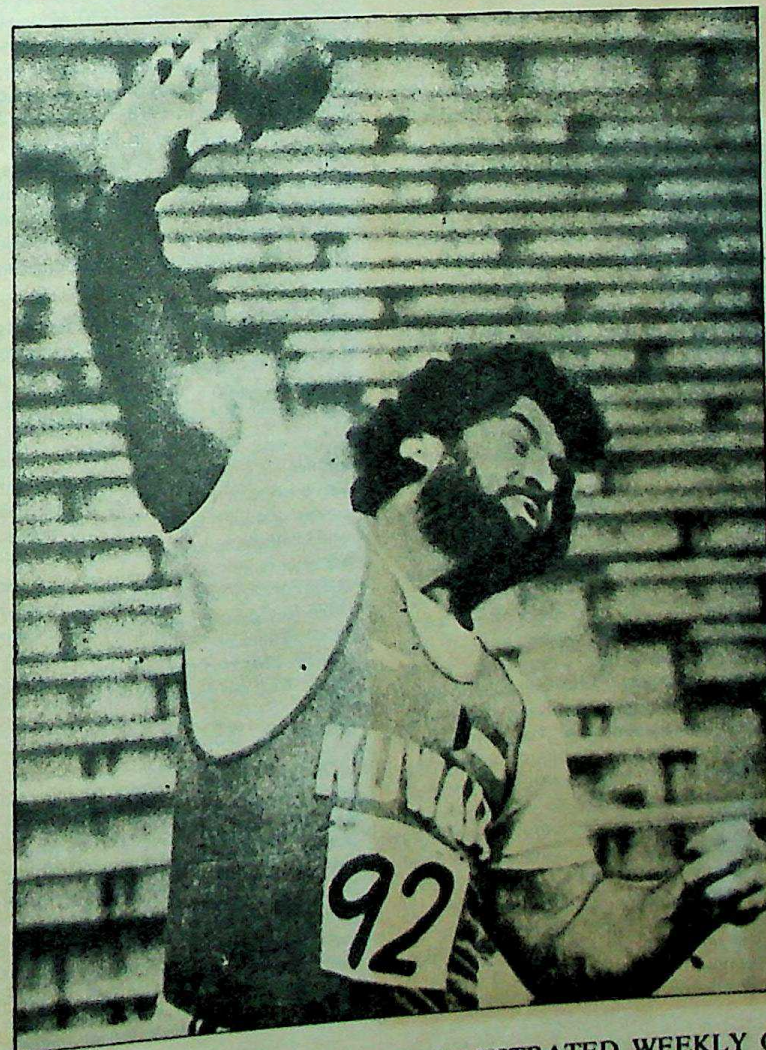
Pakistan has one good sprinter, Zafar Iqbal, who was timed 21.05 sec during the Pakistan National Games at Peshawar in April this year. Iqbal is sure to be a threat to those named above.

No Asian To Touch Milkha!

It is a pity that, even after a lapse of 22 years, not one Asian is near 45.6 sec, which is what Milkha Singh had achieved in 1960 for the 400 metres' run. The nearest to it has been Sri Lanka's W. Wimaladasa who, during the 1974 Tehran Asiad, was timed 46.21 sec. But even that was 8 years ago! From 1951 till 1978—through 8 Asian Games—the 400 metres was won three times by Japan (1951, 1954, 1970), three times by India (1958, 1962, 1966), once by Sri Lanka (1974) and once by Iraq (1978).

In the face of these statistics, Japan would seem set to capture the gold in the 400 metres for the fourth time! Not only do they have tremendous depth in this event, but four of their representatives are close to each other at under 47 sec. Two of the four are gold and silver medallists from the Tokyo Meet—Takayuki Isobe (46.72 sec) and Eiji Natori (46.92 sec).

It is significant that the Asian countries of the Middle East—Iraq, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait—which have taken to athletics only recently are proving better than India. In the 1978 Asian Games, Iraq's Luabi Abbas won the gold on 46.71 sec, where our Uday Prabhu was 2nd in 46.79 sec. Last year, at Tokyo, another Iraqi,



Ouf Abdul Rehman (47.22 sec), and Saudi Arabia's Hassan Abdulla (47.49 sec) were 3rd and 5th, respectively. Uday Prabhu was 6th in 47.53 sec.

Yes, Uday is losing ground. His 48.6 sec at Lucknow and 49.6 sec at Calicut are not performances calculated to measure up to other Asian one-lap runners, including the Filipino, Isido del Prado (47.10 sec), and the Malaysian, Rabuan Pitt (47.15 sec)—both marks set at Manila on December 11, 1981. K.K. Premachandran is at present India's best, going by his Lucknow performance (47.6 sec) and Calicut showing (47.9 sec). But can he stand the strain of three sprints and two relays excluding the preliminaries?

India's Asian Tradition

The 800 metres is one event in which India can put up a good show in spite of the Philippines, Korea, Japan, Thailand and China figuring prominently in the 1981 Asian List. From the last four Asian Games (1966, 1970, 1974, 1978), India captured the gold in three—B.S. Barua in 1966, Sriram Singh in 1974 (when he established a new Games record of 1 min 47.57 sec, which still stands) and Sriram Singh again in 1978. Thus India has established almost an Asian tradition in this event, so let us hope that any one of the following two, A. Rajan, who was 1st last year at Tokyo (1 min 50.21 sec), and D. Charles, Inter-State Champion (1 min 50.8 sec), will put India on the Victory Podium. But it will not be that easy, unless they develop the killer instinct and the will to fight till two steps beyond the finish-line. For the above-named Isido del Prado, who also participated at Manila, has a mark of 1 min 48.78 sec to show.

In the 1978 Asiad, both the 5,000 and the 10,000 metres were won by India's Harichand—the one in 14 min 22 sec, the other in 30 min 7.7 sec. For the Delhi Asiad, India depends much on Gopal Saini, who last year at Tokyo ran the 5,000 metres in a record time: 13 min 52.22 sec. But Saini must remain fighting fit. This is written not to frighten him, but to make him aware of the real Asian standard in this event, as I for one feel that, in both the 5,000 and the 10,000 metres, Japan did not field their best men last year at Tokyo. For, on June 26, 1981, at an international meet in Oslo, Tatsuya Moriguchi and Nagatoshi Imakui were 4th and 8th, respectively, in the 5,000 metres on performances of 13 min 26.55 sec and 13 min 40.58 sec. About the same time, on June 24, another Japanese, Kunimitsu Itoh, at another international meet held in Paris (France), was 6th in the event in 13 min 29.86 sec.

Here, too, the strength of the Japanese runners is so solid that, in the 1981 Asian List, the First Ten are between 13 min 26.55 sec and 13 min 48.75 sec. It would be creditable if one from among our second string, either Raj Kumar (with 14 min 9.7 sec at Lucknow) or Shivanth Singh (with 14 min 9.5 sec at Patiala), come into the First Six. At the Beijing International Meet held this June, Raj Kumar had come in 1st in 14 min 1 sec, registering an improvement of almost 9 sec on his Lucknow performance. This shows a glimmer of hope.

Ten Japanese Tops In 10,000

In the longer run—that is, the 10,000 metres—ten Japanese are head and shoulders above other Asians; yet nine of the ten are not in the same street as Toshiniko Seko, who heads the List on a performance of 27 min 51.93 sec at the

Stockholm International Meet on July 8, 1981. Kunimitsu Itoh, Japan's second best, has a mark of 28 min 7.90 sec from the Prague International on June 19, 1981. Last year, at Tokyo, Itoh was 1st in 28 min 53.29 sec. At Rome, Itoh improved on this by more than 7 sec (28 min 35.95 sec).

Both Itoh and Seko are pre-eminent Marathon runners of the world—Seko on his winning time of 2 hr 9 min 26 sec of Boston, Itoh on his winning time of 2 hr 9 min 37 sec of Fukuoka. Seko was rated 3rd and Itoh 5th in the World List of 1981. As there is now a gap of 6 complete days between the two events at Asiad 82, both are sure to have a go at the 10,000 metres (on November 25) and the Marathon (on December 2).

India's Shivanth Singh, who was very impressive at the 1976 Montreal Olympics (having finished 11th on a performance of 2 hr 16 min 22 sec), and Harichand, who at the 1980 Moscow Games had returned a time of 2 hr 22 min 8 sec, are both on the comeback trail. While wishing them happy hunting, may I humbly suggest that, having had the experience of the Olympics and the Asian Games, they should now concentrate only on the Marathon, where they will have the advantage of weather, route and the like over visiting athletes.

It was India's Vijay Chauhan who won the Decathlon title at the 1974 Tehran Asian Games. After a gap of 8 years, India now has a decathlete who must hold his own in the face of strong challenge. He is Shabir Ali who, on his first appearance, scored 7,235 points while winning the title at Tokyo last year. At Lucknow, Shabir did disappoint somewhat, but I strongly feel that this was due to lack of competition. Shabir has one better mark, of 7,388 points, from the Selection Trials held at Patiala prior to the Tokyo Meet. However, Shabir is sure to find worthy rivals in the two Chinese, Wong Kang-qing (7,426 points) and Zhai Ying-jian (7,131 points), and the two Japanese, Mitsuya Ogata (7,128 points) and Atsushi Kasai (7,112 points).

Chand Ram, our 20-km walk champion from last year's Tokyo Meet (in 1 hr 34 min 8 sec, a new Meet record), is consistent, as could be seen from his Lucknow performance of 1 hr 35 min 55.8 sec. Chand Ram has one better performance, of 1 hr 32 min 54 sec, at Patiala. However, in the 1981 Asian List, there are three Chinese and two Japanese with better timings. Yet how come they were not seen at Tokyo last year? To win a walking race is not a joke, since much here depends on the judges.

And Now The Girls!

Four months back, when India finished 9th and last in the Asian Women Basketball Championship in Tokyo, we were surprised. But, for those who follow women's sport in this country, it was nothing new! The reason is not far to seek. Not many of our girls take to sport in schools and colleges—owing to the heavy workload, their concentration is more on studies. And the small percentage who do take part in some form of sport are not particular about physical fitness. In fact, our girls are built naturally on the slender side, compared to most Asian women, what to talk of the Continental toughies. Such being the case, no wonder our women athletes are, on an average, 15 to 20 years behind the Asian standard. Given this reality, it will be a matter of great credit if our women



MALAYSIA'S RABUAN PIT will be seen in action in Asiad 82 in the 200 and 400 metres' events.

athletes clinch even a couple of gold medals and a couple of lesser medals at the Delhi Asiad.

Gita Zutshi, who performed so well at the 1978 Bangkok Asian Games and more recently at Tokyo, by winning gold medals in the 800 metres and silver medals in the 1,500 metres at both venues, seems, after a lay-off, to be quite fit and her coach, Sriram Singh, is quite confident that she will come nearer 2 min flat at the New Delhi Asiad. Gita's best performance was at the 1980 Moscow Olympic Games where, taking full advantage of top-class competition, she brought in a marvellous time of 2 min 6.6 sec. At Bangkok, in 1978, it had been 2 min 7.7 sec. At Tokyo, in 1981, it was 2 min 8.13 sec. Looking to these statistics, to expect Gita to come near 2 min seems wishful thinking. However, Gita is still our best bet, so let us hope she remains fiddle fit to achieve her ambition and bring the gold for India.

For the two-lap race, four Chinese girls show marks ranging from 2 min 5.7 sec to 2 min 8.6 sec, while Korea's Cheng Dong Suh and Japan's Michiko Orita have, each, 2 min 8.4 sec to their credit.

Our next medal hope rests on our sprinter, P.T. Usha, who is consistent with timings of 11.9/12.0 sec for the 100 metres and 24.8 sec for the 200 metres. And Usha is improving, as could be seen from her recent performance of 11.7 sec at the Patiala Trials. But Usha will have to strain to the bitter end, as the girls from Japan, China and Thailand are naturally strongly built and their performance statistics, too, are better.

Lydia: As Good As Gold!

On the evidence of statistics, it would seem that one gold medal is assured for the Philippines through its 17-year-old wonder girl, Lydia de Vega, who, during the South East Asia Games at Manila last December, registered Asia's best performance of 23.54 sec for the 200 metres, followed by Malaysia's Mumtaz Jaffar (24.21 sec). Mumtaz was 1st in the short sprint in 11.84 sec. Lydia is also good in the one-lap race, having come in

1st at the same meet in 54.75 sec. In fact, last year, Lydia was 2nd (55.39 sec) at Tokyo to Junko Yoshida; who returned at 54.89 sec. Lydia is improving and will definitely be a force to reckon with at Delhi in both events.

There is going to be a titanic tussle among the girls from China, Korea and Japan in the 1,500 metres and the 3,000 metres events in which they reign supreme. In the 1,500 metres, the Korean, Kim Ok Sun, leads the List on 4 min 18.2 sec. The Chinese girl, Zhang Xian, who was 1st last year at Tokyo in 4 min 27 sec and improved on it at Rome by 14/100th of a second, also shows another slightly better mark of 4 min 24.2 sec. There are a couple of others who show less than 4 min 30 sec. It is, therefore, envisaged that, in both the 1,500 metres and the 3,000 metres, there are going to be new Asian Games records.

They Must Strain Every Nerve

Our M.D. Valsama and Hamida Banu are both good, in the 100 and the 400 metres hurdles alike, on the Indian level. At Tokyo, the one was 3rd, the other 4th, in the 400 metres hurdles; but Valsama's time (61.16 sec) was almost 2 sec off that of the 1st girl. It will, therefore, be a tough job for Valsama and Hamida to tussle with girls whose performances range from 13.71 to 14.23 sec for the 100 metres hurdles, compared to our best of 14.8 sec; and from 59.24 to 60.68 sec for the 400 metres hurdles, compared to our best of 61.4 sec. On their home ground, with their own crowd to cheer them on, Valsama and Hamida must, therefore, strain every nerve to secure at least bronze medals.

Unfortunately, our girls are far down the ladder in the high-jump. At last year's Inter-State Meet in Bangalore, Sheeba Newman cleared 1.69 metres. Her clearance, however, at Lucknow was a mere 1.61 metres. How can such performances stand alongside the 1.83 metres credited to the 10th girl in the 1981 List? But the fault is not that of the girls. The scouting for real inherent talent with height and springy legs has never been serious in this country of ours.

In the long-jump event, India's Mercy Mathew, who was 3rd at Tokyo on a leap of 5.91 metres (1st: 5.97 metres), has shown good improvement, jumping to a distance of 6.13 metres at the Inter-State Meet held in Calicut this January. If Mercy sustains this improvement, she should be at least a bronze medallist.

Why Should We Lag Behind?

In all throwing events, the girls from China and, to a certain extent, Japan are way ahead of the rest of Asia—it will just not be possible for our women to secure even a bronze here. But it will be a good achievement if they improve on their past performances. For, in almost all best performances. For, in almost all events for women, the present marks are better than the Asian Games records.

This is a measure of how women in the rest of Asia have advanced while our girls have remained virtually where they were for lack of opportunity. It is time we realised that the hand that rocks the Asian Indian cradle can also rule the Asian world, given the encouragement, the facilities, the training, the opportunity and the competition. In fact, I see absolutely no reason why our women should lag behind in the field of athletics when they have made their presence felt in every other walk of life. Asia beckons to them to move "ever onward".

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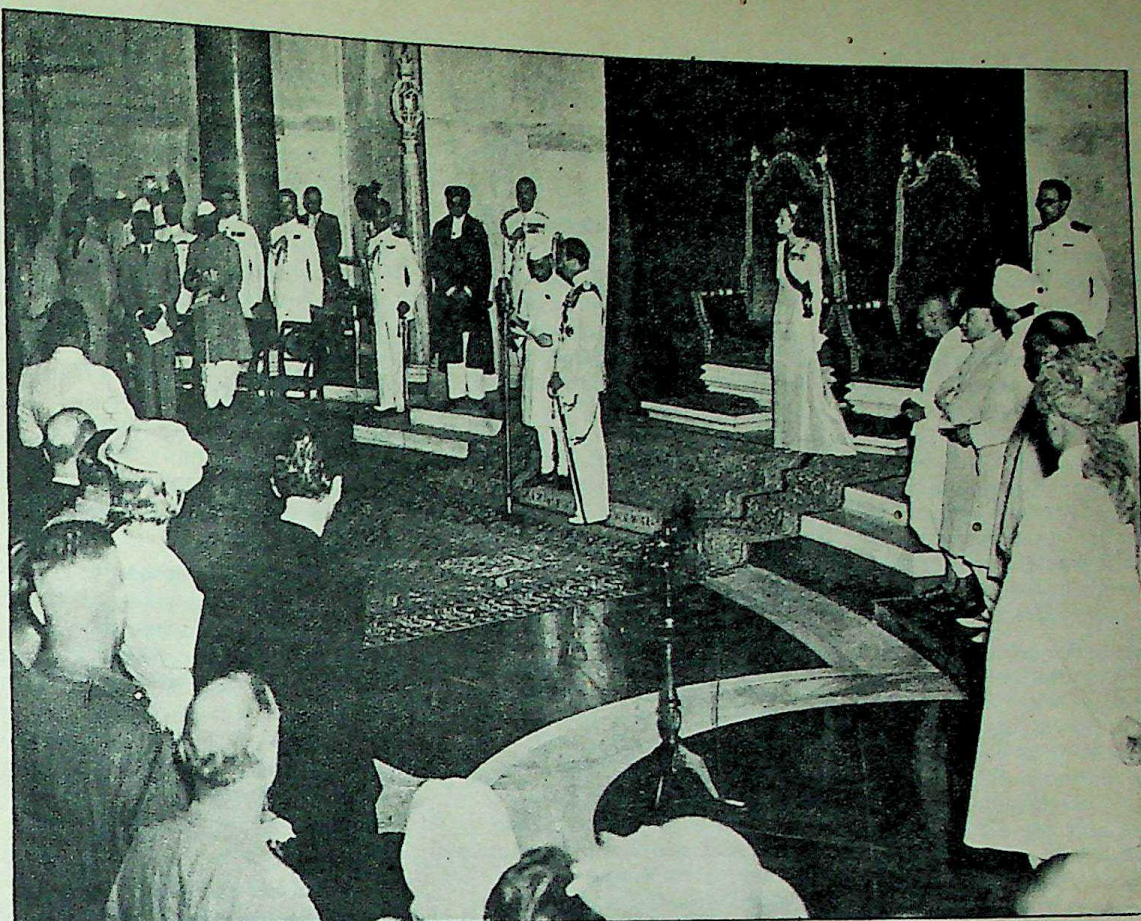
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What was it like to be in New Delhi on the night India awoke to freedom after centuries of slumber? A vivid account excerpted from a renowned journalist's forthcoming book, *Sheer Anecdoteage.. Leaves From A Reporter's Diary*. Mankekar has had a distinguished career spanning 45 years.

AS August 15, 1947, approached, my soul was gripped with excitement as well as apprehension. Would I miss my own tryst with destiny by failing to get my story of the historic event into my newspaper? This was the story I was looking forward to and preparing to cover for months! Would the Partition-induced state of paralysis of the country's communication system let me down? Would I have to face the humiliation of witnessing my own paper compelled to use the



JAWAHARLAL NEHRU being sworn in as India's first Prime Minister by Lord Louis Mountbatten on August 15, 1947.

My Own Tryst With Destiny

by D. R. Mankekar

news agency copy on the greatest story of the era?

The API—now PTI—had its own teleprinter network countrywide and between New Delhi and Bombay, whereas no teleprinter line connected me with my paper. *The Times of India* started its Delhi edition only in 1950.

The momentous event was to be staged at the stroke of midnight of 14/15 August. Newspapers in the country went to press some time between 2 am and 3 am. The ceremonies would not conclude before 12.30 am at the earliest. Thereafter one had to

write the piece and rush to the telegraph office in Janpath, some three furlongs away, to file it, wading through the gay mass of celebrating crowds.

At the best of times an urgent press telegram between New Delhi and Bombay took three hours. Disrupted by Partition, the telegraph department now took as much as six hours to deliver an urgent press telegram from New Delhi to my office in Bombay.

Abdur Rabh Nishtar, the Muslim League Minister of Communications in the outgoing Interim Government, it was alleged, moved to Karachi with a planeload of the best equipment and telephone instruments he could lay his hands on, leaving behind a derelict telegraph and telephone system! This may or may not have been true, but the fact remained that telegrams seemed to walk to their destination and phone calls failed to materialise.

I must, however, confess that compared with the conditions obtaining in the country in the 1980's, when telegrams just don't reach their destination and STD

has turned into a dumb barrier to telephonic contact, in those days we at least managed to get to our destination.

So my strategy for the coverage of the historic spectacle of transfer of power was well thought out and pre-planned, and sought to ensure results through double and overlapping resources. I first booked, right in the morning, four consecutive, six-minute, fixed-time telephone calls to my Bombay office on different numbers, the first of the series to come through at 1 am. My calculations were that the ceremonies would be over by 12.30 am and I could rush back by car from the Central Hall of Parliament to my room at the Imperial Hotel, about three furlongs away, in five minutes; scribble my first "take" of a 200-word introductory piece in time for the first call materialising at 1 am.

Two-Pronged Attack

I had reinforced this plan with another stratagem. Earlier in the day, I attended a full-dress rehearsal of the night's ceremonies, staged in the

Central Hall of Parliament, under the personal supervision of H.V.R. Iengar, Secretary of the Constituent Assembly. I studied the scenario and chart prepared for the purpose, took down copious notes and interviewed Iengar himself to pick out special points and features of the function.

I thereupon prepared a 600-word detailed, descriptive, advance story of the ceremonies to come and filed it by 4 pm, with instructions to the desk in Bombay to get the story set and released on the green signal from me over the phone. I told the desk that I would try to dictate 400 to 600 words of an on-the-spot, eye-witness account of the ceremonies later in the night when the booked calls materialised—if they materialised!

As it turned out, there were patriotic and zealous men in the telegraph and telephone departments who put their best foot foremost on that historic night to ensure prompt phone calls and prompt transmission of press telegrams. My advance 800-word story, filed by



telegraph at 4 pm, reached the desk at Bombay by 7 pm and the fixed-time telephone calls materialised on schedule.

The result was that the *The Times of India* in Bombay, going to press at 3 am, was able to carry over 1400 words of my report of an event that concluded at 12.30 am in Delhi, which proved to be twice as much wordage of the event carried by local Delhi newspapers. For local (Delhi) reporters mostly wrote their stories at the conclusion of the ceremonies, which was after 12.30 am, and could get into their paper no more than 800 words of the main story, even after delaying the edition by an hour or more.

Looking down that night from the Press Gallery on the glittering scene below, I saw a blur of Gandhi caps, interspersed by a few formal dark costumes. The black cap and *achkan* mingled with the Rajasthani colourful *fetas* and South Indian gold-laced white turbans. The women members turned out in their best, lending to the setting a splash of colour with their Banarasi and Conjeevaram brocaded saris. There was the small group of Anglo-Indians led by Frank Anthony, standing out in their spruce European-style formal dark suits and white bow-ties. The *dhoti*, the *churidar*, the *lungi* and the Western trousers coexisted with each other. It was indeed a veritable museum of the varied Indian costumes underlining India's "unity in diversity".

As the hour of midnight struck, the dome of the Central Hall reverberated to the cries of "Bharat Mata ki jai" and "Mahatma Gandhi ki jai" amid shrill blasts from a conch smuggled into the hall by Pandit Govind Malaviya, his cherubic cheeks nearly bursting under the strain.

Nehru's speech that night was both inspiring and inspired. "Years ago we made a tryst with destiny," he declared, "and now the time comes when we shall redeem our pledge not wholly or in full measure, but very substantially. At the stroke of the midnight hour, when the world sleeps, India will awake to life and freedom."

With becoming humility, Nehru reminded the august assembly that freedom and power brought responsibility and "that the future is not one of ease or resting but of incessant striving, so that we may fulfil the pledges we have so often taken and the one we shall take today."

"The moment comes," stated Nehru, "which comes but rarely

in history, when we step out from the old to the new, when an age ends and when the soul of a nation long suppressed finds utterance."

He concluded, "We end today a period of ill fortune and India discovers herself again. This is not time for ill-will or blaming others. We have to build the noble mansion of free India where all her children may dwell."

Contrary to the observation of the authors of *Freedom At Midnight*, Nehru's was not an extempore speech but a carefully prepared script, fully conscious of the historic occasion on which it was being delivered. Indeed, the text had passed through a few select hands for suggestions and improvement. 'Sir Girja Shankar Bajpai, the first Secretary General of the External Affairs Ministry and a confidant of Nehru's was among them. Indeed, Bajpai claimed, in a chat with me at the time, that it was he who had introduced the word "tryst" in place of "date" with destiny in the classic speech.

Historic Occasion

Choudhury Khaliquzzaman, leader of the Muslim League group, was one of the four speakers on the historic occasion. He whole-heartedly supported the motion moved by Nehru for adoption of the pledge and assured "faithful and loyal" cooperation of the Muslims of India in implementing the pledge of dedication. Hardly a month later, however, Khaliquzzaman was sighted in Karachi, swearing allegiance to Pakistan!

Dr Rajendra Prasad, President of the Constituent Assembly, brought the proceedings to a close by proposing to the Assembly that the Viceroy be formally intimated that (1) "the Constituent Assembly of India had assumed power for the governance of India" and (2) "the Constituent Assembly of India has endorsed the recommendation that Lord Mountbatten be Governor-General of India from August 15, 1947"

Dr Rajendra Prasad and Pandit Nehru motored to Government House (not yet called Rashtrapati Bhavan) to convey the Constituent Assembly's twin message to Lord Mountbatten.

At Government House, the last British Viceroy was waiting to receive the two Indian leaders. Rajendra Prasad warmly shook Mountbatten's extended hand and then in the excitement

forgot the lines he was expected to speak to request Mountbatten to be independent India's Governor-General! Nehru prompted to Rajenbabu the truant words.

Mountbatten readily accepted the invitation and pledged to serve India as Governor-General. Nehru handed to Mountbatten a large envelope supposed to contain the list of the names of the members of his first cabinet. Later, on examination, the envelope was found to be empty and Mountbatten had a big laugh. Amid the excitement and flurry of the evening, somebody had slipped up!

Alas, Gandhi was not there to witness the consummation of the unique and glorious freedom struggle he had led with such aplomb. The Father of the Nation was away in Calcutta, binding the wounds and wiping the tears of the victims of the brutal surgery carried out by politicians on the body of Mother India.

I recollect concluding my dispatch to my paper that night with the sombre lines: "And at this hour, as the capital rejoiced, one could not help harking to the disquieting rumblings of the gory goings-on in not-so-distant Punjab." But then that is another story.

On 15 August, we, in New Delhi, witnessed unprecedented scenes. It was a very long day for us. People were up at an early hour. The day began with a select *naadaswaram* party from Tanjavur, specially come to the capital for the occasion, serenading on the porch of the

Prime Minister's residence on 2 York Road (now Motilal Nehru Marg). With the melodious notes of the South Indian reed instrument, they brought best of luck to free India and its first Prime Minister.

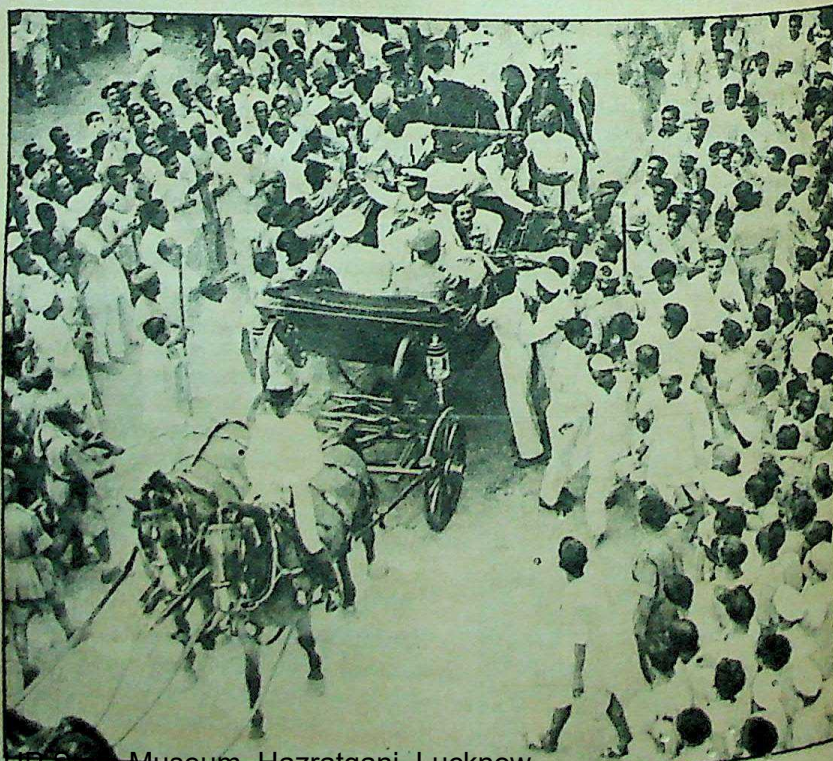
The official celebrations opened at 10 am with an impressive ceremony in the plush chandelied Durbar Hall of the Government House. A fanfare of trumpets heralded Lord and Lady Mountbatten's ceremonial entry into the Durbar Hall. Before a thousand guests, the Chief Justice of India, Justice Kania, in red Gujarati *pagri* and black robes, administered the oath of office and allegiance to Lord Mountbatten as the Governor-General of the Dominion of India.

Resplendent in regal uniform, with his chest blazoned with rows of decorations and war medals, Lord Mountbatten, with Lady Mountbatten seated by his side, administered the oath of office to Prime Minister Nehru and his cabinet ministers.

The Governor-General drove in state from the Government House to the Constituent Assembly chamber. Six chestnut horses drove the open landau from which Lord and Lady Mountbatten waved to the pressing crowds lining the four-furlong route as the latter shouted themselves hoarse with "Jai Hind" and "Mountbatten Zindabad" and even some "Pandit Mountbatten ki jai"

Dr Rajendra Prasad, President of the Constituent Assembly, received the Mountbattens at the entrance to Parliament House.

DRIVING IN STATE from the Government House to the Constituent Assembly chamber. Six chestnut horses drove the open landau from which Lord and Lady Mountbatten waved to the pressing crowds and shook hands with the people.



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In measured and clear tones Mountbatten read out the King's message conveying His Majesty's greetings and heartfelt wishes "on this historic day when India takes her place as a free and independent Dominion in the British Commonwealth of Nations".

Amidst loud applause, Mountbatten declared: "From today I am your constitutional Governor-General and I would ask you to regard me as one of yourselves, devoted wholly to the furtherance of India's interests."

Mountbatten once again drew cheers when he observed: "At this historic moment, let us not forget all that India owes to Mahatma Gandhi—the architect of her freedom through non-violence. We miss his presence here today and we would have him know how much he is in our thoughts."

Dr Rajendra Prasad, on behalf of the Constituent Assembly and people of India, conveyed, through Lord Mountbatten, to His Majesty the King, India's gratefulness to the gracious message of good wishes and declared: "The period of domination by Britain over India ends today and our relationship with Britain is henceforward going to rest on a basis of equality, of mutual goodwill and mutual profit."

The President of the Constituent Assembly further stated: "Let us gratefully acknowledge that while our achievement is in no small measure due to our own sufferings and sacrifices, it is also the result of world forces and events and last, though not least, it is the consummation and fulfilment of the historic traditions and democratic ideals of the British race, whose far-sighted leaders and statesmen saw the vision and gave the pledges which are being redeemed today."

The gay holiday crowds that had turned out to watch the picturesque drive-in-state by the Mountbattens to the Constituent Assembly chamber stayed on and picnicked on the green lawns and under the shady trees along the Central Vista, waiting for the afternoon's series of ceremonies at Princes Park, and then, later, after sunset, watched the grand fireworks.

Of those days packed with history, the scene most deeply etched in my memory is the spectacle at and around Princes Park in the afternoon.

It was a typical August evening in Delhi—sultry, close skies, enervating. But the joyous crowds ignored the weather. Impounded within the vast expanse of the Central Vista



THE MAMMOTH CROWDS ignored the weather in Delhi—sultry, close skies—that August. The joyous people, shedding their xenophobia overnight, swept away the army bandobust like a furious flood demolishes a dam. Yet there was no violence, no unhappy incidents. Seen above is Nehru addressing a section of the crowd at the Red Fort.

between Vijay Chowk and the National Stadium, covering an area three miles long and three furlongs wide, was a seething, heaving sea of humanity. Never before had New Delhi seen such a mammoth crowd packed in one place. It was a vast inert human mass, gradually attaining its own momentum, in which individuals were mere helpless flotsam.

Caught in the mighty moving tide losing all sense of direction and self-propulsion, I was adrift, jostled, swept hither and thither by the waves of the swaying mass. Among the "driftwood" were also foreign women, separated from their male companions, but, strangely enough, not panicky, enjoying themselves, as good-humoured crowds shielded them against the crush.

Overnight the Indian people had shed their xenophobia—the miracle wrought by the alchemy of non-violence and the act of peaceful transfer of power, which had turned India's hatred into affection for the departing British.

Which recalled to my mind a strange question put to me in Jakarta, three years later, by a Dutch journalist. "It is strange that you do not hate your erstwhile British colonial masters," he remarked. "It is so unnatural."

Floating over the wind, from the direction of Vijay Chowk, came a joyous roar. All eyes turned to watch a fantastic spectacle; the Governor-General's coach-and-six ploughed its way through the sea of humanity towards India Gate, as the crowds fell back to make room for it.

The Mountbattens' faces were flushed with excitement. The

last British Viceroy was grinning from ear to ear, as he watched the breathtaking scene. Soon, to their horror, the occupants of the Governor-General's coach discovered that the procession had strayed away from the road on to the lawns of the Central Vista and had lost its way and did not know how to get back to the road.

As the Governor-General's procession, complete with the colourful lance carrying bodyguard on horseback, groped its way forward—groped, because the coachmen could not see where the road was—genial, cheering, laughing crowds pressed towards the coach, shouting "Pandit Mountbatten ki jai" and stretching out their arms to shake the hands of the Mountbattens.

Thereafter the coachmen navigated with their eyes fixed on the distant flagstaff, the objective of the quaint drive. But, as they moved forward, their progress got ever slower.

They then espied Nehru gesticulating to the crowds and trying in vain to produce some order out of the gay chaos, frowning and laughing in turn.

Mountbatten pulled Nehru and Indira into his coach. And thereafter the Governor-General's coach converted itself into a rescue squad, pulling out and dumping lost children and mothers and wives into the coach, until the vehicle was packed with squalling kids and screaming women.

A mighty tidal wave crashed into the cordoned-off spot and swept away the tiered stands and smashed to match-wood the rows of chairs arranged for VIPs to witness the historic ceremony of

the evening—the hauling down of the British Union Jack from the lofty flag-mast and the hoisting, in its place, of the Indian Tricolour.

Like a ferocious flood demolishing a dam the crowds swept away the army bandobust. The VIP invitees could get nowhere near their seats. Field Marshal Claude Auckinleck, Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces, struggled his way to the flagstaff, surveyed the scene in disgust and walked away, muttering: "So this is their independence!"

Mountbatten remarked to Nehru: "This is their day. If this is the way the people want to celebrate it, who am I to say no?" And he was content to signal from a distance to the jawans guarding the flag-mast to haul down the Union Jack and send up the Indian Tricolour. Thus it was a common soldier, and not a top dignitary in the land, who ushered in the country's independence.

As the Tricolour ran up the mast, the crowds noted the most beautiful and complete multicoloured rainbow I have ever seen arching over the silhouetted skyline of the Purana Qila and the National Stadium. And, immediately, there was a drizzle, bringing cooling relief to the sweating crowds—as though the heavens themselves were blessing the event of the evening.

Once the ceremony was over, glorious pandemonium broke out and it was hours before those caught up in the melee could extricate themselves and reach to safety. But not one incident of hooliganism or crime was reported that evening. It was a good-humoured, disciplined crowd.



The Third Eye

India: Land Of Beauty...



As he attempts a comical half-padmasana on the dazzling sands of Orissa's Gopalpur-on-Sea, the European tourist muses: "India is the land of bliss, of a nirvana born from the union of mind-boggling opposites. Where else can you meet such poverty and wretchedness mingling with such majesty and vitality both of the land and its people?"

The face of India is overcast today. But one hopes not forever. All of us unthinking children (and, most of all, the politicians) have inflicted bites and marks on the fair visage of our motherland. We hope they will heal and disappear like the transient clouds racing across the shining orb of the full moon.

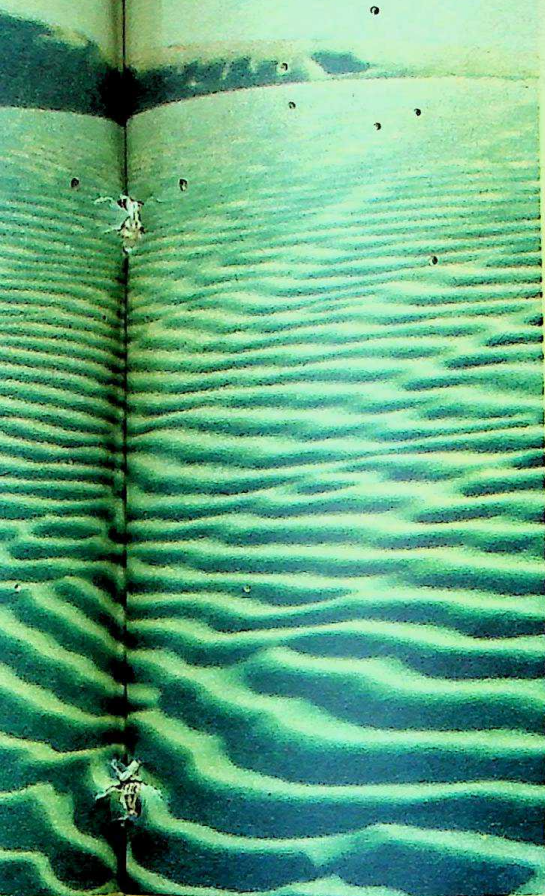
Although the articles in this special issue dwell mainly on the pits and scars, the theme of the *Third Eye* this week is the innate beauty, dignity and dynamism of India.

I TOOK to photography as a hobby while in college. The expensive camera I got as a present from my father certainly gave me a boost. I got my break when *Dharmayug* published my pictures in 1951. Nine years later I was awarded the AFLAP (Artist Federation of International Art of Photography) from Berne, Switzerland.

I have served as the Secretary of the Priasthan Photography Society for five years. And for a

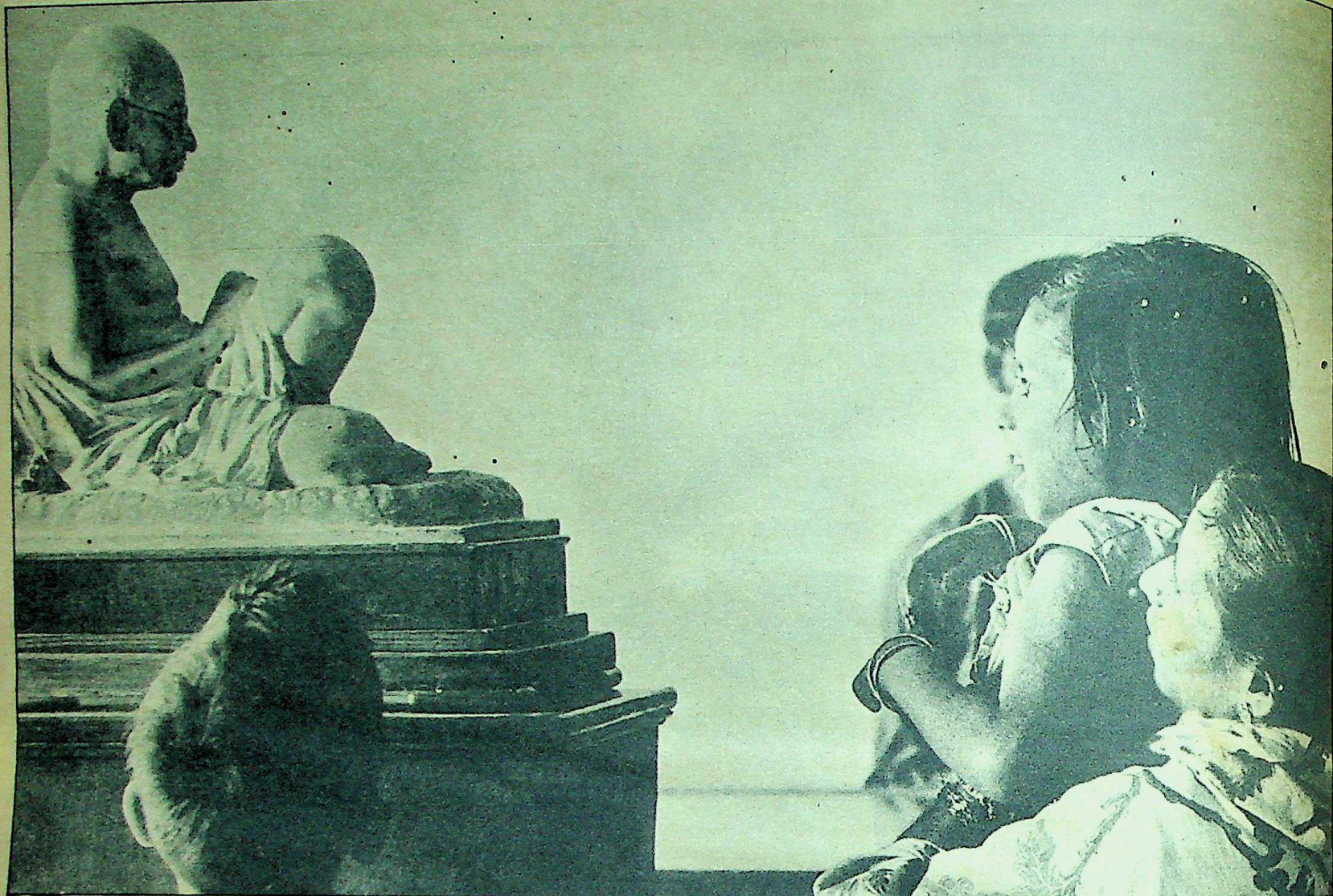
few years I had the pleasure of publishing over 400 pictures in a year—an average of one picture a day!

Photography has brought me immense creative satisfaction. And the resulting recognition is just the frosting on the cake. I have been published in leading magazines both here and abroad. I must also mention the debt I owe to Mr A.L. Syed and Mr T. Kasi Nath, the two renowned photographers from whom I have received valuable guidance for the last 25 years.



Colour
Photographs &
Text by
Suraj N. Sharma





Avinash Pasricha



...Land Of Bliss

C.S.H. Rao



**Four
Thin
India
Free**

A Review

DENNIS C. of Political College, Columbia University, New York, and a G. presented in the pages an analysis of social thought and the evolution of colonial India in the 19th century. He has taken the age—Vivekananda, Ghose, Rabindranath Mahatma Gandhi and their political freedom crystal.

Why only these the author the development of social and political other thinkers a sweeping statement detract from the

Liberal Influence

Vivekananda and Gandhi were influenced by liberal thought. It came from faith and all four received Western education. They were exposed to Western ideas early in life. The idea of freedom was widely discussed. They had their own India.

Certain features appealed to them. He said: "The dynamic made a vigorous stagnant mind. He wasn't over Western imperialism as challenging innovation. V. was troubled by the Indian: "A man ideas picked every source—unassimilated unharmonised

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Four Thinkers On India's Freedom.

A Review by K. Mhatre

DENNIS G. Dalton, Professor of Political Science at Barnard College, Columbia University, New York, and a Gandhian scholar has presented in this slim volume of 200 pages an analysis of political and social thought and the historical evolution of certain key concepts in India in the 19th and 20th centuries. He has taken four thinkers of the age—Vivekananda, Aurobindo Ghose, Rabindranath Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi—and shown how their political thought and ideas of freedom crystallised.

Why only these four? According to the author *they contributed more to the development of modern Indian social and political thought than any other thinkers of their time*. This is a sweeping statement, but it does not detract from the value of his study.

Liberal Influence

Vivekananda, Ghose, Tagore and Gandhi were also strongly influenced by the 19th century liberal thought in the West. They came from fairly wealthy families and all four received some sort of Western education and were exposed to Western thought and ideas early in their lives. The ideals of freedom and equality were being widely discussed in the West and they had their ideological impact on India.

Certain features of Western life appealed to the Indian mind. Tagore said: "The dynamism of Europe made a vigorous assault on our stagnant minds." Yet he added that, he wasn't overwhelmed by the Western impact; rather he regarded it as challenging stimulus to innovation. Vivekananda too was troubled by the Europeanised Indian: "A mass of heterogeneous ideas picked up at random from every source—and these ideas are unassimilated, undigested, unharmonised."

Individual And Society

Dalton points out that all four thinkers considered by him in this volume claim to base their views of the right relation of the individual to the society and of the nature of the good society on the classical Indian ideal of *varnashramadharma*.

Varnashramadharma, whatever its classical origins, has evolved into one of the most pernicious

doctrines in India and is regarded by many in India as the greatest evil of Indian society. Every society has some kind of a class system, but nowhere else has it degenerated into such an ossified and rigid structure that has defied all attempts at reform.

Gandhi, who believed that there is no such thing as inherited or acquired superiority, spent all his life attacking untouchability, but even he, the Mahatma, didn't make a lasting dent. Vivekananda, too, before him had pointed out the evils of untouchability.

Liberty of both soul and body is to be striven for, Vivekananda argued, but he placed spiritual liberty on a higher plane. His name has been closely associated with the concept of *Karmayoga* and he defined *Karmayogin* as a free man, spontaneously virtuous and uniquely capable of love and compassion. From this flowed his theory of social change. However, he didn't believe in the ability of administrative or legislative action to secure lasting social reform.

Aurobindo, who spent over 14 years of his youth in England, having achieved a brilliant academic success at Cambridge in European classical studies, started off from the other end. He returned to India convinced that British rule in India must end. This phase of political awakening lasted from 1893 to 1910. In the second phase, which lasted until his death in 1950, he became committed, according to Dalton, to the task of constructing a political philosophy revolving around the corresponding concepts of individual freedom and social harmony.

Personal Experiences

Gandhi who for 20 years in South Africa had seen firsthand what an oppressive state apparatus could do to suppress individual liberty and personal freedom, returned to India to spearhead the Independence movement. Each successive stage in his struggle helped him evolve a philosophy which was uniquely Indian—yet universal in its appeal.

Tagore preached a universal doctrine. He believed that nationalism suppresses individual freedom. The greatest disservice which nationalism has rendered India, Tagore argued, was to have directed the country's attention away from its primary needs. "Our real problem in India is not political. It is social," he argued. Nationalism cannot prompt a social and moral reform of the nature that is needed, rather, it will whet the appetite for increased political warfare.

In this Tagore had something in common with Vivekananda who envisioned a stateless society of free individuals. Aurobindo on the other hand argued that socialism encourages collective tendency. "The only liberty left at the end would be the freedom to serve the

community under the rigorous direction of the State authority." How right he was! We see this now being practised in the so-called socialist states.

If these four great sons of India were to appear today, what would they think of the nation? Has India drifted away from the ideals they had envisioned? Would they be impressed by the economic progress of the country? Or would they be appalled by the collapse of public morality? The answers need hardly to be spelt out.

Professor Dalton has done a great service to India by this very valuable study, which in fact emphasises the need for a really comprehensive work on all the eminent thinkers of India of the 19th and 20th centuries.

"INDIAN IDEA OF FREEDOM" by Dennis Dalton; The Academic Press; Rs 95.

A Work That Inspires

Says Apa B. Pant

ALL peoples have certain dominant urges and capacities. Lack of opportunity to express them leads to frustration, even conflicts, and ushers in the so-called dark age of a society. The vibrant, dynamic "soul" of Maharashtra was struggling to express itself creatively for centuries. Mystics, saints and poets like Chakradhara, Eknath Namdeo, Nivruttinath, Tukaram and Ramdas over a period of five hundred years created in the conscious and the sub-conscious mind of the Maharashtrian the right conditions for its fruition. But it was through the personality of the great Chatrapati Shivaji that his spirit finally expressed itself forcefully and fully.

Rarely in human history has a single person synthesised in himself all the variegated urges and capacities of a people as Shivaji did. The dynamism, the courage, the devotion, the generosity, the restlessness of an adventurer and the farsightedness and compassion of a seer were all so uniquely blended in him. Indeed, he symbolises all that is good, glittering, chaste and eternal in human values—and in Maharashtra. Maharashtra came into its own with Shivaji. If Shivaji had not been, where would Maharashtra be?

Shrimati Sharayu Doshi deserves the highest praise for having produced, through the Marg publications, two volumes on the Maratha hero, Chatrapati Shivaji Maharaj.

The task of making Maharashtrians aware of their great culture is difficult, though not impossible. After Shivaji, there was no one who could harmonise and lead these rugged, independent-minded people of Maharashtra. The Peshwas, or at least a couple of them, though brave and practical, could not rise to the complicated politico-economic challenges implicit in their attempt to establish an empire on the ashes of another.

No Successors

After Shivaji there was no national hero—only leaders of clans, groups or castes and their court of flatterers. There was no one to visualise the potentials of the Maratha mind and spirit and utilise his courage, his dedication, devotion, infinite capacity for sacrifice for building a new India.

The Maratha is highly individualised and to make him work along with others and on a basis of equality requires the force of tremendous inspiration. Only a "great cause"—something beyond him, beautiful and glorious—can bring the best out of him. Since Shivaji to the present day, there has been no one thus to inspire him to surmount his "ego", and discipline him for the social good.

These two beautifully produced books should be popularised. They can certainly give to the Marathas and their innumerable friends and admirers all over the world an excellent picture of what an inhabitant of this area of India is capable of. For the "modern" Maharashtrian who is emotionally and intellectually starved, these two volumes and the scholarly articles and excellent photographs can give a certain definition to his personality.

But who can afford to pay for such high priced books? The inspiring material contained in these books actually should reach hundreds of thousands in the fields, factories, schools, colleges and zopadpattis where the speed of change in the material and moral atmosphere due to urbanisation, commercialisation and consumerism have led to intolerable frustrations and depression. Without an "identity", an individual floats hopelessly on the tide of ceaseless change creating conditions of apathy, cynicism, crudity and cruelty. In the ubiquitous power-position-profit battles around him today, the individual is lost and doesn't know where to look for inspiration. This is what the book may still provide.

"SHIVAJI AND FACETS OF MARATHA CULTURE" & "THE ART OF CHATRAPATIS AND PESHWAS" edited by Dr Sharayu Doshi; Marg Publications; Rs 225 and Rs 50 (respectively).

THAT lawyer came today. I had nothing to tell him, nothing to give him. Both of us sat silently facing each other across the bars. Then he began giving me news.

"Adequate arrangements have been made for Shyamali," he said.

I remained silent.

"I met your uncle and aunt. Your uncle is in an awful state. I did not know he loved you so much."

No comment. I did not even look at him.

"Ramu has gone to Bombay and got a job, but he says he will not be able to send any money. They are suffering—they are penniless."

I looked at him but remained silent. Why all this to a dead person? I am dead, dead to myself, but they cannot know because I move about, eat and sleep. All criminals do. He says he is my defence lawyer. What is he going to do? I have done a killing, two killings, and must get the punishment. My child, yes, poor, darling Shyamali, my Chqmu! I am

This excerpt from a longer manuscript by the author is a strong indictment, in fictional terms, of the social conditioning that allows a victim of rape to condemn herself as irretrievably defiled.

Rangam

by P.R. Taikad



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good friends."

dead, my child. So, there is nothing I can do for you.

"The villagers are slowly turning against you. The police have told them that you must have been a bad girl but clever enough to hide it. One does not learn overnight to kill as you did. One wouldn't have the nerve. That is what the police said. The villagers are wondering, though they find it difficult to believe."

More news! I am indifferent. I am not condemned by rumours and opinions. I am condemned by facts, events. I bowed my head, reluctant to look at him. I was sorry for him, but why was he taking so much interest? No doubt, he was trying to help me. But why? Was he interested in my flesh? Another flesh-man? They are all after it—every damned male. He could have been my husband. They appear both to be of the same age. Yes, I do remember seeing him at Lakshmi's marriage. He was staring at me—I remember that. I was too young then to know anything. Everyone loves a nice girl, and I was a nice girl.

"Rangam, can I ask you something? I have no motive..." (There you are! No motive. They all say that. Satthi had said that too. He only wanted—it.)

"I went to Tiruchuzhi and met all your teachers. They all want to help you....."

(What can they do? What can anyone do?)

"They came with me to your uncle and persuaded him to place the child under my custody and guardianship, saying I could give her a better education than any of them. I am doing fairly well financially and socially. I have a wife, who is of your age, perhaps a little older."

(Be satisfied with her, why do you want me?)

"I have a daughter too, about Shyamali's age. Her name is Susheela. We call her Sheela. Shyamali and Sheela have become good friends."

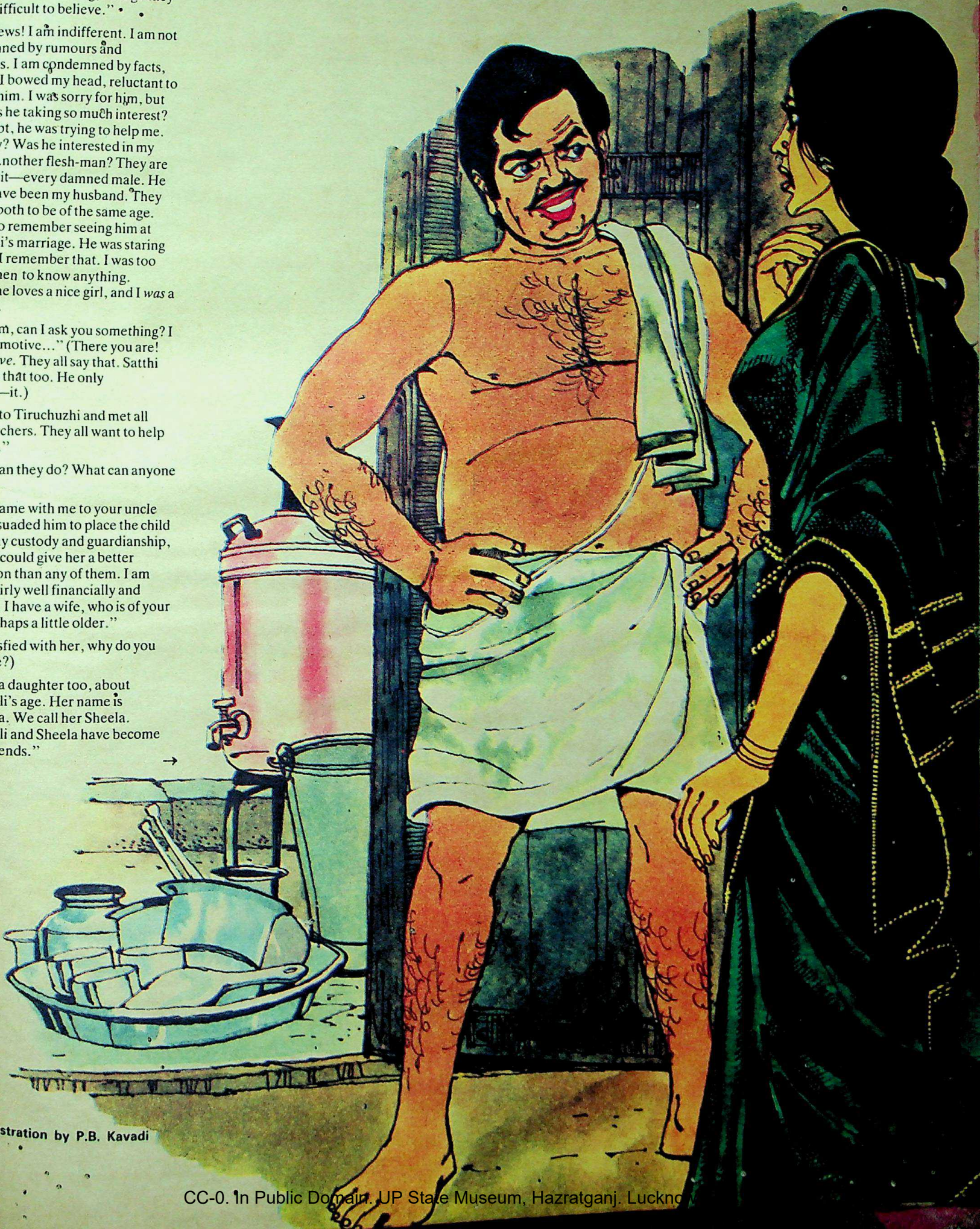


Illustration by P.B. Kavadi

"I had a long talk with your teachers—with one of them especially. He is a dear friend and has the fullest faith in you. He says if you have done anything, it must be for a good reason. He swears you would never do anything wrong."

(It must be Sundaram teacher—it cannot be anyone else. Only he understood me. He was not kind to me like the others. He loved me. I knew that. I know he wanted to marry me, but he was 20 years older and he was a widower. I had affection for him. He taught us Shakespeare. I was Viola to him, I was his Miranda, Perdita, Rosalind.... This Narayana Shastri is bringing all kinds of old memories—gets me into a trance. I am forgetting myself. I must keep reminding myself I am a corpse.)

"He questioned me in great detail. I told him everything I learnt just as it happened—including the calf and cow song."

(Oh, oh! This lawyer is a clever man, very clever. How did he know about the song? Could my husband have remembered it? Of course, he could not have known what it meant. I looked up at him and he must have seen fear in my eyes, I must have betrayed my reaction to his being so close to the truth.)

"And also your wearing the *kumkumum* and your *namaskaram* to your husband. He asked me to

question you about that. 'Then only you will know the motivation,' he told me."

Lord, the truth, very near the truth. I could not contain myself and blurted out, "Please don't bring Sundaram teacher here. Please tell him to leave me alone. Let me die in peace." And I bit my tongue. Why did I speak? Was I not a corpse? But I didn't want Sundaram to come. If he did, he would get at the truth. "Please tell him. If you tell him I said so, he won't come. Will you promise?" I continued in a low voice.

"Then tell me what all this means," he persisted.

I became silent again. I was now fully awake. A corpse, I told myself.

"They have all promised to come and give evidence."

(Let them. What does it matter to me?)

"I want some help from you. Will you promise that you will not tell anything to the police or give anything in writing to them till you have consulted me?"

This is a lawyer's elementary way of ensuring a client's cooperation. But I am not cooperating. I don't want a lawyer. I am guilty. I have to take the punishment. I merely looked at him and remained silent.

"Please think over what I said. I shall come again."

I said nothing. The poor man was

struggling. He looked very sad, depressed. I didn't know why. He signalled to the warder who came and took me away.

I THINK I should straighten up this record a bit. I am making hotchpotch of it. If I have decided to write, why not tell the truth, as they say: the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

Let me clear the mix-up. I have been in jail now for two years, sentenced to life imprisonment—hard labour. *Vakil* Narayana Shastri has been steady. As frequently as the law allows, he meets me. He brings news of Shyamali and enquires after my health. But he gets not a word from me. The man shows a lot of feeling on his face, grief, concern. I see that clearly, but I don't know what he wants. Nobody gives such service for nothing and he has done a tremendous lot for me—and without money! He has sent me saris, four in fact. And he has somehow persuaded the prison authorities here to permit me to wear them.

As everyone knows, the atmosphere in jail is coarse to say the least. Nor is the jail superintendent a soft man. No man in that position can be. But from the time I came here a special watch, I felt, was being kept over me. As a lifer for hard crime, I should have been put to hard labour, breaking stones, carrying loads, etc. But I was given softer jobs—collecting clothes

for laundering and keeping account, cleaning up some rooms, sweeping and washing if necessary—all indoor jobs.

After three months, I was asked to hold evening classes for the women to make them literate. A doctor who came for routine examination of prisoners reported on my "delicate condition" and recommended special food, though I was among the healthiest there. I see a small hidden hand here and I don't like it. After what happened, I can only see snakes everywhere.

Three months ago, a parcel of books arrived. I was surprised, but they were my favourite authors and I must say I was glad. We have no lights here to help reading in the night but I do find some time during the day. These books were like a ray of light in a dark room. Some weeks later, the superintendent sent for me. I had no choice but to go, but every now and then I hear nasty talk here that women prisoners have to "oblige." Last month, one of the women delivered a baby—no questions asked. I don't talk to anyone—I know people think I am terrible when roused and they think I am easily roused. It is true. I have lost fear. I can kill, you know. I am a bad woman....

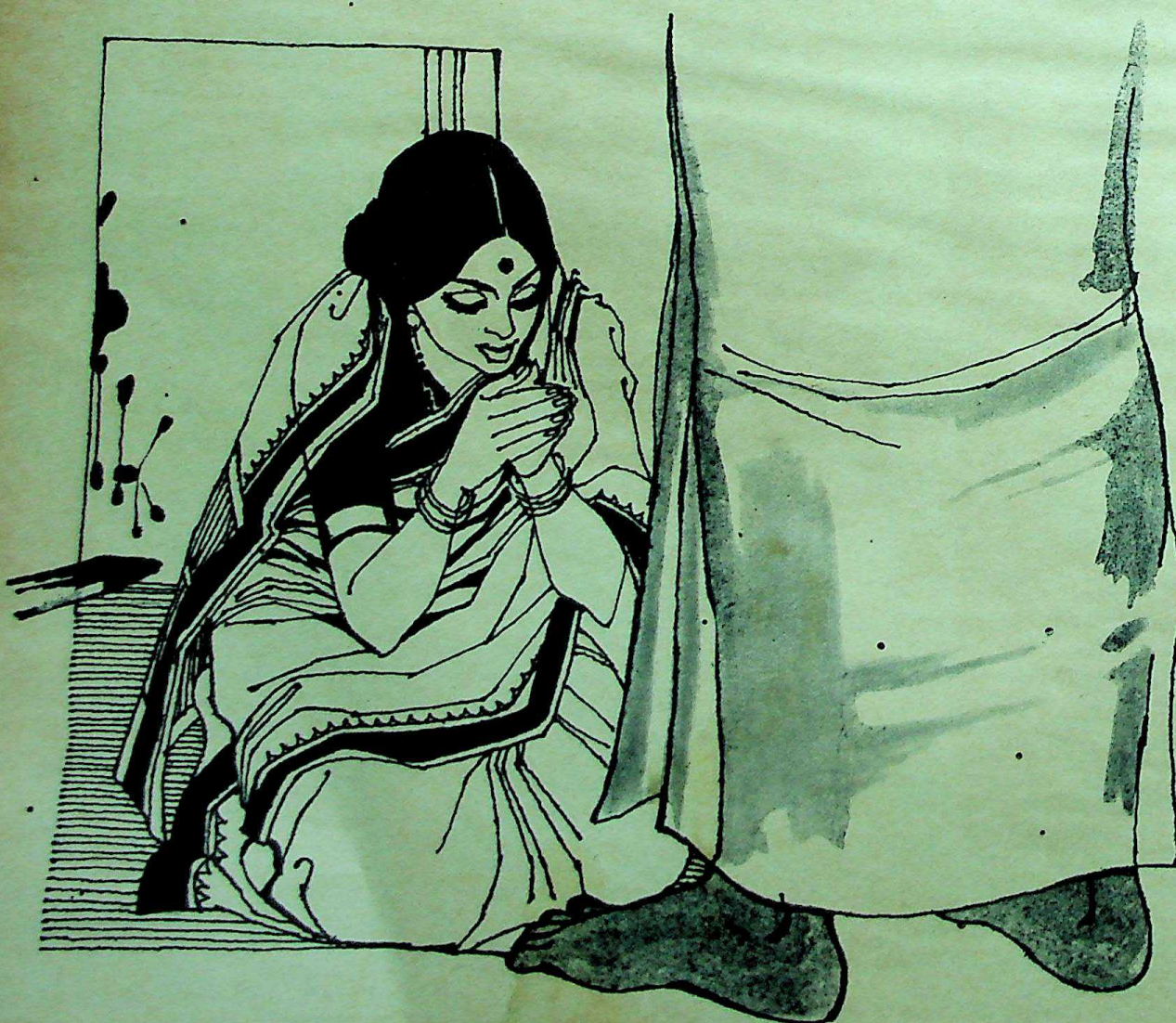
But all these thoughts were unnecessary. The superintendent merely told me that if I could return those books, I could have more. He also gave me some paper and pen and ink—I could use them if I wished to write anything, he said. He was an old man and was business-like. I felt he was conveying a message.

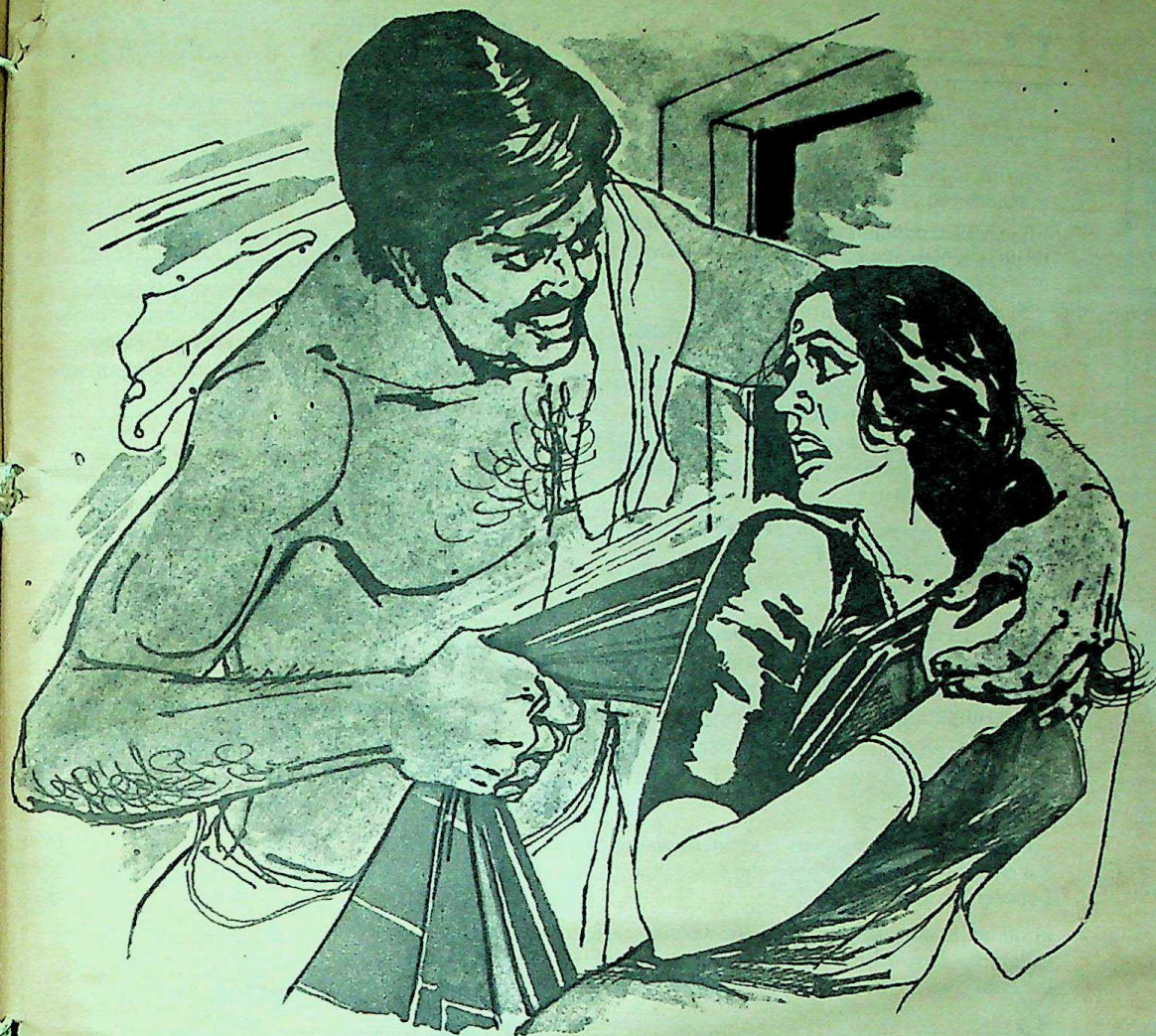
That is how I began writing these notes. There are some political prisoners here and they always keep reading and writing. They have 'A' class and 'B' class categories. But we are not allowed to mix with them. We are criminals—and I am one of the worst, with two killings to my credit! But they all stare at me. I know why. I am 25. Damn, damn, damn.

I wonder sometimes whether I am able to think cogently. Am I losing my wits? It was then that I decided to write everything that came to my mind. My life is a painful drama and I put down the scenes just as they occurred.

Yesterday I dreamt about Shyamali and woke up angry, very angry. Why should I be here, away from my child? A man rapes a woman and she becomes a bad woman? Is that it? Do I have to take it, insults and more insults and shame and more shame? I have a right to hit back and I hit back. I did—and very well.

My teacher is a wonderful man. He loved me and I loved him. I did not know it then but now I do. I did love him. It was his faith in me, his love for me which made him almost spot the truth at least to prompt the crucial question which he asked the *vakil* to put to me.





utensils were kept. I would wash them and bring them into the kitchen in the evening.

"What, Satthi? How did you come this way?" I asked in surprise, but in quite a friendly tone, for he was always smiling and laughing and everyone knew him and spoke to him freely, both men and women.

"I thought this was Ramayya anna's house," he said, spitting betel juice out into the backyard through the open backdoor.

"Oh, you have made a mistake," I said. "Ramayya anna's house is four houses away. How could you make a mistake? He is a rich man and their back garden is full of flower plants and fruit trees. Our backyard is bare with hardly any greens."

"Yes, you are right," he said. "But now that I have come, I shall sit for a while."

But he did not sit.

"No, don't sit here," I told him. "It is not clean here. Let's go to the front room. I shall open the front door and you will get some breeze. Come quietly, my child is sleeping."

"We need not go there," he said. "Let us go into your kitchen."

"What do you want there?" I asked in surprise.

"Don't you know what a man wants from you, my golden Rangam?" He smiled viciously.

I stared at him, not knowing what to do.

"Ever since I saw you in the hotel with Samban the other day, when you were telling him how to note down the account of sales, I have been wanting you." And he laughed.

I FELT that here was a mad man and I began to feel scared. I rushed back into the kitchen, hoping to close and bolt the door. He dashed behind me, caught hold of my sari. He took me with one arm round me and crushed my breast. I cried but no sound came. Then he pulled my sari and that is all I knew. I had fainted.

I did not know how long I was there. I opened my eyes when Shyamali came and shook my head. I hurriedly got up. My sari was spread all over me and I was naked and wet. I wore it hastily and rushed out into the backyard where we stored water and had a hurried wash. Shyamali was howling seeing me run. I knew then I had been raped and fainted again. Shyamali kept crying and shaking me. That woke me up and I asked her to bring me some water. I drank it.

I looked at her. Shyamali was four and a very intelligent and observant child. I looked into her eyes and was anxious to know whether she had been awake, but could not ask her. How could I? I was sweating all over, my heart was beating like a drum and my legs were collapsing under me.

I can't write more. I feel I am going to faint again.

YES, for many weeks I was an impure woman. I could not say my prayers. I could not wear my *kumkumam*. I felt I had betrayed my husband—I had become unclean, impure, polluted, defiled. I had become a bad woman. Why? Because a man had raped me. He raped and I became bad! A bad woman, not only in the eyes of the world, but in my own eyes. That is the worst part of it. You cannot run away from yourself. A shadow chased me always, a shadow of sin, betrayal and crime.

How funny, crude, illogical, but it is true. You have been stabbed in the mind, in your soul. I could not pray. I could not touch my child. I felt I was polluting her. I couldn't wear my *manglya* mark on my forehead. I felt I had lost the right. I couldn't go near our *pooja* idols. Something pulled me back. A shrewd husband would have noted that—and then what would have happened? He would have discarded me, a polluted woman. But my poor husband was childlike, a simpleton. He did not know. Years ago he had stopped growing. He knew nothing but what I chose to tell him.

Well, I got back all I had lost when I smashed him to pulp. Once, twice, thrice, four times I hit him! Blood came through his eyes and nose. His head was cut and dented. No, that was not enough—hit, hit, again and again. And then the other man who had laughed, the lecher, when Satthi

asked my poor simple husband to describe how he got a child. The poor man began to say: "My wife taught me..." It was then I entered. Laugh, foul fellow. Take this and laugh—and this and this. And then I threw the crowbar away and went in.

I was free. I was pure again. The world could call me a criminal. Let them do so. But I was free, free from pollution, defilement. That was why I took out the *kumkumam* and put my sacred mark on my forehead. And I kneeled before my husband and did the traditional *namaskaram*. I had avenged the wrong done to me, done to him. I was the chaste wife again, though I might be taken away from him and though I might be hanged. Better to hang as a pure woman than live as a woman shamed and polluted.

You are right, my beloved teacher—all honour to you—and all love to you from your sweet Rangam, who could have been wife to you, if only you had been a little bad, a little unkind and a little unfair to me, forgotten the 22 year gap between us and decided to ask my uncle to take me away. He would have happily given me to you. But nothing is lost, for I love you more now. Love that is lost is sweeter—some poem you read to us—about melody unheard or something. I love you, my teacher Sundaram. What a sweet name! Rangam—Sundaram. But let me put down what happened exactly as it happened. That alone will complete this report.

CHOMU—I call her that you know, my pet name for Shyamali, my dearest child, the sweetest part of me, my poor dear husband's gift to me was sleeping in the hall. It was hot. There were beads of perspiration on her forehead. I took out the palm leaf fan and began fanning her. I too was sleepy. We had had our midday meal late as usual. It was around two in the afternoon.

I heard the backdoor creak. Our house in the street is one of the smallest—of course since we were the poorest people there, though people would crack a joke and say, "Rangam, you are not poor. Where you are, Lakshmi lives." We had a small hall-like room and then a door at one side which led to the kitchen. The oven was at one end and I would cook and eat there. Shyamali and her father would eat first and then Shyamali would sit near me and I would eat. No good wife ate before her husband did.

I got up to see whether some dog had come in. It was a dog, but in the shape of a man. I didn't know it then. It was Satthi, the village cook. He was not a domestic servant but undertook cooking on contract for marriages and other festive occasions. He was a big ugly fellow, always semi-naked with a *veshti* tied high up to reach just below his knees and a towel on his shoulder, dirty and wet, his mouth filled with betel nut and tobacco. We were in the back, outside the kitchen where firewood and unwashed



VITHAL and Rajiv were hooked at the same time by Asha and Usha respectively. The four newly-weds spent their honeymoon together. They occupied adjoining rooms, sat at the same table and became almost inseparable. After dinner, one night, they started upstairs and as they neared their rooms the lights went out. They were left in pitch darkness

Groping around they made their way into their rooms and quietly undressed for bed. Vithal, a religious fellow, knelt to pray. Just as he had completed his prayer, the lights came on and he saw, much to his astonishment, that it was Usha there in his bed instead of his own wife Asha. He jumped up and dashed for the door.

"Too late to hurry now," cooed Usha. "Rajiv never prays."

AMAN whose neighbour was admiring his freshly painted house remarked, "You'd be surprised how many litres of beer it takes to paint a house this size."

On a troopship bound for the Far East, the private's were just starting their midday meal. "Any complaints?" roared the ship's Sergeant-Major.

One brave private rose to speak and the Sergeant-Major at once rebuked him.

"If you are complaining for yourself, it's frivolous. If it's on behalf of your mates, that's mutiny."

SHOPPING for a present for her husband, a woman was determined to get him out of the stodgy, conservative clothing he always bought himself. So she said to the saleswoman in the store's men's-wear department, "I'm looking for something wild and youthful in a pair of men's slacks."

The saleswoman sighed and replied, "Aren't we all, dearie, aren't we all?"

INFURIATED woman customer to antique dealer: "You sold me this furniture telling me it was genuine ivory. And now it turns out to be a cheap imitation."

"That's impossible, madam. But of course, the elephant may have worn dentures."

THE French philosopher Fontenelle was once asked by his hostess, "What is the difference between me and my clock?"

Fontenelle, his poise unshaken, answered gallantly, "Dear madam, the clock reminds us of the hours, while you make us forget them."

RUSHING into the lift one morning, Sudhir bumped into his boss.

"Late again!" exclaimed the boss.

"Y-yes, sir," stammered Sudhir, "so am I."

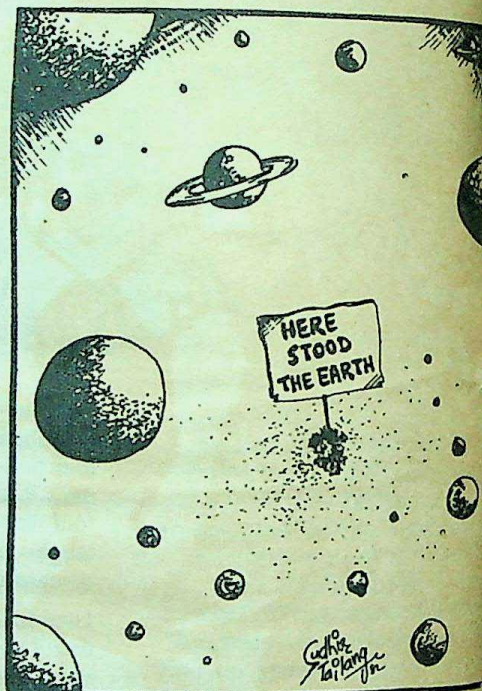
LISTENING to world heavy-weight boxing champion Joe Frazier sing, an onlooker scoffed, "Who told him he could sing?"

Actress Mitzi Gaynor's answer, "Who's to tell him he can't?"

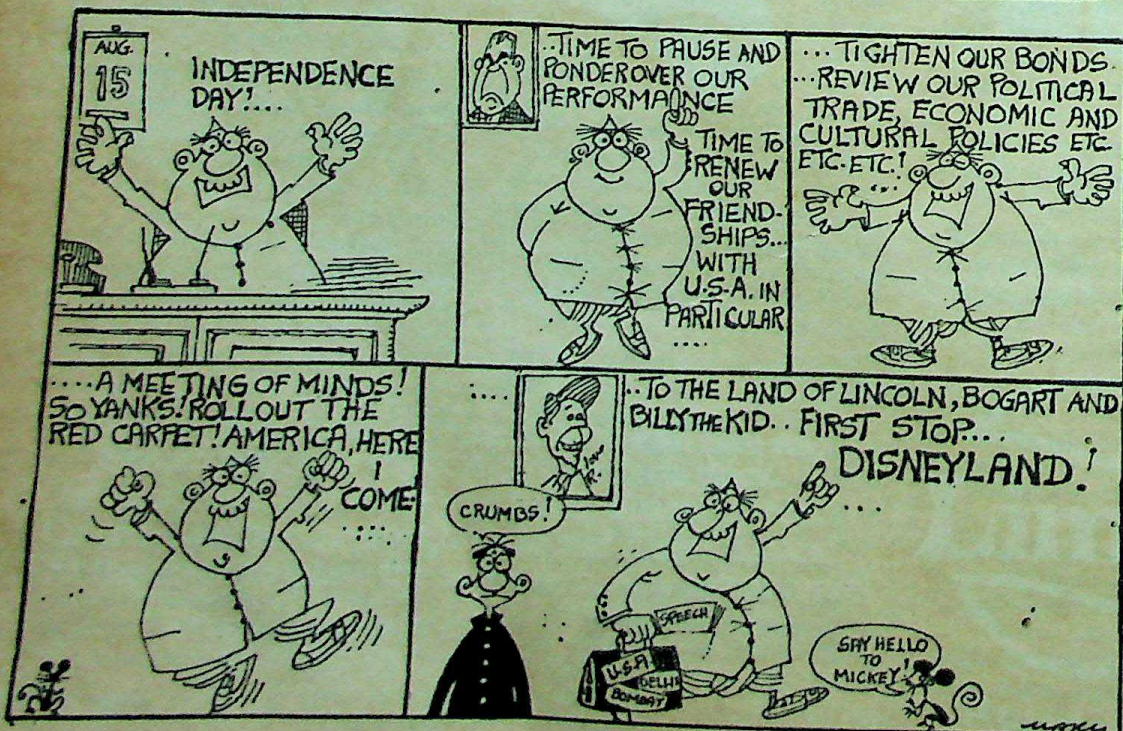
ATEACHER taking a religious instruction class for adults was having difficulty defining the difference between "charity" and "compassion"—until she hit on this: "Charity is when you bake cakes for the church bazaar. Compassion is when you buy them back."

REPLYING to a toast in his honour, Lord Boothby referred to his attractive wife—a Sardinian with not-so-every-strong English. When he was ill, Lord Boothby said, she answered an enquiry over the telephone by saying, "He is much better but still under heavy seduction."

THERE are at least two sides to every question of the day. If you take one side among some people, you're blindly prejudiced; if you take the same side among the other people, you have an objective view; if you refuse to take any side, you're a fool; if you take both sides and get away with it, you should enter politics.



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BISHOP Bompas, the first Anglican bishop ever to venture into Canada's Yukon territory, visited some Red Indians and found to his dismay that not one had been baptised, confirmed or married. So he proceeded without further ado to baptise and confirm them and unite each couple in holy matrimony.

After the mammoth service which lasted five hours, the good bishop asked the Indian chief which part of the service the people had enjoyed most. "Well bishop," the chief replied, "we all liked being baptised. Better still, we enjoyed being confirmed. But best of all, we liked being married."

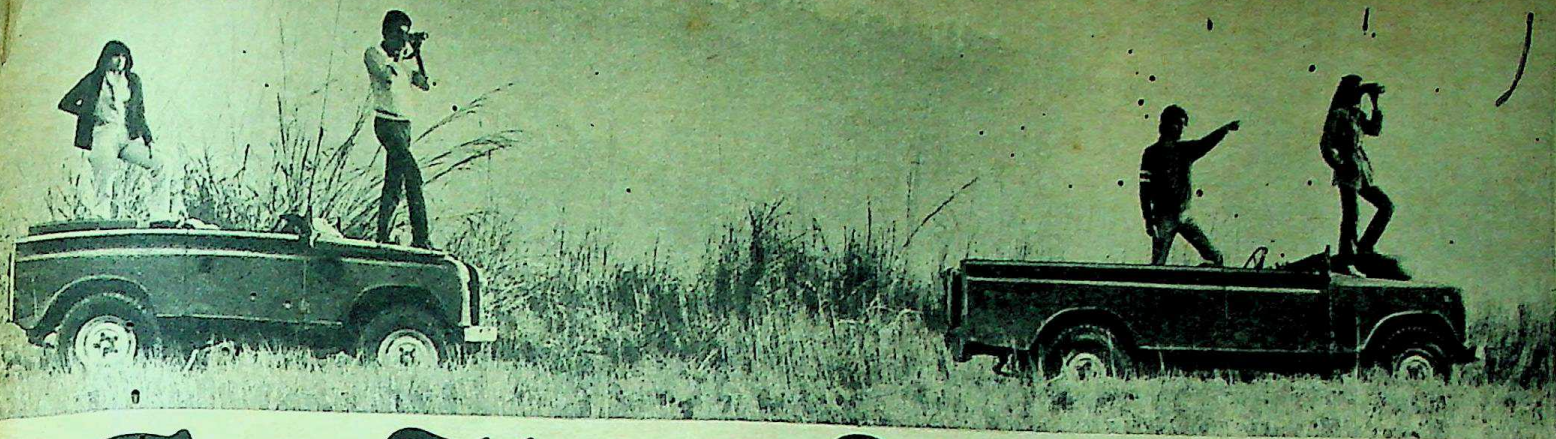
"Why did you prefer the marriage service to the others?" the bishop asked.

"Because we all got new wives," answered the chief.

FRANCIS phoned his wife from the office one afternoon and announced that he had two tickets for the theatre.

"That's wonderful, darling!" she exclaimed ecstatically. "I'll start getting ready at once."

"Yes, please do," said Francis calmly. "The tickets are for tomorrow night."



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Printed and published for the proprietors, BENNETT, COLEMAN & Co. LTD., by T. P. PITHAVALA at THE TIMES OF INDIA PRESS, Dr. D. N. Road, Bombay-400
001. Editor: K. C. KHANNA. Branches: 7 Bahadurshah Zafar Marg, NEW DELHI-110 002; 139 Ashram Road, AHMEDABAD-380 009; 105/7A S. N.
Banerjee Road, CALCUTTA-700 069; 63 Montith Road, MADRAS-600 008; 407-1
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